

The Second Part of Henry the Fourth,

Containing his Death : and the Coronation of King Henry the Fift.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

INDUCTION.

Enter Rumour.

RPen your Eares : For which of you will stop
The vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumor* speaks?
I, from the Orient, to the drooping West
(Making the winde my Post-horse) still unfold
The AEs commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,
The which, in euery Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports :
I speake of Peace, while couet Enmitie
(Vnder the smile of Safety) wounds the World :
And who but *Rumor*, who but onely I
Make fearfull Musters, and prepar'd Defence,
Whil'st the bigge yeare, swolne with some other griefes,
Is thought with childe, by the sterne Tyrant, Warre,
And no such matter? *Rumor*, is a Pipe
Blowne by Surmises, Ielousies, Coniectures;
And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,
That the blunt Monster, with vncounted heads,
The still discordant, wauering Multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what neede I thus
My well-knowne Body to Anathomize
Among my household? Why is *Rumor* heere?
I run before King *Harris* victory,
Who in a bloodie field by *Shrewsburie*
Hath beaten downe yong *Hotspurre*, and his Troopes,
Quenching the Game of bold Rebellion,
Euen with the Rebels blood. But what neede I
To speake so true at first? My Office is
To noyse abroad, that *Harry Monmouth*
Vnder the Wrath of Noble *Hotspurre* Swore
And that the King, before the *Douglas* Rage,
Stoop'd his Anointed head, as low as death.
This haue I rumour'd through the peasant-Towres,
Betweene the Royall Field of *Shrewsburie*,
And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,
Where *Hotspurre* Father, old *Northumberland*,
Lyes crafty sicke. The Postes come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes
Then they haue learn'd of Me. From *Rumors* Tongues,
They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse then True-
wrongs.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keeps the Gate heere now?
Where is the Earle?

Por. What shall I say you are?

Bar. Tell thou the Earle

That the Lord *Bardolfe* doth attend him heere.

Por. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Please it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,
And he himfelse will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L.Bar. Heere comes the Earle.

Nor. What newes Lord *Bardolfe*? Eu'ry minute now
Should be the Father of some Stragagem;
The Times are wilde : Contention (like a Horse
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose,
And beares downe all before him.

L.Bar. Noble Earle,

I bring you certaine newes from *Shrewsbury*.

Nor. Good, and heauen will.

L.Bar. As good as heart can wish :

The King is almost wounded to the death :
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,
Prince *Harris* slaine out-right : and both the *Bloues*
Kill'd by the hand of *Douglas*. Yong Prince *John*,
And *Westmerland*, and *Stafford*, fled the Field.
And *Harris Monmouth*'s Brawne (the Hulke Sir *John*)
Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day,
(So fought, so follow'd, and so fairely wonne)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since *Cesars* Fortunes.

Nor. How is this deriu'd?

Saw you the Field? Came you from *Shrewsbury*?

L.Bar. I spake with one (my L.) that came frō thence,
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these newes for true.

Nor. Heere comes my Seruant *Traners*, whom I sent
On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.

Enter Traners.

L.Bar. My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way,
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More then he (haply) may retaille from me.

Nor. Now *Traners*, what good tidings comes frō you?

Tra.

Tra. My Lord, Sir *Iohn Umfravill* turn'd me backe
With ioyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)
Out-rod me. After him, came spurring head
A Gentleman (almost fore-spent with speed)
That stopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester: And of him
I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury:
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that yong *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold.
With that he gaue his able Horse the head,
And bending forwards strooke his able heeles
Against the panting sides of his poore Iade
Vp to the Rowell head, and starting so,
He seem'd in running, to deuoure the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha? Againe:

Said he yong *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold?
(Of *Hot-Spurre*, cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion,
Had met ill lucke?

L.Bar. My Lord: Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your Sonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine Honor, for a silken point
Ile giue my Barony. Neuer talke of it.

Nor. Why should the Gentleman that rode by *Traners*
Giue then such instances of Losse?

L.Bar. Who, he?

He was some hielding Fellow, that had stolne
The Horse he rode-on: and vpon my life
Speake at aduenture. Look, here comes more Newes.

Enter *Morton*.

Nor. Yes, this mans brow, like to a Title-leaf,
Fore-tels the Nature of a Tragick Volume:
So lookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a witnest Vsurpation.

Say *Morton*, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)
Where hatefull death put on his vgly Maske
To fright our party.

North. How doth my Sonne, and Brother?
Thou trembl'st; and the whitenesse in thy Cheeke
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
Euen such a man, so faint, so spiritlesse,
So dull, so dead in looke, so woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priams* Curtaine, in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.
But *Priam* found the Fire, ere he his Tongue:
And I, my *Percies* death, ere thou report'st it.
This, thou would'st say: Your Sonne did thus, and thus:
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble *Douglas*,
Stopping my greedy eare, with their bold deeds.
But in the end (to stop mine Eare indeed)
Thou hast a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.

Mor. *Douglas* is liuing, and your Brother, yet:
But for my Lord, your Sonne.

North. Why, he is dead.

See what a ready tongue Suspition hath:
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,
Hath by Instinct, knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet speake (*Morton*)
Tell thou thy Earle, his Diuination Lies,
And I will take it, as a sweet Disgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainsaid:

Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.

North. Yet for all this, say not that *Percies* dead.
I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it Feare, or Sinne,
To speake a truth. If he be slaine, say so:
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth liue that doth belye the dead:
Not he, which sayes the dead is not aliuie:
Yet the first bringer of vnwelcome Newes
Hath but a loosing Office: and his Tongue,
Sounds euer after as a tullen Bell
Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.

L.Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry, I should force you to belecue
That, which I would to heauen, I had not seene.
But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody state,
Rend'ring faint quittance (weari'd, and out-breath'd)
To *Henrie Mountmouth*, whose swift wrath beate downe
The neuer-daunted *Percie* to the earth,
From whence (with life) he neuer more sprung vp:
In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire,
Euen to the dullest Peasant in his Campe)
Being bruided once, tooke fire and heate away
From the best temper'd Courage in his Troopes.
For from his Mettle, was his Party steel'd;
Which once, in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heauy Lead:
And as the Thing, that's heauy in it selfe,
Vpon enforcement, flies with greatest speede,
So did our Men, heauy in *Hot-spurres* losse,
Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Feare,
That Arrowes fled not swifter toward their ayme,
Then did our Soldiers (ayming at their safety)
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcester
Too soone ta'ne prisoner: and that furious Scot,
(The bloody *Douglas*) whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slaine th'appearance of the King,
Gan vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs: and in his flight,
Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The summe of all,
Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath sent out
A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,
Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancastr
And Westmerland. This is the Newes at full.

North. For this, I shall haue time enough to mourne.
In Poyson, there is Phyicke: and this newes
(Hauing beene well) that would haue made me sicke,
Being sicke, haue in some measure, made me well.
And as the Wretch, whose Feauer-weakned ioynts,
Like strengthlesse Hindges, buckle vnder life,
Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire
Out of his keepers armes: Euen so, my Limbes
(Weak'ned with griefe) being now inrag'd with griefe,
Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,
A scalie Gauntlet now, with ioynts of Steele
Must gloue this hand. And hence thou sickly Quoife,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes, flesh'd with Conquest, ayme to hit.
Now binde my Browes with Iron: and approach
The ragged'st houre, that Time and Spight dare bring
To frowne vpon th'enrag'd Northumberland.
Let Heauen kisse Earth: now let not Natures hand
Kepe the wilde Flood confin'd: Let Order dye,
And let the world no longer be a stage
To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act:
But let one spirit of the First-borne *Caine*

Range in all bowels, that each heart being set
On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,
And darknesse be the burier of the dead. (Honor.

L. Bar. Sweet Earle, diuorce not wisdom from your

Mer. The liues of all your louing Complices
Leane on your health, the which if you giue o're
To stormy Passion, must perforce decay.
You cast theuent of Warre (my Noble Lord)
And summ'd the accompt of Chance, before you said
Let vs make head: It was your presumize,
That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:
You were aduis'd his flesh was capeable
Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd,
Yet did you say go forth: and none of this
(Though strongly apprehended) could restraine
The stiffe-borne Action: What hath then befallne?
Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth,
More then that Being, which was like to be?

L. Bar. We all that are engaged to this losse,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,
Choak'd the respect of likely perill fear'd,
And since we are o're-set, venture againe.

Mer. 'Tis more then time: And (my most Noble Lord)
I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth:
The gent'e Arch-bishop of Yorke is vp
With well appointed Powres: he is a man
Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.
My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpses,
But shadowes, and the shewes of men to fight.
For that same word (Rebellion) did diuide
The action of their bodies, from their soules,
And they did fight with queasinesse, constrain'd
As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only
Seem'd on our side: but for their Spirits and Soules,
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them vp,
As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop
Turnes Insurrection to Religion,
Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts:
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:
And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood
Of faire King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones,
Deriues from heauen, his Quarrell, and his Cause:
Tels them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land,
Gasping for life, vnder great Bullingbrooke,
And more, and lesse, do flocke to follow him.

North. I knew of this before. But to speake truth,
This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde.
Go in with me, and counsell euery man
The aptest way for safety, and reuenge:
Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,
Neuer so few, nor neuer yet more need. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, and Page.

Fal. Sirra, you giant, what saies the Doct. to my water?
Pag. He said sir, the water it selfe was a good healthy
water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might haue more
diseases then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at mee: the

braine of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able
to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I
inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty in my
selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe heere
walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all
her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Ser-
uice for any other reason, then to set mee off, why then I
haue no iudgement. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art
fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I
was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now: but I will sette
you neyther in Gold, nor Siluer, but in vilde apparell, and
send you backe againe to your Master, for a Jewell. The
Iuuenall (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet
fledg'd, I will sooner haue a beard grow in the Palme of
my hand, then he shall get one on his cheeke: yet he will
not sticke to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heauen may
finish it when he will, it is not a haire amisse yet: he may
keepe it still at a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall neuer
earne six pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if
he had writ man euer since his Father was a Batchellour.
He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almost out of
mine, I can assure him. What said *M. Dumbledon*, about
the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops?

Pag. He said sir, you should procure him better Assu-
rance, then *Bardolfe*: he wold not take his Bond & yours,
he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his
Tongue be hotter, a horson *Achitophel*; a Rascally-yea-
forsooth-knaue, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then
stand vpon Security? The horson smooth-pates doe now
weare nothing but high shoes, and bunches of Keyes at
their girdles: and if a man is through with them in ho-
nest Taking-vp, then they must stand vpon Securitie: I
had as liefe they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as
offer to stoppe it with Security. I look'd hee should haue
sent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true
Knight) and he sends me Security. Well, he may sleep in
Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the
lightnesse of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot
he see, though he haue his owne Lanthorne to light him.
Where's *Bardolfe*?

Pag. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship
a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paules, and hee'l buy mee a horse
in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I
were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiu'd.

Enter Chiefe Iustice, and Seruant.

Pag. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed
the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolfe*.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Iust. What's he that goes there?

Ser. *Falstaffe*, and't please your Lordship.

Iust. He that was in question for the Robbery?

Ser. He my Lord, but he hath since done good seruice
at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with some
Charge, to the Lord *John of Lancaster*.

Iust. What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

Ser. Sir *John Falstaffe*.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

Pag. You must speake lowder, my Master is deafe.

Iust. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.
Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with him.

Ser. Sir *John*.

Fal. What a yong knaue and beg? Is there not wars? Is
there not employment? Doth not the King lack subiects? Do
not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be
on

on any side but one, it is worse shame to begge, then to be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You mistake me Sir,

Fal. Why sir? Did I say you were an honest man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Souldier-ship aside, I had lyed in my throat, if I had said so.

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then set your Knighthood and your Souldier-ship aside, and giue mee leaue to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other then an honest man.

Fal. I giue thee leaue to tell me so? I lay a-side that which growes to me? If thou gett any leaue of me, hang me: if thou tak't leaue, thou wert better be hang'd. you Hunt-counter, hence: Aunt.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

Iust. Sir *John Falstaff*, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord, giue your Lordship good time of the day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad: I heard say your Lordship was sicke. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by aduise. Your Lordship (though not clean past your youth) hath yet some smack of age in you: some relish of the falnesse of Time, and I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to haue a reuerend care of your health.

Iust. Sir *John*, I sent you before your Expedition, to Shrewsburie.

Fal. If it please your Lordship, I heare his Maiestie is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Iust. I talke not of his Maiesty: you would not come when I sent for you?

Fal. And I heare moreover, his Highnesse is falne into this same whoison Apoplexie.

(you.

Iust. Well, heauen mend him. I pray let me speake with

Fal. This Apoplexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethargie, a sleeping of the blood, a herfort Tingling.

Iust. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it original from much grieefe; from study and perturbacion of the braine. I haue read the cause of his effects in *Galien*. It is a kinde of deafenesse.

Iust. I thinke you are falne into the disease: For you heare not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an't please you) it is the disease of not Listning, the malady of not Marking, that I am troubled withall.

Iust. To punish you by the heeles, would amend the attention of your eares, & I care not if I be your Physician

Fal. I am as poore as *Iob*, my Lord; but not so Patient: your Lordship may minister the Potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of Pouertie: but how I should bee your Patient, to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeede, a scruple it selfe.

Iust. I sent for you (when there were matters against you for your life) to come speake with me.

Fal. As I was then aduised by my learned Council, in the lawes of this Land-seruice, I did not come.

Iust. Well, the truth is (sir *John*) you liue in great Infamy

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, can not liue in lesse.

Iust. Your Meanes is very slender, and your wast great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my Meanes were greater, and my waste slenderer.

Iust. You haue misled the youthfull Prince.

Fal. The yong Prince hath misled mee. I am the Fellow with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

Iust. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your daies seruice at Shrewsbury, hath a little gi'ded over your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the

vnquiet time, for your quiet o're-posting that Action.

Fal. My Lord?

(Wolfe.

Iust. But since all is wel, keep it so: wake not a sleeping

Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to smell a Fox.

Iu. What? you are as a candle, the better part burne out

Fal. A Waffell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approue the truth.

Iust. There is not a white haire on your face, but should haue his effect of grauity.

Fal. His effect of grauy, grauy, grauy.

Iust. You follow the yong Prince vp and downe, like his euill Angell.

Fal. Not so (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I hope, he that lookes vpon mee, will take mee without, weighing: and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Vertue is of so little regard in these Costormongers, that true valor is turn'd Beare-heard. Pregnancie is made a Tapster, and hath his quicke wit wasted in giuing Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not woorth a Gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capacities of vs that are yong: you measure the heat of our Livers, with the bitternes of your gals. & we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confesse, are wagg'd too.

