So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils  
To be commenced in strands afar remote.  
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;  
Nor more shall trenching war channel her fields,  
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs  
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,  
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
And furious close of civil butchery  
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,  
March all one way and be no more opposed  
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies:  
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,  
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,  
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross  
We are impressed and engaged to fight,  
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;  
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb  
To chase these pagans in those holy fields  
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet  
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd  
For our advantage on the bitter cross.  
But this our purpose now is twelve month old,  
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:  
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear  
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,  
What yesternight our council did decree  
In forwarding this dear expedience.  
My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many limits of the charge set down  
But yesternight: when all athwart there came  
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;  
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,  
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,  
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
A thousand of his people butchered;  
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,  
Such beastly shameless transformation,  
By those Welshwomen done as may not be  
Without much shame retold or spoken of.  
It seems then that the tidings of this broil  
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.  
This match'd with other did, my gracious lord;  
For more uneven and unwelcome news  
Came from the north and thus it did import:  
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,  
Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,  
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,  
At Holmedon met,  
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour.
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.
Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse.
Stain’d with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk’d in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon’s plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?
In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.
Yea, there maketh me sad and maketh me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,
A son who is the theme of honour’s tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune’s minion and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call’d mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy’s pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.
This is his uncle’s teaching; this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.
But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered.
I will, my liege.

Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?
Art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack
and unbuttoning after supper and sleeping upon
benches after noon, that hast forgotten to
demand that truly which wouldst truly know.
What a devil hast to do with the time of the
day! Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes
capons and clocks the tongues of bawds and dials the
signs of leaping-houses and the blessed sun himself
a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no
reason why shouldst be so superfluous to demand
the time of the day.
Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take
purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not
by Phoebus, he, 'that wandering knight so fair.' And,
I prithee, sweet wag, when art king, as, God
save grace, --majesty I should say, for grace
wilt have none, --
What, none?
No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to
prologue to an egg and butter.
Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.
Marry, then, sweet wag, when art king, let not
us that are squires of the night's body be called
thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's
foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the
moon; and let men say we be men of good government,
being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and
chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.
sayest well, and it holds well too; for the
fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and
flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is,
by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold
most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most
dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with
swearing 'Lay by' and spent with crying 'Bring in,'
now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder
and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.
By the Lord, sayest true, lad. And is not my
hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?
As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And
is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?
How now, how now, mad wag! what, in quips and
quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a
buff jerkin?
Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?
Well, hast called her to a reckoning many a
time and oft.
Did I ever call for to pay part?
No; I'll give due, hast paid all there.
Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch;
and where it would not, I have used my credit.
Yea, and so used it that were it not here apparent
that art heir apparent--But, I prithee, sweet
wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when
art king! and resolution thus fobbed as it is
with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do
not, when art king, hang a thief.
No; shalt.

Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.
judgest false already: I mean, shalt have
the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.
Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my
humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell
you.

For obtaining of suits?
Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman
hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy
as a gib cat or a lugged bear.
Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.
Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.
What sayest to a hare, or the melancholy of
Moor-ditch?
hast the most unsavoury similes and art indeed
the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young
prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more
with vanity. I would to God  and I knew where a
commodity of good names were to be bought. An old
lord of the council rated me the other day in the
street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet
he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and
yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.
didst well; for wisdom cries out in the
streets, and no man regards it.
O, hast damnable iteration and art indeed able
to corrupt a saint. hast done much harm upon
me, Hal; God forgive for it! Before I knew
, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man
should speak truly, little better than one of the
wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give
it over: by the Lord, and I do not, I am a villain:
I'll be damned for never a king's son in
Christendom.

Where shall we take a purse tomorrow, Jack?
'Zounds, where wilt, lad; I'll make one; an I
do not, call me villain and baffle me.
I see a good amendment of life in ; from praying
to purse-taking.
Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a
man to labour in his vocation.

Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a
match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what
hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the
most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand' to
a true man.

Good morrow, Ned.
Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse?
what says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! how
agrees the devil and about soul, that
soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira
and a cold capon's leg?
Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have
his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of
proverbs: he will give the devil his due.
Then art damned for keeping word with the devil.  
Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.  
But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four 
o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going  
to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders  
riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards  
for you all; you have horses for yourselves:  
Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke  
supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it  
as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff  
your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry  
at home and be hanged.  

Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not,  
I'll hang you for going.  
You will, chops?  
Hal, wilt make one?  
There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good  
fellowship in, nor camest not of the blood  
royal, if darest not stand for ten shillings.  
Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.  
Why, that's well said.  
Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.  
By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when art king.  
I care not.  
Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone:  
I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure  
that he shall go.  
Well, God give the spirit of persuasion and him  
the ears of profiting, that what speakest may  
move and what he hears may be believed, that the  
true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false  
thief; for the poor abuses of the time want  
countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.  
Farewell, latter spring! farewell, All-hallowen summer!  

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

How shall we part with them in setting forth?  
Why, we will set forth before or after them, and  
appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at  
our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure  
upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have  
no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.  
Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our  
horses, by our habits and by every other  
appointment, to be ourselves.  

Tut! our horses they shall not see: I'll tie them  
in the wood; our vizards we will change after we  
leave them: and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram  
for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.
Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.
Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

Well, I'll go with; provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Farewell, my lord.

