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 WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

## SONGS FROM THE PLAYS

When Daisies Pied<sup>1</sup>*Spring*

When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
 And lady-smocks all silver-white  
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
 Do paint the meadows with delight,  
 5 The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
 Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
     “Cuckoo;<sup>2</sup>  
 Cuckoo, cuckoo”: Oh word of fear,  
 Unpleasing to a married ear!

10 When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,<sup>3</sup>  
 And merry larks are plowmen’s clocks,  
 When turtles tread,<sup>4</sup> and rooks, and daws,  
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks,  
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
 15 Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
     “Cuckoo;  
 Cuckoo, cuckoo”: Oh word of fear,  
 Unpleasing to a married ear!

*Winter*

When icicles hang by the wall,  
 20 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,<sup>5</sup>  
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
 When blood is nipped and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
 25 “Tu-whit, tu-who”: a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel<sup>6</sup> the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson’s saw,<sup>7</sup>  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 30 And Marian’s nose looks red and raw,

1. This song concludes *Love’s Labour’s Lost* (1594–95), one of Shakespeare’s earliest comedies. Announced as a “Dialogue . . . in praise of the Owl and the Cuckoo,” it provides a lyric commentary on the bittersweet mood that dominates the play’s last scene. “Pied”: variegated.

2. The cuckoo’s song—“Cuckoo!”—is taken to

mean *cuckold*, a husband whose wife is unfaithful.

3. The reed pipes played by shepherds.

4. Turtledoves mate. The “larks are plowmen’s clocks” because they sing at sunrise.

5. Warms his fingers by blowing on them.

6. Stir, to prevent boiling over.

7. Wise saying.

When roasted crabs<sup>8</sup> hiss in the bowl,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
 “Tu-whit, tu-who”: a merry note  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

### The Woosel Cock So Black of Hue<sup>9</sup>

The woosel cock so black of hue,  
 With orange-tawny bill,  
 The throstle<sup>1</sup> with his note so true,  
 The wren with little quill—  
 The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
 The plain-song cuckoo<sup>2</sup> gray,  
 Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
 And dares not answer nay.

### Tell Me Where Is Fancy Bred<sup>3</sup>

Tell me where is fancy<sup>4</sup> bred,  
 Or in the heart or in the head?  
 How begot, how nourishèd?  
 Reply, reply.  
 5 It is engendered in the eyes,  
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
 In the cradle where it lies.  
 Let us all ring fancy’s knell:  
 I’ll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.  
 10 Ding, dong, bell.

### Sigh No More, Ladies<sup>5</sup>

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
 Men were deceivers ever;  
 One foot in sea, and one on shore,  
 To one thing constant never.  
 5 Then sigh not so,  
 But let them go,  
 And be you blithe and bonny,

8. Crabapples.

9. *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* (1596) 3.1.128ff.; Bottom, the rustic weaver, sings this song to keep his spirits up when he is alone in the wood, unaware that his head has been changed for that of an ass. “Woosel” is Bottom’s mispronunciation of “ousel,” a bird.

1. Song thrush.

2. Plain-song was the thematic melody or regular tune to which variations on “descant” were sung.

3. *The Merchant of Venice* (1596–97) 3.2.63ff.; sung while Bassanio is trying to choose between the caskets of gold, silver, and lead—one of which contains the token that will enable him to gain Portia as his wife. The song is perhaps intended to help Bassanio’s choice; notice the number of words that rhyme with *lead*.

4. A superficial love or liking.

5. *Much Ado About Nothing* (1598–99) 2.3.64 ff.

Converting all your sounds of woe  
 Into Hey nonny, nonny.

- 10 Sing no more ditties, sing no mo  
 Of dumps<sup>6</sup> so dull and heavy;  
 The fraud of men was ever so,  
 Since summer first was leavy.  
 Then sigh not so,  
 15 But let them go,  
 And be you blithe and bonny,  
 Converting all your sounds of woe  
 Into Hey nonny, nonny.

### Under the Greenwood Tree<sup>7</sup>

- Under the greenwood tree  
 Who loves to lie with me,  
 And turn his merry note  
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,<sup>8</sup>  
 5 Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
 Here shall he see  
 No enemy  
 But winter and rough weather.
- Who doth ambition shun  
 10 And loves to live i' th' sun,  
 Seeking the food he eats,  
 And pleased with what he gets,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!  
 Here shall he see  
 15 No enemy  
 But winter and rough weather.

### Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind<sup>9</sup>

- Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
 Thou art not so unkind  
 As man's ingratitude;  
 Thy tooth is not so keen,  
 5 Because thou art not seen,  
 Although thy breath be rude.  
 Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:

6. Sad songs.

7. *As You Like It* (1599–1600) 2.5.1ff.; this song provides a comment on the happy existence of the banished duke and his followers in the Forest of Arden, where life is “more sweet / Than that of painted pomp.”

8. I.e., improvise his song in harmony with the bird's.

9. From *As You Like It* 2.7.174ff. The contrast here between nature and people's willful behavior is one of the continuing themes of the play.

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!  
 10       This life is most jolly.  
  
 Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
 That dost not bite so nigh  
       As benefits forgot:  
 Though thou the waters warp,<sup>1</sup>  
 15       Thy sting is not so sharp  
       As friend remembered not.  
 Heigh-ho! sing, etc.

### It Was a Lover and His Lass<sup>2</sup>

It was a lover and his lass,  
       With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 That o'er the green corn-field<sup>3</sup> did pass,  
       In spring time, the only pretty ring time,<sup>4</sup>  
 5       When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,  
       Sweet lovers love the spring.  
  
 Between the acres of the rye,<sup>5</sup>  
       With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 These pretty country folks would lie,  
 10       In spring time, etc.  
  
 This carol they began that hour,  
       With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 How that a life was but a flower,  
       In spring time, etc.  
  
 15       And therefore take<sup>6</sup> the present time,  
       With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 For love is crownèd with the prime,<sup>7</sup>  
       In spring time, etc.

### Oh Mistress Mine<sup>8</sup>

Oh mistress mine! where are you roaming?  
 O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,  
       That can sing both high and low.  
 Trip no further, pretty sweeting;  
 5       Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
       Every wise man's son doth know.

1. I.e., roughen by freezing.

2. Sung by two pages to the clown Touchstone and his "country wench," Audrey, in *As You Like It* 5.3.16ff. This *carpe diem* ("seize the time") song anticipates the happy marriages that will conclude the play.

3. Wheat field.

4. Marriage season.

5. On unplowed ground separating the planted fields.

6. Seize.

7. Springtime.

8. *Twelfth Night* (1601–02) 2.3.40ff.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
 Present mirth hath present laughter;  
 What's to come is still unsure:  
 10 In delay there lies no plenty;  
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

### Take, Oh, Take Those Lips Away<sup>9</sup>

Take, Oh, take those lips away,  
 That so sweetly were forsworn;  
 And those eyes, the break of day,  
 Lights that do mislead the morn:  
 5 But my kisses bring again, bring again;  
 Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.

### Hark, Hark! the Lark<sup>1</sup>

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
 And Phoebus<sup>2</sup> 'gins arise,  
 His steeds to water at those springs  
 On chaliced<sup>3</sup> flowers that lies;  
 5 And winking Mary-buds begin  
 To ope their golden eyes:  
 With every thing that pretty is,  
 My lady sweet, arise:  
 Arise, arise!

### Fear No More the Heat o' the Sun<sup>4</sup>

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
 Nor the furious winter's rages;  
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.  
 5 Golden lads and girls all must,  
 As<sup>5</sup> chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;  
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
 Care no more to clothe and eat;  
 10 To thee the reed is as the oak:

9. *Measure for Measure* (1604) 4.1.1ff. Mariana's desolation at being jilted by her lover Angelo is poignantly conveyed in this song, which is sung at her first entrance.

1. *Cymbeline* (1609–10) 2.3.22ff.; this aubade, or waking-song, helps to indicate a shift in the play

from a night to a morning scene.

2. The sun god.

3. Cup-shaped.

4. A lament for the supposedly dead Imogen, sung in *Cymbeline* 4.2.258ff.

5. Like.

The scepter, learning, physic,<sup>6</sup> must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone;<sup>7</sup>  
15 Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Thou hast finished joy and moan:  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!  
20 Nor no witchcraft charm thee!  
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!  
Nothing ill come near thee!  
Quiet consummation have;  
And renownèd be thy grave!

### When Daffodils Begin to Peer<sup>8</sup>

When daffodils begin to peer,  
With heigh! the doxy<sup>9</sup> over the dale,

Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;  
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.<sup>1</sup>

5 The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,<sup>2</sup>  
With heigh! the sweet birds, Oh, how they sing!  
Doth set my pugging<sup>3</sup> tooth on edge;  
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,  
10 With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,  
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,<sup>4</sup>  
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

### Full Fathom Five<sup>5</sup>

Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;

6. Medical science.

7. The sound of thunder was commonly thought to be caused by the falling of stones or meteorites.

8. *The Winter's Tale* (1610–11) 4.3.1 iii. 1 ff. Autolycus, ballad-singer, peddler, and rogue, makes his entrance singing this song, which not only effectively establishes his character but also helps to move the play from the wintry mood of the earlier scenes to the spring mood of the later scenes.

9. Girl or mistress (thieves' slang).

1. A pun on (1) a territory over which one has jurisdiction (2) lacking in color.

2. Laundry, dried or bleached on hedges, was sometimes stolen by passing vagabonds like Autolycus.

3. Thieving.

4. Girls or mistresses.

5. *The Tempest* (1611–12) 1.2.396ff. Ariel, the airy spirit of the enchanted isle, sings this song to Ferdinand, prince of Naples. Ferdinand wonders at it: "The ditty does remember my drowned father. / This is no mortal business, nor no sound / That the earth owes [owns]."

Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
 Nothing of him that doth fade,  
 5 But doth suffer a sea change  
 Into something rich and strange.  
 Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
 Ding-dong.  
 Hark! now I hear them—Ding-dong, bell.

### Where the Bee Sucks, There Suck I<sup>6</sup>

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:  
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
 There I couch when owls do cry.  
 On the bat's back I do fly  
 5 After summer merrily.  
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

## Sonnets

56

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said  
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,  
 Which but today by feeding is allayed,  
 Tomorrow sharpened in his former might.  
 5 So, love, be thou: although today thou fill  
 Thy hungry eyes even till they wink<sup>1</sup> with fullness,  
 Tomorrow see again, and do not kill  
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.  
 Let this sad int'rim like the ocean be  
 10 Which parts the shore where two contracted new<sup>2</sup>  
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see  
 Return of love, more blest may be the view;  
 Or call it winter, which, being full of care,  
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more wished, more rare.

104

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
 For as you were when first your eye I eyed  
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold  
 Have from the forests shook three summer's pride,  
 5 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned  
 In process<sup>3</sup> of the seasons have I seen,

6. Also from *The Tempest* 5.1.88ff.: Ariel is happily anticipating the freedom of his future life.

1. Close (not momentarily).

2. A newly engaged couple.

3. Procession.

Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,  
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.  
 Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,<sup>4</sup>  
 10 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;  
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,  
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:  
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred:<sup>5</sup>  
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

## 118

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,  
 With eager compounds we our palate urge;  
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,  
 We sicken to shun sickness when we purge:  
 5 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,  
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;  
 And, sick of welfare,<sup>6</sup> found a kind of meetness  
 To be diseased ere that there was true needing.  
 Thus policy in love, t' anticipate  
 10 The ills that were not, grew to faults assuréd,  
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,  
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be curéd.  
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,  
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

## 121

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed  
 When not to be receives reproach of being,<sup>7</sup>  
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed  
 Not by our feeling but by others' seeing.  
 5 For why should others' false adulterate eyes  
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?<sup>8</sup>  
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,<sup>9</sup>  
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?  
 No, I am that I am; and they that level<sup>1</sup>  
 10 At my abuses reckon up their own:  
 I may be straight though they themselves be bevel;<sup>2</sup>  
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown,  
 Unless this general evil they maintain:  
 All men are bad and in their badness reign.

4. Hand of a watch.

5. Unborn generation.

6. Replete with well-being; as in "rank of goodness" (line 12). "Sick of" does not have the modern meaning "tired of"; it rather means "sick with," here and in line 14.

7. I.e., it is better to be vicious than to be thought vicious when the innocent are thought vicious.

8. Others' falsified, lewdly corrupt eyes tempt me.

9. Men with more frailties.

1. Aim.

2. Crooked, slanting.

## 124

If my dear love were but the child of state,<sup>3</sup>  
 It might for Fortune's bastard be unfathered,<sup>4</sup>  
 As subject to Time's love, or to Time's hate:  
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gathered.<sup>5</sup>  
 5 No, it was builded far from accident;<sup>6</sup>  
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls  
 Under the blow of the thralléd discontent  
 Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls;<sup>7</sup>  
 It fears not Policy,<sup>8</sup> that heretic,  
 10 Which works on leases of short- numb' red hours,  
 But all alone stands hugely politic,<sup>9</sup>  
 That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with show'rs.<sup>1</sup>  
 To this I witness call the fools of Time,<sup>2</sup>  
 Which die for goodness who have lived for crime.<sup>3</sup>

1609

## 128

How oft when thou, my music, music play'st  
 Upon that blesséd wood<sup>4</sup> whose motion sounds  
 With thy sweet fingers when thou gently sway'st<sup>5</sup>  
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,<sup>6</sup>  
 5 Do I envy those jacks<sup>7</sup> that nimble leap  
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,  
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand.  
 To be so tickled they would change their state  
 10 And situation<sup>8</sup> with those dancing chips,  
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,  
 Making dead wood more blessed than living lips.  
 Since saucy jacks<sup>9</sup> so happy are in this,  
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

1609

3. I.e., if my intense love were based merely upon (1) circumstance (2) high rank.

4. I.e., have no parent but Fortune (hence be subject to chance and time).

5. I.e., worthless or precious as chance dictates.

6. I.e., far away from chance events.

7. I.e., the blows of fortune which make one a slave to grief, a melancholy mood now very much the fashion.

8. Expediency or material self-interest.

9. Spectacularly prudent.

1. I.e., so that it is not affected by changing climate. "Show'rs": downpours.

2. Victims or playthings of Time. Cf. Sonnet 116,

line 9, and *1 Henry IV* 5.5.81.

3. I.e., who are so inconstant that they undergo a deathbed conversion (calling them as witnesses is ironic).

4. Keys of the spinet or virginal.

5. Governest.

6. The harmony from the strings that overcomes my ear with delight.

7. I.e., The keys (actually, "jacks" are the plectra that pluck the strings when activated by the keys).

8. Physical location. "State": place in the order of things.

9. With a quibble on the sense "impertinent fellows."

The Phoenix and the Turtle<sup>1</sup>

Let the bird of loudest lay,<sup>2</sup>  
 On the sole Arabian tree,  
 Herald sad and trumpet be,  
 To whose sound chaste wings obey.

5 But thou shrieking harbinger,  
 Foul precurrer of the fiend,<sup>3</sup>  
 Augur of the fever's end,  
 To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict  
 10 Every fowl of tyrant wing,  
 Save the eagle, feathered king:  
 Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,  
 That defunctive music can,<sup>4</sup>  
 15 Be the death-divining swan,  
 Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated<sup>5</sup> crow,  
 That thy sable gender mak'st  
 With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,<sup>6</sup>  
 20 'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:  
 Love and constancy is dead,  
 Phoenix and the turtle fled  
 In a mutual flame from hence.

25 So they loved as love in twair.  
 Had the essence but in one;<sup>7</sup>  
 Two distincts, division none:  
 Number there in love was slain.

1. First published in Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint* (1601). It is part of an appendix containing "divers poetical essays" by other poets, all supposedly dealing with the same subject. This subject has something to do with a Welsh knight, Sir John Salusbury, and his lady. But Shakespeare's poem is not consistent with the other poems in the volume, for some of them celebrate the birth of offspring to the phoenix and the turtle, whereas Shakespeare says the birds died leaving no posterity. The phoenix is a legendary bird of Arabia: it perishes in flames and a new one arises from the ashes; only one is alive at a time. Queen Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, was sometimes symbolized by the unique and virginal phoenix. The "turtle" (turtledove) is common in Elizabethan imagery as the most loving of birds. Bird poems were traditionally allegorical, from Chaucer's time on down, but the key to this alle-

gory (if it is one) has been lost.

2. Cry or song. This stanza might be paraphrased, "Let the bird with the loudest voice proclaim from the perch of the phoenix ('Arabian tree'); all gentle birds ('chaste wings') will respond to the summons."

3. Forerunner of the devil. "Harbinger": precursor. The screech owl is probably meant.

4. I.e., skilled in funeral ("defunctive") music. The swan was supposed to sing only once, just before its death.

5. Living three lifetimes.

6. "Sable gender": black offspring. The crow was supposed to conceive and lay its eggs through the bill.

7. They were originally two, but by love were united into one. Since one is singular, and not a number, "Number there in love was slain."

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;  
 30 Distance, and no space was seen  
 'Twixt this turtle and his queen;  
 But in them<sup>8</sup> it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine  
 That the turtle saw his right<sup>9</sup>  
 35 Flaming in the phoenix' sight:  
 Either was the other's mine.<sup>1</sup>

Property<sup>2</sup> was thus appalled,  
 That the self was not the same;  
 Single nature's double name  
 40 Neither two nor one was called.

Reason, in itself confounded,  
 Saw division grow together  
 To themselves, yet either neither,  
 Simple were so well compounded

45 That it cried 'How true a twain  
 Seemeth this concordant one!  
 Love hath reason, reason none,  
 If what parts can so remain.'

Whereupon it made this threne  
 50 To the phoenix and the dove,  
 Co-supremes and stars of love,  
 As chorus to their tragic scene.

#### THRENOS

Beauty, truth, and rarity,  
 Grace in all simplicity,  
 55 Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest,  
 And the turtle's loyal breast  
 To eternity doth rest.

Leaving no posterity  
 60 'Twas not their infirmity,  
 It was married chastity.

Truth may seem but cannot be,  
 Beauty brag, but 'tis not she.<sup>3</sup>  
 Truth and beauty buried be.