Iust. Do you set downe your name in the scrowle of youth, that are written downe old, with all the Characters of age? Haue you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde short? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with Antiquity? and wil you cal your selfe yong? *Fy, fy, fy, sir John.*

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & something a round belly. For my voice, I haue lost it with hallowing and singing of Anthemes. To approue n.y youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudgement and vnderstanding: and he that will caper with mee for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & haue at him. For the boxe of th'care that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a sensible Lord. I haue checkt him for it, and the yong Lion repents: Marry not in ashes and sacke-cloth, but in new Silke, and old Sacke.

Iust. Wel, heauen send the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Heauen send the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Iust. Well, the King hath seuer'd you and Prince Harry, I heare you are going with Lord *John* of Lancaster, against the Archbishop, and the Earle of Northumberland

Fal. Yes, I thanke your pretty sweet wit for it: but looke you pray, (all you that kisse my Ladie Peace, at home) that our Armies ioyn not in a hot day: for if I take but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweat extraordinarily: if it bee a hot day, if I brandish any thing but my Bottle, would I might neuer spit white againe: There is not a dangerous Action can peepe out his head, but I am thrust vpon it. Well, I cannot last euer.

Iust. Well, be honest, be honest, and heauen blesse your Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordship lend mee a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Iust. Not a peny, not a peny: you are too impatient to beare crosses. Fare you well. Commend mee to my Cousin Westmerland.

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man can no more separate Age and Comelousnesse, then he can part yong limbes and letchery: but the Gowt galles the

one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the Degrees prevent my curses. Boy?

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the purse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to old Mistris *Ursula*, whome I haue weekly sworne to marry, since I perceiu'd the first white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe: for the one or th'other playes the roge with my great toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I haue the warres for my colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable. A good wit will make vse of any thing: I will turne diseases to commodity.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.

Ar. Thus haue you heard our causes, & kno our Means: And my most noble Friends, I pray you all Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes, And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our Armes, But gladly would be better satisfied, How (in our Meanes) we should aduance our selues To looke with forehead bold and big enough Vpon the Power and puissance of the King.

Hast. Our present Musters grow vpon the File To five and twenty thousand men of choice: And our Supplies, liue largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosome burnes With an incensed Fire of Injuries.

L. Bar. The question then (Lord *Hastings*) standeth thus Whether our present five and twenty thousand May hold vp head, without Northumberland:

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bar. I marry, there's the point: But if without him we be thought to feeble, My iudgement is, we should not step too farre Till we had his Assistance by the hand. For in a Theame so bloody fac'd, as this, Coniecture, Expectation, and Surmise Of Aydes incertaine, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true Lord *Bardolfe*, for indeed It was yong *Hotspurres* case, at Shrewsbury.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himself with hope, Eating the ayre, on promise of Supply, Flatt'ring himselfe with Proiect of a power, Much smaller, then the smallest of his Thoughts, And so with great imagination (Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death, And (winking) leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But (by your leaue) it neuer yet did hurt, To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this present quality of warre, Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot, Liues so in hope: As in an early Spring, We see th'appearing buds, which to proue fruite, Hope giues not so much warrant, as Dispaire That Frosts will bite them. When we meane to build, We first suruey the Plot, then draw the Modell,

And when we see the figure of the house, Then must we rate the cost of the Ereccion, Which if we finde out-weighes Ability, What do we then, but draw a-new the Modell In fewer offices? Or at least, desist To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke, (Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe, And set another vp) should we suruey The plot of Situation, and the Modell; Consent vpon a sure Foundation: Question Surueyors, know our owne estate, How able such a Worke to vndergo, To weigh against his Opposite? Or else, We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures, Vsing the Names of men, instead of men: Like one, that drawes the Modell of a house Beyond his power to builde it; who (halfe through) Giues o're, and leaues his part-created Cost A naked subiect to the Weeping Clouds, And waste, for churlish Winters tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth) Should be still-borne: and that we now posselt The vtmost man of expectation:

I thinke we are a Body strong enough (Euen as we are) to equall with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but five & twenty thousand?

Hast. To vs no more: nay not so much Lord *Bardolfe*, For his diuisions (as the Times do braul)

Are in three Heads: one Power against the French, And one against *Glendower*: Perforce a third Must take vp vs: So is the vnfirm King In three diuided: and his Coffers sound With hollow Pouerty, and Emptinesse.

Ar. That he should draw his feuerall strengths together And come against vs in full puissance Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so, He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch Baying him at the heeles: neuer feare that.

L. Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmerland: Against the Welch himselfe, and *Harris Monmouth*. But who is substituted against the French, I haue no certaine notice.

Arch. Let vs on:

And publish the occasion of our Armes. The Common-wealth is sicke of their owne Choice, Their ouer-greedy loue hath surfetted: An habitation giddy, and vnure Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. O thou fond Many, with what loud applause Did'st thou beare heauen with blessing *Bullingbrooke*, Before he was, what thou would'st haue him be? And being now trimm'd in thine owne desires, Thou (beastly Feeder) art so full of him, That thou prouok'st thy selfe to cast him vp. So, so, (thou common Dogge) did'st thou disgorge Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall *Richard*, And now thou would'st eate thy dead vomit vp, And howl'st to finde it. What trust is in these Times? They, that when *Richard* liu'd, would haue him dye, Are now become enamour'd on his graue. Thou that threw'st dust vpon his goodly head When through proud London he came fighting on, After th'admired heeles of *Bullingbrooke*, Cris't now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King againe,

And

And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)
Past, and to Come, seemes best; things Present, worst.
Now. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Host. We are Times subiects, and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hostesse, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.
Hostesse. Mr. Fang, have you enter'd the Action?
Fang. It is enter'd.
Hostesse. What's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?
 Will he stand to it?
Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?
Hostesse. I, I, good M. Snare..
Snare. Heere, heere.
Fang. Snare, we must Arrest Sir John Falstaffe.
Host. I good M. Snare, I have enter'd him, and all.
Sn. It may chance cost some of vs our liues, he wil stab
Hostesse. Alas the day, take heed of him: he stabd me
 in mine owne h. safe, and that most beattly: he cares not
 what natcheefe he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will
 foyn like any Quee, he will spare neither man, woman,
 nor childe.
Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.
Hostesse. No, nor I neither. Ile be at your elbow.
Fang. If I but fitt him once: if he come but within my
 Vice.
Host. I am yndone with his going: I warrant he is an
 infinitiue thing vpon my score. Good M. Fang hold him
 sure, good M. Snare let him not scape, he comes continu-
 antly to Py-Corner (sauing your manhoods) to buy a sad-
 dle, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in
 Lombardstreet, to M. Smoothes the Silkman I pra'ye, since
 my Exion is enter'd, and my Case so openly known to the
 world, let him be brought in to his answer: A 100. Marke
 is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I haue
 borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin sub'doff, and
 sub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to
 be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, vntles
 a woman should be made an Ass and a Beast, to beare e-
 uery Knaues wrong. *Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe.*
 Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmesey-Nose Bar-
 dolfe with him, Do your Offices, do your offices: M. Fang,
 & M. Snare, do me, do me, do me your Offices.
Fal. How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter?
Fang. Sir John, I arrest you, at the suit of Mist. Quickly.
Falst. Away Varlets, draw Bardolfe: Cut me off the
 Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channel.
Host. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there.
 Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue. Murder, mur-
 der, O thou Hony-suckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods of-
 ficers, and the Kings? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art
 a honyseed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.
Falst. Keep them off, Bardolfe. *Fang.* A rescu, a rescu.
Host. Good people bring a rescu. Thou wilt not? thou
 wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue. Do thou Hempseed.
Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustil-
 lirian: Ile tucke your Catastrophe. *Enter, Ch. Iustice.*
Iust. What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, ho.
Host. Good my Lord be good to mee. I beseech you
 stand to me.
Ch. Iust. How now Sir John? What are you brauling here?
 Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse?
 You should haue bene well on your way to Yorke.
 Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'st vpon him?

Host. Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and please your
 Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eastcheap, and he is arre-
 sted at my suit. *Ch. Iust.* For what summie?
Host. It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all: all
 I haue, he hath eaten me out of houte and home; hee hath
 put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will
 haue some of it out againe, or I will ride thee o' Nights,
 like the Mare
Falst. I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I haue
 any vantage of ground, to get vp.
Ch. Iust. How comes this, Sir John? Fy, what a man of
 good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation?
 Are you not asham'd to inforce a poore Widdowe to so
 rough a course, to come by her owne?
Falst. What is the grosse summie that I owe thee?
Host. Marry (if thou wer't an honest man) thy selfe, &
 the mony too. Thou didst sweare to mee vpon a parcell
 gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round
 table, by a sea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Wharlon week,
 when the Prince broke thy head for h'king him to a lin-
 ging man of Windfor; Thou didst sweare to me then (as I
 was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my
 Lady thy wife. Canst y deny it? Did not goodwite Keech
 the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me gossip Quic-
 kly? comming in to borrow a meile of Vinegar: telling vs,
 she had a good dish of Prawnes: whereby y didst desire to
 eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene
 wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone downe
 staires) desire me to be no more familiar with such poore
 people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam?
 And didst y not kisse me, and bid mee fetch thee some? I
 put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?
Fal. My Lord, this is a poore mad soule: and she sayes
 vp & downe the town, that her eldest son is like you. She
 hath bin in good case, & the truth is, pouerty hath distra-
 cted her: but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I
 may haue redresse against them.
Iust. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your
 maner of wrenching the true cause, the false way. It is not
 a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come
 with such (more then impudent) sawcines from you, can
 thrust me from a leuell consideration, I know you ha' pa-
 cis'd vpon the easie-yeelding spirit of this woman.
Host. Yes in troth my Lord.
Iust. Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and
 vnpay the villany you haue done her: the one you may do
 with sterling mony, & the other with currant repentance.
Fal. My Lord, I will not vndergo this sneape without
 reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcinesse:
 If a man wil currt' lie, and say nothing, he is vertuous: No,
 my Lord (your humble duty remebred) I will not be your
 sutor. I say to you, I desire deliurance from these Officers
 being vpon hasty employment in the Kings Affaires.
Iust. You speake, as hauing power to do wrong: But
 answer in the effect of your Reputation, and satisfie the
 poore woman.
Falst. Come hisher Hostesse. *Enter M. Gower*
Ch. Iust. Now Master Gower; What newes?
Gow. The King (my Lord) and Henrie Prince of Wales
 Are neere at hand: The rest the Paper telles.
Falst. As I am a Gentleman.
Host. Nay, you said so before.
Fal. As I am a Gentleman, Come, no more words of it
Host. By this Heauenly ground I tread on, I must be
 faine to pawne both my Plate, and the Tapistry of my dy-
 ning Chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the onely drinking : and for thy walles a pretty slight Drollery, or the Storie of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Waterworke, is worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Fly-bitten Tapistries. Let it be tenne pound (if thou canst.) Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Weach in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou must not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou wast set on to this:

Hof. Perhee (Sir John) let it be but twenty Nobles, I leath to pawne my Plate, in good earnest la.

Fal. Let it alone, He make other shift: you'l be a fool still.

Hof. Well, you shall haue it although I pawne my Gowne. I hope you'l come to Supper: You'l pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I liue? Go with her, with her: hooke-on, hooke-on.

Hof. Will you haue *Doll Tear-sheet* meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's haue her.

Ch. Inst. I haue heard bitter newes.

Fal. What's the newes (my good Lord?)

Ch. In. Where lay the King last night?

Me. At Basingstoke my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes my Lord?

Ch. Inst. Come all his Forces backe?

Me. No: Fifteene hundred Foot, five hundred Horse Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland, and the Archbishep.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble L?

Ch. Inst. You shall haue Letters of me presently.

Come, go along with me, good M. Gowre.

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. Inst. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gowre, shall I entreate you with mee to dinner?

Gow. I must waite vpon my good Lord heere. I thanke you, good Sir John.

Ch. Inst. Sir John, you loyter heere too long being you are to take Souldiers vp, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gowre?

Ch. Inst. What foolish Master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gowre, if they become mee not, hee was a Foole that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so pars faire.

Ch. Inst. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Foole. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins, Bardolfe, and Page.

Prin. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poin. Is it come to that? I had thought wearines durst not haue attach'd one of so high blood.

Prin. It doth me: though it discolours the complexion of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vildely in me, to desire small Beere?

Poin. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied,

as to remember so weake a Composition.

Prin. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got: for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indeede these humble considerations make me out of loue with my Greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many paire of Silk stockings y haue (Viz. these, and those that were thy peach-colour d ones:) Or to beare the Inuentorie of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other, for vse. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou kept'st not Racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy Low Countries, haue made a shift to eate vp thy Holland.

Poin. How ill it followes, after you haue labour'd so hard, you should talke so idly? Tell me how many good yong Princes would do so, their Fathers lying so sicke, as yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poin. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It shall serue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Poin. Go to: I stand the push of your one thing, that you'l tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be sad now my Father is sicke: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poin. Very hardly, vpon such a subiect.

Prin. Thou think'st me as farre in the Diuels Booke, as thou, and *Falstaffe*, for obduracie and persistencie. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is so sicke: and keeping such vild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all ostentation of sorrow.

Poin. The reason?

Prin. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poin. I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be euery mans thought: and thou art a blessed Fellow, to thinke as euery man thinkes: neuer a mans thought in the world, keeps the Rode-way better then thine: euery man would thinke me an Hypocrite indeede. And what accites your most worshipful thought to thinke so?

Poin. Why, because you haue beene so lewde, and so much ingrafted to *Falstaffe*.

Prin. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can heare it with mine owne eares: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellowe of my hands: and those two things I confesse I cannot helpe. Looke, looke, here comes *Bardolfe*.

Prin. And the Boy that I gaue *Falstaffe*, he had him from me Christian, and see if the fat villain haue not transform'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Saue your Grace.

Prin. And yours, most Noble *Bardolfe*.

Poin. Come you pernicious Ape, you bashfull Foole, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the window:

window: at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wives new Petticoat, & peeped through.

Prim. Hath not the boy profited?

Bar. Away, you horson vpright Rabbet, away.

Page. Away, you rascally *Altheas* dreame, away.

Prim. Instruct vs Boy: what dreame, Boy?

Page. Marry (my Lord) *Althea* dream'd, she was deliuer'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him hir dreame.

Prince. A Crownes-worth of good Interpretation: There it is, Boy.

Pom. O that this good Blossome could bee kept from Cankers: Well, there is six pence to preserue thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall be wrong'd.

Prince. And how doth thy Master, *Bardolph*?

Bar. Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Graces comming to Towne. There's a Letter for you.

Poin. Deliuer'd with good respect: And how doth the Martlemas, your Master?

Bard. In bodily health Sir.