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

My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.
Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.

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

You were about to speak.

Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprison
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.
My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff; and still he smiled and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
He should or he should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,--God save the mark!--
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.
The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.
Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,

That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we but treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

As Mortimer has never done fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war; to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breathed and three times did
drunk,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,
Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.
dost belie him, Percy, dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell,
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
We licence your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight  
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,  
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.  
What, drunk with choler? stay and pause awhile:  
Here comes your uncle.

Speak of Mortimer!  
‘Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul  
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:  
Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,  
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,  
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer  
As high in the air as this unthankful king,  
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.  
Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.  
Who struck this heat up after I was gone?  
He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;  
And when I urged the ransom once again  
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,  
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.  
I cannot blame him: was not he proclaim'd  
By Richard that dead is the next of blood?  
He was; I heard the proclamation:  
And then it was when the unhappy king,  
--Whose wrongs in us God pardon!--did set forth  
Upon his Irish expedition;  
From whence he intercepted did return  
To be deposed and shortly murdered.  
And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth  
Live scandalized and fouly spoken of.  
But soft, I pray you; did King Richard then  
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer  
Heir to the crown?  
He did; myself did hear it.  
Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,  
That wished him on the barren mountains starve.  
But shall it be that you, that set the crown  
Upon the head of this forgetful man  
And for his sake wear the detested blot  
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,  
That you a world of curses undergo,  
Being the agents, or base second means,  
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?  
O, pardon me that I descend so low,  
To show the line and the predicament  
Wherein you range under this subtle king;  
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,  
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your nobility and power  
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,  
As both of you--God pardon it!--have done,  
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
An plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?  
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,  
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off  
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:

Therefore, I say--

Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclaspe a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontentes
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.
If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!
He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

I cry you mercy.

Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,--
I'll keep them all;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.
You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.
Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'

Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him
To keep his anger still in motion.
Hear you, cousin; a word.

All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not.
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison’d with a pot of ale.
    Farewell, kinsman: I’ll talk to you
When you are better temper’d to attend.
Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
    Art to break into this woman’s mood,
Tying ear to no tongue but own!
Why, look you, I am whipp’d and scourged with rods,
Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard’s time,—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire;
’Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York; where I first bow’d my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—
    ’Sblood!—
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.
    At Berkley castle.
    You say true:
    Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,’when his infant fortune came to age,,'
And ’gentle Harry Percy,’ and ’kind cousin;'
O, the devil take such cozeners! God forgive me!
    Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.
    Nay, if you have not, to it again;

We will stay your leisure.
    I have done, i’ faith.
Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas’ son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
    Will easily be granted. You, my lord,

Your son in Scotland being thus employ’d,
    Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
    The archbishop.
    Of York, is it not?
    True; who bears hard
His brother’s death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
    I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
    Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
    Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
I smell it: upon my life, it will do well.
Before the game is afoot, still let’st slip.
Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot;
And then the power of Scotland and of York,
    To join with Mortimer, ha?
    And so they shall.
    In faith, it is exceedingly well aim’d.
And ’tis no little reason bids us speed,
    To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
He does, he does: we'll be revenged on him.
Cousin, farewell: no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.
Uncle, Adieu: O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

Heigh-ho! an it be not four by the day, I'll be
hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!
Anon, anon.
I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks
in the point; poor jade, is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.
Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.
I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.
Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.
Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.
What, ostler! come away and be hanged!
I have a gammon of bacon and two razors of ginger,
to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.
God's body! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague on! hast never an eye in head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged!
hast no faith in ?

Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?
I think it be two o'clock.
I pray lend me lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.
Nay, by God, soft; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.
    I pray, lend me.
Ay, when? can'st tell? Lend me lantern, quoth he? marry, I'll see hanged first.
Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?
    Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant.
Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentleman: they will along with company, for they have great charge.

What, ho! chamberlain!
    At hand, quoth pick-purse.
That's even as fair as--at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; layest the plot how.

Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter; they will away presently.
Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give this neck.
No, I'll none of it: I pray keep that for the hangman; for I know worshippest St. Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may. What talkest to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and knowest he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that dreamest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot-land rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such as strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.
What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?
She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cocksure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.
Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.
Give me hand: shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.
Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief. Go to; 'homo' is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave.

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

Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins! Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost keep!
Where's Poins, Hal?
He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squier further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forswn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal hath not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else: I have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another!

Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged! Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay ear close to the ground and list if canst hear the tread of travellers.

Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus? liest; art not colted, art uncolted.
I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.
Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler? Go, hang thyself in own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Stand.
So I do, against my will.
O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

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

You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern. There's enough to make us all. To be hanged.

Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us. How many be there of them? Some eight or ten. 'Zounds, will they not rob us? What, a coward, Sir John Paunch? Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal. Well, we leave that to the proof. Sirrah Jack, horse stands behind the hedge: when needest him, there shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged. Ned, where are our disguises? Here, hard by: stand close.

Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs. Stand! Jesus bless us! Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them: fleece them. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever! Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs: I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are Grand-jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, 'faith.

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

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

Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are all scatter’d and possess’d with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were ’t not for laughing, I should pity him.
How the rogue roar’d!