8. In any other case than theirs.

9. What was due him, love returned.

1. Rich source of wealth or treasure.

2. Peculiar or essential quality. "Property" is "appalled" to find that personality ("self") is oblit-

erated in the union of the two. Accordingly it is impossible to say whether they were two or one.

3. Whatever may appear hereafter as truth or beauty will be only illusion. Real truth and beauty lie buried here.

65 To this urn let those repair  
That are either true or fair.  
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

1601

**1 Henry IV** With a succession of plays written in the 1590s, Shakespeare helped to invent and perfect a theatrical genre known as the history play, a staging of momentous events and crucial figures from England's past. Depicting on the public stage contemporary figures such as Queen Elizabeth or her glittering courtiers would not have been at all prudent: both the Elizabethan theater and the printing press were censored, and it was dangerous to represent or to reflect in public on those in power. As Sir Walter Raleigh remarked, explaining why he was writing a history of the ancient past, he who follows truth too close on the heels is likely to have his teeth kicked out. But Shakespeare contrived to reflect with remarkable candor on his own society and on the underlying forces that shaped the nation's destiny. He did so by powerfully chronicling a series of violent struggles in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that, as he depicts them, constituted the birth pangs of the modern world.

*Henry IV, Part One* is part of what is often termed Shakespeare's Second Tetralogy (that is, the sequence of four plays comprising *Richard II*, the two parts of *Henry IV*, and *Henry V*). But each of these was clearly intended to be enjoyed independently of the others. First printed in 1598, *1 Henry IV* had been performed on the stage and at court before publication, and from that time to this it has remained one of Shakespeare's most popular plays.

In *Richard II*, the tough, efficient Bullingbrook overthrows his weak, irresponsible young cousin, King Richard II. Vain, surrounded by flatterers, and deluded by poetic dreams of his own grandeur, Richard had precipitated the events that led to his downfall by unjustly exiling Bullingbrook and then seizing his inheritance. At the close of the play, Bullingbrook, now on the throne as King Henry IV, has the imprisoned Richard II murdered. By this act—ridding himself, as he puts it, of his “buried fear”—he hopes to stabilize and secure his rule and the rule after him of his son and heir Prince Hal.

But the buried fear proves to be a persistent nightmare. Deposing a legitimate king, one who had been duly anointed by the church and thereby invested with enormous symbolic significance, is an act whose long-term consequences are difficult to control. Several characters express the anxious sense that there is a curse now hanging over the land, a curse that will bring what the bishop of Carlisle grimly predicts: “Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny” (*Richard II* 4.1.137). And, even without metaphysical dread, there are ample grounds for concern, since a variety of political and social forces are threatening to tear the kingdom apart. The usurper Bullingbrook's struggle to maintain his power in the face of a succession of civil wars and rebellions lies at the heart of the two parts of *Henry IV*. Bound up with this struggle is the transformation of his son, Prince Hal, from a dissolute wastrel to a staunch prop of the regime and a worthy successor to monarchical authority. In *Henry V*, Hal, having succeeded to his father's throne, secures this transformation, becoming in the process an English national hero. Leading his brave, heavily outnumbered troops, he conquers France at the Battle of Agincourt.

Shakespeare drew his historical material from prose chronicle histories, specifically Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicle of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, as well as from Samuel Daniel's historical poem, *The Civil Wars*, and an earlier anonymously authored play about Henry V, *The Famous Victories of Henry V*. These sources gave him the main outlines of his plot: the beleaguered Henry IV is threatened by a rebel-

lion among his nobles, especially the powerful Percy family that had earlier helped him topple Richard II. This family, whose stronghold lay in Northumberland, in the north of England, is joined by other dangerous forces situated on the Celtic-speaking peripheries of the kingdom: the Scots, led by the redoubtable Earl of Douglas, and the Welsh, led by the charismatic, volatile magician Owen Glendower. These menacing powers had been kept at bay by Henry IV's allies, but the erstwhile allies have now become the king's most dangerous enemies: the gallant, impetuous Henry Percy or Hotspur, who has naturally followed his father, the earl of Northumberland, and his uncle, the earl of Worcester, into rebellion, and Edmund Mortimer, who had a strong claim to succeed Richard II to the throne and who has now married Glendower's daughter.

From his sources Shakespeare also derived a portrait of Prince Hal as a prodigal son, a wild youth cavorting with a disorderly crew of drunks, thieves, and whores. The chief among these dissipated friends was a fat knight whom Shakespeare originally called Sir John Oldcastle. The choice of name turned out to be an unfortunate one. The historical Oldcastle had at one time fought for Henry IV but was charged with rebellion and executed; Protestants in the sixteenth century said that he was a martyr who had actually been killed for his religious beliefs, many of which anticipated the tenets of the Reformation. Oldcastle's powerful descendants vehemently objected to the identification of their illustrious ancestor with the corrupt, wheezing, hilarious scoundrel on stage, and Shakespeare was forced to come up with another name. Under the altered name—Sir John Falstaff—the character has come to be widely regarded as Shakespeare's greatest comic creation.

Shakespeare, who never felt tied to a strict observance of historical accuracy, made many changes in his source materials, most notably, perhaps, reconceiving the character of Hotspur. In the *Chronicle*, he is older than Hal's father, but Shakespeare makes him Hal's foil, coeval, and rival—a charismatic and brave warrior, as Hal finally proves to be, but also (unlike Hal) fiery and impatient, scornful of the soft, civilized arts of music and poetry, and single-mindedly driven by ambition for honor and fame. In reworking his sources Shakespeare highlights psychological conflicts: Hal's need to define himself in relation to two very different fathers—the tense, care-worn Henry IV and his witty, disreputable surrogate father, Falstaff—and against his glittering, siblinglike rival, Hotspur.

*1 Henry IV* is centrally concerned with political power: its sources, uses, theatrical manifestations, ambiguities, psychological costs, and subversions. Recent criticism has focused attention on several key questions: how far does this play (and the tetralogy) serve to reinforce the "Tudor myth" of providential kingship? And to what extent does it undermine that myth of divinely-sanctioned legitimacy by exposing the basis of kingship as Machiavellian force and fraud? How far does Prince Hal's transformation make him the embodiment of an ideal monarch who fulfills his filial and regal responsibilities? And to what extent is that idealization undercut by Hal's self-proclaimed hypocrisy and play-acting (and in *2 Henry IV* by his cold-hearted repudiation of Falstaff)? The scheme of Hal's moral redemption is carefully laid out in his soliloquy at the close of the first tavern scene: "By how much better than my word I am," he declares, "By so much shall I falsify men's hopes" (1.2.165–66). To falsify men's hopes is to exceed their expectations, but it is also to disappoint their expectations, to deceive men, to turn hopes into fictions, to betray.

At issue are not only the contradictory desires and expectations centered on Hal—the competing hopes of his royal father and his tavern cronies—but also the fantasies continually aroused by the play of innate grace, limitless playfulness, absolute friendship, generosity, and trust. Those fantasies are symbolized by certain echoing, talismanic phrases ("when thou art king?"), and they are bound up with the overall vividness, intensity, and richness of the theatrical practice itself: the play's multiplicity of brilliant characters, its intensely differentiated settings, its dazzling verbal wit, its mingling of high comedy, farce, epic heroism, and tragedy. *1 Henry IV* awakens a

dream of superabundance, which is given its irresistible embodiment in Falstaff.

In structure, the play moves back and forth between court (whether that of the king or of the rebels) and tavern, and it sets the affairs of state in counterpoint to the affairs of bawds, thieves, and drunkards. The fulcrum in this precarious balance is Falstaff, for generations of readers and critics the play's most fascinating figure. A number of literary antecedents lie behind Shakespeare's character: the braggart soldier of Roman comedy, the stock character called the Vice in medieval morality plays, the carnival Lord of Misrule, the figure of Gluttony from the pageant of the Seven Deadly Sins, the picaresque rogue or highwayman, and the sanctimonious hypocrite from popular satires on Elizabethan puritanism. What is most striking about Falstaff perhaps is his sheer comic excess: he is liar, glutton, knave, coward, thief, lecher, drunkard, wit, philosopher, skilled rhetorician, cynic, master parodist, confidence man, parasite, and friend. Shakespeare continued to mine his inexhaustible exuberance in 2 *Henry IV* and also (reportedly by Queen Elizabeth's express command) in a comedy of middle-class life, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

## *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth*

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING HENRY THE FOURTH	}	<i>Sons to the KING</i>
HENRY, <i>Prince of Wales</i>		
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER		
EARL OF WESTMORELAND		
SIR WALTER BLUNT		
THOMAS PERCY, <i>Earl of Worcester</i>		
HENRY PERCY, <i>Earl of Northumberland</i>		
HENRY PERCY, <i>surnamed HOTSPUR, his son</i>		
EDMUND MORTIMER, <i>Earl of March</i>		
RICHARD SCROOP, <i>Archbishop of York</i>		
ARCHIBALD, <i>Earl of Douglas</i>		
OWEN GLENDOWER		
SIR RICHARD VERNON		
SIR MICHAEL, <i>a friend to the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK</i>		
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF		
POINS	}	<i>Companions of FALSTAFF</i>
GADSHILL		
PETO		
BARDOLPH		
LADY PERCY, <i>wife to HOTSPUR, and sister to MORTIMER</i>		
LADY MORTIMER, <i>daughter to GLENDOWER, and wife to MORTIMER</i>		
MISTRESS QUICKLY, <i>hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap</i>		
LORDS, OFFICERS, SHERIFF, VINTNER, CHAMBERLAIN, DRAWERS, <i>two</i> CARRIERS, TRAVELERS, <i>and</i> ATTENDANTS		

*England and Wales*

*Act 1*

SCENE 1

[*Enter the KING, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, with others.*]

KING So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
 Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,<sup>1</sup>  
 And breathe short-winded accents of new broils<sup>2</sup>  
 To be commenced in strands<sup>o</sup> afar remote. *strands, regions*  
 5 No more the thirsty entrance<sup>3</sup> of this soil  
 Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;  
 No more shall trenching war channel her fields,  
 Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armèd hoofs  
 Of hostile paces.<sup>4</sup> Those opposèd eyes,  
 10 Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock<sup>5</sup>  
 And furious close<sup>o</sup> of civil butchery, *encounter*  
 15 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-sheathèd knife,  
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,  
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,—  
 20 Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross  
 We are impressèd<sup>o</sup> and engaged to fight, *enlisted*  
 Forthwith a power<sup>6</sup> of English shall we levy,  
 Whose arms were molded in their mother's womb  
 To chase these pagans in those holy fields  
 25 Over whose acres walked those blessed feet  
 Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed  
 For our advantage on the bitter cross.  
 But this our purpose now is twelve month old,  
 And bootless<sup>o</sup> 'tis to tell you we will go. *useless*  
 30 Therefore we meet not now.<sup>7</sup> Then let me hear  
 Of you, my gentle cousin<sup>o</sup> Westmoreland, *kinsman*  
 What yesternight our Council did decree  
 In forwarding this dear expedience.<sup>8</sup>

WESTMORELAND My liege, this haste was hot in questiòn,  
 35 And many limits of the charge<sup>9</sup> set down  
 But yesternight, when all athwart<sup>1</sup> there came  
 A post<sup>o</sup> from Wales loaden with heavy news, *messenger*  
 Whose worst was that the noble Mortimer,  
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
 40 Against the irregular<sup>o</sup> and wild Glendower, *guerrilla*  
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
 A thousand of his people butcherèd,  
 Upon whose dead corpse<sup>o</sup> there was such misuse, *corpses*  
 Such beastly shameless transformatiòn,  
 45 By those Welshwomen done as may not be

1. I.e., let us allow peace to catch her breath.

2. I.e., news of new wars.

3. Parched mouth.

4. The tread of war horses.

5. Internal violence, civil war.

6. Army. He is planning a crusade, in expiation of his guilt for the death of Richard II.

7. I.e., that is not the reason for our present meeting.

8. Important, urgent matter.

9. Assignment of military responsibilities. "Hot in question": actively discussed.

1. Interrupting, crossing our purpose.

Without much shame retold or spoken of.

KING It seems then that the tidings of this broil  
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

WESTMORELAND This matched with other did, my gracious lord,

50 For more uneven and unwelcome news  
Came from the north, and thus it did import:  
On Holyrood Day<sup>2</sup> the gallant Hotspur there,  
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,  
That ever-valiant and approvèd Scot,

55 At Holmedon met,  
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,  
As by discharge of their artillery,  
And shape of likelihood,<sup>3</sup> the news was told;  
For he that brought them<sup>4</sup> in the very heat  
60 And pride<sup>o</sup> of their contention did take horse,  
Uncertain of the issue any way.

*height*

KING Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,  
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,  
Stained with the variation of each soil  
65 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  
Balked<sup>o</sup> in their own blood did Sir Walter see  
70 On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners Hotspur took  
Mordake Earl of Fife, and eldest son  
To beaten Douglas, and the Earl of Athol,  
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith;  
And is not this an honorable spoil,  
75 A gallant prize? Ha, cousin, is it not?

*heaped*

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

KING Yea, there thou mak'st me sad and mak'st me sin

80 In envy that my Lord Northumberland  
Should be the father to so blest a son,  
A son who is the theme of honor's tongue,  
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant,  
Who is sweet Fortune's minion<sup>o</sup> and her pride;  
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
85 See riot and dishonor stain the brow  
Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved  
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged  
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,  
And called mine Percy, his Plantagenet!<sup>5</sup>

*favorite*

90 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

2. Holy Cross Day (September 14).

3. Probable inference.

4. I.e., the news (usually a plural in Shakespeare).

5. The family name of the English royal family.

- To his own use he keeps, and sends me word  
 95 I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.  
 WESTMORELAND This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,  
 Malevolent to you in all aspects,<sup>6</sup>  
 Which makes him prune himself,<sup>7</sup> and bristle up  
 The crest of youth against your dignity.  
 100 KING 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;  
 105 But come yourself with speed to us again,  
 For more is to be said and to be done  
 Than out of anger can be utterèd.  
 WESTMORELAND I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE 2

[*Enter HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, and SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.*]

- FALSTAFF Now Hal, what time of day is it, lad?  
 PRINCE Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old sack,<sup>8</sup> and unbuttoning  
 thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast  
 forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a  
 5 devil hast thou 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,<sup>9</sup> and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in  
 flame-colored taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous  
 to demand the time of the day.  
 10 FALSTAFF Indeed you come near me now, Hal, for we that take purses go by  
 the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phoebus,<sup>1</sup> he, "that wandering  
 knight so fair." And I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save  
 thy grace—majesty I should say, for grace<sup>2</sup> thou wilt have none—  
 15 PRINCE What, none?  
 FALSTAFF No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg  
 and butter.  
 PRINCE Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.<sup>3</sup>  
 FALSTAFF Marry then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are  
 20 squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty;<sup>4</sup> 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.  
 25 PRINCE Thou 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

6. Hostile in every way. The figure is from astrology.

7. Plume himself. "Bristle up" and "crest" continue the image, which is that of a fighting cock.

8. Dry Spanish wine.

9. Whorehouses.

1. The sun. Falstaff then quotes from a popular ballad.

2. A triple pun: (1) "your Grace," the correct man-

ner of addressing a prince or duke; (2) the divine influence that produces sanctity; and (3) a short prayer before a meal—hence Falstaff's allusion to "egg and butter," a common hasty breakfast.

3. Plainly.

4. Two puns: (1) a "squire of the body" was an attendant on a knight and (2) "body" would be pronounced *bawdy*. "Beauty" also puns with *booty*, which thieves take. Diana is the moon goddess.

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  
 30 as the foot of the ladder and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.<sup>5</sup>

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

PRINCE As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.<sup>6</sup> And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?<sup>7</sup>

FALSTAFF How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities?<sup>8</sup> what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

PRINCE Why, what a pox<sup>9</sup> have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

FALSTAFF Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning<sup>1</sup> many a time and oft.

40 PRINCE Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

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

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

FALSTAFF Yea, and so used it that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent<sup>2</sup>—but I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in  
 45 England when thou art king<sup>3</sup> and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic<sup>3</sup> the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

PRINCE No, thou shalt.

50 FALSTAFF Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

PRINCE Thou judgest false already; I mean thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.

FALSTAFF Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humor<sup>4</sup> as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

55 PRINCE For obtaining of suits?<sup>5</sup>

FALSTAFF Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged<sup>6</sup> bear.

PRINCE Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

FALSTAFF Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

60 PRINCE What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moorditch?<sup>7</sup>

FALSTAFF Thou hast the most unsavory similes and art indeed the most comparative,<sup>8</sup> rascalliest, sweet young prince. But Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated<sup>9</sup>  
 65 me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet

5. The "foot of the ladder" is at the bottom of the gallows (robbery was a hanging offense); the "ridge" is the crosspiece at the top. "Lay by": hand over (a robber's command to the victim). "Bring in": a customer's command for more drink at a tavern.

6. A reference to Falstaff's original name, Oldcastle. Hybla is a town in Sicily, famous for honey.

7. A pun: (1) lasting quality, (2) imprisonment. "Buff jerkin": the leather jacket worn by a sheriff's sergeant.

8. Quibbles.

9. Common oath, alluding to venereal disease.

1. The bill; also (here) sexual intercourse.

2. "Here" and "heir" would pun in Elizabethan

pronunciation.

3. A clown. "Resolution": bravery. "Fobbed": cheated.

4. I.e., agrees with my disposition.

5. Special favors, but "clothing" in the next line. The hangman was given the clothes of his victims.

6. Baited (in the bearbaiting pits a bear was attacked by dogs as a public amusement). " 'Sblood": God's blood, a common oath. "Gib cat": tomcat.

7. A foul-smelling ditch on the outskirts of London. The "hare" was traditionally associated with melancholy.

8. Given to (insulting) comparisons.

9. Scolded, berated.

he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

PRINCE Thou didst well, for wisdom cries out in the streets and no man regards it.<sup>1</sup>

70 FALSTAFF O, thou hast damnable iteration<sup>2</sup> and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal, God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, 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, an<sup>3</sup> I do not, I am a villain; 75 I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

PRINCE Where shall we take a purse tomorrow, Jack?

FALSTAFF Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle<sup>4</sup> me.

PRINCE I see a good amendment of life in thee—from praying to purse-taking. 80

FALSTAFF Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation,<sup>5</sup> Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.