Poin. Marry, the immortall part needs a Physitian: but that moues not him: though that bee sicke, it dyes not.

Prince. I do allow this Wen to bee as familiar with me, as my dogge: and he holds his place, for looke you he writes.

Poin. Letter. Iohn Falstaffe Knight: (Every man must know that, as oft as hee hath occasion to name himselfe:) Euen like those that are kinne to the King, for they neuer pricke their finger, but they say, there is som of the kings blood spilt. How comes that (sazes he) that takes vpon him not to conceine? the answer is as ready as a borrow'd cap: I am the Kings poore Cousin, Sir.

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to vs, but they wil fetch it from *Iaphet*. But to the Letter: — *Sir Iohn Falstaffe, Knight, to the Soune of the King, neerest his Father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.*

Poin. Why this is a Certificate.

Prim. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romaines in breuitie.

Poin. Sure he meanes breuity in breath: short-winded. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Bee not too familiar with Pointz, for hee misuses thy Favours so much, that he swears thou art to marrie his Sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.*

I thinke, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou vsest him. Iacke Falstaffe with my Familiars:

Iohn with my Brothers and Sister: & Sir Iohn, with all Europe.

My Lord, I will sleepe this Letter in Sack, and make him eate it.

Prim. That's to make him eate twenty of his Words. But do you vse methus *Ned*? Must I marrie your Sister?

Poin. May the Wench haue no worle Fortune. But I neuer said so.

Prim. Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time, & the spirits of the wise, sit in the clouds, and mocke vs: Is your Master heere in London?

Bard. Yes my Lord.

Prim. Where suppes he? Dosth the old Sore, feede in the old Franke?

Bard. At the old place my Lord, in *East-chespe*.

Prim. What Company?

Page. Ephefians my Lord, of the old Church.

Prim. Sup any women with him?

Page. None my Lord, but old Mistris *Quickly*, and *M. Doll Tears-sheet*.

Prim. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinswoman of my Masters.

Prim. Euen such Kin, as the Parish Heyfors are to the Towne-Bull?

Shall we steale vpon them (*Ned*) at Supper?

Poin. I am your shadow, my Lord, Ile follow you.

Prim. Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your Master that I am yet in Towne.

There's for your silence.

Bar. I haue no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine Sir, I will gouerne it.

Prim. Fare ye well: go.

This *Doll Tears-sheet* should be some Rode.

Poin. I warrant you, as common as the way betweene *S. Albans*, and *London*.

Prim. How might we see *Falstaffe* bestow himselfe to night, in his true colours, and not our selues be seene?

Poin. Put on two Leather Ierkins, and Aprons, and waite vpon him at his Table, like *Drawers*.

Prim. From a God, to a Bull? A heuie declension: It was Ioues case. From a Prince, to a Prentice; slow transformation, that shall be mine: for in euery thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me *Ned*.

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Northumberland, his Lady, and Harry Percie Ladies.*

North. I prethee louing Wife, and gentle Daughters, Giue an euen way vnto my rough Affaires:

Put not you on the visage of the Times, And be like them to *Percie*, troublesome.

Wife. I haue giuen ouer, I will speak no more, Do what you will: your Wisedome, be your guide.

North. Alas (sweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne, And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

La. Oh yet, for heauens sake, go not to these Warrs: The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,

When you were more endeer'd to it, then now, When your owne *Percy*, when my heart-deere *Harry*,

Threw many a Northward looke, to see his Father: Bring vp his Powres: but he did long in vaine.

Who then perswaded you to stay at home? There were two Honors lost; Yours, and your Sonnes.

For Yours, may heauenly glory brighten it: For His, it sticke vpon him, as the Sunne

In the gray vault of Heauen: and by his Light Did all the Cheualrie of England moue

To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glasse Wherein the Noble Youth did ore their sinnes.

He had no Ledger, that practic'd not his Gate: And speaking thicke (which Nature made his blemish),

Became the Accent of the Valiant. For those that could speake low, and tardily,

Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuse, To seeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,

In Diet, in Affections of delight, In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,

He

He was the Marke, and Glasse, Coppy, and Booke,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,
O Miracle of Men } Him did you leaue
(Second to none) vn-seconded by you,
To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre,
In disaduantage, to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of *Hospurs* Name
Did seeme defeasible: so you left him.
Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghost the wrong,
To hold your Honor more precise and nice
With others, then with him. Let them alone:
The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong.
Had my sweet *Harry* had but halfe their Numbers,
To day might I (hanging on *Hospurs* Necke)
Haue talk'd of a *Monmouth's* Graue.

North. Beshrew your heart,
(Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me,
With new la nencing ancient Ouer-fights:
But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,
Or it will seeke me in another place,
And finde me worse provided.

Wife. O Aye to Scotland,
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
Haue of their Puissance made a little taste.

Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
Then ioyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,
To make strength stronger. But, for all our loues,
First let them trye themselves. So did your Sonne,
He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow:
And neuer shall haue length of Life enough,
To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow, and sprowt, as high as Heauen,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Minde
As with the Tyde, swell'd vp vnto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neyther way.
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop,
But many thousand Reasons hold me backe.
I will resolue for Scotland: there am I,
Till Time and Vantage craue my company. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.

1. Drawer. What hast thou brought there? Apple-Iohns? Thou know'st Sir *Iohn* cannot endure an Apple-Iohn.

2. Draw. Thou say'st true: the Prince once set a Dish of Apple-Iohns before him, and told him there were five more Sir *Iohns*: and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now take my leaue of these fixe drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath forgot that.

1. Draw. Why then couer, and set them downe: and see if thou canst finde out *Sneakes* Noyse; *Mistris Tearesheet* would faine haue some Musique.

2. Draw. Sirra, heere will be the Prince, and Master *Points*, anon: and they will put on two of our Jerkins, and Aprons, and Sir *Iohn* must not know of it: *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1. Draw. Then here will be old *Viss*: it will be an excellent stratagem.

2. Draw. Ile see if I can finde out *Sneake*. *Exit.*

Enter Hostesse, and Dol.

Host. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperalitie: your Pulfidge beates as extraordinarily, as heart would desire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Rose: But you haue drunke too much Canaries, and that's a maruellous searching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can say what's this. How doe you now?

Dol. Better then I was: Hem.

Host. Why that was well said: A good heart's worth Gold. Looke, here comes Sir *Iohn*.

Enter Falstaffe.

Falst. When *Arthur* first in Court—(emptie the Iordan) and was a worthy King: How now *Mistris Dol*?

Host. Sick of a Calme: yes, good-sooth.

Falst. So is all her Sect: if they be once in a Calme, they are sick.

Dol. You muddie Rascall, is that all the comfort you giue me?

Falst. You make fat Rascalls, *Mistris Dol*.

Dol. I make them? Gluttonie and Diseases make them, I make them not.

Falst. If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helps to make the Diseases (*Dol*) we catch of you (*Dol*) we catch of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that.

Dol. I marry, our Chaynes, and our Jewels.

Falst. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to serue brauely, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surgerie brauely; to venture vpon the charg'd-Chambers brauely.

Host. Why this is the olde fashion: you two neuer meete, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Tostes, you cannot one beare with anothers Confirmities. What the good-yere? One must beare, and that must bee you: you are the weaker Vessell; as they say, the emptier Vessell.

Dol. Can a weake emptie Vessell beare such a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture of Burdeux-Stuffe in him: you haue not seene a Hulke better stuffe in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee *Iacke*: Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I shall euer see thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient *Pistol* is below, and would speake with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not come hither: it is the soule-mouth'dst Rogue in England.

Host. If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must liue amongst my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very best: shut the doore, there comes no Swaggerers heere: I haue not liu'd all this while, to haue swaggering now: shut the doore, I pray you.

Falst. Do'st thou heare, *Hostesse*?

Host. Pray you pacifie your selfe (*Sir Iohn*) there comes no Swaggerers heere.

Falst. Do'st

Falst. Do'st thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

Hofst. Tilly-fally (Sir *John*) neuer tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Master *Tisbek* the Deputie, the other day: and as hee said to me, it was no longer agoe then Wednesday last: Neighbour *Quickly* (sayes hee;) Master *Dambe*, our Minister, was by then. Neighbour *Quickly* (sayes hee) receiue those that are Ciuill; for (sayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee said so, I can tell whereupon: for (sayes hee) you are an honest Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heede what Guests you receiue: Receiue (sayes hee) no swaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You would blesse you to heare what hee said. No, Ile no Swaggerers.

Falst. Hee's no Swaggerer (Hofstesse:) a tame Cheater, hee: you may stroake him as gently, as a Puppie Greyhound: hee will not swagger with a Barbarie Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance. Call him vp (Drawer.)

Hofst. Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honest man my house, nor no Cheater: but I doe not loue swagging; I am the worse when one sayes, swagger: Feele Masters, how I shake: looke you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you doe, Hofstesse.

Hofst. Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an Aspen Lease: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Pist. 'Sae you, Sir *John*.

Falst. Welcome Ancient *Pistol*. Here (*Pistol*) I charge you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you discharge vpon mine Hofstesse.

Pist. I will discharge vpon her (Sir *John*) with two Bullets.

Falst. She is Pistoll-proofe (Sir) you shall hardly offend her.

Hofst. Come, Ile drinke no Proofes, nor no Bullets: I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you (Mistris *Dorothie*) I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorne you (scruie Companion) what? you poore, base, rascally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mate: away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for your Master.

Pist. I know you, Mistris *Dorothie*.

Dol. Away you Cuz-purse Rascall, you filthy Bung, away: By this Wine, Ile thrust my Knife in your mouldie Chappes, if you play the sawcie Cuttle with me. Away you Botle-Ale Rascall, you Basket-hilt stale Iugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your shoulder? much.

Pist. I will murther your Ruffe, for this.

Hofst. No, good Captaine *Pistol*: not heere, sweete Captaine.

Dol. Captaine? thou abominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde, they would trunchion you out, for taking their Names vpon you, before you haue earn'd them. You a Captaine? you slaue, for what? for tearing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-house? Hee a Captaine? hang him Rogue, hee liues vpon mouldie stew'd-Prunes, and dry'd Cakes. A Captaine? These Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it.

Bard. Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Falst. Hearke thee hither, Mistris *Dol*.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall *Bardolph*, I could teare her: Ile be reueng'd on her.

Page. 'Pray thee goe downe.

Pist. Ile see her damn'd first: to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake, to the Infernall Deepe, where *Erebus* and Tortures vilde also. Hold Hooke and Line, say I: Downe: downe Dogges, downe Fates: haue wee not *Heren* here?

Hofst. Good Captaine *Peefel* be quiet, it is very late: I beleeke you now, aggrauate your Choler.

Pist. These be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-Horses, and hollow-pamper'd Iades of Asia, which cannot goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with *Cesar*, and with Caniballs, and Troian Greekes? nay, rather damne them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Welkin roare: shall wee fall soule for Toyes?

Hofst. By my troth Captaine, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anon.

Pist. Die men, like Dogges; giue Crownes like Pinnes: Haue we not *Heren* here?

Hofst. On my word (Captaine) there's none such here. What the good-yeere, doe you thinke I would denye her? I pray be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat (my faire *Calpurnia*.) Come, giue me some Sack, *Si fortune me tormenta, sperato me contente*. Feare wee broad-sides? No, let the Fiend giue fire: Giue me some Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there: Come wee to full Points here, and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Falst. *Pistol*, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet Knight, I kisse thy Neaffe: what? wee haue seene the seuen Starres.

Dol. Thrust him downe stayres, I cannot endure such a Fustian Rascall.

Pist. Thrust him downe stayres? know we not Gallo-way Nagges?

Falst. Quoit him downe (*Bardolph*) like a shoue-groat shilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but speake nothing, hee shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe stayres.

Pist. What? shall wee haue Incision? shall wee embrew? then Death rocke me asleepe, abridge my dolefull dayes: why then let grieuous, gaffly, gaping Wounds, vntwin'd the Sisters three: Come *Atropos*, I say.

Hofst. Here's good stufte toward.

Falst. Giue me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prethee *Jack*, I prethee doe not draw.

Falst. Get you downe stayres.

Hofst. Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forswear keeping house, before Ile be in these terrors, and frights. So: Murther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Weapons, put vp your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee *Jack* be quiet, the Rascall is gone: ah, you whorson little valiant Villaine, you.

Hofst. Are you not hurt i'th' Groyne? me thought hee made a threwd Thrust at your Belly.

Falst. Haue you turn'd him out of doores?

Bard. Yes Sir: the Rascall's drunke: you haue hurt him (Sir) in the shoulder.

Falst. A Rascall to braue me.

Dol. Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape, how thou swear'st? Come, let me wipe thy face: Come on, you whorson Chops: Ah Rogue, I loue thee: Thou

art

art as valorous as *Hector* of Troy, worth flue of *Agamemnon*, and tenne times better then the nine Worthies: ah Villaine.

Fal. A rascally Slaue, I will tosse the Rogue in a Blanke.

Dol. Doe, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou doo'st, Ile canuss thee betweene a paire of Sheetes.

Enter Musique.

Page. The Musique is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, *Dol.* A Rascall, bragging Slaue: the Rogue fled from me like Quick-siluer.

Dol. And thou followd'st him like a Church: thou whorson little tydie *Bartholmew Bore-pigge*, when wilt thou leaue fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?

Enter the Prince and Paines dignis'd.

Fal. Peace (good *Dol.*) doe not speake like a Deaths-head: doe not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: hee would haue made a good Pantler, hee would haue chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They say *Faines* hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him *Baboone*, his Wit is as thicke as *Tewksburie Mustard*: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a *Mel'et*.

Dol. Why doth the Prince loue him so then?

Fal. Because their Legges are both of a bignesse: and hee playes at *Quoirs* well, and estes *Conger* and *Fennell*, and drinks off *Candles ends* for *Flap-dragons*, and rides the wilde-Mare with the *Boyes*, and iumpes vpon *Toyn'd-stooles*, and swears with a good grace, and wears his Boot very smooth, like vnto the *Signe of the Legge*; and breeds no bare with telling of discrete stories: and such other *Gamboll Faculties* hee hath, that shew a weak *Minde*, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himselfe is such another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their *Haber-de-pois*.

Prince. Would not this Naue of a Wheele haue his Eares cut off?

Poin. Let vs beat him before his Whore.

Prince. Looke, if the wither'd *Elder* hath not his Poll claw'd like a *Parror*.

Poin. Is it not strange, that *Desire* should so many yeeres out-lieue performance?

Fal. Kisse me *Dol.*

Prince. *Saturne* and *Venus* this yeere in Coniunction? What sayes the *Almanack* to that?

Poin. And looke whether the fierie *Trigon*, his Man, be not lipping to his Masters old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Councell-keeper?