‘But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well
contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.’ He could be contented: why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. ‘The purpose you undertake is dangerous;’—why, that’s certain: ‘tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. ‘The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.’ Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of action. ‘Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady’s fan. Is there not my father, my uncle and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, My lord of York and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.
O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish’d woman from my Harry’s bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is’t that takes from
stomach, pleasure and golden sleep?
Why dost bend eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when sit’st alone?
Why hast lost the fresh blood in cheeks;
And given my treasures and my rights of
To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?
In faint slumbers I by have watch’d,
And heard murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to bounding steed;
Cry ‘Courage! to the field!’ And hast talk’d
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners’ ransom and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.

spirit within hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestirr’d in sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon brow
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
And in face strange motions have appear’d,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

What, ho!

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?
He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?
One horse, my lord, he brought even now.
What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?
It is, my lord.

That roan shall by my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O esperance!
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

But hear you, my lord.
What say’st, my lady?

What is it carries you away?

Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

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

Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask:
In faith, I’ll break little finger, Harry,
An if wilt not tell me all things true.

Away,
Away, you trifler! Love! I love not,
I care not for, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack’d crowns,
And pass them current too. God’s me, my horse!

What say’st, Kate? what would’st have with me?
Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.
Come, wilt see me ride?
And when I am on horseback, I will swear
I love infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,
But yet a woman; and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
wilt not utter what dost not know;

And so far will I trust, gentle Kate.
   How! so far?
Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
   Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
   Will this content you, Kate?
   It must of force.

Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me
hand to laugh a little.
   Where hast been, Hal?
With three or four loggerheads amongst three or four
score hogsheads. I have sounded the very
base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother
to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by
their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis.
They take it already upon their salvation, that
though I be but the prince of Wales, yet I am king
courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack,

like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a
good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I
am king of England, I shall command all the good
lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing
scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they
cry 'hem!' and bid you play it off. To conclude, I
am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour,
that I can drink with any tinker in his own language
during my life. I tell, Ned, hast lost
much honour, that wert not with me in this sweet
action. But, sweet Ned,--to sweeten which name of
Ned, I give this pennyworth of sugar, clapped
even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that
never spake other English in his life than 'Eight
shillings and sixpence' and 'You are welcome,' with
this shrill addition, 'Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint
of bastard in the Half-Moon,' or so. But, Ned, to
drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee,
do stand in some by-room, while I question my
puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do
never leave calling 'Francis,' that his tale
to me may be nothing but 'Anon.' Step aside, and
I'll show a precedent.
Francis!
art perfect.
Francis!

Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.
Come hither, Francis.
My lord?
How long hast to serve, Francis?
Forsooth, five years, and as much as to--
Francis!
Anon, anon, sir.
Five year! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking
of pewter. But, Francis, darest be so valiant
as to play the coward with indenture and show it
a fair pair of heels and run from it?
O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in
England, I could find in my heart.
Francis!
Anon, sir.
How old art, Francis?
Let me see--about Michaelmas next I shall be--
Francis!
Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.
Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar
gavest me,'twas a pennyworth, wast't not?
O Lord, I would it had been two!
I will give for it a thousand pound: ask me
when wilt, and shalt have it.
Francis!
Anon, anon.
Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis;
or, Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when
wilt. But, Francis!
My lord?
Wilt rob this leathern jerkin, crystal-button,
not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stockling, caddis-garter,
smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,--
O Lord, sir, who do you mean?
Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink;
for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet
will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.
What, sir?
Francis!
Away, you rogue! dost not hear them call?

What, standest still, and hearest such a
calling? Look to the guests within.

My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are
at the door: shall I let them in?
Let them alone awhile, and then open the door.
Poins!

Anon, anon, sir.
Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?
As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?
I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

What's o'clock, Francis?
Anon, anon, sir.

That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is upstairs and downstairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.' I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo!' says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Welcome, Jack: where hast been?
A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

Didst never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's! if didst, then behold that compound. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward! Go ways, old Jack; die when wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?
A king's son! If I do not beat out of kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all subjects afore like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales! Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?
Are not you a coward? answer me to that: and Poins there?

'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the
Lord, I'll stab .

I call  coward! I'll see  damned ere I call
coward: but I would give a thousand pound I
could run as fast as canst. You are straight
enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your
back: call you that backing of your friends? A
plague upon such backing! give me them that will
face me. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I
drunk to-day.

O villain!  lips are scarce wiped since
drunkest last.
All's one for that.

A plague of all cowards, still say I.
What's the matter?
What's the matter! there be four of us here have
ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.
Where is it, Jack? where is it?
Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon
poor four of us.
What, a hundred, man?
I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a
dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by
miracle. I am eight times thrust through the
doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut
through and through; my sword hacked like a
hand-saw--ecce signum! I never dealt better since
I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all
cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or
less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Speak, sirs; how was it?

We four set upon some dozen--
Sixteen at least, my lord.
And bound them.

No, no, they were not bound.
You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I
am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us--
And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.
What, fought you with them all?
All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought
not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if
there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old
Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.
Pray God you have not murdered some of them.
Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two
of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues
in buckram suits. I tell  what, Hal, if I tell
a lie, spit in my face, call me horse.

knowest my old ward; here I lay and thus I bore my
point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me--

What, four?  saidst but two even now.
Four, Hal; I told  four.
Ay, ay, he said four.
These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at
me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven
points in my target, thus.