[Enter POINS.]

85 Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill<sup>6</sup> 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.

PRINCE Good morrow, Ned.

POINS Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira and 90 a cold capon's leg?

PRINCE 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.

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

PRINCE Else he had been damned for cozening<sup>7</sup> the devil.

95 POINS But my lads, my lads, tomorrow 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; Gads hill lies<sup>8</sup> tonight in Rochester; I have bespoke supper tomorrow night in Eastcheap;<sup>9</sup> we may do it as secure 100 as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

FALSTAFF Hear ye, Yedward<sup>1</sup> if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

POINS You will, chops?<sup>2</sup>

1. Prince Hal is quoting Proverbs 1.20 and 24.

2. Repetition, especially of sacred texts.

3. If.

4. A knight in the days of chivalry was "baffled" or disgraced by having his shield hung upside down, signaling his loss of rank. "Zounds": a common oath, a contraction of "by God's wounds" (i.e., Jesus' wounds on the Cross).

5. Falstaff is here making fun of the Puritan doctrine of "calling" or vocation, based on the parable of the talents (Matthew 25.25ff.).

6. Both a man and a place: the place is a hill

twenty-seven miles from London on the road to Rochester; it was notorious for robberies. The man, so called from the place, is the thieves' "setter," who arranges when and where the robbery will occur.

7. Cheating.

8. Lodges. "Vizards": masks.

9. A thoroughfare in London, site of Mistress Quickly's tavern.

1. Dialect for Edward.

2. Fat face.

- 105 FALSTAFF Hal, wilt thou make one?  
 PRINCE Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.  
 FALSTAFF There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellow ship in thee,  
 nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for<sup>3</sup> ten  
 shillings.
- 110 PRINCE Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.  
 FALSTAFF Why, that's well said.  
 PRINCE Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.  
 FALSTAFF By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.  
 PRINCE I care not.
- 115 POINS Sir John, I prithee leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down  
 such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.  
 FALSTAFF Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of  
 profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be  
 believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false  
 120 thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance.<sup>4</sup> Farewell; you shall  
 find me in Eastcheap.  
 PRINCE Farewell, thou latter spring, farewell, Allhallown summer!<sup>5</sup>  
 [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]<sup>6</sup>
- POINS Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us tomorrow; I have a jest  
 to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and  
 125 Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid;<sup>7</sup> yourself and I  
 will not be there, and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob  
 them, cut this head off from my shoulders.  
 PRINCE How shall we part with them in setting forth?  
 POINS Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a  
 130 place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they  
 adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner  
 achieved but we'll set upon them.  
 PRINCE Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits,<sup>8</sup>  
 and by every other appointment to be ourselves.
- 135 POINS Tut, our horses they shall not see—I'll tie them in the wood; our viz-  
 ards we will change after we leave them: and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram  
 for the nonce,<sup>9</sup> to immask our noted outward garments.  
 PRINCE Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard<sup>1</sup> for us.  
 POINS Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as  
 140 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,<sup>2</sup> what blows, what extremities he endured;  
 and in the reproof<sup>3</sup> of this lies the jest.

3. A pun: "stand for" means both "represent" and "fight for." "Royal" is also a pun: the coin called *royal* was worth ten shillings.

4. A satirical reference to the common complaint that the nobility did not properly give "countenance" to (i.e., encourage) good causes and to the Puritan habit of attacking the "abuses of the time." This entire speech parodies the language of the Puritans.

5. I.e., Indian summer; All Hallows' Day (All Saints' Day) is November 1. The two epithets are intended to suggest how unseasonable it is for Falstaff, an old man, to be engaged in youthful, hood-

lum exploits.

6. This stage direction, like some others in the play, does not appear in the earliest editions; it was added by a later editor. All such interpolated directions are indicated in our text by the special double brackets used here.

7. Set an ambush for.

8. Clothes.

9. I.e., outer clothes (of a coarse, stiff cloth) for the occasion.

1. I.e., too many. "Doubt": suspect.

2. Defensive postures.

3. Disproof.

- 145 PRINCE Well, I'll go with thee. Provide us all things necessary and meet me  
tomorrow night<sup>4</sup> in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.  
POINS Farewell, my lord. [Exit POINS.]
- PRINCE I know you all, and will awhile uphold  
The unyoked humor<sup>o</sup> of your idleness; *undisciplined whim*  
150 Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious<sup>o</sup> clouds *pestilence-breeding*  
To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That, when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at  
155 By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapors that did seem to strangle him.  
If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
But when they seldom come, they wished-for come,  
160 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.  
So, when this loose behavior I throw off  
And pay the debt I never promisèd,  
By how much better than my word I am,  
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes,  
165 And like bright metal on a sullen ground,<sup>o</sup> *dull background*  
My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault,  
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes  
Than that which hath no foil<sup>o</sup> to set it off. *contrast*  
I'll so offend to make offense a skill,  
170 Redeeming time<sup>5</sup> when men think least I will. [Exit.]

## SCENE 3

[Enter the KING, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, with others.]

- KING My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
And you have found me,<sup>6</sup> for accordingly  
You tread upon my patience; but be sure  
5 I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
Mighty and to be feared, than my condition,<sup>o</sup> *disposition*  
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.
- 10 WORCESTER Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves  
The scourge of greatness to be used on it,  
And that same greatness too which our own hands  
Have holp<sup>o</sup> to make so portly.<sup>o</sup> *helped / stately*
- NORTHUMBERLAND My lord—  
15 KING Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see  
Danger and disobedience in thine eye;

4. Either the text should read "tonight" (before the robbery) or else Shakespeare intends to show Prince Hal's mind intent, not on the robbery, but on its aftermath. The soliloquy of the Prince that follows has provoked much critical discussion.

5. Making good use of time, following the advice given to Christians in a non-Christian world (see Ephesians 5:16). "Skill": piece of good policy.

6. Discovered this to be true.

O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
 And majesty might never yet endure  
 The moody frontier of a servant brow.<sup>7</sup>

20 You have good leave to leave us; when we need  
 Your use and counsel we shall send for you. [Exit WORCESTER.]  
 You were about to speak. [(to NORTHUMBERLAND)]

NORTHUMBERLAND Yea, my good lord.  
 Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,  
 Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,  
 25 Were, as he says, not with such strength denied  
 As is delivered to your majesty.  
 Either envy<sup>o</sup> therefore or misprision<sup>o</sup> *malice / mistake*  
 Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

HOTSPUR My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
 30 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 dressed,  
 Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reaped  
 35 Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home.  
 He was perfumèd like a milliner,<sup>8</sup>  
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
 A pouncet box,<sup>o</sup> which ever and anon *perfume box*  
 He gave his nose and took 't away again;  
 40 Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
 Took it in snuff;<sup>9</sup> and still he smiled and talked,  
 And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
 He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
 To bring a slovenly<sup>o</sup> unhandsome corse<sup>o</sup> *disgusting / corpse*  
 45 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
 With many holiday and lady terms<sup>1</sup>  
 He questioned me; amongst the rest, demanded  
 My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.  
 I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
 50 To be so pestered with a popinjay,<sup>o</sup> *parrot*  
 Out of my grief and my impatience  
 Answered 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  
 55 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman  
 Of guns and drums and wounds, God save the mark!  
 And telling me the sovereign'st<sup>o</sup> thing on earth *most curative*  
 Was parmaceti<sup>2</sup> for an inward bruise,  
 And that it was great pity, so it was,  
 60 This villanous saltpeter<sup>3</sup> should be digged  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,

7. I.e., a servant's brow showing defiance, like a fortification ("frontier").

8. Not a maker of hats, but a dealer in perfumes, women's gloves, etc.

9. I.e., was annoyed at it, with a pun on *snuffing*

*it up.*

1. Affected and effeminate language.

2. Spermaceti, whale oil used as an ointment.

3. Used in gunpowder.

Which many a good tall<sup>o</sup> fellow had destroyed *brave*  
 So cowardly, and but for these vile guns  
 He would himself have been a soldier.

65 This bald<sup>o</sup> unjointed chat of his, my lord, *trivial*  
 I answered indirectly as I said,  
 And I beseech you, let not his report  
 Come current<sup>4</sup> for an accusation  
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

70 BLUNT The circumstance considered, 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

75 To do him wrong or any way impeach  
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

KING Why, yet<sup>o</sup> he doth deny his prisoners, *still*  
 But<sup>o</sup> with proviso and exception, *except*  
 That we at our own charge shall ransom straight<sup>o</sup> *immediately*  
 80 His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer,  
 Who, on my soul, hath willfully betrayed  
 The lives of those that he did lead to fight  
 Against that great magician, damned Glendower,  
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March

85 Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then  
 Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?  
 Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,<sup>5</sup>  
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves?  
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve;

90 For I shall never hold that man my friend  
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

HOTSPUR Revolted Mortimer!  
 He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
 95 But by the chance of war. To prove that true  
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,  
 Those mouthèd wounds which valiantly he took  
 When on the gentle Severn's<sup>6</sup> sedgy bank  
 In single opposition, hand to hand,

100 He did confound<sup>o</sup> the best part of an hour *spend*  
 In changing hardiment<sup>7</sup> with great Glendower;  
 Three times they breathed<sup>o</sup> and three times *paused for breath*  
 did they drink  
 Upon agreement of swift Severn's flood,  
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,

105 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
 And hid his crisp<sup>8</sup> head in the hollow bank

4. Be considered valid.

5. Enter into a contract with cowards.

6. A river on the England-Wales border. Wounds are often likened to mouths in Shakespeare. The image may derive from their appearance and from

the idea that they could speak as witnesses to what caused them (cf. *Julius Caesar* 3.2.229–231 and *Richard III* 1.2.55–56).

7. Testing prowess and exchanging blows.

8. I.e., curly (because of the waves).

- Bloodstainèd with these valiant combatants.  
 Never did bare and rotten policy<sup>o</sup>  
 Color<sup>o</sup> her working with such deadly wounds,  
 110 Nor never could the noble Mortimer  
 Receive so many, and all willingly;  
 Then let not him be slandered with revolt.
- KING Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;  
 He never did encounter with Glendower.  
 115 I tell thee,  
 He durst as well have met the devil alone  
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.  
 Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah,<sup>o</sup> henceforth  
 Let me not hear you speak of<sup>o</sup> Mortimer;  
 120 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 license your departure with your son.  
 Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.  
 [Exeunt KING, (BLUNT, and train).]
- 125 HOTSPUR An if the devil come and roar for them  
 I will not send them; I will after straight  
 And tell him so, for I will ease my heart  
 Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
- NORTHUMBERLAND What, drunk with choler?<sup>o</sup> stay and  
 pause awhile.  
 Here comes your uncle.  
 [Enter WORCESTER.]
- 130 HOTSPUR Speak of Mortimer!  
 Zounds, I will speak of him, and let my soul  
 Want mercy if I do not join with him;  
 Yea, on his part<sup>o</sup> I'll empty all these veins,  
 135 And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,  
 But I will lift the downtrod Mortimer  
 As high in the air as this unthankful king,  
 As this ingrate<sup>o</sup> and cankered<sup>o</sup> Bullingbrook. *ungrateful / malignant*
- NORTHUMBERLAND Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.
- WORCESTER Who struck this heat up after I was gone?
- 140 HOTSPUR He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;  
 And when I urged the ransom once again  
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek looked pale,  
 And on my face he turned an eye of death,  
 Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.
- 145 WORCESTER I cannot blame him; was not he proclaimed  
 By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?
- NORTHUMBERLAND He was—I heard the proclamation;  
 And then it was when the unhappy king  
 (Whose wrongs in us God pardon!<sup>1</sup>) did set forth  
 150 Upon his Irish expedition;

9. A form of "sir," but used familiarly, and sometimes, as here, with a tone of contempt.

1. I.e., God pardon in us the wrongs we did to him.

From whence he intercepted did return  
To be deposed and shortly murderèd.

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

155 HOTSPUR But soft, I pray you; did King Richard then  
Proclaim my brother<sup>2</sup> Edmund Mortimer  
Heir to the crown?

NORTHUMBERLAND He did; myself did hear it.

HOTSPUR Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king  
That wished him on the barren mountains starve.

160 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<sup>3</sup>—shall it be  
That you a world of curses undergo,

165 Being the agents, or base second means,<sup>o</sup>  
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?  
O pardon me that I descend so low  
To show the line and the predicament

*tools, helpers*

170 Wherein you range<sup>4</sup> 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<sup>o</sup> them both in an unjust behalf,<sup>o</sup>

*pledge / cause*

175 As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,  
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
And plant this thorn, this canker,<sup>5</sup> Bullingbrook?  
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,  
That you are fooled, discarded, and shook off  
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?

180 No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem  
Your banished honors and restore yourselves  
Into the good thoughts of the world again,  
Revenge the jeering and disdained<sup>o</sup> contempt  
Of this proud king, who studies day and night  
To answer all the debt he owes to you  
185 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:  
Therefore, I say—

*disdainful*

WORCESTER Peace, cousin, say no more;  
And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
190 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.<sup>6</sup>

HOTSPUR If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim.  
195 Send danger from the east unto the west,

2. Brother-in-law.

3. I.e., the stain of aiding and abetting murder.

4. I.e., to show the position and the category (or

class) in which you are placed.

5. A wild rose, also a diseased spot in a nose.

6. A spear laid down as a footbridge.

So° honor cross it from the north to south,  
 And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs  
 To rouse a lion than to start<sup>7</sup> a hare!

*provided that*

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

HOTSPUR By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap  
 To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,  
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
 Where fathom line could never touch the ground,  
 205 And pluck up drownèd honor by the locks,  
 So he that doth redeem her thence might wear  
 Without corrival° all her dignities;  
 But out upon this half-faced fellowship!<sup>8</sup>

*rival*

210 WORCESTER He apprehends a world of figures<sup>9</sup> here,  
 But not the form of what he should attend.  
 Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

HOTSPUR I cry you mercy.<sup>1</sup>

WORCESTER Those same noble Scots  
 That are your prisoners—

HOTSPUR I'll keep them all;  
 By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;  
 215 No, if a Scot would save his soul he shall not.  
 I'll keep them, by his hand.

WORCESTER You start away  
 And lend no ear unto my purposes.  
 Those prisoners you shall keep.

HOTSPUR Nay, I will; that's flat.  
 He said he would not ransom Mortimer,  
 220 Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer,  
 But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
 And in his ear I'll holla "Mortimer!"  
 Nay,  
 I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak<sup>2</sup>  
 225 Nothing but "Mortimer," and give it him  
 To keep his anger still in motion.

WORCESTER Hear you, cousin, a word.

HOTSPUR All studies here I solemnly defy,  
 Save how to gall° and pinch this Bullingbrook,  
 230 And that same sword-and-buckler<sup>3</sup> 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 poisoned with a pot of ale.<sup>4</sup>

*irritate*

235 WORCESTER Farewell, kinsman; I'll talk to you  
 When you are better tempered to attend.

NORTHUMBERLAND Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool  
 Art thou to break into this woman's mood,

7. Arouse, in hunting.

8. Miserable sharing (of honor) with someone else.

9. Rhetorical figures of speech.

1. Beg your pardon.

2. Starlings used to be taught to speak, as parrots are now.

3. Weapons used by the lowest class of soldiers and servants. Gentlemen used rapiers.

4. The drink of the lower classes.

Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

240 HOTSPUR Why, look you, I am whipped and scourged with rods,  
 Nettled and stung with pismires,<sup>o</sup> when I hear *ants*  
 Of this vile politician Bullingbrook.

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,<sup>o</sup> *lived*

245 His uncle York, where I first bow'd my knee  
 Unto this king of smiles, this Bullingbrook  
 'Sblood!—

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

NORTHUMBERLAND At Berkeley castle.

250 HOTSPUR You say true.

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy  
 This fawning greyhound<sup>5</sup> then did proffer me!  
 "Look when his infant fortune came to age,"  
 And "gentle Harry Percy," and "kind cousin";  
 255 O, the devil take such cozeners!<sup>6</sup> God forgive me!  
 Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.

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

HOTSPUR I have done, i' faith.

WORCESTER Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

260 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, *[(to NORTHUMBERLAND)]*  
 265 Your son in Scotland being thus employed,  
 Shall secretly into the bosom creep  
 Of that same noble prelate well beloved,  
 The archbishop.

HOTSPUR Of York, is it not?

270 WORCESTER True; who bears hard  
 His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.  
 I speak not this in estimation,<sup>o</sup> *by conjecture*  
 As what I think might be, but what I know  
 Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,  
 275 And only stays but to behold the face  
 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

HOTSPUR I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.

NORTHUMBERLAND Before the game is afoot, thou still let'st slip.<sup>7</sup>

HOTSPUR Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot;  
 280 And then the power of Scotland and of York  
 To join with Mortimer, ha?

WORCESTER And so they shall.

5. A complex image that occurs in Shakespeare several times (cf. *Hamlet* 3.2.50–52 and *Antony and Cleopatra* 4.12.20–23). The idea of fawning or flattery called up to Shakespeare's mind the image of a dog begging for sweetmeats ("candy").

6. Cheaters, with, of course, a pun on *cousin*.

7. An image from hunting. The meaning is "You always ('still) release the dogs before we are ready to pursue the game."

HOTSPUR In faith, it is exceedingly well aimed.

WORCESTER And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,

To save our heads by raising of a head;<sup>8</sup>

285 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

290 To make us strangers to his looks of love.

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

WORCESTER Cousin, farewell. No further go in this  
Than I by letters shall direct your course.

295 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.

300 NORTHUMBERLAND Farewell, good brother; we shall thrive, I trust.

HOTSPUR Uncle, adieu; O, let the hours be short

Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*]

## Act 2

### SCENE 1

[*Enter a CARRIER with a lantern in his hand.*]

FIRST CARRIER Heigh-ho! an it be not four by the day, I'll be hanged; Charles'  
wain<sup>9</sup> is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

OSTLER [*within*] Anon, anon.

5 FIRST CARRIER I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle,<sup>1</sup> put a few flocks in the  
point;<sup>2</sup> poor jade, is wrung in the withers out of all cress.<sup>3</sup>

[*Enter another CARRIER.*]

SECOND CARRIER Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the  
next way to give poor jades the bots;<sup>4</sup> this house is turned upside down since  
Robin Ostler died.