Fal. Thou do'st giue me flatt'ring Buffes.

Dol. Nay truly, I kisse thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am olde, I am olde.

Dol. I loue thee better, then I loue gre a scurue young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuffe wilt thou haue a Kirtle of? I shall receiue Money on Thursday: thou shalt haue a Cappe to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late,

wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt set me a weeping, if thou say'st so: proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome, till thy returne: well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, *Franch.*

Prin. Poin. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha? a Bastard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou *Paines*, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of sinfull Continents, what a Life do'st thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prince. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

Hof. Oh, the Lord preserue thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heauen blesse that tweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorson mad Compound of Maicstie: by this light Flesh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How? you fat Foole, I scorne you.

Poin. My Lord, hee will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a merriment, if you take not the heart.

Prince. You whorson Candle-myne you, how wildly did you speake of me euen now, before this honest, vertuous, ciuill Gentlewoman?

Hof. Blessing on your good heart, and so shee is by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by *Gads-hill*: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose, to trie my patience.

Fal. No, no, no: not so: I did not thinke, thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall driue you then to confesse the wilfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse (*Hall*) on mine Honor, no abuse.

Prince. Not to disprays me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse (*Hal.*)

Poin. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse (*Ned*) in the World: honest *Ned* none. I disprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in loue with him: In which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subiect, and thy Father is to giue me thanks for it. No abuse (*Hal.:*) none (*Ned*) none; no *Boyes*, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cowardise, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to close with vs? Is shee of the Wicked? Is thine Hostesse heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest *Bardolph* (whose Zeale burnes in his Nose) of the Wicked?

Poin. Answer thou dead *Elme*, answer.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe *Bardolph* irrecouerable, and his Face is *Lucifers* Priuy-Kitchin, where hee doth nothing but rost Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill out-bids him too.

Prince. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, shee is in Hell alreadie, and burnes poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether shee bee damn'd for that, I know not.

Hof. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No,

Fal. No, I thinke thou art not: I thinke thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment vpon thee, for suffering flesh to bee eaten in thy house, contrary to the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Hosf. All Victuallers doe so: What is a Joynt of Murton, or two, in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What sayes your Grace?

Falst. His Grace sayes that, which his flesh rebels against.

Hosf. Who knocks so lowd at doore? Looke to the doore there, *Francis*?

Enter Peto.

Prince. *Peto*, how now? what newes?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at Westminster, And there are twentie weake and wearied Postes, Come from the North: and as I came along, I met, and ouer-tooke a dozen Captaines, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Tauernes, And asking euery one for Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

Prince. By Heauen (*Paines*) I feele me much to blame, So idly to prophane the precious time, When Tempest of Commotion, like the South, Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads. Giue me my Sword, and Cloake:

Falstaffe, good night.

Exit.

Falst. Now comes in the sweetest Morfell of the night, and wee must hence, and leaue it vnpickt. More knocking at the doore? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to Court, Sir, presently, A dozen Captaines stay at doore for you.

Falst. Pay the Musicians, Sirrha: farewell Hostesse, farewell *Dol*. You see (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are sought after: the vnderferuer may sleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches: if I be not sent away poste, I will see you againe, ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot speake: if my heart bee not readie to burst--- Well (*sweete Lacke*) haue a care of thy selfe.

Falst. Farewell, farewell.

Exit.

Hosf. Well, fare thee well: I haue knowne thee these twentie nine yeeres, come Pescod-time: but an honest, and truer-hearted man--- Well, fare thee well.

Bard Mistris *Teare-sheet*.

Hosf. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mistris *Teare-sheet* come to my Master.

Hosf. Oh runne *Dol*, runne: runne, good *Dol*.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick: But ere they come, bid them ope-reade these Letters, And well consider of them: make good speed. *Exit.*

How many thousand of my poorest Subjects
Are at this howre asleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,
Natures soft Nurse, how haue I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,
And sleepe my Sences in Forgetfulnesse?
Why rather (Sleepe) lyeest thou in smoake Cribes,
Vpon vneacie Pallads stretching thee,
And huiht with bustling Night, flies to thy slumber,
Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?
Vnder the Canopies of costly State,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie?
O thou dull God, why lyeest thou with the vilde,
In loathsome Beds, and leau't the Kingly Couch,
A Watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell?
Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Mast,
Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the visitation of the Windes,
Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafning Clamors in the slippy Clouds,
That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes?
Canst thou (O partall Sleepe) giue thy Repose
To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude:
And in the calmest, and most stillest Night,
With all appliances, and meanes to boote,
Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,
Vneacie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Maiestie.

King. Is it good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis One a Clock, and past.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords):
Haue you read o're the Letters that I sent you?

War. We haue (my Liege.)

King. Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome,
How foule it is: what ranke Diseases grow,
And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?

War. It is but as a Body, yet distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good aduice, and little Medicine:

My Lord *Northumberland* will soone be cool'd.

King. Oh Heauen, that one might read the Book of Fate,
And see the reuolution of the Times

Make Mountaines leuell, and the Continent
(Wearie of solide firmenesse) melt it selfe

Into the Sea: and other Times, to see
The beachie Girdle of the Ocean

Too wide for *Neptunes* hippes; how Chances mocks

And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration

With diuers Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone,

Since *Richard*, and *Northumberland*, great friends,

Did feast together; and in two yeeres after,

Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres since,

This *Percie* was the man, neereft my Soule,

Who, like a Brother, royl'd in my Affaires,

And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot:

Yea, for my sake, euen to the eyes of *Richard*

Gaue him defiance. But which of you was by

(You Cousin *Nensil*, as I may remember)

When *Richard*, with his Eye, brim-full of Teares,

(Then check'd, and rated by *Northumberland*)

Did speake these words (now prou'd a Prophecie:)

Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which

My

My Cousin *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne:
(Though then, Heaven knowes, I had no such intent,
But that necessitie so bow'd the State,
That I and Greatnesse were compell'd to kisse:)
The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it)
The Time will come, that soule Sinne gathering head,
Shall breake into Corruption: so went on,
Fore-telling this same Times Condition,
And the diuision of our Amitie.

War. There is a Historie in all mens Liues,
Figuring the nature of the Times deceas'd:
The which obseru'd, a man may prophetic
With a neere ayme, of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes
And weake beginnings lye entreaured:
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;
And by the necessarie forme of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect guesse,
That great *Northumberland*, then false to him,
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falsenesse,
Which should not finde a ground to roote vpon,
Vnlesse on you.

King. Are these things then Necessities?
Then let vs meete them like Necessities;
And that same word, euen now cryes out on vs:
They say, the Bishop and *Northumberland*
Are fiftie thousand strong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord:)
Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Echo,
The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace
To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord)
The Pow'rs that you alreadie haue sent forth,
Shall bring this Prize in very easly.
To comfort you the more, I haue receiu'd:
A certaine instance, that *Glendour* is dead,
Your Maiestie hath bene this fort-night ill,
And these vnseason'd howres perforce must adde
Vnto your Sicknesse.

King. I will take your counsaile:
And were these inward Warres once out of hand,
Wee would (deare Lords) vnto the Holy-Land.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Shallow and Silence: with Mouldie, Shadow,
Wart, Feeble, Bull-calfs.*

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: giue mee your
Hand, Sir; giue mee your Hand, Sir: an early stirrer, by
the Road. And how doth my good Cousin *Silence*?

Sil. Good-morrow, good Cousin *Shallow*.

Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow?
and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter
Ellen?

Sil. Aias, a blacke Ouzell (Cousin *Shallow*.)

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin *William*
is become a good Scholler? hee is at Oxford still, is hee
not?

Sil. Indeede Sir, to my cost.

Shal. Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I
was once of *Clements* Inne; where (I thinke) they will
take of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd lustie *Shallow* then (Cousin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing: and I would haue done
any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and
little *John Doit* of Staffordshire, and blacke *George Bare*,
and *Francis Pick-bone*, and *Will Squele* a Cot-sal-man, you
had not foure such Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of
Court againe: And I may say to you, wee knew where
the *Bona-Robu's* were, and had the best of them all at
commandement. Then was *Lacke Falstaffe* (now Sir *John*)
a Boy, and Page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of Nor-
folke.

Sil. This Sir *John* (Cousin) that comes hither anon a-
bout Souldiers?

Shal. The same Sir *John*, the very same: I saw him
breake *Scoggan's* Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was
a Crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight
with one *Sampson Stock-fish*, a Fruiterer, behinde Greyes-
Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see
how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

Shal. Certaine: 'tis certaine: very sure, very sure:
Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke
of Sullocks at Stamford Fayre?

Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine. Is old *Double* of your Towne
liuing yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead? See, see: hee drew a good Bow: and
dead? hee shot a fine shote. *John* of Gaunt loued
him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead?
hee would haue clapt in the Clowt at Twelue-score, and
carried you a fore-hand Shaft at foureteene, and foure-
teene and a halfe, that it would haue done a mans heart
good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good Ewes
may be worth tenne pounds.

Shal. And is olde *Double* dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Heere come two of Sir *John Falstaffes* Men (as I
thinke.)

Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Iustice *Shallow*?

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow* (Sir) a poore Esquire of this
Countrie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace:
What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you:
my Captaine, Sir *John Falstaffe*: a tall Gentleman, and a
most gallant Leader.

Shal. Hee greetes me well: (Sir) I knew him a
good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight?
may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommoda-
ted, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeede,
too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede is
it: good phrases are surely, and euery where very com-
mendable. Accommodated, it comes of *Accommodo*:
very good, a good Phrase.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phrase
call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase: but
I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a
Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good
Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is
(as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being
whereby

whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaffe.

Sbal. It is very iust: Looke, heere comes good Sir *John*. Giue me your hand, giue me your Worships good hand: Trust me, you looke well: and beare your yeates very well. Welcome, good Sir *John*.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good M. *Roberts Shallow*: Master *Sure-card* as I thinke?

Sbal. No sir *John*, it is my Cofin *Silence*: in Commission with mee.

Fal. Good M. *Silence*, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.

Fal. Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) haue you prouided me heere halfe a dozen of sufficient men?

Sbal. Marry haue we sir: Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Sbal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so: yea marry Sir. *Keper Mouldie*: let them appeare as I call: let them do so, les them do so: Let mee see, Where is *Mouldie*?

Moul. Heere, if it please you.

Sbal. What thinke you (Sir *John*) a good limb'd fellow, yong, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldie*?

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert vs'd.

Sbal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are mouldie, lacke use: very singular good. Well saide Sir *John*, very well said.

Fal. Pricke him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could haue let me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe out, then I.

Fal. Go too: peace *Mouldie*, you shall goe. *Mouldie*, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you where you are? For the other sir *John*: Let me see: *Simon Shadow*.

Fal. I marry, let me haue him to sit vnder: he's like to be a cold souldier.

Sbal. Where's *Shadow*?

Shad. Heere sir.

Fal. *Shadow*, whose sonne art thou?

Shad. My Mothers sonne, Sir.

Falst. Thy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fathers shadow: so the sonne of the Female, is the shadow of the Male: it is often so indeede, but not of the Fathers substance.

Sbal. Do you like him, sir *John*?

Falst. *Shadow* will serue for Summer: prick him: For wee haue a number of shadowes to fill vpp the Muster-Booke.

Sbal. *Thomas Wart*?

Falst. Where's he?

Wart. Heere sir.

Falst. Is thy name *Wart*?

Wart. Yea sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged *Wart*.

Sbal. Shall I pricke him downe, Sir *John*?

Falst. It were superfluous: for his apparel is built vpon his backe, and the whole frame stands vpon pins: prick him no more.

Sbal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it sir: you can doe it: I commend you well.

Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Heere sir.

Sbal. What Trade art thou *Feeble*?

Feeble. A Womans Taylor sir.

Sbal. Shall I pricke him, sir?

Fal. You may:

But if he had beene a mans Taylor, he would haue prickt you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Battaile, as thou hast done in a Womans petticoate?

Feeble. I will doe my good will sir, you can haue no more.

Falst. Well said, good Womans Tailour: Well sayde Couragious *Feeble*: thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrathfull Doue, or most magnanimous Mouse. Pricke the womans Taylour well Master *Shallow*, deepe *Maithe* *Shallow*.

Feeble. I would *Wart* might haue gone sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that y might mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot patch him to a priuate souldier, that is the Leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most Fortible *Feeble*.

Feeble. It shall suffice.

Falst. I am bound to thee, reuerend *Feeble*, Who is the next?

Sbal. *Peter Bulcasse* of the Greene.

Falst. Yea marry, ser vs the *Bulcasse*.

Bul. Heere sir.

Fal. Trust me, unlikely Fellow. Come, prick me *Bulcasse* till he roare againe.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

Fal. What do'st thou roare before th'art prickt?

Bul. Oh sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bul. A whorson cold sir, a cough sir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings affayres, vpon his Coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the Warres in a Gowne: we will haue away thy Cold, and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is heere all?

Sbal. There is two more called then your number: you must haue but foure heere sir, and so I pray you go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot carry dinner. I am glad to see you in good troth, Master *Shallow*.

Sbal. O sir *John*, doe you remember since wee lay all night in the Winde-mill, in S. Georges Field?

Falstaffe. No more of that good Master *Shallow*: No more of that.

Sbal. Had it was a merry night. And is *lowe Night* worke aliuie?

Fal. She liues, M. *Shallow*.

Sbal. She neuer could away with me.

Fal. Neuer, neuer: she would alwayes say she could not abide M. *Shallow*.

Sbal. I could anger her to the heart: shee was then a *Bona Roba*. Doth she hold her owne well.

Fal. Old, old, M. *Shallow*.

Sbal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot chide but be old.

old: certaine shee's old: and had *Robin Night-worke*, by old *Night-worke*, before I came to *Clements Inne*.

Sil. That's fiftie five yeeres agoe.

Sbal. Ha, Cousin *Silence*, that thou hadst seene that, that this Knight and I haue seene: ha, *Sir Iohn*, said I well?

Falst. Wee haue heard the Chymes at mid-night, Master *Shallow*.

Sbal. That wee haue, that wee haue; in faith, *Sir Iohn*, wee haue: our watch-word was, *Hem-Boyes*. Come, let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that wee haue seene. Come, come.

Bard. Good Master Corporate *Bardolph*, stand my friend, and heere is foure *Harry* tenne shillings in French Crownes for you: in very truth, *sir*, I had as lief be hang'd *sir*, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, *sir*, I do not care; but rather, because I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part, haue a desire to stay with my friends: else, *sir*, I did not care, for mine owne part, so much.

Bard. Go-too: stand aside.