    Seven? why, there were but four even now.

In buckram?

    Ay, four, in buckram suits.

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

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

    Dost hear me, Hal?

    Ay, and mark too, Jack.

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

    So, two more already.

Their points being broken,--

    Down fell their hose.

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

O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

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

These lies are like their father that begets them;
gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why,

    clay-brained guts, knotty-pated fool,

whoreson, obscene, grease tallow-catch,--

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

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

    Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker,

    this huge hill of flesh,--

'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like! you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bowcase; you vile standing-tuck,--

Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when hast tired thyself in base comparisons,

    hear me speak but this.

    Mark, Jack.

We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you

four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts
away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art, to hack sword as hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst now find out to hide from this open and apparent shame? Come, let’s hear, Jack; what trick hast now? By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and during my life; I for a valiant lion, and for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore? Content; and the argument shall be running away. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an I love me!

O Jesu, my lord the prince!
How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest to me?
Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother. What manner of man is he? An old man. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer? Prithee, do, Jack. ’Faith, and I’ll send him packing. Now, sirs: by’r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie! ’Faith, I ran when I saw others run. ’Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff’s sword so hacked? Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices. O villain, stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since
hast blushed extempore. hadst fire and
sword on side, and yet rannest away: what
instinct hadst for it?
My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold
these exhalations?
I do.
What think you they portend?
Hot livers and cold purses.
Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.
No, if rightly taken, halter.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.
How now, my sweet creature of bombast!
How long is't ago, Jack, since sawest own knee?
My own knee! when I was about years, Hal, I was
not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have
crep into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of
sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a
bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was
Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the
court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the
north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the
bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the
devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh
hook--what a plague call you him?
O, Glendower.
Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer,
and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of
Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill
perpendicular,--
He that rides at high speed and with his pistol
kills a sparrow flying.
You have hit it.
So did he never the sparrow.
Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.
Why, what a rascal art then, to praise him so
for running!
O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.
Yes, Jack, upon instinct.
I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too,
and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more:
Worcester is stolen away to-night; father's
beard is turned white with the news: you may buy
land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.
Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June and
this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads
as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.
By the mass, lad, sayest true; it is like we
shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal,
art not horrible afraid? being
heir-apparent, could the world pick out three
such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that
spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art
not horribly afraid? doth not blood thrill at
it?
Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of instinct.
Well, wert be horribly chid tomorrow when
comest to father: if love me, practise an answer.
Do stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state,
this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.
state is taken for a joined-stool, golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!
Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of , now shalt be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

Well, here is my leg.
And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.
O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!
Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.
O, the father, how he holds his countenance!
For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.
O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!
Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.
Harry, I do not only marvel where spendest time, but also how art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That art my son, I have partly mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick of eye and a foolish-hanging of nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then be son to me, here lies the point;
why, being son to me, art so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the sun of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in company, but I know not his name.

What manner of man, an it like your majesty?
A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, naughty varlet, tell me, where hast
been this month?
Dost speak like a king? Do stand for me, and I'll play my father.
Depose me? if dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.
Well, here I am set.
And here I stand: judge, my masters.
Now, Harry, whence come you?
My noble lord, from Eastcheap.
The complaints I hear of are grievous. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.
Swearest, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. art violently carried away from grace:
there is a devil haunts in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is companion. Why dost converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?
I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?
That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.
My lord, the man I know.
I know dost.
But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him Harry's company, banish not him Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world. I do, I will.

O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.
Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.
O Jesu, my lord, my lord!
Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick:
what’s the matter?

The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they
are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?
Dost hear, Hal? never call a true piece of
gold a counterfeit: art essentially mad,
without seeming so.

And a natural coward, without instinct.
I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff,
so; if not, let him: if I become not a cart
as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up!

I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Go, hide behind the arras: the rest walk up
above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good
conscience.
Both which I have had: but their date is out, and
therefore I’ll hide me.

Call in the sheriff.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?
First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow’d certain men unto this house.
What men?
One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.
As fat as butter.

The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ’d him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.
I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.
It may be so: if he have robb’d these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Good night, my noble lord.

This oily rascal is known as well as Paul’s. Go,
call him forth.
Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and
snorting like a horse.

Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets.

What hast found?
Nothing but papers, my lord.
Let’s see what they be: read them.

Item, A capon, . . 2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce, . . . 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.
Item, Bread,  

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

Good morrow, good my lord.

These promises are fair, the parties sure,  
And our induction full of prosperous hope.  
Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,  
Will you sit down?  
And uncle Worcester: a plague upon it!  
I have forgot the map.  
No, here it is.  
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,  
For by that name as oft as Lancaster  
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with  
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.  
And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.  
I cannot blame him: at my nativity  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets; and at my birth  
The frame and huge foundation of the earth  
Shaked like a coward.  
Why, so it would have done at the same season, if  
your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself  
had never been born.  
I say the earth did shake when I was born.  
And I say the earth was not of my mind,  
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.  
The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.  
O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,  
And not in fear of your nativity.  
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth  
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth  
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,  
Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down  
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth  
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,  
In passion shook.  
Cousin, of many men  
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave  
To tell you once again that at my birth  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.  
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me!
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art
And hold me pace in deep experiments.
I think there's no man speaks better Welsh.
I'll to dinner.

Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.
I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?
Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

And I can teach, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth: tell truth and shame the devil.
If have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.

O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!
Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.
Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en?

The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn;
Which being sealed interchangeably,
A business that this night may execute,
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I.
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Not shall we need his help these fourteen days.
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends and neighbouring gentlemen.
A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:
And in my conduct shall your ladies come;

From whom you now must steal and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damn'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.
Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.
Yea, but
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.
Yea, but a little charge will trench him here
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.
I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.
I'll not have it alter'd.
Will not you?
No, nor you shall not.
Who shall say me nay?
Why, that will I.

Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.
I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.
Marry,
And I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.
Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
The moon shines fair; you may away by night:
I'll haste the writer and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!
I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
With telling me of the mouldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what;
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils’ names
That were his lackeys: I cried 'hum,' and 'well, go to,'
But mark’d him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.
In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion
And as wondrous affable and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you come 'cross his humour; faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.
In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,--
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,--
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain:
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

This is the deadly spite that angers me;
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.
My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.
Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

She is desperate here; a peevish self-wind harlotry,
one that no persuasion can do good upon.

I understand looks: that pretty Welsh
Which pour'st down from these swelling heavens

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer.

I understand kisses and mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learned language; for tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.
Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

O, I am ignorance itself in this!
She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep.
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.
With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn
Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.
Come, Kate, art perfect in lying down:
come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in lap.
Go, ye giddy goose.

Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.
By'r lady, he is a good musician.
Then should you be nothing but musical for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief,
and hear the lady sing in Welsh.
I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.
Wouldst have head broken?
No.
Then be still.
Neither;'tis a woman's fault.
Now God help!
To the Welsh lady's bed.
What's that?
Peace! she sings.

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.
Not mine, in good sooth.
Not yours, in good sooth! Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. 'Not you, in good sooth,' and
'as true as I live,' and 'as God shall mend me,' and
'as sure as day,'
And givest such sarcenet surety for oaths,
As if never walk'st further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth,'
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.
I will not sing.  
’Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I’ll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will.

Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow  
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.  
By this our book is drawn; we’ll but seal,  
And then to horse immediately.  
With all my heart.

Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I  
Must have some private conference; but be near at hand,   
For we shall presently have need of you.

I know not whether God will have it so,  
For some displeasing service I have done,  
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood  
He’ll breed revengement and a scourge for me;  
But dost in passages of life  
Make me believe that art only mark’d  
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven  
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,  
Could such inordinate and low desires,  
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,  
Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
As art match’d withal and grafted to,  
Accompany the greatness of blood  
And hold their level with princely heart?  
So please your majesty, I would I could  
Quit all offences with as clear excuse  
As well as I am doubtless I can purge  
Myself of many I am charged withal:  
Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
As, in reproof of many tales devised,  
which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,  
By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers,  
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
Hath faulty wander’d and irregular,  
Find pardon on my true submission.  
God pardon! yet let me wonder, Harry,  
At affections, which do hold a wing  
Quite from the flight of all ancestors.

place in council hast rudely lost.  
Which by younger brother is supplied,  
And art almost an alien to the hearts  
Of all the court and princes of my blood:  
The hope and expectation of time  
Is ruin’d, and the soul of every man  
Prophetically doth forethink fall.  
Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
So common-hackney’d in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children 'This is he,'
Others would say 'Where, which is Bolingbroke?'
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative,
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowzd and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest;
For has lost princely privilege
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.
I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.
For all the world
As art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than the shadow of succession;  
For of no right, nor colour like to right,  
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,  
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,  
And, being no more in debt to years than ,  
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on  
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.  
What never-dying honour hath he got  
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms  
Holds from all soldiers chief majority  
And military title capital  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:  
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathling clothes,  
This infant warrior, in his enterprises  
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,  
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,  
Capitulate against us and are up.  
But wherefore do I tell these news to  
Why, Harry, do I tell of my foes,  
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?  
that art like enough, through vassal fear,  
Base inclination and the start of spleen  
To fight against me under Percy's pay,  
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,  
To show how much art degenerate.  
Do not think so; you shall not find it so:  
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd  
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!  
I will redeem all this on Percy's head  
And in the closing of some glorious day  
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;  
When I will wear a garment all of blood  
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,  
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:  
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,  
That this same child of honour and renown,  
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,  
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.  
For every honour sitting on his helm,  
Would they were multitudes, and on my head  
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,  
That I shall make this northern youth exchange  
His glorious deeds for my indignities.  
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;  
And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render every glory up,  
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.  
This, in the name of God, I promise here:  
The which if He be pleased I shall perform,  
I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
   If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
   Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.
   A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
   shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

How now, good Blunt?  looks are full of speed.
So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
   That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury
   A mighty and a fearful head they are,
   If promises be kept on every hand,
   As ever offer’d foul play in the state.
The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
   With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
   For this advertisement is five days old:
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march: our meeting
   Is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
   Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
   Our hands are full of business: let’s away;
   Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why my skin hangs about me like an old lady’s loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I’ll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer’s horse: the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long. Why, there is it: come sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house once in a quarter--of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three of four times; lived well and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Do amend face, and I’ll amend my life:
   art our admiral, ‘bearest the lantern in
the poop, but ’tis in the nose of ; art the
Knight of the Burning Lamp.
Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.
No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many
a man doth of a Death's-head or a memento mori: I
never see face but I think upon hell-fire and
Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his
robes, burning, burning. If wert any way
given to virtue, I would swear by face; my oath
should be 'By this fire, that's God's angel:' but
art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but
for the light in face, the son of utter
darkness. When rannest up Gadshill in the
night to catch my horse, if I did not think
hadst been an ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire,
there's no purchase in money. O, art a
perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light!
hast saved me a thousand marks in links and
torches, walking with in the night betwixt
tavern and tavern: but the sack that hast
drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap
at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have
maintained that salamander of yours with fire any
time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!
'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!
God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired
yet who picked my pocket?

Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you
think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched,
I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy
by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair
was never lost in my house before.
Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved and lost many
a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go
to, you are a woman, go.

Who, I? no; I defy: God's light, I was never
called so in mine own house before.

Go to, I know you well enough.

No, Sir John; You do not know me, Sir John. I know
you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now
you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought
you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to
bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight
shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir
John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent
you, four and twenty pound.

He had his part of it; let him pay.

He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich?
let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks:
Ill not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker
of me! shall I not take mine case in mine inn but I
shall have my pocket picked! I have lost a
seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.
O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not
how oft, that ring was copper!
How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'sblood, an
he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he
would say so.

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, 'i faith?
must we all march?
Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.
My lord, I pray you, hear me.
What sayest, Mistress Quickly? How doth

husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.
Good my lord, hear me.
Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.
What sayest, Jack?
The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras
and had my pocket picked: this house is turned
bawdy-house; they pick pockets.
What didst lose, Jack?
Wilt believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of
forty pound apiece, and a seal-ring of my
grandfather's.
A trifle, some eight-penny matter.
So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your
grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely
of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said
he would cudgel you.
What! he did not?
There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.
There's no more faith in than in a stewed
prune; nor no more truth in than in a drawn
fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the
deputy's wife of the ward to. Go, you thing.

Say, what thing? what thing?
What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.
I am no thing to thank God on, I would
shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and,
setting knighthood aside, art a knave to
call me so.
Setting womanhood aside, art a beast to say
otherwise.
Say, what beast, knave,?
What beast! why, an otter.
An otter, Sir John! Why an otter?
Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not
where to have her.
art an unjust man in saying so: or any
man knows where to have me, knave,!
sayest true, hostess; and he slanders most grossly.
So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you
ought him a thousand pound.
Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?
A thousand pound, Ha! a million: love is worth
a million: owest me love.
Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would
cudgel you.
Did I, Bardolph?
Indeed, Sir John, you said so.
Yea, if he said my ring was copper.
I say 'tis copper: darest be as good as word now?
Why, Hal, knowest, as art but man, I dare:
but as art prince, I fear as I fear the roaring of a lion's whelp.
And why not as the lion?
The king is to be feared as the lion: dost think I'll fear as I fear father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.
O, if it should, how would guts fall about knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking pocket! why, whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make long-winded, if pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to if; you will not pocket up wrong: art not ashamed?
Dost hear, Hal? knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket?
It appears so by the story.
Hostess, I forgive: go, make ready breakfast; love husband, look to servants, cherish guests: shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone.

Now Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?
O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to: the money is paid back again.
O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.
I am good friends with my father and may do any thing.
Rob me the exchequer the first thing doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.
Do, my lord.

I have procured, Jack, a charge of foot.
I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.
Bardolph!
My lord?

Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland.
Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for and I have
thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.

Jack, meet me to-morrow in the temple hall at two
o'clock in the afternoon.
There shalt know charge; and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either we or they must lower lie.

Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come!
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum!

Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter; I do defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.
art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.
Do so, and 'tis well.

What letters hast there?--I can but thank you.
These letters come from your father.
Letters from him! why comes he not himself?
He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.
'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a rustling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?
His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.
I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.
I would the state of time had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.
Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness--
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now.
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it: were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.
'Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
A rendezvous, a home to fly unto.
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.
But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence:
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.
You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head
To push against a kingdom, with his help
We shall o'return it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.
As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

My cousin Vernon, welcome, by my soul.
Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.
No harm: what more?
And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.
He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,  
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,  
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,  
And bid it pass?  
All furnish'd, all in arms;  
All plumed like estridges that with the wind  
Baited like eagles having lately bathed;  
Glittering in golden coats, like images;  
As full of spirit as the month of May,  
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;  
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,  
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come:  
They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war  
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:  
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit  
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire  
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh  
And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,  
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt  
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:  
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.  
O that Glendower were come!

There is more news:  
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,  
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.  
That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.  
Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.  
What may the king's whole battle reach unto?  
To thirty thousand.  
Forty let it be:  
My father and Glendower being both away,  
The powers of us may serve so great a day  
Come, let us take a muster speedily:  
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.  
Talk not of dying: I am out of fear  
Of death or death's hand for this one-half year.

Bardolph, get before to Coventry; fill me a  
bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through;  
we'll to Sutton Co'fil' tonight.  
Will you give me money, captain?  
Lay out, lay out.  
This bottle makes an angel.  
An if it do, take it for labour; and if it make  
twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid
my lieutenant Peto meet me at town’s end.
I will, captain: farewell.