10 FIRST CARRIER Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was  
the death of him.

SECOND CARRIER I think this be the most villainous house in all London road  
for fleas; I am stung like a tench.<sup>5</sup>

15 FIRST CARRIER Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen<sup>6</sup>  
could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

SECOND CARRIER Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in  
your chimney, and your chamber-lye breeds fleas like a loach.<sup>7</sup>

8. Raising an army.

9. The constellation of the Great Bear, or Big Dipper.

1. A saddle was beaten to make it soft. "Cut" is a name for a horse with a docked tail.

2. Pieces of wool under the point of the saddle.

3. I.e., is sore excessively in the shoulders.

4. I.e., that is the easiest way to give poor nags worms in the stomach.

5. A fish covered with red spots, like fleabites.

6. Christian king.

7. A fish that breeds prolifically. "Jordan": chamber pot. "Chamber-lye": urine.

FIRST CARRIER What, ostler! come away and be hanged, come away!

20 SECOND CARRIER I have a gammon of bacon and two razes<sup>8</sup> of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.

FIRST CARRIER God's body! the turkeys in my pannier<sup>9</sup> are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague on thee, hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good deed as drink to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come and be hanged! hast no faith in thee?

[Enter GADSHILL.]

25 GADSHILL Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

FIRST CARRIER I think it be two o'clock.

GADSHILL I prithee lend me thy lantern to see my gelding in the stable.

FIRST CARRIER Nay, by God, soft; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

GADSHILL I pray thee lend me thine.

30 SECOND CARRIER Aye, when? canst tell?<sup>1</sup> Lend me thy lantern, quoth he? marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

GADSHILL Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

SECOND CARRIER Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.

35 Come, neighbor Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge.<sup>2</sup>

[Exeunt <CARRIERS>.]

GADSHILL What ho! chamberlain!

[Enter CHAMBERLAIN.]

CHAMBERLAIN At hand, quoth pickpurse.

40 GADSHILL That's even as fair as at hand, quoth the chamberlain, for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from laboring; thou layest the plot how.<sup>3</sup>

CHAMBERLAIN Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current<sup>4</sup> that I told you yesternight; there's a franklin in the weald of Kent<sup>5</sup> 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  
45 of charge<sup>6</sup> too, God knows what. They are up already and call for eggs and butter; they will away presently.<sup>7</sup>

GADSHILL Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks,<sup>8</sup> I'll give thee this neck.

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

55 GADSHILL What talkest thou 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 thou knowest he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans<sup>9</sup> that thou dream'st 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

8. Roots. "Gammon": haunch.

9. Basket.

1. A colloquial expression of contemptuous refusal.

2. Valuable cargo.

3. A pun: "giving direction" means supervising, as contrasted with "laboring," but it was also the name for informing thieves about the journeys of prospective victims (laying "the plot how").

4. Remains true.

5. A section of that county, formerly wooded. "Franklin": a freeholder, just below a gentleman in rank.

6. Considerable property. "Auditor": revenue officer.

7. At once.

8. Highwaymen.

9. Roisterers, good fellows.

- sake make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff  
 sixpenny strikers,<sup>1</sup> none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms,  
 but with nobility and tranquility, burgomasters and great oneyers,  
 60 such as can hold in,<sup>2</sup> such as will 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.<sup>3</sup>
- 65 CHAMBERLAIN What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water  
 in foul way?<sup>4</sup>
- GADSHILL She will, she will; justice hath liquored her.<sup>5</sup> We steal as in a castle,  
 cocksure; we have the receipt of fern seed,<sup>6</sup> we walk invisible.
- CHAMBERLAIN Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the  
 70 night than to fern seed for your walking invisible.
- GADSHILL Give me thy hand; thou shalt have a share in our purchase,<sup>7</sup> as I  
 am a true man.
- CHAMBERLAIN Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.
- GADSHILL Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring  
 75 my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy<sup>8</sup> knave. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE 2

[Enter PRINCE and POINS.]

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

PRINCE Stand close.<sup>9</sup>

[Enter FALSTAFF.]

FALSTAFF Poin! Poin, and be hanged! Poin!

5 PRINCE Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

FALSTAFF Where's Poin, Hal?

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

[*He pretends to go, but hides onstage with POINS.*]

- FALSTAFF I am accursed to rob in that thief's company; the rascal hath  
 removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four  
 10 foot by the squier<sup>1</sup> 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 forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty  
 years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal  
 have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it  
 15 could not be else; I have drunk medicines. Poin! 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 stonyhearted

1. Small-time thieves. "Land-rakers": footpads.

2. Keep secret. "Purple-hued maltworms":  
 flushed, swaggering barflies. "Oneyers": dignitar-  
 ies.

3. Booty.

4. Keep one dry in muddy roads, i.e., give protec-  
 tion.

5. I.e., those who control the laws have greased  
 (or bribed) her.

6. I.e., we have the recipe for fern seed (supposed  
 to make one invisible).

7. Takings.

8. Muddleheaded.

9. Hide. "Gummed velvet": cheap velvet was  
 treated with gum to make the pile stiff; as a result  
 it soon fretted or wore away.

1. Ruler, yardstick.

20 villains know it well enough; a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

PRINCE Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travelers.

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

PRINCE Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.<sup>2</sup>

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

PRINCE Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

FALSTAFF Go hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters!<sup>3</sup> 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.

[*Enter GADSHILL.*]

GADSHILL Stand.

FALSTAFF So I do, against my will.

POINS [*coming forward with BARDOLPH and PETO*] O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

40 BARDOLPH Case<sup>4</sup> ye, case ye, on with your vizards; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

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

GADSHILL There's enough to make us all.

FALSTAFF To be hanged.

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

PETO How many be there of them?

GADSHILL Some eight or ten.

50 FALSTAFF Zounds, will they not rob us?

PRINCE What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

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

PRINCE Well, we leave that to the proof.

55 POINS Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

FALSTAFF Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

PRINCE [*aside to POINS*] Ned, where are our disguises?

POINS [*aside*] Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt PRINCE and POINS.*]

60 FALSTAFF Now, my masters, happy man be his dole,<sup>5</sup> say I; every man to his business.

[*Enter the TRAVELERS.*]

FIRST TRAVELER Come, neighbor, the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

2. You have had your horse stolen. "To colt": trick.  
3. As heir apparent to the throne, Hal would be a knight of the Order of the Garter.

4. Mask.  
5. I.e., good luck!

THIEVES Stand!

65 TRAVELERS Jesus bless us!

FALSTAFF Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats. Ah, whoreson caterpillars,<sup>6</sup> bacon-fed knaves, they hate us youth! Down with them, fleece them.

TRAVELERS O, we are undone, both we and ours forever!

70 FALSTAFF Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs,<sup>7</sup> 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.

[*Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.*]

[*Enter the PRINCE and POINS in buckram.*]

PRINCE The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London; it would be argument<sup>8</sup> for a week, 75 laughter for a month, and a good jest forever.

POINS Stand close; I hear them coming.

[*Enter the THIEVES again.*]

FALSTAFF 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;<sup>9</sup> there's no more valor in that Poins than in a wild duck.

80 PRINCE Your money!

POINS Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the PRINCE and POINS set upon them; they all run away; and FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*]

PRINCE Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse;

The thieves are all scattered and possessed with fear

So strongly that they dare not meet each other;

85 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.

POINS How the fat rogue roared!

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE 3

[*Enter HOTSPUR, alone, reading a letter.*]

HOTSPUR "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 5 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.<sup>1</sup> "The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time itself unsorted,<sup>2</sup> and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of 10 so great an opposition." Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you

6. "Caterpillars of the commonwealth" was a common phrase, referring to rogues. Falstaff here applies ridiculously inappropriate terms to the travelers and to himself (e.g., "youth").

7. Misers. "Gorbellied": fat.

8. Subject of stories.

9. There's no justice.

1. The nettle if touched tenderly will sting; if grasped firmly, will not.

2. Unsuitable.

are a shallow cowardly hind,<sup>3</sup> and you lie. What a lackbrain 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<sup>4</sup> commends the plot and the general course of the 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,<sup>5</sup> for moving<sup>6</sup> such a dish of skim milk with so honorable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king. We are prepared; I will set forward tonight.

[*Enter his LADY.*]

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

LADY O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offense have I this fortnight been  
A banished woman from my Harry's bed?

Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee

Thy stomach,<sup>o</sup> pleasure, and thy golden sleep?

*appetite*

Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,

And start so often when thou sit'st alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,

And given my treasures and my rights of thee

To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?

In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watched

And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,

Speak terms of manage<sup>o</sup> to thy bounding steed,

*horsemanship*

Cry "Courage! to the field!" And thou hast talked

Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,

Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,

Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,<sup>7</sup>

Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain,

And all the currents of a heady fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war

And thus hath so bestirred thee in thy sleep

That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow

Like bubbles in a late-disturbèd stream,

And in thy face strange motions have appeared

Such as we see when men restrain their breath

On some great sudden hest.<sup>o</sup> O, what portents are these?

*command*

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand

And I must know it, else he loves me not.

HOTSPUR What, ho!

[*Enter SERVANT.*]

3. Peasant.

4. The archbishop of York.

5. Split myself in two and let the parts fight each other.

6. Urging.

7. Three kinds of artillery (named here in decreasing order of weight).

- 55                                   Is Gilliams with the packet gone?  
 SERVANT   He is, my lord, an hour ago.  
 HOTSPUR   Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?  
 SERVANT   One horse, my lord, he brought even now.  
 HOTSPUR   What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?  
 SERVANT   It is, my lord.
- 60   HOTSPUR                    That roan shall be my throne.  
       Well, I will back<sup>o</sup> him straight; O Esperance!<sup>8</sup> *mount*  
       Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [(<Exit SERVANT.>)]
- LADY   But hear you, my lord.  
 HOTSPUR   What say'st thou, my lady?
- 65   LADY   What is it carries you away?  
 HOTSPUR   Why, my horse, my love, my horse.  
 LADY   Out, you mad-headed ape!  
       A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen<sup>9</sup>  
       As you are tossed with. In faith  
 70   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<sup>o</sup> his enterprise; but if you go<sup>1</sup>— *support*
- HOTSPUR   So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.
- 75   LADY   Come, come, you paraquito,<sup>o</sup> answer me *parrot*  
       Directly unto this question that I ask.  
       In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,  
       An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
- HOTSPUR   Away,  
 80   Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,  
       I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world  
       To play with mammets<sup>o</sup> and to tilt with lips; *dolls*  
       We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns,<sup>2</sup>  
       And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!
- 85   What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?  
 LADY   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.
- 90   HOTSPUR   Come, wilt thou see me ride?  
       And when I am o' horseback, I will swear  
       I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate,  
       I must not have you henceforth question me  
       Whither I go, nor reason whereabouts;  
 95   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,

8. The battle cry of the Percies: "Hope!"

9. The spleen was supposed to be the source of sudden and violent emotions. The weasel was considered a very impetuous animal.

1. Besides its ordinary sense, which Lady Percy

uses, "go" also meant "walk," the sense in which Hotspur takes it.

2. Broken heads, with a pun on *crowns* as coins and with allusion to the overthrow of kings.

100 But yet a woman, and for secrecy  
 No lady closer; for I well believe  
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,  
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

LADY How! so far?

105 HOTSPUR Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate,  
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too;  
 Today will I set forth, tomorrow you.  
 Will this content you, Kate?

LADY It must of force.<sup>3</sup> [Exeunt.]

SCENE 4

[Enter the PRINCE and POINS.]

PRINCE Ned, prithee come out of that fat<sup>4</sup> room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

POINS Where hast been, Hal?

5 PRINCE With three or four loggerheads<sup>5</sup> amongst three or four-score hogs-  
 heads. I have sounded the very bass string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn  
 brother to a leash of drawers,<sup>6</sup> 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 Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy, and tell  
 10 me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian,<sup>7</sup> 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<sup>8</sup>  
 they cry “hem!” and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a profi-  
 15 cient in one quarter of an hour that I can drink with any  
 tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost  
 much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned—  
 to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this penny worth of sugar,  
 clapped even now into my hand by an undersinker,<sup>9</sup> one that never spake  
 20 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,”<sup>1</sup> or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till  
 Falstaff come, I prithee do thou stand in some by-room, while I question  
 my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar, and do thou never leave  
 25 calling “Francis,” that his tale to me may be nothing but “Anon.”  
 Step aside, and I’ll show thee a precedent.<sup>2</sup>

POINS Francis!

PRINCE Thou art perfect.

POINS Francis! [Exit POINS.]

[Enter DRAWER.]

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet,<sup>3</sup> Ralph.

3. Of necessity.

4. Vat. This establishes that the scene is a tavern.

5. Blockheads.

6. Group of tapsters, waiters.

7. Good fellow.

8. Drink.

9. Assistant waiter.

1. I.e., charge a pint of “bastard” (a sweet Spanish wine) to a customer in the room called “Half-Moon.” “Anon”: immediately (the reply of a servant when called, equivalent to “Coming!”).

2. Example.

3. Pomegranate (another room in the tavern).

- 30 PRINCE Come hither, Francis.  
 FRANCIS My lord?  
 PRINCE How long hast thou to serve,<sup>4</sup> Francis?  
 FRANCIS Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—  
 POINS [*within*] Francis!
- 35 FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir.  
 PRINCE Five year! by 'r Lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But,  
 Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture  
 and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?  
 FRANCIS O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books<sup>5</sup> in England, I could  
 40 find in my heart—  
 POINS [*within*] Francis!  
 FRANCIS Anon, sir.  
 PRINCE How old art thou, Francis?  
 FRANCIS Let me see—about Michaelmas<sup>6</sup> next I shall be—  
 45 POINS [*within*] Francis!  
 FRANCIS Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.  
 PRINCE Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a  
 pennyworth, was't not?  
 FRANCIS O Lord, I would it had been two!
- 50 PRINCE I will give thee for it a thousand pound; ask me when thou wilt, and  
 thou shalt have it.  
 POINS [*within*] Francis!  
 FRANCIS Anon, anon.  
 PRINCE Anon, Francis? No, Francis, but tomorrow, Francis; or Francis,  
 55 o' Thursday, or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!  
 FRANCIS My lord?  
 PRINCE Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-  
 ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter,<sup>7</sup> smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch—  
 60 FRANCIS O Lord, sir, who do you mean?  
 PRINCE Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink, for look you, Fran-  
 cis, your white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to  
 so much.<sup>8</sup>  
 FRANCIS What, sir?
- 65 POINS [*within*] Francis!  
 PRINCE Away, you rogue, dost thou not hear them call?  
 [*Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which  
 way to go.*]  
 [*Enter VINTNER.*]  
 VINTNER What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the  
 guests within. [*Exit FRANCIS.*] My lord, old Sir John with half-a-dozen more  
 are at the door; shall I let them in?
- 70 PRINCE Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit VINTNER.*]  
 Poins!  
 [*Enter POINS.*]

4. I.e., to finish out his apprenticeship, usually a seven-year period under an "indenture" or agreement.

5. I.e., Bibles.

6. September 29.

7. Worsted tape garter. "Leathern-jerken":

leather-jacketed. "Not-pated": with short hair. "Puke": dark gray.

8. Deliberate nonsense to confuse Francis and one of the first instances of double-talk in English literature.

POINS Anon, anon, sir.

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

75 POINS 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?

PRINCE I am now of all humors<sup>9</sup> that have showed themselves humors since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil<sup>1</sup> age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

[*Enter FRANCIS.*]

80 What's o'clock, Francis?

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*]

PRINCE 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<sup>2</sup> of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the  
85 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 thou killed today?" "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  
90 play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. "Rivo!"<sup>3</sup> says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

[*Enter FALSTAFF, (GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO, FRANCIS following with wine).*]

POINS Welcome, Jack; where hast thou been?

FALSTAFF 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  
95 stocks<sup>4</sup> and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

PRINCE Didst thou ever see Titan<sup>5</sup> kiss a dish of butter, pitiful-hearted butter that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's? If thou didst, then behold that  
compound.

100 FALSTAFF You rogue, here's lime in this sack too;<sup>6</sup> 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 thy ways, old Jack, die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then  
am I a shotten herring.<sup>7</sup> There lives not three good men unchanged  
105 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<sup>8</sup> or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

PRINCE How now, woolsack, what mutter you?

FALSTAFF A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a  
110 dagger of lath,<sup>9</sup> and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

PRINCE Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

FALSTAFF Are not you a coward? answer me to that; and Poin there?

9. Temperaments, dispositions, i.e., as a result of teasing the servant, I am now in the mood for anything.

1. Youthful.

2. Item.

3. Drink up!

4. Stockings.

5. The sun.

6. Lime was used to make wine sparkle.

7. A herring that has cast its spawn and is lean.

8. Protestant weavers from Flanders were notorious for singing psalms.

9. A stick used by Vice in the old morality plays.

- POINS Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord I'll stab thee.
- 115 FALSTAFF I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou 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 today.
- 120 PRINCE O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.
- FALSTAFF All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.
- 125 PRINCE What's the matter?
- FALSTAFF What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.
- PRINCE Where is it, Jack? where is it?
- FALSTAFF Where is it? taken from us it is—a hundred upon poor four
- 130 of us.
- PRINCE What, a hundred, man?
- FALSTAFF I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword<sup>1</sup> 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,<sup>2</sup> my buckler cut through and through, my sword hacked like a handsaw—*ecce signum!*<sup>3</sup> 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.
- PRINCE Speak, sirs; how was it?
- 140 GADSHILL We four set upon some dozen—
- FALSTAFF Sixteen at least, my lord.
- GADSHILL And bound them.
- PETO No, no, they were not bound.
- FALSTAFF You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.
- 145 GADSHILL As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—
- FALSTAFF And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.
- PRINCE What, fought you with them all?
- FALSTAFF All! I know not what you call all, but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.
- PRINCE Pray God you have not murdered some of them.
- FALSTAFF Nay, that's past praying for; I have peppered two of them. Two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,
- 155 if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay,<sup>4</sup> and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—
- PRINCE What, four? thou saidst but two even now.
- FALSTAFF Four, Hal; I told thee four.
- 160 POINS Aye, aye, he said four.
- FALSTAFF These four came all a-front, and mainly<sup>5</sup> thrust at me. I made me

1. At half a sword's length.

2. Breeches.

3. Here's the proof!

4. This was my stance. "Ward": defense.

5. Strongly.

no more ado but took all their seven points in my target,<sup>6</sup> thus.