Mouldie. And good Master Corporall Captaine, for my old Dames sake, stand my friend: shee hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot helpe her selfe: you shall haue fortie, *sir*.

Bard. Go-too: stand aside.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once: wee owe a death. I will neuer beare a base minde: if it be my destinie, so: if it be not, so: no man is too good to serue his Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this yeere, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. Nay, I will beare no base minde.

Falst. Come *sir*, which men shall I haue?

Sbal. Foure of which you please.

Bard. *Sir*, a word with you: I haue three pound, to free *Mouldie* and *Bull-calfe*.

Falst. Go-too: well.

Sbal. Come, *sir Iohn*, which foure will you haue?

Falst. Doe you chuse for me,

Sbal. Marry then, *Mouldie*, *Bull-calfe*, *Feeble*, and *Shadow*.

Falst. *Mouldie*, and *Bull-calfe*: for you *Mouldie*, stay at home, till you are past seruice: and for your part, *Bull-calfe*, grow till you come vnto it: I will none of you.

Sbal. *Sir Iohn*, *Sir Iohn*, doe not your selfe wrong, they are your likeliest men, and I would haue you seru'd with the best.

Falst. Will you tell me (*Master Shallow*) how to chuse a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the stature, bulke, and bigge assemblance of a man? giue mee the spirit (*Master Shallow*.) Where's *Wart*? you see what a ragged appearance it is: hee shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer: come off, and on, swifter then hee that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this same halfe-fac'd fellow, *Shadow*, giue me this man: hee presents no marke to the Enemy, the foe-man may with as great ayme leuell at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retrait, how swiftly will this *Feeble*, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, giue me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a Calyuer into *Warts* hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold *Wart*, Trauerse: thus, thus, thus.

Falst. Come, manage me your Calyuer: so, very well, go-too, very good, exceeding good. O, giue me alwayes a little, *Jeane*, old, chopr, bald Shot. Well said *Wart*, thou art a good Scab: hold, there is a Tetter for thee.

Sbal. Hee is not his Crafts-master, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at *Mile-end-Greene*, when I lay at *Clements Inne*, I was then *Sir Dagonet* in *Arthurs Show*: there was a little quiver fellow, and hee would manage you his Peece thus: and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would hee say, Bounce would hee say, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come: I shall neuer see such a fellow.

Falst. These fellowes will doe well, Master *Shallow*. Farewell Master *Silence*, I will not vse many wordes with you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thanke you: I must a dozen mile to night, *Bardolph*, giue the Souldiers Coates.

Sbal. *Sir Iohn*, Heauen blesse you, and prosper your Affaires, and send vs Peace. As you returne, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: per- aduenture I will with you to the Court.

Falst. I would you would, Master *Shallow*.

Sbal. Go-too: I haue spoke at a word. Fare you well. Exit.

Falst. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On *Bardolph*, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off these Iustices: I doe see the bottome of Iustice *Shallow*. How subiect wee old men are to this vice of Lying? This same staru'd Iustice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the Feates hee hath done about Turnball-street, and euery third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at *Clements Inne*, like a man made after Supper, of a Cheese-paung. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked Raddish, with a Head fantastically caru'd vpon it with a Knife. Hee was so forlorne, that his Dimensions (to any thicke sight) were inuincible. Hee was the very Genius of Famine: hee came euer in the reere-ward of the Fashion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talkes as familiarly of *John* of Gaunt, as if hee had bene sworne Brother to him: and Ile be sworne hee neuer saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then hee burst his Head, for crowding among the Marshalls men. I saw it, and told *John* of Gaunt, hee beat his owne Name, for you might haue trufs'd him and all his Apparell into an Ele-skinne: the Case of a Treble Hoeboy was a Mansion for him: a Court: and now hath hee Land, and Beeues. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I returne: and it shall goe hard, but I will make him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Baye for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-bishop, *Mowbray*, *Hastings*,
Westmerland, *Calcuile*.

Bish. What is this Forrest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree Forrest, and't shall please your Grace.

Bish. Here stand (my Lord) and send discoverers forth, To know the numbers of our Enemies.

Hast. Wee

Hast. Wee haue sent forth alreadie.

Bish. 'Tis well done.

My Friends, and Brethren (in these great Affaires)

I must acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd
New-dated Letters from *Northumberland*:

Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus.
Here doth hee wish his Person, with such Powers
As might hold fortance with his Qualitie,
The which hee could not leuie: whereupon
Hee is retyr'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers,
That your Attempes may ouer-live the hazard,
And fearefull meeting of their Opposite.

Mow. Thus do the hopes we haue in him, touch ground,
And dash themselues to peeces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now? what newes?

Mess. West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly forme, comes on the Enemie:
And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number
Vpon, or neere, the rate of thirtie thousand.

Mow. The iust proportion that we gaue them out.
Let vs sway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmerland.

Bish. What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here?

Mow. I thinke it is my Lord of Westmerland.

West. Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,
The Prince, Lord *Iohn*, and Duke of Lancaster.

Bish. Say on (my Lord of Westmerland) in peace:
What doth concerne your comming?

West. Then (my Lord)

Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe addresse
The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it selfe, in base and abiect Routs,
Led on by bloodie Youth, guarded with Rage,
And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie:

I say, if damn'd Commotion so appeare,
In his true, natie, and most proper shape,
You (Reuerend Father, and these Noble Lords)
Had not beene here, to dresse the ougly forme
Of base, and bloodie Insurrection,

With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop,
Whose Sea is by a Ciuill Peace maintain'd,
Whose Beard, the Siluer Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white Inuestments figure Innocence,
The Dove, and very blessed Spirit of Peace.

Wherefore doe you so ill translate your selfe,
Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace,
Into the harsh and boystrous Tongue of Warre?
Turning your Bookes to Graues, your Inke to Blood,
Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongne diuine
To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.

Bish. Wherefore doe I this? so the Question stands.
Briefely to this end: Wee are all diseas'd,
And with our sursetting, and wanton howres,
Haue brought our selues into a burning Feuer,
And wee must bleede for it: of which Disease,
Our late King *Richard* (being infected) dy'd.
But (my most Noble Lord of Westmerland)
I take not on me here as a Physician,
Nor doe I, as an Enemie to Peace,

Toopee in the Throngs of Militarie men:
But rather shew a while like fearefull Warre,
To dyet ranke Minde, sicke of happinesse,
And purge th'obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainly.
I haue in equall ballance iustly weigh'd,
What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And finde our Griefes heavier then our Offences.
Wee see which way the streame of Time doth runne,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet there,
By the rough Torrent of Occasion,
And haue the summarie of all our Griefes
(When time shall serue) to shew in Articles;
Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King,
And might, by no-Suit, gayne our Audience:
When wee are wrong'd, and would vnfold our Griefes,
Wee are deny'd accesse vnto his Person,
Euen by those men, that most haue done vs wrong.
The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,
Whose memorie is written on the Earth
With yet appearing blood; and the examples
Of euery Minutes instance (present now)
Hath put vs in these ill-bebecoming Armes:
Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to establish here a Peace indeede,
Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.

West. When euer yet was your Appeale deny'd?
Wherein haue you beene gall'd by the King?
What Peere hath beene suborn'd, to grate on you,
That you should seale this lawlesse bloody Booke
Of foig'd Rebellion, with a Seale diuine?

Bish. My Brother generall, the Common-wealth,
I make my Quarrell, in particular.

West. There is no neede of any such rediesse:
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mow. Why not to him in part, and to vs all,
That feele the bruises of the dayes before,
And suffer the Condition of these Times
To lay a heauie and vnequall Hand vpon our Honors?

West. O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
Contrue the Times to their Necessities,
And you shall say (indeede) it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you iniuries.
Yet for your part, it not appeares to me,
Either from the King, or in the present Time,
That you should haue an yneh of any ground
To build a Griefe on: were you not restor'd
To all the Duke of *Norfolkes* Seignories,
Your Noble, and right well-remembered Fathers?

Mow. What thing, in Honor, had my Father lost,
That need to be reuiu'd, and breath'd in me?
The King that lou'd him, as the State stood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him:
And then, that *Henry Bullingbrooke* and hee
Being mounted, and both rowfed in their Seates,
Their neighing Coursers daring of the Spurre,
Their armed Staues in charge, their Beauers do wne,
Their eyes of fire, sparkling through fights of Steele,
And the lowd Frutapet blowing them together:
Then, then, when there was nothing could haue stay'd
My Father from the Breast of *Bullingbrooke*;
O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,
(His owne Life hung vpon the Staffe hee thiew)
Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Liues,
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
Haue since mis-carried vnder *Bullingbrooke*.

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West. You

West. You speak (Lord *Mowbray*) now you know not what.
The Earle of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant Gentleman.
Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then haue smil'd?
But if your Father had bene Victor there,
Hee ne're had borne it out of Countrey.
For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce,
Cry'd hate vpon him: and all their prayers, and loue,
Were set on *Hereford*, whom they doted on,
And blest'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King.
But this is meere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our Princely Generall,
To know your Griefes; to tell you, from his Grace,
That hee will giue you Audience: and wherein
It shall appeare, that your demands are iust,
You shall enjoy them, euery thing set off,
That might so much as thinke you Enemies.

Mow. But hee hath forc'd vs to compell this Offer,
And it procedes from Pollicy, not Loue.

West. *Mowbray*, you ouer-weene to take it so:
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare.
For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes,
Vpon mine Honor, all too confident
To giue admittance to a thought of feare.
Our Battaile is more full of Names then yours,
Our Men more perfect in the vse of Armes,
Our Armor all as strong, our Cause the best;
Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good.
Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.

Mow. Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten Case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince *John* a full Commission,
In very ample vertue of his Father,
To heare, and absolutely to determine
Of what Conditions wee shall stand vpon?

West. That is intended in the Generals Name:
I muse you make so slight a Question.

Bish. Then take (my Lord of *Westmerland*) this Schedule,
For this containes our generall Grievances:
Each seuerall Article herein redress'd,
All members of our Cause, both here, and hence,
That are infixed to this Action,
Acquitted by a true substantiall forme,
And present execution of our wills,
To vs, and to our purposes confin'd,
Wee come within our awfull Banks againe,
And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace.

West. This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords,
In sight of both our Battailes, wee may meete
At either end in peace. which Heauen so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which must decide it.

Bish. My Lord, wee will doe so.

Mow. There is a thing within my Bosome tells me,
That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.

Hast. Feare you not, that if wee can make our Peace
Vpon such large termes, and so absolute,
As our Conditions shall consist vpon,
Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rockie Mountaines.

Mow. I, but our valuation shall be such,
That euery slight, and false-deriu'd Cause,
Yea, euery idle, nice, and wanton Reason,
Shall, to the King, taste of this Action:
That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue,
Wee shall be winnowed with so rough a winde,

That euen our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe,
And good from bad finde no partition.

Bish. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearie
Of daintie, and such picking Grievances:
For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Reuiues two greater in the Heires of Life.
And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane,
And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie,
That may repeat, and Historie his losse,
To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes,
Hee cannot so precisely weede this Land,
As his mis-doubts present occasion:
His foes are so en-rooted with his friends,
That plucking to vnfixe an Enemy,
Hee doth vnfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this Land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his Infant vp,
And hangs resolu'd Correction in the Arme,
That was vprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his Rods,
On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke
The very Instruments of Chastisement:
So that his power, like to a Fangleffe Lion
May offer, but not hold.

Bish. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assur'd (my good Lord Marshal)
If we do now make our attonement well,
Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe vnited)
Grow stronger, for the breaking.

Mow. Be it so:
Heere is return'd my Lord of *Westmerland*.

Enter Westmerland.

West. The Prince is here at hand: please your Lordship
To meet his Grace, iust distance 'twene our Armies!

Mow. Your Grace of *Yorke*, in heauen's name then
forward.

Bish. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

Enter Prince John.

John. You are wel encountred here (my cosin *Mowbray*)
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop,
And so to you Lord *Hastings*, and to all.
My Lord of *Yorke*, it better shew'd with you,
When that your Flocke (assembled by the Bell)
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence
Your exposition on the holy Text,
Then now to see you heere an Iron man
Charging a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme,
Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death:
That man that sits within a Monarches heart,
And ripens in the Sunne-shine of his fauor,
Would hee abuse the Countenance of the King,
Alack, what Mischiefs might hee set abroad,
In shadow of such Greatnesse? With you, Lord Bishop,
It is euen so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen?
To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament;
To vs, th' imagine Voyce of Heauen it selfe:
The very Opener, and Intelligencer,
Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen;
And our dull workings. O, who shall belecue,
But you mis-vse the reuerence of your Place,
Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen,
As a false Favorite doth his Princes Name,
In dedes dis-honorable? You haue taken vp,

Vnder

Under the counterfeit Zeale of Heauen;
The Subjects of Heavens Substitute, my Father,
And both against the Peace of Heauen, and him,
Have here vp-swarm'd them.

Bish. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your Fathers Peace:
But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland)
The Time (mis-order'd) doth in common sence
Crowd vs, and crush vs, to this monstrous Forme,
To hold our safetie vp. I sent your Grace
The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe,
The which hath been with scorne shou'd from the Court:
Whereon this Hydra-Sonne of Warre is borne,
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleepe,
With graunt of our most iust and right desires;
And true Obedience, of this Madnesse cur'd,
Stoope tamely to the foot of Maiestic.

Mow. If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes,
To the last man.

Hast. And though wee here fall downe,
Wee haue Supplies, to second our Attempt:
If they mis-carry, theirs shall second them.
And so, successe of Mischiefe shall be borne,
And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell vp,
Whiles England shall haue generation.

John. You are too shallow (*Hastings*)
Much too shallow,
To sound the bottome of the after-Times.

West. Pleseth your Grace, to answer them directly,
How farre-forth you doe like their Articles.

John. I like them all, and doe allow them well:
And swear here, by the honor of my blood,
My Fathers purposes haue bene mistooke,
And some, about him, haue too lauishly
Wrested his meaning, and Authoritic.
My Lord, these Griefes shall be with speed redrest:
Vpon my Life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your Powers vnto their severall Counties,
As wee will ours: and here, betweene the Armies,
Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home,
Of our restored Loue, and Amitic.

Bish. I take your Princely word, for these redresses.

John. I giue it you, and will maintaine my word:
And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace.

Hast. Goe Captaine, and deliuer to the Armie
This newes of Peace: let them haue pay, and part:
I know, it will well please them.

High thee Captaine. *Exit.*

Bish. To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland,

West. I pledge your Grace:
And if you knew what paines I haue bestow'd,
To breede this present Peace,
You would drinke freely: but my loue to ye,
Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.

Bish. I doe not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.

Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin *Mowbray*.

Mow. You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am, on the sodaine, something ill.