If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soured gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably.
I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good house-holders, yeoman's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!
What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.
Faith, Sir John,'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.
Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.
I think, to steal cream indeed, for theft hath already made butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?
Mine, Hal, mine.
I did never see such pitiful rascals.
Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food
for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better:
tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.
Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor
and bare, too beggarly.
'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had
that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never
learned that of me.
No I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on
the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is
already in the field.
What, is the king encamped?
He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.
Well,
To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest.

We'll fight with him to-night.
It may not be.
You give him then the advantage.
Not a whit.
Why say you so? looks he not for supply?
So do we.
His is certain, ours is doubtful.
Good cousin, be advised; stir not tonight.
Do not, my lord.
You do not counsel well:
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.
Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.
Yea, or to-night.
Content.
To-night, say I.
Come, come it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but today;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.
So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.
The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake. cousin, stay till all come in.
I come with gracious offers from the king,
if you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.
Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.
And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty.

But to my charge. The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.
The king is kind; and well we know the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.
   Tut, I came not to hear this.
    Then to the point.
In short time after, he deposed the king;
Soon after that, deprived him of his life;
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state:
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,
   Who is, if every owner were well placed,
Indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales,
   There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgraced me in my happy victories,
   Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated mine uncle from the council-board;
   In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
   And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withal to pry
   Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.
   Shall I return this answer to the king?
Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
   Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.
I would you would accept of grace and love.
   And may be so we shall.
Pray God you do.

Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief
With winged haste to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do to import, you would make haste.
   My good lord,
I guess their tenor.
   Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
   As I am truly given to understand,
The king with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
   Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
   Who with them was a rated sinew too
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,
   I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.
Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.
No, Mortimer is not there. 
But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy, 
And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head 
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen. 
And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn 
The special head of all the land together: 
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, 
The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt; 
And moe corrivals and dear men 
Of estimation and command in arms. 

Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed. 
I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear; 
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed: 
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king 
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us, 
For he hath heard of our confederacy, 
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him: 
Therefore make haste. I must go write again 
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

How bloodily the sun begins to peer 
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale 
At his distemperature. 
The southern wind 
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes, 
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves 
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day. 
Then with the losers let it sympathize, 
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well 
That you and I should meet upon such terms 
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust, 
And made us doff our easy robes of peace, 
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel: 
This is not well, my lord, this is not well. 
What say you to it? will you again unknit 
This curlish knot of all-abhorred war? 
And move in that obedient orb again 
Where you did give a fair and natural light, 
And be no more an exhaled meteor, 
A prodigy of fear and a portent 
Of broached mischief to the unborn times? 
Hear me, my liege: 
For mine own part, I could be well content 
To entertain the lag-end of my life 
With quiet hours; for I do protest, 
I have not sought the day of this dislike. 
You have not sought it! how comes it, then? 
Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it. 
Peace, chewet, peace! 
It pleased your majesty to turn your looks 
Of favour from myself and all our house; 
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends. For you my staff of office did I break In Richard's time; and posted day and night to meet you on the way, and kiss your hand, When yet you were in place and in account Nothing so strong and fortunate as I. It was myself, my brother and his son, That brought you home and boldly did outdare The dangers of the time. You swore to us, And you did swear that oath at Doncaster, That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state; Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right, The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster: To this we swore our aid. But in short space It rain'd down fortune showering on your head; And such a flood of greatness fell on you, What with our help, what with the absent king, What with the injuries of a wanton time, The seeming sufferances that you had borne, And the contrarious winds that held the king So long in his unlucky Irish wars That all in England did repute him dead: And from this swarm of fair advantages You took occasion to be quickly woo'd To gripe the general sway into your hand; Forget your oath to us at Doncaster; And being fed by us you used us so As that ungentle hull, the cuckoo's bird, Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest; Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk That even our love durst not come near your sight For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly Out of sight and raise this present head; Whereby we stand opposed by such means As you yourself have forged against yourself By unkind usage, dangerous countenance, And violation of all faith and troth Sworn to us in your younger enterprise. These things indeed you have articulate, Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches, To face the garment of rebellion With some fine colour that may please the eye Of fickle changelings and poor discontents, Which gape and rub the elbow at the news Of hurlyburly innovation: And never yet did insurrection want Such water-colours to impaint his cause; Nor moody beggars, starving for a time Of pellmell havoc and confusion. In both your armies there is many a soul Shall pay full dearly for this encounter, If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew, The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes, This present enterprise set off his head, I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
    I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty--
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.
And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture,
    Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
    That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
    Both he and they and you, every man
Shall be my friend again and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do: but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
    We offer fair; take it advisedly.
It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.
Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

Hal, if see me down in the battle and bestride
    me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.
Nothing but a colossus can do that friendship.
    Say prayers, and farewell.
I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.
    Why, owest God a death.
'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before
his day. What need I be so forward with him that
calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks
me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I
come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or
an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no.
Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is
honour? a word. What is in that word honour? what
is that honour? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it?
he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no.
Doth he hear it? no. 'Tis insensible, then. Yea,
to the dead. But will it not live with the living?
no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore
I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon: and so
ends my catechism.
O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal and kind offer of the king.
'Twere best he did.
Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;
it hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head
And on his father's; we did train him on,
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.
Deliver what you will; I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

My uncle is return'd:
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.
Uncle, what news?
The king will bid you battle presently.
Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.
Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.
Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

There is no seeming mercy in the king.
Did you beg any? God forbid!
I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.
O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath today
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?
No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke to your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise
By still dispraising praise valued in you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit.
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.
Cousin, I think art enamoured
On his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.