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

FALSTAFF In buckram?

165 POINS Aye, four, in buckram suits.

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

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

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear me, Hal?

PRINCE Aye, and mark thee too, Jack.

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

PRINCE So, two more already.

FALSTAFF Their points being broken—

POINS Down fell their hose.<sup>7</sup>

175 FALSTAFF Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot  
and hand, and with a thought<sup>8</sup> seven of the eleven I paid.

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

FALSTAFF But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal  
180 green<sup>9</sup> came at my back and let drive at me, for it was so dark, Hal, that  
thou couldst not see thy hand.

PRINCE These lies are like their father that begets them—gross as a moun-  
tain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool,  
thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch<sup>1</sup>—

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

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

POINS Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FALSTAFF What, upon compulsion? Zounds, an I were at the strappado,  
190 or all the racks<sup>2</sup> in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you  
a reason on compulsion! if reasons<sup>3</sup> were as plentiful as blackberries, I would  
give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

PRINCE I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-  
presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

195 FALSTAFF 'Sblood, you starveling, you eelskin, you dried neat's tongue, you  
bull's pizzle, you stockfish!<sup>4</sup> O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's  
yard, you sheath, you bow case, you vile standing-tuck<sup>5</sup>—

PRINCE Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired  
thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

200 POINS Mark, Jack.

PRINCE 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, outfaced you from your prize, and  
have it, yea, and can show it you here in the house; and, Falstaff,  
205 you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared  
for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bullcalf. What a slave art

6. Shield.

7. Poins puns on the other meaning of *points*: the laces used to tie a man's hose to his doublet.

8. As quick as thought.

9. A coarse cloth.

1. Piece of tallow from which chandlers made candles

2. "Strappado" and "racks" are methods of torture.

3. A pun on the word [raisin,] which was spelled and pronounced like *reason* in Elizabethan England.

4. I.e., you ox tongue, you bull's penis, you dried cod!

5. Stiff rapier.

thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight!  
 What trick, what device, what starting-hole,<sup>6</sup> canst thou now find out to  
 hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

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

FALSTAFF By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you,  
 my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the  
 true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware  
 instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince.<sup>7</sup> Instinct is a great matter;  
 215 I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee  
 during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the  
 Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch<sup>8</sup>  
 tonight, pray tomorrow. 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  
 220 extempore?

PRINCE Content; and the argument<sup>9</sup> shall be thy running away.

FALSTAFF Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

[Enter HOSTESS.]

HOSTESS O Jesu, my lord the prince!

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

225 HOSTESS Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would  
 speak with you; he says he comes from your father.

PRINCE Give him as much as will make him a royal<sup>1</sup> man, and send him back  
 again to my mother.

FALSTAFF What manner of man is he?

230 HOSTESS An old man.

FALSTAFF What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his  
 answer?

PRINCE Prithee, do, Jack.

FALSTAFF Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.]

235 PRINCE 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!

BARDOLPH Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

240 PRINCE Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so  
 hacked?

PETO 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 per-  
 suaded us to do the like.

245 BARDOLPH Yea, and to tickle our noses with speargrass to make them  
 bleed, and then to beslobber 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.

PRINCE O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert  
 taken with the manner,<sup>2</sup> and ever since thou hast blushed extempore.

250 Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; what  
 instinct hadst thou for it?

6. Evasion.

7. In many medieval romances the lion, as king of  
 beasts, shows respect for royalty.

8. Stay up.

9. Plot or story.

1. A "royal" was half of a pound sterling, a "noble"  
 was a third.

2. In the act.

BARDOLPH My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?<sup>3</sup>

PRINCE I do.

255 BARDOLPH What think you they portend?

PRINCE Hot livers and cold purses.<sup>4</sup>

BARDOLPH Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

PRINCE No, if rightly taken, halter.<sup>5</sup>

[Enter FALSTAFF.]

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast,<sup>6</sup> how long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

260 FALSTAFF My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb ring. A plague of sighing and grief—it blows a man up like a bladder. 265 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<sup>7</sup> and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook<sup>8</sup>—what a plague call you him?

270 POINS O, Glendower.

FALSTAFF 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—

PRINCE He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

275 FALSTAFF You have hit it.

PRINCE So did he never the sparrow.

FALSTAFF Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

PRINCE Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

280 FALSTAFF O' horseback, ye cuckold; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

PRINCE Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

FALSTAFF I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps<sup>9</sup> more. Worcester is stolen away tonight; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now 285 as cheap as stinking mackerel.

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

290 FALSTAFF By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

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

295 FALSTAFF Well, thou wilt be horribly chid tomorrow when thou comest to thy father; if thou love me, practice an answer.

3. "Fire" and the allusions to "meteors" and "exhalations" (shooting stars) refer to Bardolph's red nose.

4. I.e., drunkenness and poverty.

5. Hangman's noose, with a pun on *collar*. "Choler": fiery complexion, indicating a choleric

(angry) temperament.

6. Padding, stuffing.

7. A beating, cudgeling. "Amamon": a devil.

8. A long spear with a hook on it.

9. Scots.

PRINCE Do thou stand for<sup>1</sup> my father and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

300 FALSTAFF Shall I? Content. This chair shall be my state,<sup>2</sup> this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

PRINCE Thy state is taken for a joint-stool,<sup>3</sup> thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

305 FALSTAFF Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou 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 Cambyeses'<sup>4</sup> vein.

PRINCE Well, here is my leg.<sup>5</sup>

FALSTAFF And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

HOSTESS O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

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

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

FALSTAFF For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,  
For tears do stop the floodgates of her eyes.<sup>6</sup>

315 HOSTESS O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

FALSTAFF Peace, good pint pot, peace, good ticklebrain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied, for though the camomile,<sup>7</sup> the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, so youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my  
320 son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip that doth warrant<sup>8</sup> me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher<sup>9</sup> and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the  
325 son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch. This pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in  
330 words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

PRINCE What manner of man, an it like<sup>1</sup> your majesty?

335 FALSTAFF 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 threescore; 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  
340 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, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

1. Represent.

2. Throne.

3. An ordinary stool, made by a joiner (cabinet-maker).

4. Like the bombastic hero of the old play *Cambyses*.

5. I.e., he bows, makes an obeisance.

6. Falstaff's blank verse lines parody the old-

fashioned tragedies of the 1570s and 1580s.

7. An aromatic herb. The style in this speech is a parody of Euphuism, the ornate, elaborate, balanced style made popular by Lyly's *Euphues*.

8. Assure.

9. Truant.

1. If it please.

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

345 FALSTAFF Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker<sup>2</sup> or a poulter's hare.

PRINCE Well, here I am set.<sup>3</sup>

FALSTAFF And here I stand; judge, my masters.

PRINCE Now, Harry, whence come you?

350 FALSTAFF My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

PRINCE The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FALSTAFF 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

PRINCE Swearst thou, ungracious boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me.  
355 Thou art violently carried away from grace; there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun<sup>4</sup> of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard<sup>5</sup> of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding  
360 in his belly, that reverend vice,<sup>6</sup> that gray 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 villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

365 FALSTAFF I would your grace would take me with you; whom means your grace?

PRINCE That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

FALSTAFF My lord, the man I know.

370 PRINCE I know thou dost.

FALSTAFF 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  
375 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<sup>7</sup> 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 thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish  
380 plump Jack, and banish all the world.

PRINCE I do, I will.

[*(A knocking heard.)*]

[*(Exeunt HOSTESS and BARDOLPH.)*]

[*Enter BARDOLPH, running.*]

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

2. Suckling rabbit.

3. Seated.

4. Large barrel.

5. Leather wine vessel. "Bolting-hutch": trough.

6. The Vice was a comic character in the old morality plays. Falstaff is in some respects a

descendant of this type character. "Manningtree": a town in Essex, noted for barbecues. "Pudding": sausage.

7. In the dream Joseph interpreted (Genesis 41.19–21).

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

[Enter the HOSTESS.]

HOSTESS O Jesu, my lord, my lord!

FALSTAFF Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick;<sup>8</sup> what's the matter?

390 HOSTESS The sheriff and all the watch are at the door; they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit; thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.<sup>9</sup>

PRINCE And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

395 FALSTAFF I deny your major;<sup>1</sup> if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. 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.<sup>2</sup>

PRINCE Go hide thee behind the arras; the rest walk up above.<sup>3</sup> Now my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

400 FALSTAFF Both which I have had; but their date is out,<sup>4</sup> and therefore I'll hide me.

PRINCE Call in the sheriff. [Exeunt (all except the PRINCE and POINS).]

[Enter SHERIFF and the CARRIER.]

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

405 SHERIFF First pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath followed certain men unto this house.

PRINCE What men?

SHERIFF One of them is well known, my gracious lord,  
A gross fat man.

CARRIER As fat as butter.

410 PRINCE The man, I do assure you, is not here,

For I myself at this time have employed him,

And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee

That I will by tomorrow dinnertime

Send him to answer thee or any man

415 For anything he shall be charged withal;

And so let me entreat you leave the house.

SHERIFF I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen

Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

PRINCE It may be so; if he have robbed these men

420 He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

SHERIFF Good night, my noble lord.

PRINCE I think it is good morrow, is it not?

SHERIFF Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[Exeunt (SHERIFF and CARRIER).]

PRINCE This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.<sup>5</sup> Go call him forth.

425 POINS Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

PRINCE Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*He searcheth*

8. I.e., there's a commotion.

9. I.e., don't give a true man (me, Falstaff) away as a thief. He goes on to accuse the prince, in his reversal of values in the play scene, of being out of his mind, though he appears rational.

1. Your major premise (that I, Falstaff, am a coward).

2. I.e., I hope my fat neck will not make the pro-

cess of strangling on the gallows longer for me than for the rest of you. The "cart" is the wagon on which criminals were taken to be hanged.

3. On the balcony. "Arras": the hangings or draperies that covered the walls.

4. Lease has expired.

5. St. Paul's Cathedral.

*his pockets, and findeth certain papers.]* What hast thou found?

POINS Nothing but papers, my lord.

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

430 POINS [*reads*] "Item, a capon. . . . . 2s. 2d.  
 Item, sauce. . . . . 4d.  
 Item, sack, two gallons. . . . . 5s. 8d.  
 Item, anchovies and sack . . . . . 2s. 6d.  
 after supper. . . . .  
 Item, bread. . . . . ob."<sup>6</sup>

435 PRINCE O monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable  
 deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage;  
 there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to  
 the wars, and thy place shall be honorable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge  
 of foot,<sup>7</sup> and I know his death will be a march of twelvescore. The money  
 440 shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes<sup>8</sup> in the morn-  
 ing, and so good morrow, Poins.

POINS Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

### Act 3

#### SCENE 1

[*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, LORD MORTIMER, and OWEN GLENDOWER.]

MORTIMER These promises are fair, the parties sure,

And our induction<sup>o</sup> full of prosperous hope. *initial step*

HOTSPUR Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,

Will you sit down?

5 And uncle Worcester; a plague upon it,

I have forgot the map.

GLENDOWER No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy, sit, good cousin Hotspur,

For by that name as oft as Lancaster<sup>9</sup>

Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with

10 A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

HOTSPUR And you in hell as often as he hears Owen Glendower spoke  
 of.

GLENDOWER I cannot blame him; at my nativity

The front<sup>o</sup> of heaven was full of fiery shapes, *forehead*

Of burning cressets,<sup>o</sup> and at my birth *lamps*

15 The frame and huge foundation of the earth

Shaked like a coward.

HOTSPUR Why, so it would have done at the same season if your mother's  
 cat had but kittened, though yourself had never been born.

GLENDOWER I say the earth did shake when I was born.

20 HOTSPUR And I say the earth was not of my mind,

If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

GLENDOWER The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

HOTSPUR O then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,

6. Oble, a halfpenny.

7. Company of infantry.

8. Early. "Twelvescore": i.e., 240 yards.

9. I.e., King Henry IV. To call him by his lesser title is insulting.

- And not in fear of your nativity.  
 25 Diseasèd nature oftentimes breaks forth  
 In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth  
 Is with a kind of colic pinched and vexed  
 By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
 Within her womb, which for enlargement striving  
 30 Shakes the old beldam<sup>o</sup> earth and topples down *old woman*  
 Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth  
 Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,<sup>o</sup> *ailment*  
 In passion shook.
- GLENDOWER           Cousin, of many men  
 I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave  
 35 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 marked me extraordinary,  
 40 And all the courses of my life do show  
 I am not in the roll of common men.  
 Where is he living, clipped in with<sup>1</sup> the sea  
 That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,  
 Which calls me pupil or hath read to me?  
 45 And bring him out that is but woman's son  
 Can trace me in the tedious ways of art<sup>2</sup>  
 And hold me pace in deep experiments.
- HOTSPUR   I think there's no man speaks better Welsh. I'll to dinner.  
 MORTIMER   Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.
- 50 GLENDOWER   I can call spirits from the vasty deep.  
 HOTSPUR   Why, so can I, or so can any man;  
 But will they come when you do call for them?  
 GLENDOWER   Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command  
 The devil.
- 55 HOTSPUR   And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil  
 By telling truth; tell truth and shame the devil.<sup>3</sup>  
 If thou 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!
- 60 MORTIMER   Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.  
 GLENDOWER   Three times hath Henry Bullingbrook made head  
 Against my power, thrice from the banks of Wye  
 And sandy-bottomed Severn have I sent him  
 Bootless<sup>4</sup> home and weather-beaten back.
- 65 HOTSPUR   Home without boots, and in foul weather too!  
 How 'scapes he agues,<sup>o</sup> in the devil's name? *fevers and chills*  
 GLENDOWER   Come, here is the map; shall we divide our right  
 According to our threefold order ta'en?<sup>5</sup>  
 MORTIMER   The archdeacon hath divided it

1. Within the limits of.

2. Follow me in practicing difficult magic.

3. A proverb.

4. Unsuccessful; but Hotspur takes it in the other

sense.

5. Divide our property according to the arrange-  
ment for division into three parts.

- 70 Into three limits very equally:  
 England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,  
 By south and east is to my part assigned;  
 All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,  
 And all the fertile land within that bound,
- 75 To Owen Glendower; and, dear coz, to you  
 The remnant northward lying off from Trent.  
 And our indentures tripartite are drawn,  
 Which being sealèd interchangeably,  
 A business that this night may execute,
- 80 Tomorrow, 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<sup>6</sup> Glendower is not ready yet,
- 85 Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.  
 Within that space you may have drawn together  
 Your tenants, friends, and neighboring gentlemen.
- GLENDOWER A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,  
 And in my conduct shall your ladies come,
- 90 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.
- HOTSPUR Methinks my moiety,<sup>o</sup> north from Burton here, *share*  
 In quantity equals not one of yours;
- 95 See how this river comes me cranking<sup>o</sup> in, *curving*  
 And cuts me from the best of all my land  
 A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle<sup>o</sup> out. *corner*  
 I'll have the current in this place dammed up;  
 And here the smug<sup>o</sup> and silver Trent shall run *smooth*
- 100 In a new channel, fair and evenly;  
 It shall not wind with such a deep indent  
 To rob me of so rich a bottom<sup>o</sup> here. *valley*
- GLENDOWER Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.
- MORTIMER Yea, but
- 105 Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up  
 With like advantage on the other side;  
 Gelding the opposèd continent<sup>7</sup> as much  
 As on the other side it takes from you.
- WORCESTER Yea, but a little charge will trench him here
- 110 And on this north side win this cape of land,  
 And then he runs straight and even.
- HOTSPUR I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.
- GLENDOWER I'll not have it altered.
- HOTSPUR Will not you?
- GLENDOWER No, nor you shall not.
- HOTSPUR Who shall say me nay?
- 115 GLENDOWER Why, that will I.
- HOTSPUR Let me not understand you then; speak it in Welsh.

6. Father-in-law.

7. I.e., cutting off from the opposite side.

- GLENDOWER I can speak English, lord, as well as you,  
 For I was trained up in the English court,  
 Where, being but young, I framèd to the harp  
 120 Many an English ditty lovely well  
 And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,  
 A virtue that was never seen in you.
- HOTSPUR Marry,  
 And I am glad of it with all my heart;  
 125 I had rather be a kitten and cry mew  
 Than one of these same meter ballad-mongers;  
 I had rather hear a brazen canstick turned,<sup>8</sup>  
 Or a dry wheel grate on the axletree,  
 And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
 130 Nothing so much as mincing<sup>o</sup> poetry;  
 'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling<sup>o</sup> nag.
- GLENDOWER Come, you shall have Trent turned.
- HOTSPUR I do not care; I'll give thrice so much land  
 To any well-deserving friend;  
 135 But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
 I'll cavil<sup>o</sup> on the ninth part of a hair.
- GLENDOWER The moon shines fair; you may away by night.  
 I'll haste the writer, and withal  
 140 Break with<sup>o</sup> your wives of your departure hence.
- I am afraid my daughter will run mad,  
 So much she doteth on her Mortimer.
- MORTIMER Fie, cousin Percy, how you cross my father!
- HOTSPUR I cannot choose; sometime he angers me  
 145 With telling me of the moldwarp<sup>9</sup> and the ant,  
 Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,  
 And of a dragon and a finless fish,  
 A clip-winged griffin and a molten raven,  
 A couching lion and a ramping<sup>1</sup> cat,  
 150 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,"  
 155 But marked him not a word. O, he is as tedious  
 As a tired horse, a railing<sup>o</sup> wife,  
 Worse than a smoky house. I had rather live  
 With cheese and garlic in a windmill,<sup>2</sup> far,  
 Than feed on cates<sup>o</sup> and have him talk to me  
 160 In any summer house in Christendom.

8. A brass candlestick turned on a lathe.

9. Mole. According to the chronicler Holinshed there were prophecies in which Henry IV was referred to as "a moldwarp, cursed of God." Merlin was the famous prophet of King Arthur's court; many later prophecies were attributed to him.