Bish. Against ill Chances, men are euer merzy,
But heauinesse fore-runnes the good euent.

West. Therefore be merry (*Cooze*) since sodaine sorrow
Serues to say thus: some good thing comes to morrow.

Bish. Belecue me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mow. So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true.

John. The word of Peace is tender'd: hearken how
they shewt.

Mow. This had been chearefull, after Victorie.

Bish. A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither partie looser.

John. Goe (my Lord)
And let our Army be discharged too:
And good my Lord (so please you) let our Traines
March by vs, that wee may peruse the men *Exit.*
Wee should haue coap'd withall.

Bish. Goe, good Lord *Hastings*:
And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. *Exit.*

John. I trust (Lords) wee shall lye to night together.
Enter Westmerland.

Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?

West. The Leaders hauing charge from you to stand,
Will not goe off, vntill they heare you speake.

John. They know their duties. *Enter Hastings.*

Hast. Our Army is dispers'd:
Like youthfull Steeres, vnyoak'd, they tooke their course
East, West, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke vp,
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.

West. Good tidings (my Lord *Hastings*) for the which,
I doe arrest thee (Traytor) of high Treason:
And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord *Mowbray*,
Of Capitall Treason, I attach you both.

Mow. Is this proceeding iust, and honorable?

West. Is your Assembly so?

Bish. Will you thus breake your faith?

John. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redresse of these same Grievances
Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor,
I will performe, with a most Christian care.
But for you (Rebels) looke to taste the due
Meete for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these Armes commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence—
Strike vp our Drummes, pursue the scatter'd stray,
Heauen, and not wee, haue safely fought to day.
Some guard these Traytors to the Block of Death,
Treasons true Bed, and yeelder vp of breath. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaffe and Collesile.

Falst. What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are
you? and of what place, I pray?

Col. I am a Knight, Sir:

And my Name is *Collesile* of the Dale.

Falst. Well then, *Collesile* is your Name, a Knight is
your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. *Collesile* shall
still be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dun-
geon your Place, a place deepe enough: so shall you be
still *Collesile* of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir *John Falstaffe*?

Falst. As good a man as he sir, who ere I am: doe yee
yeelde sir, or shall I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they
are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death,
therefore rowze vp Fears and Trembling, and do obser-
uance to my mercy.

Col. I thinke you are Sir *John Falstaffe*, & in that thought
yeeld me.

Fal. I haue a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of
mice, and not a Tongue of them all, speakes anie other
word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indiffe-
rencie, I were simply the most actiue fellow in Europe:
my wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoos mee. Heere
comes our Generall.

Enter Prince John, and Westmerland.

John. The heat is past, follow no farther now:
Call in the Powers, good Cousin Westmerland.
Now Falstaffe, where have you beene all this while?
When euery thing is ended, when you come.
These tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life)
One time, or other, breake some Gallowes back.

Falst. I would bee sorry (my Lord) but it should bee thus: I neuer knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Haue I, in my poore and olde Motion, the expedition of Thought? I haue speeded hither with the very extremest ynch of possibilitie. I haue fowndred nine score and odde Postes: and heere (trauell-tainted as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir *John Collesle* of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and valorous Enemie: But what of that? hee saw mee, and yeelded: that I may iustly say with the hooke-nos'd fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and ouer-came.

John. It was more of his Courtesie, then your deseruing.

Falst. I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeeld him: and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd, with the rest of this dayes deedes; or I swear, I will haue it in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top of it (*Collesle* kissing my foot): To the which course, if I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-shine you as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Element (which shew like Pinnes-heads to her) belecue not the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee haue right, and let desert mount.

John. Thine's too heauie to mount.

Falst. Let it shine then.

John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Falst. Let it doe something (my good Lord) that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

John. Is thy Name *Collesle*?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

John. A famous Rebell art thou, *Collesle*.

Falst. And a famous true Subiect tooke him.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are, That led me hither: had they beene rul'd by me, You should haue wonne them dearer then you haue.

Falst. I know not how they sold themselues, but thou like a kinde fellow, gau'st thy selfe away; and I thanke thee, for thee.

Enter Westmerland.

John. Haue you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.

John. Send *Collesle*, with his Confederates, To Yorke, to present Execution.

Blunt. leade him hence, and see you guard him sure.

Exit with *Collesle*.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords)

I heare the King, my Father, is fore sicke.

Our Newes shall goe before vs, to his Maiestie, Which (Cousin) you shall beare, to comfort him;

And wee with sober speede will follow you.

Falst. My Lord, I beseech you, giue me leaue to goe through Gloucestershire: and when you come to Court, stand my good Lord, pray, in your good report.

John. Fare you well, *Falstaffe*: I, in my condition, Shall better speake of you, then you deserue. Exit.

Falst. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better then your Dukedome. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded Boy doth not loue me, nor a man cannot make him laugh: but that's no maruaile, hee drinke no Wine. There's neuer any of these demure Boyes come to any prooffe: for thinne Drinks doth so ouer-coole their blood, and making many Fish-Meales, that they fall into a kinde of Male Greene-sicknesse: and then, when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally Fooles, and Cowards; which some of vs should be too, but for inflation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it ascends me into the Braine, dryes me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddie Vapours, which enuiron it: makes it apprehensiu, quicke, forgetiue, full of nimble, fierie, and delectable shapess; which deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second proprietie of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood: which before (cold, and setled) left the Lines white, and pale; which is the Badge of Pusillanimities, and Cowardize: but the Sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the parts starerous: it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) giues warning to all the rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme; and then the Vitall Commoners, and in-land petty Spirits, muster me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and puffe vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack (for that sets it a-wooke:) and Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till Sack commences it, and sets it in act, and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant: for the cold blood hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like leane, stirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and tyll'd, with excellent endeauour of drinking good, and good store of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand Sonnes, the first Principle I would teach them, should be to forswear thinne Potations, and to addict themselues to Sack. Enter *Bardolph*. How now *Bardolph*?

Bard. The Armie is discharged all, and gone.

Falst. Let them goe: Ile through Gloucestershire, and there will I visit Master *Robert Shallow*, Esquire: I haue him already tempering betweene my finger and my thombe, and shortly will I seale with him. Come away.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, *Warwicke*, *Clarence*, *Gloucester*.

King. Now Lords, if Heaven doth giue successfull end To this Debate that bleedeth at our doores, Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields, And draw no Swords, but what are sanctify'd. Our Nauie is address'd, our Power collected, Our Substitutes, in absence, well inuested, And euery thing lyes leuell to our wish; Onely wee want a little personall Strength: And pause vs, till these Rebels, now a-foot, Come vnderneath the yoake of Gouernment.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Maiestie Shall soone enioy.

King. Hum-

King. *Hamprey* (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is the Prince, your Brother?

Glo. I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glo. I doe not know (my Lord.)

King. Is not his Brother, *Thomas* of Clarence, with him?

Glo. No (my good Lord) hee is in presence heere.

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?

Hee loues thee, and thou do'st neglect him (*Thomas*.)

Thou hast a better place in his Affection,

Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy)

And Noble Offices thou may'st effect

Of Mediation (after I am dead)

Betweene his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethren.

Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Loue,

Nor loose the good aduantage of his Grace,

By seeming cold, or carelesse of his will.

For hee is gracious, if hee be obseru'd:

Hee hath a Teare for Pitye, and a Hand

Open (as Day) for melting Charitie:

Yet not withstanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint,

As humortous as Winter, and as sudden,

As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day.

His temper therefore must be well obseru'd:

Chide him for faults, and doe it reuerently,

When you perceiue his blood inclin'd to mirth:

But being moodie, giue him Line, and scope,

Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground)

Confound themselves with working: Learne this *Thomas*,

And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends,

A Hoop of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in.

That the united Vessell of their Blood

(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,

As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)

Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong

As *Aconitum*, or rash Gun-powder

Clar. I shall obserue him with all care, and loue.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him (*Thomas*?)

Clar. Hee is not there to day: hee dines in London.

King. And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that?

Clar. With *Pointz*, and other his continuall followers.

King. Most subiect is the fattest Soyle to Weedes:

And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)

Is ouer-spread with them: therefore my grieffe

Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death.

The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shape

(In formes imaginarie) th'vnguided Dayes,

And rotten Times, that you shall looke vpon,

When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.

For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe,

When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsaillers,

When Meanes and lauish Manners meete together;

Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye

Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite:

The Prince but studies his Companions,

Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language,

'Tis needfull, that the most immodest word

Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once attain'd,
Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther vse,
But to be knowne, and hated. So, like grosse termes,
The Prince will, in the perfectnesse of time,
Cast off his followers: and their memorie
Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure, liue,
By which his Grace must mete the liues of others,
Turning past-culls to aduantages.

King. 'Tis selldome, when the Bee doth leaue her Combe
In the dead Carnion.

Enter *Westmorland*.

Who's heere? *Westmorland*?

West. Health to my Soueraigne, and new happinesse
Added to that, that I am to deliuer.

Prince *John*, your Sonne, doth kisse your Graces Hand;

Moubray, the Bishop, *Scroope*, *Hastings*, and all,

Are brought to the Correction of your Law.

There is not now a Rebels Sword vntheach'd,

But Peace puts forth her Oliue euery where:

The manner how this Action hath bene borne,

Here (at more leysure) may your Highnesse reade,

With euery course, in his particular.

King. O *Westmorland*, thou art a Summer Bird,

Which euer in the haunch of Winter sings

The lifting vp of day.

Enter *Harcourt*.

Looke, heere's more newes.

Harc. From Enemies, Heauen keepe your Maiestie:

And when they stand against you, may they fall,

As those that I am come to tell you of.

The Earle *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolf*,

With a great Power of English, and of Scots,

Are by the Sherife of *Yorkeshire* ouerthrowne:

The manner, and true order of the fight,

This Packet (please it you) contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good newes

Make me sicke?

Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,

But write her faire words still in soule's Letters?

Shée eyther giues a Stomack, and no Foode,

(Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast,

And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich,

That haue abundance, and enioy it not.)

I should reioyce now, at this happy newes,

And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie.

O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort your Maiestie.

Cl. Oh, my Royall Father.

West. My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your selfe, looke

vp.

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Fits

Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie.

Stand from him, giue him ayre:

Hee'll straight be well.

Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: these pangs,

Th'incessant care, and labour of his Minde,

Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in,

So thinne, that Life lookes through, and will breake out.

Glo. The people feare me: for they doe obserue

Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature:

The Seasons change their manners, as the Yeere

Had found some Moneths asleepe, and leap'd them ouer.

Clar. The Riuer hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betweene:

And the old folke (Times doting Chronicles)

Say it did so, a little time before

That our great Grand-fire *Edward* lick'd, and dy'de.

War. Speake lowe (Princes) for the King recovers.

Glo. This Apoplexie will (certaine) be his end.

King. I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence Into some other Chamber: softly pray.

Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends)

Vnlesse some dull and fauourable hand

Will whisper Musicke to my wearie Spirit.

Admirer. Call for the Musicke in the other Roome.

King. Set me the Crowne vpon my Pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.

War. Lesse noyse, lesse noyse.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here (Brother) full of heauinesse.

P. Hen. How now? Raine within doores, and none abroad? How doth the King?

Glo. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard hee the good newes yet? Tell it him.

Glo. Hee alter'd much, vpon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If hee be sicke with Ioy, Hee'll recouer without Physicke.

War. Not so much noyse (my Lords) Sweet Prince speake lowe.

The King your Father, is dispos'd to sleepe.

Clar. I vs with-draw into the other Roome

War. Will please your Grace to goe along with vs?

P. Hen. No: I will sit, and watch here, by the King.

Why doth the Crowne lye there, vpon his Pillow, Being so troublesome a Bed-fellow?

O pollish'd Perturbation! Golden Care!

That keep'st the Ports of Slumber open wide,

To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,

Yee not so sound, and halfe so deeply sweete,

As hee whose Brow (with homely Biggen bound)

Snores out the Watch of Night. O Maiestie!

When thou do'st pinch thy Bearer, thou do'st sit

Like a rich Armor, warme in heat of day,

That scald'st with saferie: by his Gares of breath,

There lyes a downey feather, which stirs not;

Did hee aspire, that light and weightlesse downe

Perforce must moue. My gracious Lord, my Father,

This sleepe is sound indeede: this is a sleepe,

That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuorc'd

So many English Kings. Thy due, from me,

Is Teares, and heauie Sorrowes of the Blood,

Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tenderesse,

Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plentifully.

My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,

Which (as immediate from thy Place and Blood)

Deriues it selfe to me. Loe, heere it sits,

Which Heaven shall guard:

And put the worlds whole strength into one gyant Arme,

It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me.

This, from thee, will I to mine leaue,

As 'tis left to me.

Exit.

Enter Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.

King. Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.

Clar. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Maiestie? how fares your Grace?

King. With what you leaue vs here alone (my Lords?)

Cl. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege) Who vnderstandeth vs and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let mee see him.

War. This doore is open, hee is gone this way.

Glo. Hee came not through the Chamber where wee stayd.

King. Where is the Crowne? whoooke it from my Pillow?

War. When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it heere.

King. The Prince hath ra'ne it hence: Goe seeke him out.

Is hee so hasty, that hee doth suppose

My sleepe, my death? Finde him (my Lord of Warwicke)

Chide him hither: this part of his comoyes

With my disease, and helpe to end me.

See Sonnes, what things you are:

How quickly Nature falls into reuolt,

When Gold becomes her Obiect!

For this, the foolish ouer-carefull Fathers

Haue broke their sleepes with thoughts,

Their braines with care, their bones with industry.

For this, they haue ingrossed and pyl'd vp

The canker'd heapes of strange-atchieued Gold:

For this, they haue bene thoughtfull, to inuest

Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercises:

When, like the Bee, culling from euey flower

The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with Wax,

Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hiue;

And like the Bees, are murdered for our paines.

This bitter taste yeelds his engrossment,

To the ending Father.

Enter Warwicke.

Now, where is hee, that will not stay so long,

Till his Friend Sicknesse hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,

Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,

With such a deepe demesure, in great sorrow,

That Tyranny, which neuer quaffs but blood,

Would (by beholding him) haue wash'd his Knife

With gentle eye-drops. Hee is comming hither.

King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?

Enter Prince Henry.

Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to me (Harry.)

Depart the Chamber, leaue vs heere alone. *Exit.*

P. Hen. I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.

King. Thy wish was Father (Harry) to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I wearie thee.

Do'st thou so hunger for my emptie Chayre,

That thou wilt needs inuest thee with mine Honors,

Before thy howre be ripe? O foolish Youth!

Thou seek'st the Greatnesse, that will ouer-whelme thee.

Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie

Is held from falling, with so weake a winde,

That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.