Arm, arm with speed: and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

My lord, here are letters for you.
I cannot read them now.
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long.
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair;
When the intent of bearing them is just.

My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.
I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this--
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

What is name, that in the battle thus
crossest me? what honour dost seek
Upon my head?
Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt in the battle thus
Because some tell me that art a king.
They tell true.
The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
likeness, for instead of, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it,
Unless yeild as my prisoner.
I was not born a yeilder, proud Scot;
And shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
ever had triumph'd upon a Scot.
All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

Where?
Here.

This, Douglas? no: I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.
A fool go with soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast bought too dear:
Why didst tell me that wert a king?
The king hath many marching in his coats.
Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.
Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear
the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate.
Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: there's honour
for you! here's no vanity! I am as hot as moulten
lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I
need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have
led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's
not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and
they are for the town's end, to beg during life.
But who comes here?

What, stand'st idle here? lend me sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unreavenged: I prithee,
lend me sword.

O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile.
Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have
done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.
He is, indeed; and living to kill. I prithee,
lend me sword.

Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, get'st
not my sword; but take my pistol, if wilt.
Give it to me: what, is it in the case?
Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city.
What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end.

I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; bleed'st too much.

lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.
Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.
I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.
I will do so.
My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.
Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.
Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
and rebels' arms triumph in massacres!
We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake come.

By God, hast deceived me, Lancaster;
I did not think lord of such a spirit:
Before, I loved as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect as my soul.
I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.
O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all!

Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them: what art,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?
The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows hast met
And not the very king, I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But, seeing fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay: so, defend thyself.
I fear art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, bear'st like a king:
But mine I am sure art, whoe'er be,
And thus I win.

Hold up head, vile Scot, or art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:  
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens;  
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

Cheerly, my lord how fares your grace?  
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succor sent,  
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.  
Stay, and breathe awhile:  
Hast redeem'd lost opinion,  
And show'd makest some tender of my life,  
In this fair rescue hast brought to me.  
O God! they did me too much injury  
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.  
If it were so, I might have let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,  
Which would have been as speedy in your end  
As all the poisonous potions in the world  
And saved the treacherous labour of your son.  
Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.

If I mistake not, art Harry Monmouth.  
speak'st as if I would deny my name.  
My name is Harry Percy.  
Why, then I see  
A very valiant rebel of the name.  
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,  
To share with me in glory any more:  
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;  
Nor can one England brook a double reign,  
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.  
Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come  
To end the one of us; and would to God  
name in arms were now as great as mine!  
I'll make it greater ere I part from;  
And all the budding honours on crest  
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.  
I can no longer brook vanities.  
Well said, Hal! to it Hal! Nay, you shall find no  
boy's play here, I can tell you.  
O, Harry, hast robb'd me of my youth!  
I better brook the loss of brittle life  
Than those proud titles hast won of me;  
They wound my thoughts worse than sword my flesh:  
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;  
And time, that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,  
But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, art dust  
And food for--

For worms, brave Percy: fare well, great heart!  
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough: this earth that bears dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:
But let my favours hide mangled face;
And, even in behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take praise with to heaven!

ignominy sleep with in the grave,
But not remember'd in epitaph!

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man:
O, I should have a heavy miss of,
If I were much in love with vanity!

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd will I see by and by:
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

Embowelled! if embowel me to-day,
I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too
to-morrow. 'Sblood,'twas time to counterfeit, or
that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too.
Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die,
is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the
counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man:
but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and
perfect image of life indeed. The better part of
valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life.'Zounds, I am afraid of this
gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he
should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am
afraid he would prove the better counterfeit.
Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I
killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I?
Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me.
Therefore, sirrah,

with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

Come, brother John; full bravely hast flesh'd
maiden sword.

But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?
I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art alive?

Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears: art not what seem'st.
No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy:

    if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

    Why, Percy I killed myself and saw dead.
    Didst? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

    This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.
    This is the strangest fellow, brother John.
    Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
    For my part, if a lie may do grace,
    I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours. Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field, To see what friends are living, who are dead.

    I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

    Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
    Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace,
    Pardon and terms of love to all of you?
    And wouldst turn our offers contrary?
    Misuse the tenor of kinsman's trust?
    Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
    A noble earl and many a creature else
    Had been alive this hour,
    If like a Christian hadst truly borne
    Betwixt our armies true intelligence.
    What I have done my safety urged me to;
    And I embrace this fortune patiently,
    Since not to be avoided it falls on me.
    Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too:
    Other offenders we will pause upon.

    How goes the field?
    The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
    The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
    The noble Percy slain, and all his men
    Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
    And falling from a hill, he was so bruised
    That the pursuers took him. At my tent
    The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.
    With all my heart.
Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
    This honourable bounty shall belong:
    Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
    His valour shown upon our crests to-day
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
    Even in the bosom of our adversaries.
I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
    Which I shall give away immediately.
Then this remains, that we divide our power.
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
    To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
    To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
    Meeting the cheque of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
    Let us not leave till all our own be won.