1. "Couching" and "ramping" are Hotspur's versions of the heraldic terms "couchant" (lying down) and "rampant" (erect, on hind feet).

2. Cheese and garlic would be smelly, and the living quarters in a mill would be noisy.

- MORTIMER In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,  
 Exceedingly well read, and profited  
 In strange concealments,<sup>3</sup> valiant as a lion  
 And wondrous affable and as bountiful  
 165 As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?  
 He holds your temper<sup>o</sup> in a high respect *character*  
 And curbs himself even of his natural scope  
 When you come 'cross his humor; faith, he does.  
 I warrant you that man is not alive  
 170 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.
- WORCESTER In faith, my lord, you are too willful-blame,  
 And since your coming hither have done enough  
 175 To put him quite beside his patience.  
 You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault.  
 Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood<sup>o</sup>— *breeding*  
 And that's the dearest grace it renders you—  
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
 180 Defect of manners, want of government,<sup>o</sup> *self-control*  
 Pride, haughtiness, opinion,<sup>o</sup> and disdain; *arrogance*  
 The least of which haunting a nobleman  
 Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain  
 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
 185 Beguiling them of commendation.
- HOTSPUR Well, I am schooled; good manners be your speed!  
 Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.  
 [Enter GLENDOWER with the ladies.]
- MORTIMER This is the deadly spite that angers me;  
 My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.
- 190 GLENDOWER My daughter weeps; she will not part with you,  
 She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.
- MORTIMER Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy  
 Shall follow in your conduct speedily.  
 [GLENDOWER speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.]
- 195 GLENDOWER She is desperate here; a peevish self-willed harlotry,<sup>4</sup> one  
 that no persuasion can do good upon.  
 [The lady speaks in Welsh.]
- MORTIMER I understand thy looks; that pretty Welsh  
 Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens<sup>5</sup>  
 I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,  
 In such a parley should I answer thee.<sup>6</sup>  
 [The lady speaks again in Welsh.]  
 200 I understand thy kisses and thou mine,  
 And that's a feeling disputation,  
 But I will never be a truant, love,  
 Till I have learned thy language, for thy tongue

3. Experienced in secret mysteries.

4. Wench; used affectionately, not seriously.

5. I.e., tears from her eyes.

6. Cry likewise.

- Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penned,  
 205 Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,  
 With ravishing division,<sup>o</sup> to her lute. *musical variation*
- GLENDOWER Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.  
 [*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*]
- MORTIMER O, I am ignorance itself in this!
- GLENDOWER She bids you on the wanton rushes<sup>7</sup> lay you down  
 210 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,<sup>o</sup> *drowsiness*  
 Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep  
 215 As is the difference betwixt day and night  
 The hour before the heavenly-harnessed team<sup>8</sup>  
 Begins his golden progress in the east.
- MORTIMER With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing;  
 By that time will our book,<sup>9</sup> I think, be drawn.
- 220 GLENDOWER 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.
- HOTSPUR Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down; come, quick,  
 225 quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
- LADY PERCY Go, ye giddy goose.  
 [*The music plays.*]
- HOTSPUR Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh,  
 And 'tis no marvel, he is so humorous.<sup>1</sup>  
 By 'r Lady, he is a good musician.
- 230 LADY PERCY Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether  
 governed by humors. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.
- HOTSPUR I had rather hear Lady, my brach,<sup>2</sup> howl in Irish.
- LADY PERCY Wouldst thou have thy head broken?
- 235 HOTSPUR No.
- LADY PERCY Then be still.
- HOTSPUR Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.<sup>3</sup>
- LADY PERCY Now God help thee.
- HOTSPUR To the Welsh lady's bed.
- 240 LADY PERCY What's that?
- HOTSPUR Peace! she sings.  
 [*Here the lady sings a Welsh song.*]
- HOTSPUR Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.
- LADY PERCY Not mine, in good sooth.<sup>o</sup> *truth*
- HOTSPUR Not yours, in good sooth! Heart! you swear like a comfitmaker's<sup>4</sup>  
 245 wife. "Not you, in good sooth," and "as true as I live," and "as God shall  
 mend me," and "as sure as day,"

7. The dry reeds used as a floor covering in Elizabethan England.

8. The horses of the sun.

9. The indenture.

1. Capricious, governed by humors.

2. My bitch hound, Lady.

3. Hotspur sarcastically reverses the usual saying about women and talkativeness.

4. Confectioner's.

And givest such sarcenet<sup>o</sup> surety for thy oaths *thin silk*  
 As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.<sup>5</sup>  
 Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,  
 250 A good mouth-filling oath, and leave "in sooth,"  
 And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,  
 To velvet-guards and Sunday citizens.<sup>6</sup>  
 Come, sing.  
 LADY PERCY I will not sing.  
 255 HOTSPUR 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast teacher.<sup>7</sup> An the  
 indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when  
 ye will. *[Exit.]*  
 GLENDOWER Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow  
 As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.  
 260 By this our book is drawn; we will but seal,  
 And then to horse immediately.  
 MORTIMER With all my heart. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE 2

*[Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, and others.]*

KING 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. *[Exeunt LORDS.]*  
 I know not whether God will have it so  
 5 For some displeasing service I have done,  
 That, in his secret doom, out of my blood<sup>8</sup>  
 He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;  
 But thou dost in thy passages<sup>o</sup> of life *actions*  
 Make me believe that thou art only marked  
 10 For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven  
 To punish my mistreadings.<sup>o</sup> Tell me else, *misdeeds*  
 Could such inordinate and low desires, *low*  
 Such poor, such bare, such lewd,<sup>o</sup> such mean attempts,  
 Such barren pleasures, rude society  
 15 As thou art matched withal and grafted to  
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood  
 And hold their level with thy princely heart?  
 PRINCE So please your majesty, I would I could  
 Quit<sup>o</sup> all offenses with as clear excuse  
 20 As well as I am doubtless<sup>o</sup> I can purge *sure*  
 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)

5. A recreation ground outside London, frequented by citizens and their wives on Sundays, but not by ladies of Lady Percy's class.

6. City folk out for a stroll on Sunday. "Pepper-gingerbread": i.e., such tame oaths, as crumbly and unsubstantial as gingerbread. "Velvet-guards": respectable people of the middle class, who wore

velvet stripes on their clothes.

7. I.e., it is the easiest way to become a tailor (supposedly tailors sang at their work) or a person who teaches birds to sing. Hotspur is equally scornful of music and of people who work for a living.

8. Unknown judgment, through my son.

9. Acquit myself of.

25 By smiling pickthanks<sup>o</sup> and base newsmongers,<sup>o</sup>  
 I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
 Hath faulty wandered and irregular,  
 Find pardon on my true submission.

*flatterers / tattletales*

KING God pardon thee; yet let me wonder, Harry,

30 At thy affections, which doth hold a wing  
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,  
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied,  
 And art almost an alien to the hearts  
 35 Of all the court and princes of my blood.  
 The hope and expectation of thy time<sup>1</sup>  
 Is ruined, and the soul of every man  
 Prophetically do forethink thy fall.  
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
 40 So common-hackneyed<sup>2</sup> in the eyes of men,  
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
 Opinion,<sup>3</sup> that did help me to the crown,  
 Had still kept loyal to possession  
 And left me in reputeless banishment,  
 45 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.  
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir  
 But like a comet I was wondered at,  
 That men would tell their children "This is he";  
 Others would say "Where, which is Bullingbrook?"  
 50 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
 And dressed 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 crownèd king.  
 55 Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,  
 My presence like a robe pontifical,  
 Ne'er seen but wondered at; and so my state,<sup>4</sup>  
 Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast  
 And wan<sup>o</sup> by rareness such solemnity.<sup>5</sup>

*won*

60 The skipping king, he ambled up and down  
 With shallow jesters and rash<sup>o</sup> bavin<sup>6</sup> wits,  
 Soon kindled and soon burnt, carded his state,<sup>7</sup>  
 Mingled his royalty with cap'ring fools,  
 Had his great name profanèd with their scorns  
 65 And gave his countenance<sup>o</sup> against his name<sup>8</sup>  
 To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push  
 Of every beardless vain comparative,<sup>9</sup>  
 Grew a companion to the common streets,

*quick*

*authority*

1. Lifetime.

2. Cheapened, vulgarized.

3. Popularity, public opinion.

4. Public ceremonial appearances.

5. "Such solemnity": i.e., the greatest possible majestic effect.

6. Brushwood; the image is explained in the next

line.

7. Degraded his royal dignity; "card" also means "to adulterate wine."

8. Reputation.

9. Tolerate the impertinent witticisms of every beardless youth.

70 Enfeoffed himself to popularity,<sup>1</sup>  
 That, being daily swallowed 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  
 75 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,<sup>2</sup>  
 Heard, not regarded, seen, but with such eyes  
 As, sick and blunted with community,<sup>o</sup> *commonness*  
 Afford no extraordinary gaze  
 Such as is bent on sunlike majesty  
 80 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes,  
 But rather drowsed and hung their eyelids down,  
 Slept in his face<sup>3</sup> and rendered such aspect<sup>o</sup> *looks*  
 As cloudy<sup>o</sup> men use to their adversaries, *sullen*  
 Being with his presence gluttèd, gorged, and full.  
 85 And in that very line, Harry, standest thou,  
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege  
 With vile participation.<sup>4</sup> Not an eye  
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
 Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more,  
 90 Which now doth that I would not have it do,  
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.  
 PRINCE I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,  
 Be more myself.  
 KING For all the world  
 As thou art to this hour was Richard then  
 95 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,  
 And even as I was then is Percy now.  
 Now, by my scepter and my soul to boot,  
 He hath more worthy interest to the state  
 Than thou the shadow of succession;<sup>5</sup>  
 100 For of no right, nor color<sup>6</sup> like to right,  
 He doth fill fields with harness<sup>o</sup> in the realm, *armor*  
 Turns head against the lion's armèd jaws,<sup>7</sup>  
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,  
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on  
 105 To bloody battles and to bruising arms.  
 What never-dying honor hath he got  
 Against renownèd Douglas! whose high deeds,  
 Whose hot incursions<sup>o</sup> and great name in arms *raids*  
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority<sup>o</sup> *superiority*  
 110 And military title capital<sup>8</sup>  
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.  
 Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swaddling clothes,

1. Made himself the common property of the public.

2. The cuckoo is noticed in April, when its song is first heard; by June it is commonplace.

3. I.e., yawned in his face.

4. Association with vile companions.

5. I.e., Hotspur's claim to the throne is more solid,

because of his achievements, than is Hal's, which rests only on shadowy rights of succession by birth.

6. False pretense.

7. I.e., takes military action against the king's army.

8. Has the greatest reputation among soldiers.

This infant warrior, in his enterprises  
 Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,  
 115 Enlargè° him and made a friend of him, *freed*  
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up<sup>9</sup>  
 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,  
 120 Capitulate<sup>1</sup> against us and are up.  
 But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?  
 Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
 Which art my nearest and dearest enemy?  
 Thou that art like enough through vassal fear,  
 125 Base inclination and the start of spleen,<sup>2</sup>  
 To fight against me under Percy's pay,  
 To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,  
 To show how much thou art degenerate.

PRINCE Do not think so; you shall not find it so;  
 130 And God forgive them that so much have swayed  
 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,  
 135 When I will wear a garment all of blood  
 And stain my favors° in a bloody mask, *features*  
 Which, washed away, shall scour my shame with it;  
 And that shall be the day, when'er it lights,  
 That this same child of honor and renown,  
 140 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praisèd knight,  
 And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.  
 For every honor sitting on his helm—  
 Would they were multitudes, and on my head  
 My shames redoubled!—for the time will come  
 145 That I shall make this northern youth exchange  
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.  
 Percy is but my factor,° good my lord, *agent*  
 To engross up° glorious deeds on my behalf, *collect, acquire*  
 And I will call him to so strict account,  
 150 That he shall render every glory up, *honor*  
 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,  
 155 I do beseech your majesty, may salve  
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance;  
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands,° *bonds, debts*  
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths  
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

9. I.e., to swell the chorus of defiance.  
 1. Raise a head, revolt.

2. Unreasoning impulse.

- 160 KING A hundred thousand rebels die in this;  
 Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.  
 [*Enter BLUNT.*]  
 How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.
- BLUNT So hath the business that I come to speak of.  
 Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word  
 165 That Douglas and the English rebels met  
 The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury;  
 A mighty and a fearful head<sup>o</sup> they are, *power*  
 If promises be kept on every hand,  
 As ever offered foul play in a state.
- 170 KING The Earl of Westmoreland set forth today,  
 With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster,  
 For this advertisement<sup>o</sup> is five days old. *news*  
 On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;  
 On Thursday we ourselves will march. Our meeting  
 175 Is Bridgenorth and, Harry, you shall march  
 Through Gloucestershire, by which account,<sup>o</sup> *method*  
 Our business valued,<sup>3</sup> some twelve days hence  
 Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.  
 Our hands are full of business: let's away;  
 180 Advantage feeds him fat while men delay.<sup>4</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE 3

[*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*]

- FALSTAFF Bardolph, am I not fall'n away vilely<sup>5</sup> 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 applejohn. Well, I'll repent, and  
 that suddenly, while I am in some liking;<sup>6</sup> I shall be out of heart  
 5 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.
- BARDOLPH Sir John, you are so fretful you cannot live long.
- 10 FALSTAFF 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 bawdyhouse not above  
 once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed three or four  
 times; lived well and in good compass; and now I live out of all order,  
 15 out of all compass.
- BARDOLPH Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all  
 compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.
- FALSTAFF Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life; thou art our admiral,<sup>7</sup>  
 20 thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee;  
 thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

3. According to estimates.

4. I.e., the rebels' "advantage" (opportunity) grows as the king's men delay.

5. Lose weight. "Last action": i.e., the Gadshill

robbery.

6. In good condition, in the mood. "Applejohn": an apple with a wrinkled skin.

7. Flagship.

BARDOLPH Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

FALSTAFF 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*.<sup>8</sup> I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives<sup>9</sup> that lived in purple, for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be "By this fire, that's God's angel"; but thou art altogether given over, and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wildfire,<sup>1</sup> there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light!<sup>2</sup> Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links<sup>3</sup> and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern, but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander<sup>4</sup> of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years, God reward me for it.

BARDOLPH 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

FALSTAFF God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heartburnt.

[Enter HOSTESS.]

How now, Dame Partlet<sup>5</sup> the hen! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

HOSTESS 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<sup>6</sup> of a hair was never lost in my house before.

FALSTAFF 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.

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

FALSTAFF Go to, I know you well enough.

HOSTESS 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.

FALSTAFF Dowlas, filthy dowlas; I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters<sup>7</sup> of them.

HOSTESS Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell.<sup>8</sup> You owe me money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings,<sup>9</sup> and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

FALSTAFF He had his part of it; let him pay.

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

FALSTAFF How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker<sup>1</sup> of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have

8. I.e., a skull or some other reminder of death.  
9. The rich man who would not give food to Lazarus and was punished in hell for it (Luke 16.19–31).

1. A firework used for military purposes. "*Ignis fatuus*": will-o'-the-wisp.

2. Illumination at a public festival.

3. Small torches carried at night.

4. Lizards that supposedly lived in fire and ate it. "Chandler's": candlemaker's.

5. A nickname from the hen in Chaucer's *The Nun's Priest's Tale*; in Shakespeare's time a conventional name for a scolding woman.

6. Tenth part.

7. Sieves for flour. "Dowlas": a coarse cloth.

8. Forty-five inches. "Holland": fine linen.

9. Drinks between meals.

1. Youngster, novice. "Denier": French penny, worth a tenth of an English penny.

my pocket picked? I have lost a seal ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.<sup>2</sup>

65 HOSTESS O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him I know not how oft that that ring was copper.

FALSTAFF How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-up;<sup>3</sup> 'sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog if he would say so.

[Enter the PRINCE (and POINS), marching, and FALSTAFF meets them playing upon his truncheon like a fife.]

How now, lad, is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

70 BARDOLPH Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.<sup>4</sup>

HOSTESS My lord, I pray you hear me.

PRINCE What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

HOSTESS Good my lord, hear me.

75 FALSTAFF Prithee let her alone, and list to me.

PRINCE What say'st thou, Jack?

FALSTAFF The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket picked; this house is turned bawdyhouse, they pick pockets.

PRINCE What didst thou lose, Jack?

80 FALSTAFF Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound apiece, and a seal ring of my grandfather's.

PRINCE A trifle, some eightpenny matter.

HOSTESS So I told him, my lord, and I said I heard your grace say so; and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

85 PRINCE What, he did not?

HOSTESS There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

FALSTAFF There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune, nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn<sup>5</sup> fox, and for womanhood Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward<sup>6</sup> to thee. Go, you thing, go.

90 HOSTESS Say, what thing, what thing?

FALSTAFF What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

HOSTESS I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife, and, setting thy knighthood aside,<sup>7</sup> thou art a knave to call me so.

95 FALSTAFF Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

HOSTESS Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

FALSTAFF What beast? why, an otter.

PRINCE An otter, Sir John, why an otter?

100 FALSTAFF Why, she's neither fish nor flesh, a man knows not where to have her.<sup>8</sup>

HOSTESS Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

PRINCE Thou sayest true, hostess, and he slanders thee most grossly.

2. A mark was worth two-thirds of a pound.

3. A sneak. "Jack": rascal.

4. Chained together, like prisoners at Newgate.

5. Hunted. Stewed prunes were commonly served in bawdyhouses, as a supposed protection against venereal disease.

6. "Maid Marian" was a female character of low morals in the popular Robin Hood plays; a "de-

uty's wife of the ward" would be a respectable woman.

7. I.e., ignoring, or intending no disrespect to, the rank of knighthood. Falstaff intentionally misunderstands the phrase.

8. I.e., how to understand her. But the Hostess's retort is, unconsciously, equivalent to saying that she is completely promiscuous.