Thou hast stolne that, which after some few howres

Were thine, without offence: and at my death

Thou hast seal'd vp my expectation.

Thy Life did manifest, thou lou'd'st me not,

And thou wilt haue me dye assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stonie heart,

To stab at halfe an howre of my Life.

What? canst thou not forbear me halfe an howre?

Thea

Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy selfe,
 And bid the merry Bells ring to thy care
 For thou art Crowned, not that I am dead.
 Let all the Teates, that should bedew my Hearse
 Be drops of Bawke, to sanctifie thy head:
 Onely compound me with forgotten dust.
 Give that, which gaue thee life, vnto the Wormes:
 Flucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees;
 For now a time is come, to mocke at Fornie.
 Henry the fit is Crown'd: Vp Vainety,
 Downe Royall State: All you sage Counsaillers, hence:
 And to the English Court, assemble now
 From eu'ry Region, Apes of Idleness.
 Now neighbor-Confines, purge you of your Scum:
 Haue you a Russian that swill sweare? drinke? dance?
 Reuell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit
 The oldest sinnes, the newest kinde of wares?
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more.
 England, shall scoble gill'd, his trebble guilt
 England, shall giue him Office, Honor, Might:
 For the fit Harry, from corb'd License pluckes
 The muzzle of Restraint; and the wilde Dogge
 Shall fl. sh his tooth in euery Innocent.
 O my poore Kingdome (sicke, with cruell blowes)
 What that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,
 What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care?
 O, thou wilt be a Wildernesse againe,
 Peopled with Wolues (thy old Inhabitants.
Prince. O pardon me (my Liege)
 But for my Teares,
 The most Impediments vnto my Speech,
 I had fore-stall'd this deere, and deepe Rebroke,
 Ere you (with greefe) had spoke, and I had heard
 The courte of it so farre. There is your Crowne,
 And he that weares the Crowne immortally,
 Long guard it yours. If I affect it more,
 Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,
 Let me no more from this Obedience rise,
 Which my most true, and inward duteous Spirit
 Teacheth this prostrate, and exteriour bending.
 Heauen witnesse with me, when I heere came in,
 And found no courte of breath within your Maiestie,
 How cold it strooke my heart. If I do faine,
 O let me, in my present wildernesse, dye,
 And neuer liue, to shew th' incredulous World,
 The Noble change that I haue purposed.
 Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
 (And dead almost (my Liege) to thinke you were)
 I speake vnto the Crowne (as hauing sent)
 And thus vpbrailed it. The Care on thee depending,
 Hath ted vpon the body of my Father,
 Therefore, thou best of Gold, art worst of Gold.
 Other, lesse fine in Charract, is more precious,
 Preseruing life, in Med'cine potable:
 But thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd,
 Hast eate the Beater vp.
 Thus (my Royall Liege)
 Accusing it, I put it on my Head,
 To try with it (as with an Enemie,
 That had before my face murderd my Father)
 The Quarrell of a true Inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with Ioy,
 Or swell my Thoughts, to any straine of Pride,
 If any Rebel, or vaine spirit of mine,
 Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,
 Giue entertainment to the might of it,

Let heauen, for euer, keepe it from my head,
 And make me, as the poorest Vassile is
 That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it
King. O my Sonne!
 Heauen put it in thy minde to tal e it hence,
 That thou might'st ioyne the more, thy Fathers looe,
 Pleading so wisely, in excuse of it.
 Come hither *Harry.* sit thou by my bedde,
 And heare (I thanke, the very lastest Counsell
 That euer I shall beare: Heauen knowes, my Soane)
 By what I say, and indirect crook'd wayes
 I net this Crowne: and I my selfe know well
 How troublefome it late vpon my head.
 To thee, it shall descend with better Quiet
 Better Opinion, better Confirmation
 I or all the shyle of the Achievement goes
 With me, into the Earth. It seem'd to mee,
 But as an Honour snatch'd with boyl'tous hand,
 And I had many lining, to vpbraide
 My gaine of it, by their Assurances,
 Which dayly grew to Quarrell, and to Blood-shed,
 Wounding supposed Peace.
 All these bold bestes,
 Thou seest (with perill, I haue answered:
 For all my Regne, hath bene but as a Soane.
 Aching that argument. And now my death
 Changes the Moode: For what in me, was purposed,
 Falles vpon thee, in a more fayrer sort.
 So thou, the Garland wear'st successiue y.
 Yet, though thou stand'st more ture, then I could do,
 Thou art not firme enough, since grieues are grieues:
 And all thy Friends, which thou must make by Friends
 Haue but their stings, and teeth, newly tak'n out,
 By whose fell working, I was first aduanc'd,
 And by whose power, I well might lodge a care
 To be againe displac'd. Which to auoyd,
 I cut them off: and had a purpose now
 To leade out many to the Holy Land;
 Least rest, and lying still, might make them looke
 Too neere vnto my State.
 Therefore (my *Harry*)
 Be it thy courte to busie giddy Mindes
 With Forraigne Quarrels: that Action hence borne out,
 May waite the memory of the former dayes.
 More would I, but my Lungs are wated in,
 That strength of Speech is vterly deny'd mee.
 How I came by the Crowne, O heauen forgiue:
 And grant it may, with thee, in true peace liue.
Princes. My gracious Liege:
 You wonne it, wore it: kept it, gaue it me,
 Then plain and right must my possession be:
 Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,
 'Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintaine.

*Enter Lord John of Lancaster,
 and Warwicke.*

King. Looke, looke,
 Heere comes my *John* of Lancaster:
John. Health, Peace, and Happinesse,
 To my Royall Father.
King. Thou bring'st me happinesse and Peace
 (Sonne *John*):
 But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
 From this bare, wicket Tuarke: Vpon dry fight
 My worldly businesse makes a period.

Where

Where is my Lord of Warwicke?

Prin. My Lord of Warwicke.

King. Doth any name particular, belong
Vnto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?

War. 'Tis call'd *Ierusalem*, my Noble Lord.

King. Laud be to heauen:

Euen there my life must end,

It hath bene prophesie to me many yeares,

I should not dye, but in *Ierusalem*:

Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy-Land.

But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye:

In that *Ierusalem*, shall *Harry* dye.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe,
Page, and Dany.*

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night.
What *Dany*, I say.

Fal. You must excuse me, M. *Robert Shallow*.

Shal. I will not excuse you: you shall not be excused.
Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall
serue: you shall not be excus'd.

Why *Dany*.

Dany. Heere sir.

Shal. *Dany*, *Dany*, *Dany*, let me see (*Dany*) let me see:
William Cooke, bid him come hither. *Sir John*, you shall
not be excus'd.

Dany. Marry sir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee
seru'd: and againe sir, shall we sowe the head-land with
Wheate?

Shal. With red Wheate *Dany*. But for *William Cook*:
are there no yong Pigeons?

Dany. Yes Sir.

Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,
And Plough-Irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and payde: *Sir John*, you shall
not be excus'd.

Dany. Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needes bee
had: And Sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of *Williams*
Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at *Himckley*
Fayre?

Shal. He shall anwer it:
Some Pigeons *Dany*, a couple of short-legg'd Hennes: a
loynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickshawes,
tell *William Cooke*.

Dany. Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir?

Shal. Yes *Dany*:

I will vse him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a
penny in purse. Vse his men well *Dany*, for they are ar-
rant Knaues, and will backe-bite.

Dany. No worse then they are bitten. sir: For they
haue arruellous fowle linnen.

Shallow. Well conceited *Dany*: about thy Businesse,
Dany.

Dany. I beseech you sir,
To countenance *William Visor* of *Woncot*, against *Cle-*
ment Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many Complaints *Dany*, against that
Visor, that *Visor* is an arrant Knaue, ou my know-
ledge.

Dany. It graunt your Worship, that he is a knaue Sir;) But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knaue should haue some Countenance; at his Friends request. An honest man sir, is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I haue seru'd your Worshipp truely sir, these eight yeares: and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue, against an honest man, I haue but a very litle credite with your Worshipp. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir, therefore I beseech your Worship, let him bee Countenanc'd.

Shal. Go too,

I say he shall haue no wrong: Looke about *Dany*.
Where are you *Sir John*? Come, off with your Boots.
Giue me your hand M. *Bardolfe*.

Bard. I am glad to see your Worship.

Shal. I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Master
Bardolfe: and welcome my tall Fellow:
Come *Sir John*.

Falstaffe. He follow you, good Master *Robert Shallow*.
Bardolfe, looke to our Horses. If I were saw'de into
Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded
Hermites staues, as Master *Shallow*. It is a wonderfull
thing to see the semblable Coherence of his mens spirits,
and his? They, by obseruing of him, do beare themselves
like foolish Iustices: Hee, by conuersing with them, is
turn'd into a Iustice-like Seruingman. Their spirits are
so married in Coniunction, with the participation of So-
ciety, that they flocke together in consent, like so ma-
ny Wilde-Geese. If I had a suite to Master *Shallow*, I
would humour his men, with the imputation of beeing
neere their Master. If to his Men, I would currie with
Master *Shallow*, that no man could better command his
Seruants. It is certaine, that either wise bearing, or ig-
norant Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of
another: therefore, let men take heede of their Compa-
nie. I will deuise matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to
keepe Prince *Harry* in continuall Laughter, the wearing
out of sixe Fashions (which is foure Termes) or two Ac-
tions, and he shall laugh with *Internallums*. O it is much
that a Lye (with a slight Oath) and a iest (with a sadde
brow) will doe, with a fellow, that neuer had the Ache
in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face
be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.

Shal. *Sir John*.

Falst. I come Master *Shallow*, I come Master *Shallow*.
Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

*Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord
Chiefe Iustice.*

Warwicke. How now, my Lord Chiefe Iustice, whe-
ther away?

Ch. Iust. How doth the King?

Warw. Exceeding well: his Cares
Are now, all ended.

Ch. Iust. I hope, not dead.

Warw. Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,
And to our purposes, he liues no more.

Ch. Iust. I would his Maiesty had call'd me with him,
The seruice, that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all iniuries.

35.

War. Indeed I thinke the young King loves you not.
Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe
 To welcome the condition of the Time,
 Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,
 Then I haue drawne it in my fantasie.

*Enter Iohn of Lancaster, Gloucester,
 and Clarence.*

War. Heere come the heauy Issue of dead *Harrie*:
 O, that the liuing *Harrie* had the temper
 Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:
 How many Nobles then, should hold their places,
 That must strike faile, to Spirits of vilde sort?

Ch. Just. Alas, I feare, all will be ouer-turn'd.

Iohn. Goodmorrow Cofin Warwick, goodmorrow.

Glow. Cla. Goodmorrow, Cofin.

Iohn. We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.

War. We do remember: but our Argument
 Is all too heauy, to admit much talke.

Iohn. Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy

Ch. Just. Peace be with vs, least we be heauier.

Glow. O, good my Lord, you haue lost a friend indeed:
 And I dare i-swear, you borrow not that face
 Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.

Iohn. Though no man be assur'd what grace to finde,
 You stand in coldest expectation.

I am the sorrier, would twere otherwise.

Cla. Wel, you must now speake Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* faire,
 Which swimmes against your streame of Quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,
 Led by th' Imperiall Conduet of my Soule,
 And neuer shall you see, that I will begge
 A ragged, and fore-stall'd Remission.

If Troth, and vpright Innocency sayle me,
 Ile to the King (my Master) that is dead,
 And tell him, who hath sent me after him.

War. Heere comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henrie.

Ch. Just. Goodmorrow: and heauen saue your Maiesty

Prince. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiesty,
 Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke.

Brothers, you mixe your Sadnesse with some Peare:

This is the English, not the Turkish Court:

Not *Amurath*, an *Amurath* succeeds,

But *Harry, Harry*: Yet be sad (good Brothers)

For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you:

Sorrow, so Royally in you appears,

That I will deeply put the Fashion on,

And weare it in my heart. Why then be sad,

But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)

Then a ioynt burthen, laid vpon vs all.

For me, by Heauen (I bid you be assur'd)

Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:

Let me but beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares;

But weepethat *Harrie's* dead, and so will I.

But *Harry* liues, that shall conuert those Teares

By number, into houres of Happinesse.

Iohn, &c. We hope no other from your Maiesty.

Prin. You all looke strangely on me: and you most,

You are (I thinke) assur'd, I loue you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)

Your Maiesty hath no iust cause to hate mee.

Pr. No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
 So great Indignities you laid vpon me?

What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly send to Prison
 Th'immediate Heire of England? Was this easie?
 May this be wash'd in *Leibe*, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did vse the Person of your Father:

The Image of his power, lay then in me,

And in th'admittitration of his Law,

Whiles I was busie for the Commonwealth,

Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,

The Maiesty, and power of Law, and Iustice,

The Image of the King, whom I presented,

And strooke me in my very Seate of Iudgement:

Whereon (as an Offender to your Father),

I gaue bold way to my Authority,

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,

To haue a Sonne, set your Decrees at naught?

To plucke downe Iustice from your awefull Bench?

To trip the course of Law, and blent the Sword

That guards the peace, and safety of your Person?

Nay more, to spurne at your most Royall Image,

And mocke your workings, in a Second body?

Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours:

Be now the Father, and propose a Sonne:

Heare your owne dignity so much prophand,

See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loosely slighted,

Behold your selfe, so by a Sonne disdain'd:

And then imagine me, taking you part,

And in your power, soft silencing your Sonne:

After this cold-considerance, sentence me:

And, as you are a King, speake in your State,

What I haue done, that misbecame my place;

My person, or my Lieges Soueraignie.

Prin. You are righte Iustice, and you weigh this well:

Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword:

And I do wish your Honors may encrease,

Till you do liue, to see a Sonne of mine

Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

So shall I liue, to speake my Fathers words:

Happy am I, that haue a man so bold,

That dares do Iustice, on my proper Sonne;

And no lesse happy, hauing such a Sonne,

That would deliuer vp his Greatnesse so,

Into the hands of Iustice. You did commit me:

For which, I do commit into your hand,

Th'vnstained Sword that you haue vs'd to beare:

With this Remembrance; That you vse the same

With the like bold, iust, and impartiall spirit

As you haue done 'gainst me. There is my hand,

You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:

My voice shall sound, as you do prompt mine eare;

And I will stoope, and humble my Intents,

To your well-practis'd, wise Directions.

And Princes all, belecue me, I beseech you:

My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,

(For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)

And with his Spirits, sadly I suruiue,

To mocke the expectation of the World;

To frustrate Prophecies, and to race out

Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe

After my seeming. The Tide of Blood in me,

Hath proudly flow'd in Vanity, till now.

Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,

Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods,

And flow henceforth in formall Maiesty.

Now call we our High Court of Parliament,

And let vs choose such Limbes of Noble Counsaile:

That

That the great Body of our State may go
In equall ranke, with the best govern'd Nation,
That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which you (Father) shall have formost hand.
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And heauen (consigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peere, shall haue iust cause to say,
Heauen shorten *Harries* happy life, one day. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe,
Page, and Pistoll.*

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an
Arborese will eate a last yeares Pippin of my owne graf-
fing, with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth (Come Co-
fin *Silence*, and then to bed.

Fal. *Silence* haue heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggars all, beggars all
Sir Iohn: Marry, good ayre. Spread *Dawie*, spread *Dawie*:
Well said *Dawie*.

Falst. This *Dawie* serues you for good vses: he is your
Seruingman, and your Husband.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Var-
let, *Sir Iohn:* I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A
good Varlet. Now sit downe, now sit downe: Come
Cofin.

Sil. Ah sirra (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate,
and make good cheere, and praise heauen for the merrie
yeere: when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lustie
Lads come heere, and there: so merrily, and euer among
so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good *M. Silence*, Ile giue
you a health for that anon.

Shal. Good *M. Bardolfe*: some wine, *Dawie*.

Da. Sweet sir: Ile be with you anon: most sweete
sir, sit. Master Page, good *M. Page*, sit: Proface. What
you want in meate, wee'l haue in drinke: but you beare,
the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry *M. Bardolfe*, and my little Souldiour
there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all.

For women are Shewes, both short, and tall:

'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;

And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not thinke *M. Silence* had bin a man of this
Mettle.

Sil. Who I? I haue bene merry twice and once, ere
now.

Dawie. There is a dish of Lether-coats for you.

Shal. *Dawie*.

Dawie. Your Worship: Ile be with you straight. A cup
of Wine, sir.

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briake and fine, & drinke
vnto the Leman mine: and a merry heart liues long-a.

Fal. Well said, *M. Silence*.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of
the night.

Fal. Health, and long life to you, *M. Silence*.

Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a
mile to the bottome.

Shal. Honest *Bardolfe*, welcome: If thou want'st any
thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome my
little tyme theefe, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to
M. Bardolfe, and to all the Cauileroes about London.

Dawie. I hope to see London, once ere I die.

Bar. If I might see you there, *Dawie*.

Shal. You'l cracke a quart together? Ha, will you not
M. Bardolfe?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thanke thee: the knaue will sticke by thee. I
can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bar. And Ile sticke by him, sir.

Shal. Why there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry.
Looke, who's at doore there, ha: who knockes?

Fal. Why now you haue done me right:

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, *Sawings*. Is't
not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why then say an old man can do somewhat.

Dawie. If it please your Worshipp, there's one *Pistoll*
come from the Court with newes.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Pistoll.

How now *Pistoll*?

Pist. *Sir Iohn*, 'laue you sir.

Fal. What winde bleas you hither, *Pistoll*?

Pist. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good,
sweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest men in
the Realme.

Sil. Indeed, I thinke hee bee, but Goodman *Puffe* of
Barlon.

Pist. *Puffe*? *puffe* in thy teeth, most recreant Coward
base. *Sir Iohn*, I am thy *Pistoll*, and thy Friend: helter
skelter haue I rode to thee, and rydings do I bring, and
luckie ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of
price.

Fal. I prethee now deliuer them, like a man of this
World.

Pist. A footra for the World, and Worldlings base,
I speake of Affrica, and Golden ioyes.

Fal. O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy newes?
Let King *Coniuba* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, *Scarlet*, and *Iohn*.

Pist. Shall dunghill Curres confront the *Hellicons*?
And shall good newes be baffel'd?

Then *Pistoll* lay thy head in *Furies* lappe.

Shal. Honest Gentleman,
I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then Lament therefore.

Shal. Giue me pardon, Sir.

If sir, you come with newes from the Court, I take it, there
is but two wayes, either to vtter them, or to conceale
them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in some Authority.

Pist. Vnder which King?

Bezonian, speake, or dye.

Shal. Vnder King *Harry*.

Pist. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. *Harry* the fourth.

Pist. A footra for thine Office.

Sir Iohn, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King,
Harry the Fifth's the man, I speake the truth.
When *Pistoll* lyes, do this, and figge-me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Pist. As naile in doore.

The things I speake, are iust.

Fal. Away *Bardolfe*, Saddle my Horse,
Master *Robert Shallow*, choose what Office thou wilt
In the Land, 'tis thine. *Pistol*, I will double charge thee
With Dignities.

Bard. O ioyfull day:

I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good newes.

Fal. Carrie Master *Silence* to bed: Master *Shallow*, my
Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward.
Get on thy Boots, wee'l ride all night. Oh sweet *Pistol*:
Away *Bardolfe*: Come *Pistol*, vtter more to mee: and
withall deuise something to do thy selfe good. Boote,
boote Master *Shallow*, I know the young King is sick for
mee. Let vs take any mans Horses: The Lawes of Eng-
land are at my command'ment. Happs are they, which
haue bene my Friendes: and woe vnto my Lord Chiefe
Iustice.

Pist. Let Vultures vil'de seize on his Lungs also:
Where is the life that late I led, say they?
Why heere it is, welcome those pleasant dayes. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Hofesse Quickly*, *Dol Teara-sheete*,
and *Beardles*.

Hofesse. No, thou arrant knaue: I would I might dy,
that I might haue thee hang'd: Thou hast drawne my
shoulder out of ioynt.

Off. The Constables haue deliuer'd her ouer to mee:
and shee shall haue Whipping cheere enough, I warrant
her. There hath bene a man or two (lately) kill'd about
her.

Dol. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile
tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-vilag'd Rascal, if the
Childe I now go with, do miscarrie, thou had'st better
thou had'st strooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Vil-
laine.

Hof. O that Sir *John* were come, hee would make
this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruite
of her Wombe might miscarry.

Officer. If it do, you shall haue a dozen of Cushions
againe, you haue but eleuen now. Come, I charge you
both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and *Pi-
stol* beate among you.

Dol. Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Censor; I
will haue you as soundly swindg'd for this, you blew-
Bottel'd Rogue: you filthy famish'd Correctioner, if you
benot swing'd, Ile forswear halfe Kirtles.

Off. Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come.

Hof. O, that right should thus o'recome might. Wel
of sufferance, comes ease.

Dol. Come you Rogue, come:
Bring me to a Iustice.

Hof. Yes, come you staru'd Blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman Bones.

Hof. Thou Anatomy, thou.

Dol. Come you thinne Thing:
Come you Rascal.

Off. Very well.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Groomes.

1. *Groo*. More Rushes, more Rushes:

2. *Groo*. The Trumpets haue sounded twice.

1. *Groo*. It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come
from the Coronation. *Exit Groo*.

Enter *Falstaffe*, *Shallow*, *Pistol*, *Bardolfe*, and *Page*.

Falstaffe. Stand heere by me, M. *Robert Shallow*, I will
make the King do you Grace. I will leere vpon him, as
he comes by: and do but marke the countenance that hee
will giue me.

Pistol. Blesse thy Lungs, good Knight.

Falst. Come heere *Pistol*, stand behind me. O if I had
had time to haue made new Liueries, I would haue be-
stowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is
no matter, this poore shew doth better: this doth inferre
the zeale I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Falst. It shewes my earnestnesse in affection.

Pist. It doth so.

Fal. My deuotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night,
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Not to haue patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certaine.

Fal. But to stand stained with Trauaile, and sweating
with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting
all affayres in obliuion, as if there were nothing else to bee
done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*: for *obsequio hoc nihil est*. 'Tis all
in euery part.

Shal. 'Tis so indeed.

Pist. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liuer, and
make thee rage. Thy *Dol*, and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts
is in base Durance, and contagious prison: Hall'd thi-
ther by most Mechanicall and durty hand. Rowze vppe
Reuenge from Ebon den, with fell *Alecto's Snake*, for
Dol is in. *Pistol*, speakes nought but troth.

Fal. I will deliuer her.

Pistol. There roar'd the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour
sounds.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry the
Fifth, Brothers, Lord Chiefe
Iustice.

Falst. Saue thy Grace, King *Hal*, my Royall *Hal*.

Pist. The heauens thee guard, and keepe, most royall
Impe of Fame.

Fal. 'Saue thee my sweet Boy.

King. My Lord Chiefe Iustice, speake to that vaine
man.

Ch. Iust. Haue you your wits?

Know you what 'tis you speake?

Falst. My King, my Ioue; I speake to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:
How ill white haire become a Foole, and Ietter?

I haue

I have long dream'd of such a kinde of man,
So surfeit-smell'd, so old, and so prophane:
But being awake, I do despise my dreame.
Make lesse thy body (*hence*) and more thy Grace,
Leaue gourmandising; Know the Graue doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne Iest,
Pretume not, that I am the thing I was,
For heauen doth know (so shall the world perceiue)
That I haue turn'd away my former Selfe,
So will I those that kept me Companie:
When thou dost heare I am, as I haue bin,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast
The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death,
As I haue done the rest of my Misleaders,
Not to come neere our Perion, by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euill:
And as we heare you do reforme your selues,
We will according to your strength, and qualities,
Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.

Exit King.

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

Shal. I marry Sir *John*, which I beseech you to let me haue home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, *M. Shallow*, do not you grieue at this: I shall be sent for in priuate to him: Looke you, he must sceme thus to the world: feare not your aduancement: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceiue how, vnlesse you should giue me your Doublet, and stufte me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir *John*, let mee haue five hundred of my thousand.

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

Shal. A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir *John*.

Fal. Feare no colours, go wish me to dinner:
Come *Lionsheart Pistol*, come *Bardolfe*,
I shall be sent for soone at night.

Ch. Iust. Go carry Sir *John Falstaffe* to the Fleete,
Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. Iust. I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone:
Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spera me conserua.*

Exit. Maner Lancaster and Chiefe Iustice.

John. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings:
He hath intent his wonted Followers
Shall all be very well prouided for:
But all are banisht, till their conuersations
Apppeare more wise, and modest to the world.

Ch. Iust. And so they are.

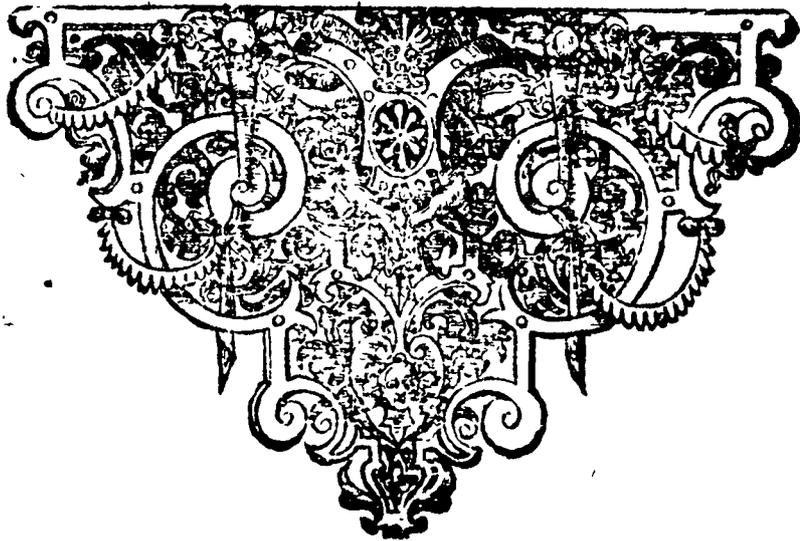
John. The King hath call'd his Parliament,
My Lord.

Ch. Iust. He hath.

John. I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire,
We beare our Ciuill Swords, and Natieue fire
As farre as France. I heare a Bird so sing,
Whose Musicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence?

Exeunt

FINIS.





EPILOGVE.



FIRST, my *Leare*: then, my *Curtisie*: last, my *Speech*. My *Fear*, is your *Displeasure*: My *Curtisie*, my *Dutie*. And my *Speech*, to *Bege* your *Pardons*. If you looke for a good *Speech* now, you *Indee* me: For what I haue to say, is of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I should say, will (I doubt) *prooue* mine owne *marring*. But to the *Purpose*, and so to the *Venture*. Be it knowne to you (as it is *very well*) I was lately heere in the end of a *displeasing Play*, to pray your *Patience* for it, and to promise you a *Better*: I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill *Venture*) it come *unluckily home*, I *breake*; and you, my *gentle Creditors* lose. Heere I promise you I would be, and heere I commit my *Bodie* to your *Mercies*: Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as most *Debtors* do) promise you *infinitely*.

If my *Tongue* cannot entreate you to acquit me: will you command me to use my *Legges*? And yet that were but light payment, to *Dance* out of your debt: But a good *Conscience*, will make any possible *satisfaction*, and so will I. All the *Gentlewomen* heere, haue *forgiuen* me, if the *Gentlemen* will not, then the *Gentlemen* do not agree with the *Gentlewomen*, which was neuer seene before, in such an *Assembly*.

One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too much *cloyd* with *Fat Meate*, our humble *Author* will continue the *Story* (with *Sir Iohn* in it) and make you merry, with faire *Katherine of France*: where (for any thing I know) *Falstaffe* shall dye of a *sweat*, unlessse already he be kill'd with your *hard Opinions*: For *Old-Castle* dyed a *Martyr*, and this is not the man. My *Tongue* is *wearie*, when my *Legs* are too, I will bid you *good night*; and so *kneele* downe before you: But (indeed) to pray for the *Queene*.



THE
ACTORS
NAMES.

ROVERMOUR the Prefentor:
 King *Henry* the Fourth.
 Prince *Henry*, afterwards Crowned King *Henry* the Fifth.
 Prince *John* of Lancaster.
Humphrey of Glocester. } Sonnes to *Henry* the Fourth, & brethren to *Henry* 5.
Thomas of Clarence.

Northumberland.
 The Arch Byshop of Yorke.
 Mowbly.
 Hastings.
 Lord Bardolfe.
 Trauers.
 Morton.
 Coluise.

Opposites against King *Henry* the Fourth.

Warwicke.
 Westmerland.
 Surrey.
 Gowre.
 Harecourt.
 Lord Chiefe Justice.

Of the Kings
Partie.

Pointz.
 Falstaffe.
 Bardolphe.
 Pistoll.
 Peto.
 Page.

Irregular
Humorists.

Shallow. } Both Country
 Silence. } Justices.
 Dawie, Seruant to Shallow.
 Phang and Snare, 2. Seruants
 Mouldie.
 Shadow. }
 Wart. } Country Soldiers
 Feeble. }
 Bulcalfe. }

Drawers
 Beadles.
 Groomes

Northumberlands Wife.
 Percies Widdow.
 Hostesse Quickly.
 Doll Teare-sheete.
 Epilogue.