- 105 HOSTESS So he doth you, my lord, and said this other day you ought<sup>9</sup> him a thousand pound.  
 PRINCE Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?  
 FALSTAFF A thousand pound, Hal! A million. Thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.
- 110 HOSTESS Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.  
 FALSTAFF Did I, Bardolph?  
 BARDOLPH Indeed, Sir John, you said so.  
 FALSTAFF Yea, if he said my ring was copper.
- 115 PRINCE I say 'tis copper; darest thou be as good as thy word now?  
 FALSTAFF Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.  
 PRINCE And why not as the lion?  
 FALSTAFF The king himself is to be feared as the lion; dost thou think I'll
- 120 fear thee as I fear thy father? Nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle<sup>1</sup> break.  
 PRINCE O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal<sup>2</sup> if there
- 125 were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdyhouses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries<sup>3</sup> but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong; art thou not ashamed?
- 130 FALSTAFF Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell, and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty.<sup>4</sup> You confess then, you picked my pocket?  
 PRINCE It appears so by the story.
- 135 FALSTAFF Hostess, I forgive thee; go make ready breakfast, love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests; thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason; thou seest I am pacified still.<sup>5</sup> Nay, prithee begone. [*Exit* HOSTESS.] Now, Hal, to the news at court; for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?
- 140 PRINCE O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee; the money is paid back again.  
 FALSTAFF O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labor.  
 PRINCE I am good friends with my father and may do anything.  
 FALSTAFF Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with
- 145 unwashed hands<sup>6</sup> too.  
 BARDOLPH Do, my lord.  
 PRINCE I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.  
 FALSTAFF I would it had been of horse.<sup>7</sup> Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts!

9. Owed.

1. Belt.

2. Swollen rascal.

3. Things, the loss of which you claim as injuries.

4. "The flesh is frail is proverbial" (cf. Matthew

26.41), meaning the flesh is weak.

5. Always easily pacified.

6. I.e., hastily.

7. Cavalry. "A charge of foot": command of a company of foot soldiers.

150 I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they  
offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

PRINCE Bardolph!

BARDOLPH My lord?

155 PRINCE Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John;  
this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] Go, Poins, to horse, to  
horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinnertime. [*Exit*  
POINS.] Jack, meet me tomorrow in the Temple Hall at two o'clock in the  
afternoon.

160 There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive  
Money and order for their furniture.<sup>8</sup>

The land is burning, Percy stands on high,

And either we or they must lower lie.

[*Exit.*]

FALSTAFF Rare words, brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come.

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum!<sup>9</sup>

[*Exit.*]

#### Act 4

#### SCENE 1

[*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.]

HOTSPUR Well said, my noble Scot. If speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery,

Such attribution<sup>o</sup> should the Douglas have

*praise*

As not a soldier of this season's stamp

5 Should go so general current<sup>1</sup> through the world.

By God, I cannot flatter; I do defy

The tongues of soothers,<sup>o</sup> but a braver<sup>2</sup> place

*flatterers*

In my heart's love hath no man than yourself;

Nay, task me to my word,<sup>3</sup> approve<sup>o</sup> me, lord.

*prove, test*

10 DOUGLAS Thou art the king of honor;

No man so potent breathes upon the ground

But I will beard him.<sup>4</sup>

HOTSPUR Do so, and 'tis well.

[*Enter a MESSENGER with letters.*]

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

MESSENGER These letters come from your father.

15 HOTSPUR Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

MESSENGER He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.

HOTSPUR Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick

In such a justling<sup>o</sup> time? Who leads his power?

*turbulent*

Under whose government come they along?

20 MESSENGER His letters bears his mind, not I, my lord.

WORCESTER I prithee tell me, doth he keep his bed?

MESSENGER He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth,

And at the time of my departure thence

8. Furnishings, equipment.

9. Headquarters.

1. I.e., that not a soldier of this age's coinage  
should achieve such currency.

2. More distinguished.

3. Compare my actions with my speech.

4. I.e., I will take on anybody, however powerful.

He was much feared by his physiáns.

25 WORCESTER I would the state of time<sup>5</sup> had first been whole  
Ere he by sickness had been visited;

His health was never better worth than now.

HOTSPUR Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect  
The very lifeblood of our enterprise;

30 '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,<sup>6</sup> nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

35 On any soul removed<sup>7</sup> but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement

That with our small conjunction<sup>8</sup> we should on

To see how fortune is disposed to us;

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

40 Because the king is certainly possessed<sup>9</sup>

Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

WORCESTER Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

HOTSPUR A perilous gash, a very limb lopped off;

And yet in faith it is not; his present want<sup>9</sup>

45 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<sup>1</sup> of one doubtful hour?

It were not good, for therein should we read

50 The very bottom and the soul of hope,<sup>2</sup>

The very list,<sup>3</sup> the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes.

DOUGLAS Faith, and so we should,

Where now remains a sweet reversión.<sup>3</sup>

We may boldly spend upon the hope of what

55 Is to come in;

A comfort of retirement<sup>4</sup> lives in this.

HOTSPUR A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,

If that the devil and mischance look big

Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.<sup>5</sup>

60 WORCESTER But yet I would your father had been here.

The quality and hair<sup>o</sup> of our attempt

Brooks<sup>o</sup> no division; it will be thought

By some that know not why he is away

That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike

65 Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence.

And think how such an apprehensión

May turn the tide of fearful factión<sup>o</sup>

*informed*

*limit*

*character  
allows*

*conspiracy*

5. Public affairs. "Feared by": feared for by.

6. Could not quickly be organized under a deputy.

7. Other person.

8. Unified forces.

9. Our present awareness of his absence.

1. Risky chance. "Main": stake, in betting.

2. Foundation and essence of our expectations.

3. A fund to be inherited in the future.

4. Sustaining place to fall back on.

5. I.e., threaten the beginning of our affairs.

- And breed a kind of question in our cause,  
 For well you know we of the offring<sup>o</sup> side  
 70 Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,<sup>o</sup> *challenging*  
 And stop all sight-holes, every loop<sup>o</sup> from whence *investigation*  
 The eye of reason may pry in upon us. *loophole*  
 This absence of your father's draws a curtain,  
 That shows the ignorant a kind of fear  
 Before not dreamt of.
- 75 HOTSPUR You strain too far.  
 I rather of his absence make this use:  
 It lends a luster and more great opinion,  
 A larger dare to our great enterprise,  
 Than if the earl were here, for men must think,  
 80 If we without his help can make a head  
 To push against a kingdom, with his help  
 We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.  
 Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.
- DOUGLAS As heart can think; there is not such a word  
 85 Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.  
 [*Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.*]
- HOTSPUR My cousin Vernon, welcome, by my soul!  
 VERNON Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.  
 The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,  
 Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.
- HOTSPUR No harm; what more?
- 90 VERNON And further I have learned  
 The king himself in person is set forth,  
 Or hitherwards intended speedily,  
 With strong and mighty preparation.
- HOTSPUR He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,  
 95 The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,  
 And his comrades that daft<sup>o</sup> the world aside *push*  
 And bid it pass?
- VERNON All furnished, all in arms,  
 All plumed like estridges<sup>o</sup> that with the wind *ostriches*  
 Bated, like eagles having lately bathed,<sup>6</sup>  
 100 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<sup>o</sup> on, *helmet*  
 105 His cushes<sup>7</sup> on his thighs, gallantly armed,  
 Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,  
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
 As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,  
 To turn and wind<sup>8</sup> a fiery Pegasus<sup>8</sup> *direct*

6. Eagles were supposed to renew their youth by bathing in the ocean. "Bated": fluttering their wings.

7. Cuisses, armor for the thighs.

8. A winged horse.

- 110 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.  
 HOTSPUR No more, no more. Worse than the sun in March  
 This praise doth nourish agues.<sup>9</sup> Let them come;  
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
 And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war<sup>1</sup>  
 115 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<sup>o</sup> is so nigh *prize*  
 And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,  
 120 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!
- VERNON There is more news;  
 125 I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,  
 He cannot draw his power<sup>2</sup> this fourteen days.  
 DOUGLAS That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.  
 WORCESTER Aye, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.  
 HOTSPUR What may the king's whole battle<sup>o</sup> reach unto? *army*  
 VERNON To thirty thousand.
- 130 HOTSPUR Forty let it be;  
 My father and Glendower being both away,  
 The powers of us may serve so great a day.  
 Come, let us take a muster speedily;  
 Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.  
 135 DOUGLAS Talk not of dying; I am out of fear  
 Of death or death's hand for this one-half year. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE 2

*[Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.]*

- FALSTAFF Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack, our  
 soldiers shall march through. We'll to Sutton Co'fil<sup>3</sup> tonight.  
 BARDOLPH Will you give me money, captain?  
 FALSTAFF Lay out, lay out.  
 5 BARDOLPH This bottle makes an angel.<sup>4</sup>  
 FALSTAFF An if it do, take it for thy labor; and if it make twenty, take them  
 all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.  
 BARDOLPH I will, captain; farewell. *[Exit.]*  
 10 FALSTAFF If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have  
 misused the king's press<sup>5</sup> damnably. I have got in exchange of a hundred  
 and fifty soldiers three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good  
 householders, yeomen's sons, inquire me out contracted bachelors, such  
 as had been asked twice on the banns,<sup>6</sup> such a commodity of warm

9. Fevers. Malaria was thought to be caused by vapors from the marshes, drawn up by the sun in spring.

1. Bellona, goddess of war.

2. Assemble his forces.

3. Sutton Coldfield, about twenty-five miles from Coventry.

4. Ten shillings' worth.

5. The draft or impressment of soldiers into service. "Soused gurnet": pickled anchovy.

6. Notice of approaching marriage, announced three times publicly in church before the marriage could take place.

15 slaves as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum, such as fear the report of  
 a caliver<sup>7</sup> worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild duck. I pressed me none  
 but such toasts-and-butter<sup>8</sup> 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,<sup>9</sup> corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of com-  
 20 panies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth where the glut-  
 ton'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-fall'n,<sup>1</sup> the cankers<sup>2</sup> of a calm world and a long  
 peace, ten times more dishonorable ragged than an old-fac'd ancient,<sup>3</sup>  
 25 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 prod-  
 igals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff<sup>4</sup> 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  
 30 not march through Coventry with them, that's flat; nay, and the villains  
 march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves<sup>5</sup> 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 a herald's coat without sleeves, and the shirt,  
 35 to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose inn-  
 keeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every  
 hedge.<sup>6</sup>

[*Enter the PRINCE and the LORD OF WESTMORELAND.*]

PRINCE How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!<sup>7</sup>

FALSTAFF What, Hal, how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in War-  
 40 wickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your  
 honor had already been at Shrewsbury.

WESTMORELAND 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.

45 FALSTAFF Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

PRINCE I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee  
 butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

FALSTAFF Mine, Hal, mine.

PRINCE I did never see such pitiful rascals.

50 FALSTAFF Tut, tut, good enough to toss,<sup>8</sup> food for powder, food for powder;  
 they'll fill a pit as well as better; tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

WESTMORELAND Aye, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and  
 bare, too beggarly.

FALSTAFF Faith, for their poverty I know not where they had that, and for  
 55 their bareness I am sure they never learned that of me.

PRINCE No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three fingers<sup>9</sup> on the ribs bare. But,  
 sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

7. Musket. "Commodity": collection. "Warm": well-to-do.

8. Sissies.

9. Ensigns.

1. Hostlers out of work.

2. Canker worms.

3. Frayed flag.

4. Garbage. The prodigal son, in the Bible, fed on

husks before returning to the paternal board.

5. Leg-irons.

6. Laundry was customarily hung on hedges to dry.

7. Padded material, a substitute for armor.

8. I.e., on a pike, or long spear.

9. Layers of fat. A finger was three-quarters of an inch.

FALSTAFF What, is the king encamped?

WESTMORELAND He is, Sir John; I fear we shall stay too long.

60 FALSTAFF Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast  
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 3

[*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON.]

HOTSPUR We'll fight with him tonight.

WORCESTER It may not be.

DOUGLAS You give him then advantage.

VERNON Not a whit.

HOTSPUR Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

VERNON So do we.

HOTSPUR His is certain, ours is doubtful.

5 WORCESTER Good cousin, be advised; stir not tonight.

VERNON Do not, my lord.

DOUGLAS You do not counsel well;

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

VERNON Do me no slander, Douglas; by my life,

And I dare well maintain it with my life,

10 If well-respected honor<sup>1</sup> 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 tomorrow in the battle

Which of us fears.

DOUGLAS Yea, or tonight.

VERNON Content.

15 HOTSPUR Tonight, say I.

VERNON 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;<sup>2</sup> certain horse

20 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 labor tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half of himself.

25 HOTSPUR So are the horses of the enemy

In general, journey-bated<sup>3</sup> and brought low;

The better part of ours are full of rest.

WORCESTER The number of the king exceedeth ours;

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley. Enter* SIR WALTER BLUNT.]

30 BLUNT I come with gracious offers from the king,

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

HOTSPUR Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God

You were of our determination!

1. Well-considered (not rash, like Hotspur's).

3. Tired from travel.

2. Retard our speed.

35 Some of us love you well, and even those some  
 Envy your great deservings and good name  
 Because you are not of our quality,<sup>4</sup>  
 But stand against us like an enemy.

BLUNT And God defend<sup>o</sup> but still<sup>o</sup> I should stand so,

*forbid / always*

40 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  
 45 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  
 50 And pardon absolute for yourself and these  
 Herein misled by your suggestion.<sup>o</sup>

*temptation*

HOTSPUR 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  
 55 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;  
 60 And when he heard him swear and vow to God  
 He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,  
 To sue his livery<sup>5</sup> and beg his peace,  
 With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,  
 My father, in kind heart and pity moved,  
 65 Swore him assistance and performed 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,<sup>6</sup>  
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,  
 70 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
 Laid gifts before him, proffered him their oaths,  
 Gave him their heirs as pages, followed him  
 Even at the heels in golden multitudes.  
 He presently, as greatness knows itself,  
 75 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<sup>o</sup> decrees  
 80 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,

*strict*

4. Fellowship, party.

5. I.e., claim title to his late father's lands (held by King Richard II).

6. Cap in hand and on bended knee; i.e., offering homage.

Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
 Over his country's wrongs, and by this face,<sup>o</sup>  
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
 The hearts of all that he did angle for;  
 85 Proceeded further, cut me off the heads  
 Of all the favorites that the absent king  
 In deputation left behind him here,  
 When he was personal<sup>7</sup> in the Irish war.

*pretense*

BLUNT Tut, I came not to hear this.

HOTSPUR Then to the point.

90 In short time after he deposed the king,  
 Soon after that deprived him of his life,  
 And in the neck of that tasked<sup>8</sup> the whole state;  
 To make that worse, suffered his kinsman March  
 (Who is, if every owner were well placed,  
 95 Indeed his king) to be engaged<sup>9</sup> in Wales,  
 There without ransom to lie forfeited;  
 Disgraced<sup>1</sup> me in my happy victories,  
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence,<sup>o</sup>  
 Rated<sup>2</sup> mine uncle from the council board,  
 100 In rage dismissed 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,<sup>3</sup> and withal to pry  
 Into his title, the which we find  
 105 Too indirect for long continuance.

*spying*

BLUNT Shall I return this answer to the king?

HOTSPUR Not so, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile.

Go to the king, and let there be impawned<sup>o</sup>  
 Some surety<sup>o</sup> for a safe return again,  
 110 And in the morning early shall mine uncle  
 Bring him our purposes; and so farewell.

*pledged  
guarantee*

BLUNT I would you would accept of grace and love.

HOTSPUR And may be so we shall.

BLUNT Pray God you do.

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE 4

*[Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK and SIR MICHAEL.]*

ARCHBISHOP Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief<sup>o</sup>

*letter*

With wingèd haste to the lord marshal,  
 This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest  
 To whom they are directed. If you knew

5 How much they do import you would make haste.

SIR MICHAEL My good lord,  
 I guess their tenor.

ARCHBISHOP Like enough you do.

Tomorrow, good Sir Michael, is a day

7. Actively participating in person.

8. I.e., immediately after that, (he) taxed.

9. Pawned as a hostage.

1. I.e., did not favor.

2. Angrily dismissed.

3. Army for our safety.

- Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
 Must bide the touch;<sup>4</sup> 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,<sup>5</sup>  
 And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,  
 Who with them was a rated<sup>6</sup> 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.
- SIR MICHAEL Why, my good lord, you need not fear;  
 There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.
- ARCHBISHOP No, Mortimer is not there.
- SIR MICHAEL But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,  
 And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head  
 Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
- ARCHBISHOP And so there is; but yet the king hath drawn  
 The special head<sup>7</sup> of all the land together:  
 The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,  
 The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt,  
 And many more corrivals<sup>o</sup> and dear<sup>o</sup> men *associates / noble*  
 Of estimation and command in arms.
- SIR MICHAEL Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.
- ARCHBISHOP I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear,  
 And to prevent<sup>o</sup> the worst, Sir Michael, speed; *forestall*  
 For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king  
 Dismiss his power, he means to visit<sup>o</sup> us, *attack*  
 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. *[Exeunt.]*

## Act 5

## SCENE 1

*[Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and FALSTAFF.]*

- KING How bloodily the sun begins to peer  
 Above yon busky<sup>o</sup> hill! The day looks pale *wooded*  
 At his distemp'ration.<sup>8</sup>
- PRINCE The southern wind  
 Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,<sup>9</sup>  
 And by his hollow whistling in the leaves  
 Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

4. Stand the test.  
 5. The largest part.  
 6. Highly regarded.  
 7. Principal army.

8. I.e., the sun's illness or malevolence.  
 9. I.e., the sun's intentions; the southern wind supports them.

KING Then with the losers let it sympathize,  
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

[*The trumpet sounds. Enter WORCESTER (and VERNON).*]

How now, my lord of Worcester! 'Tis not well  
10 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<sup>o</sup> our old limbs in ungentle steel;  
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.  
15 What say you to it? will you again unknit  
This churlish knot of all-abhorrèd war  
And move in that obedient orb<sup>1</sup> again  
Where you did give a fair and natural light,  
And be no more an exhaled meteor,<sup>2</sup>  
20 A prodigy of fear and a portent  
Of broachèd mischief to the unborn times?<sup>3</sup>

*enfold, cramp*

WORCESTER Hear me, my liege:

For mine own part I could be well content  
To entertain the lag end of my life  
25 With quiet hours, for I do protest  
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

KING You have not sought it! how comes it then?

FALSTAFF Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

PRINCE Peace, chewet,<sup>4</sup> peace!

30 WORCESTER It pleased your majesty to turn your looks  
Of favor from myself and all our house,  
And yet I must remember<sup>o</sup> you, my lord,  
We were the first and dearest of your friends.  
For you my staff of office did I break  
35 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  
40 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<sup>5</sup> right,  
45 The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.  
To this we swore our aid. But in short space  
It rained down fortune showering on your head  
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,  
What with our help, what with the absent king,  
50 What with the injuries of a wanton time,  
The seeming sufferances<sup>o</sup> that you had borne,

*remind*

*sufferings*

1. Regular orbit, as of a planet.

2. Meteors were thought to be made of gas exhaled by a planet and were commonly associated with civil commotion.

3. I.e., of harm or disaster opened up ("broached")

to plague the future. "Mischief" conveyed a stronger meaning to Shakespeare than it does to us.

4. Chattering bird.

5. Recently inherited.

And the contrarious winds that held the king  
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars  
 That all in England did repute him dead;  
 55 And from this swarm of fair advantages  
 You took occasion to be quickly wooed  
 To gripe the general sway<sup>6</sup> into your hand,  
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster,  
 And being fed by us you used us so  
 60 As that ungentle gull<sup>7</sup> 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;<sup>8</sup> but with nimble wing  
 65 We were enforced for safety sake to fly  
 Out of your 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,<sup>9</sup>  
 70 And violation of all faith and troth  
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

KING These things indeed you have articulate,<sup>1</sup>  
 Proclaimed at market crosses, read in churches,  
 To face<sup>o</sup> the garment of rebellìon  
 75 With some fine color that may please the eye  
 Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,  
 Which gape and rub the elbow at the news  
 Of hurlyburly innovatiòn;  
 And never yet did insurrection want  
 80 Such water colors to impaint his cause,  
 Nor moody beggars starving for a time  
 Of pellmell havoc and confusiòn.

*decorate*

PRINCE In both our armies there is many a soul  
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
 85 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,<sup>2</sup>  
 I do not think a braver gentleman,  
 90 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—  
 95 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 estimatiòn,

6. Seize power over the whole state.

7. Rude nestling; the cuckoo hatches its young in other birds' nests.

8. Being swallowed.

9. Threatening looks.

1. Drawn up in detail.

2. Deducted from his account.

And will, to save the blood on either side,  
 100 Try fortune with him in a single fight.  
 KING And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,  
 Albeit considerations infinite  
 Do make° against it. No, good Worcester, no, weigh  
 We love our people well; even those we love  
 105 That are misled upon your cousin's part;  
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,  
 Both he and they and you, yea, every man  
 Shall be my friend again and I'll be his.  
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word  
 110 What he will do; but if he will not yield,  
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on° us accompany  
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone;  
 We will not now be troubled with reply.  
 We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[Exit WORCESTER (and VERNON.)]

115 PRINCE It will not be accepted, on my life;  
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
 Are confident against the world in arms.  
 KING Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,  
 For on their answer will we set on them,  
 120 And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[Exeunt all but the PRINCE and FALSTAFF.]

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

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

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

PRINCE Why, thou owest God a death. [Exit.]

FALSTAFF 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I  
 130 come on? How then? can honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief<sup>3</sup> of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honor? A word. What is in that word honor? what is that honor? Air. A trim reckoning!<sup>4</sup> Who hath it? He that died o'Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. 'Tis insensible,<sup>5</sup> then? Yea, to  
 135 the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it; Honor is a mere scutcheon.<sup>6</sup> And so ends my catechism. [Exit.]

## SCENE 2

[Enter WORCESTER and SIR RICHARD VERNON.]

WORCESTER O no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,  
 The liberal and kind offer of the king.

VERNON 'Twere best he did.

WORCESTER Then are we all undone.

3. Pain.

4. A fine totaling of the bill.

5. Not capable of being felt.

6. A coat of arms, often put on a tombstone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,  
 5 The king should keep his word in loving us;  
 He will suspect us still and find a time  
 To punish this offense in other faults.  
 Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes,  
 For treason is but trusted like the fox  
 10 Who, ne'er so tame, so cherished and locked up,  
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors;  
 Look how we can, or sad or merrily,  
 Interpretation will misquote<sup>o</sup> our looks, *misinterpret*  
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
 15 The better cherished, 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,<sup>7</sup>  
 A harebrained Hotspur, governed by a spleen.<sup>8</sup>  
 20 All his offenses live upon my head  
 And on his father's; we did train<sup>o</sup> him on, *entice*  
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,<sup>9</sup>  
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.  
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know  
 25 In any case the offer of the king.  
 VERNON Deliver what you will; I'll say 'tis so.  
 Here comes your cousin.  
 [Enter HOTSPUR (and DOUGLAS).]  
 HOTSPUR My uncle is returned;  
 Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.  
 30 Uncle, what news?  
 WORCESTER The king will bid you battle presently.<sup>o</sup> *immediately*  
 DOUGLAS Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.  
 HOTSPUR Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.  
 DOUGLAS Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [Exit.]  
 35 WORCESTER There is no seeming mercy in the king.  
 HOTSPUR Did you beg any? God forbid!  
 WORCESTER I told him gently of our grievances,  
 Of his oath-breaking, which he mended thus,  
 By now forswearing<sup>1</sup> that he is forsworn;  
 40 He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge  
 With haughty arms this hateful name in us.  
 [Enter DOUGLAS.]  
 DOUGLAS Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have thrown  
 A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,  
 And Westmoreland, that was engaged,<sup>2</sup> did hear it,  
 45 Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.  
 WORCESTER The Prince of Wales stepped forth before the king,  
 And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.  
 HOTSPUR O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,

7. A nickname that gives him privileges.

8. Impetuous temperament.

9. Being attributed to.

1. Swearing falsely.

2. Held as a hostage.

- And that no man might draw short breath today  
 50 But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,  
 How showed his tasking?<sup>o</sup> seemed it in contempt? *challenge*
- VERNON No, by my soul; I never in my life  
 Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,  
 Unless a brother should a brother dare  
 55 To gentle exercise and proof of arms.  
 He gave you all the duties<sup>3</sup> of a man,  
 Trimmed up your praises with a princely tongue,  
 Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,  
 Making you ever better than his praise  
 60 By still dispraising praise valued<sup>o</sup> with you; *compared*  
 And, which became him like a prince indeed,  
 He made a blushing cital<sup>4</sup> of himself,  
 And chid his truant youth with such a grace  
 As if he mastered there a double spirit  
 65 Of teaching and of learning instantly.  
 There did he pause; but let me tell the world,  
 If he outlive the envy<sup>o</sup> of this day, *malice*  
 England did never owe<sup>o</sup> so sweet a hope, *own*  
 So much misconstrued in his wantonness.<sup>o</sup> *frivolity*
- 70 HOTSPUR Cousin, I think thou art enamoured  
 On his follies; never did I hear  
 Of any prince so wild a liberty.<sup>5</sup>  
 But be he as he will, yet once ere night  
 I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,  
 75 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.  
 [Enter a MESSENGER.]
- 80 MESSENGER My lord, here are letters for you.  
 HOTSPUR 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,  
 85 Still<sup>o</sup> ending at the arrival of an hour;<sup>6</sup> *always*  
 And 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.  
 [Enter another MESSENGER.]
- 90 MESSENGER My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.  
 HOTSPUR I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,  
 For I profess not talking; only this—

3. Good qualities.  
 4. Mention, recital.  
 5. Reckless dissipation.

6. Hotspur's meaning is that a base life would be too long even if it lasted only one hour. "Dial's point": hands of a clock.

Let each man do his best; and here draw I  
 A sword whose temper I intend to stain  
 95 With the best blood that I can meet withal  
 In the adventure of this perilous day.  
 Now, *Esperance! Percy!*<sup>7</sup> and set on.  
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,  
 And by that music let us all embrace;  
 100 For, heaven to earth,<sup>8</sup> some of us never shall  
 A second time do such a courtesy.  
 [*The trumpets sound. They embrace and exeunt.*]

## SCENE 3

[*The KING enters with his power. Alarum<sup>9</sup> to the battle. Then enter  
 DOUGLAS and SIR WALTER BLUNT.*]

BLUNT What is thy name, that in the battle thus  
 Thou crossest me? what honor dost thou seek  
 Upon my head?

DOUGLAS Know then, my name is Douglas,  
 And I do haunt thee in the battle thus  
 5 Because some tell me that thou art a king.<sup>1</sup>

BLUNT They tell thee true.

DOUGLAS The Lord of Stafford dear<sup>o</sup> today hath bought *expensively*  
 Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,  
 This sword hath ended him; so shall it thee,  
 10 Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

BLUNT I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot,  
 And thou shalt find a king that will revenge  
 Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight. DOUGLAS kills BLUNT.*]  
 [*Enter HOTSPUR.*]

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

DOUGLAS All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

HOTSPUR Where?

DOUGLAS Here.

HOTSPUR This, Douglas? No, I know this face full well;  
 20 A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;  
 Semblably furnished like the king himself.

DOUGLAS Ah fool, go with thy soul whither it goes!  
 A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear;  
 Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

25 HOTSPUR The king hath many marching in his coats.

DOUGLAS Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;  
 I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,  
 Until I meet the king.

HOTSPUR Up and away!  
 Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. *[Exeunt.]*

7. Hope, Percy! (the family motto).

8. I.e., the odds are heaven to earth that.

9. Trumpet signal.

1. Blunt and others are dressed to look like the king.

[*Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF alone.*]

30 FALSTAFF Though I could 'scape shot-free<sup>2</sup> at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft, who are you? Sir Walter Blunt; there's honor for you, here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten 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  
35 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?

[*Enter the PRINCE.*]

PRINCE What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword;

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff  
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,

40 Whose deaths are yet unrevenged; I prithee, lend me thy sword.

FALSTAFF O Hal, I prithee give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory<sup>3</sup> never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

PRINCE He is indeed, and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword.

45 FALSTAFF Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol if thou wilt.

PRINCE Give it me; what, is it in the case?

FALSTAFF Aye, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city.

[*The PRINCE draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.*]

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

[*He throws the bottle at him. Exit.*]

50 FALSTAFF Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado<sup>4</sup> of me. I like not such grinning honor as Sir Walter hath; give me life, which if I can save, so; if not, honor comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE 4

[*Alarum. Excursions.<sup>5</sup> Enter the KING, the PRINCE, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, and EARL OF WESTMORELAND.*]

KING I prithee,  
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.  
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

LANCASTER Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

5 PRINCE I beseech your majesty, make up,<sup>o</sup> *advance*  
Lest your retirement do amaze<sup>o</sup> your friends. *dismay*

KING I will do so.

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

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

10 PRINCE 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 stained nobility lies trodden on,  
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

2. Scot-free, without paying the bill at a tavern. "Scoring" continues the pun; it means (1) marking up a charge, (2) cutting with a sword.

3. Falstaff combines Pope Gregory VII, of whom

fantastic stories were told, with "Turk" (the Turks were noted for ferocity).

4. A cubed steak.

5. Brief appearances and exits of soldiers fighting.

- 15 LANCASTER We breathe too long; come, cousin Westmoreland,  
 Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.  
 [*Exeunt* PRINCE JOHN *and* WESTMORELAND.]
- PRINCE By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;  
 I did not think thee lord of such a spirit.  
 Before, I loved thee as a brother, John,  
 20 But now I do respect thee as my soul.
- KING I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point  
 With lustier maintenance than I did look for  
 Of such an ungrown warrior.
- PRINCE O, this boy  
 Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*]  
 [*Enter* DOUGLAS.]
- 25 DOUGLAS Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads.<sup>6</sup>  
 I am the Douglas, fatal to all those  
 That wear those colors on them; what art thou,  
 That counterfeit'st the person of a king?
- KING The king himself, who, Douglas, grieves at heart  
 30 So many of his shadows<sup>o</sup> thou hast met *likenesses*  
 And not the very king. I have two boys  
 Seek Percy and thyself about the field,  
 But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily  
 I will assay thee; so defend thyself.
- 35 DOUGLAS I fear thou art another counterfeit,  
 And yet, in faith, thou bearest thee like a king;  
 But mine I am sure thou art, who'er thou be.  
 And thus I win thee.  
 [*They fight; the KING being in danger, enter* PRINCE OF WALES.]
- PRINCE Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like  
 40 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 thee,  
 Who never promiseth but he means to pay.  
 [*They fight; DOUGLAS flieth.*]  
 Cheerly, my lord; how fares your grace?
- 45 Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succor sent,  
 And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.
- KING Stay, and breathe awhile.  
 Thou hast redeemed thy lost opini<sup>o</sup>,  
 And showed thou makest some tender of<sup>7</sup> my life *reputation*  
 50 His fair rescue thou hast brought to me.
- PRINCE O God, they did me too much injury  
 That ever said I hearkened for your death.  
 If it were so, I might have let alone  
 The insulting hand of Douglas over you,  
 55 Which would have been as speedy in your end  
 As all the poisonous potions in the world  
 And saved the treacherous labor of your son.

6. The heads of this fabulous monster grew back as fast as they could be cut off.

7. I.e., you have some concern for.

KING Make up to Clifton; I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. [Exit.]

[Enter HOTSPUR.]

HOTSPUR If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

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

HOTSPUR My name is Harry Percy.

PRINCE 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:

65 Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,<sup>o</sup> orbit

Nor can one England brook<sup>o</sup> a double reign<sup>o</sup> endure

Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

HOTSPUR Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come

To end the one of us; and would to God

70 Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

PRINCE I'll make it greater ere I part from thee,

And all the budding honors on thy crest

I'll crop to make a garland for my head.

HOTSPUR I can no longer brook thy vanities. [They fight.]

[Enter FALSTAFF.]

75 FALSTAFF Well said, Hal, to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

[Enter DOUGLAS; he fighteth with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead. (Exit DOUGLAS.) The PRINCE killeth PERCY.]

HOTSPUR O Harry, thou hast robbed me of my youth!

I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

80 They wound my thoughts worse than thy 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

85 Lies on my tongue; no, Percy, thou art dust,

And food for—

[{Dies.}]

PRINCE For worms, brave Percy; fare thee well, great heart!

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit

90 A kingdom for it was too small a bound,

But now two paces of the vilest earth

Is room enough; this earth that bears thee dead

Bears not alive so stout<sup>o</sup> a gentleman.

valiant

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

95 I should not make so dear<sup>o</sup> a show of zeal;

But let my favors hide thy mangled face<sup>8</sup>

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

open

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven;

100 Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,

But not remembered in thy epitaph!

8. Prince Hal here covers Hotspur's face with a scarf.

[*He spieth FALSTAFF on the ground.*]

What, old acquaintance, could not all this flesh  
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell;  
I could have better spared a better man.

105 O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,  
If I were much in love with vanity!<sup>o</sup> *frivolity*  
Death hath not struck so fat a deer today,  
Though many dearer,<sup>o</sup> in this bloody fray. *nobler*  
Emboweled<sup>o</sup> will I see thee by and by; *embalmed*  
110 Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. *[Exit.]*

FALSTAFF [*rising up*] Emboweled! if thou embowel me today, I'll give you  
leave to powder<sup>9</sup> me and eat me tomorrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counter-  
feit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot<sup>1</sup> too. Counterfeit?  
I lie, I am no counterfeit; to die is to be a counterfeit, for he is but  
115 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<sup>2</sup> of valor is discretion, in the  
which better part I have saved my life. Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder  
Percy, though he be dead; how if he should counterfeit too and rise?  
120 By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore  
I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as  
well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore,  
sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with  
me. *[He takes up HOTSPUR on his back.]*

*[Enter the PRINCE and JOHN OF LANCASTER.]*

125 PRINCE Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou fleshed<sup>o</sup> *initiated*  
Thy maiden sword.

LANCASTER But soft, whom have we here?  
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

PRINCE I did; I saw him dead,  
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?  
130 Or is it fantasy<sup>o</sup> that plays upon our eyesight? *illusion*  
I prithee speak; we will not trust our eyes  
Without our ears; thou art not what thou seem'st.

FALSTAFF No, that's certain, I am not a double man; but if I be not Jack  
Falstaff, then am I a Jack.<sup>3</sup> There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]; if  
135 your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy  
himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

PRINCE Why, Percy I killed myself and saw thee dead.

FALSTAFF Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant  
you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at  
140 an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed,  
so; if not, let them that should reward valor 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.

145 LANCASTER This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

PRINCE This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

9. Pickle.

1. Completely. "Termagant": violent.

2. Quality, not "portion."

3. I.e., a worthless fellow.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back;  
 For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,  
 I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]

150 The trumpet sounds retreat;<sup>4</sup> the day is ours.  
 Come, brother, let us to the highest<sup>5</sup> of the field,  
 To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt (PRINCE OF WALES and LANCASTER).*]

FALSTAFF 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<sup>6</sup> and leave sack, and  
 155 live cleanly as a nobleman should do. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE 5

[*The trumpets sound. Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN  
 OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, with WORCESTER and VERNON  
 prisoners.*]

KING 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 thou turn our offers contrary,  
 5 Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?  
 Three knights upon our party slain today,  
 A noble earl and many a creature else  
 Had been alive this hour,  
 If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne  
 10 Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

WORCESTER What I have done my safety urged me to,  
 And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
 Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

KING Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too;  
 15 Other offenders we will pause upon.

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON (guarded).*]

How goes the field?

PRINCE The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw  
 The fortune of the day quite turned from him,  
 The noble Percy slain, and all his men  
 20 Upon the foot of fear,<sup>7</sup> 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.

KING With all my heart.

25 PRINCE Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you  
 This honorable bounty shall belong;  
 Go to the Douglas and deliver him  
 Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free;  
 His valor shown upon our crests today

4. The signal to stop pursuit of the defeated enemy.

5. Highest part.

6. Take laxatives, also repent. "Grow great": i.e., become either earl or duke.

7. Fleeing in panic.

30 Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

LANCASTER I thank your grace for this high courtesy,  
Which I shall give away immediately.

KING Then this remains, that we divide our power.

35 You, son John and my cousin Westmoreland,  
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest<sup>o</sup> speed  
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,  
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms;

*greatest*

40 Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales  
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.  
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,  
Meeting the check<sup>s</sup> of such another day;  
And since this business so fair is done,  
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*]

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