King Henry IV, Part 1

by William Shakespeare

Free public domain classic — Noveliopdf

The Project Gutenberg eBook of King Henry IV, Part 1

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: King Henry IV, Part 1

Author: William Shakespeare

Release date: November 1, 1997 [eBook #1115] Most recently updated: September 22, 2025

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/1115

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK KING HENRY IV, PART 1 ***

Executive Director's Notes:

In addition to the notes below, and so you will *NOT* think all the spelling errors introduced by the printers of the time have been corrected, here are the first few lines of Hamlet, as they are presented herein:

Barnardo. Who's there? Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold your selfe

Bar. Long liue the King

***

As I understand it, the printers often ran out of certain words or letters they had often packed into a "cliche". . .this is the original meaning of the term cliche. . .and thus, being unwilling to unpack the cliches, and thus you will see some substitutions that look very odd. . .such as the exchanges of u for v, v for u, above. . .and you may wonder why they did it this way, presuming Shakespeare did not actually write the play in this manner. . . .

The answer is that they MAY have packed "liue" into a cliche at a time when they were out of "v"'s. . .possibly having used "vv" in place of some "w"'s, etc. This was a common practice of the day, as print was still quite expensive, and they didn't want to spend more on a wider selection of characters than they had to.

You will find a lot of these kinds of "errors" in this text, as I have mentioned in other times and places, many "scholars" have an extreme attachment to these errors, and many have accorded them a very high place in the "canon" of Shakespeare. My father read an assortment of these made available to him by Cambridge University in England for several months in a glass room constructed for the purpose. To the best of my knowledge he read ALL those available . . .in great detail. . .and determined from the various changes, that Shakespeare most likely did not write in nearly as many of a variety of errors we credit him for, even though he was in/famous for signing his name with several different spellings.

So, please take this into account when reading the comments below made by our volunteer who prepared this file: you may see errors that are "not" errors. . . .

So. . .with this caveat. . .we have NOT changed the canon errors, here is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Shakespeare's The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Michael S. Hart Project Gutenberg Executive Director

***

Scanner's Notes: What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of Shakespeare's

first folio and it is as close as I can come in ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

David Reed

==========

The First Part of Henry the Fourth

with the Life and Death of Henry Sirnamed Hot-Spvrre

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with others.

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care, Finde we a time for frighted Peace to pant, And breath shortwinded accents of new broils To be commenc'd in Stronds

a-farre remote: No more the thirsty entrance of this Soile, Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens blood: No more shall trenching Warre channell her fields, Nor bruise her Flowrets with the Armed hoofes Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes, Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heauen, All of one Nature, of one Substance bred, Did lately meete in the intestine shocke, And furious cloze of ciuill Butchery, Shall now in mutuall well-beseeming rankes March all one way, and be no more oppos'd Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies. The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife, No more shall cut his Master. Therefore Friends, As farre as to the Sepulcher of Christ, Whose Souldier now vnder whose blessed Crosse We are impressed and ingag'd to fight, Forthwith a power of English shall we leuie, Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe, To chace these Pagans in those holy Fields, Ouer whose Acres walk'd those blessed feete Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse. But this our purpose is a tweluemonth old, And bootlesse 'tis to tell you we will go: Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare Of you my gentle Cousin Westmerland, What yesternight our Councell did decree, In forwarding this deere expedience

West. My Liege: This haste was hot in question, And many limits of the Charge set downe But yesternight: when all athwart there came A Post from Wales, loaden with heauy Newes; Whose worst was, That the Noble Mortimer, Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight Against the irregular and wilde Glendower, Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken, And a thousand of his people butchered: Vpon whose dead corpes there was such misuse, Such beastly, shamelesse transformation, By those Welshwomen done, as may not be (Without much shame) re-told or spoken of

King. It seemes then, that the tidings of this broile, Brake off our businesse for the Holy land

West. This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord, Farre more vneuen and

vnwelcome Newes Came from the North, and thus it did report: On Holy-roode day, the gallant Hotspurre there, Young Harry Percy, and braue Archibald, That euer-valiant and approoued Scot, At Holmeden met, where they did spend A sad and bloody houre: As by discharge of their Artillerie, And shape of likely-hood the newes was told: For he that brought them, in the very heate And pride of their contention, did take horse, Vncertaine of the issue any way

King. Heere is a deere and true industrious friend, Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horse, Strain'd with the variation of each soyle, Betwixt that Holmedon, and this Seat of ours: And he hath brought vs smooth and welcome newes. The Earle of Dowglas is discomfited, Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir Walter see On Holmedons Plaines. Of Prisoners, Hotspurre tooke Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne To beaten Dowglas, and the Earle of Atholl, Of Murry, Angus, and Menteith. And is not this an honourable spoyle? A gallant prize? Ha Cosin, is it not? Infaith it is

West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, & mak'st me sin, In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne: A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue; Among'st a Groue, the very straightest Plant, Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride: Whil'st I by looking on the praise of him, See Ryot and Dishonor staine the brow Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd, That some Night-tripping-Faiery, had exchang'd In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay, And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet: Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine: But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze Of this young Percies pride? The Prisoners Which he in this aduenture hath surpriz'd, To his owne vse he keepes, and sends me word I shall haue none but Mordake Earle of Fife

West. This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worcester Maleuolent to you in all Aspects: Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp The crest of Youth against

your Dignity

King. But I haue sent for him to answer this: And for this cause a-while we must neglect Our holy purpose to Ierusalem. Cosin, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold At Windsor, and so informe the Lords: But come your selfe with speed to vs againe, For more is to be saide, and to be done, Then out of anger can be vttered

West. I will my Liege.

Exeunt.

Scaena Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and Pointz.

Fal. Now Hal, what time of day is it Lad? Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping vpon Benches in the afternoone, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldest truly know. What a diuell hast thou to do with the time of the day? vnlesse houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons, and clockes the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls the signes of Leaping-houses, and the blessed Sunne himselfe a faire hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata; I see no reason, why thou shouldest bee so superfluous, to demaund the time of the day

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now Hal, for we that take Purses, go by the Moone and seuen Starres, and not by Phoebus hee, that wand'ring Knight so faire. And I prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God saue thy Grace, Maiesty I should say, for Grace thou wilte haue none

Prin. What, none? Fal. No, not so much as will serue to be Prologue to an Egge and Butter

Prin. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee call'd Theeues of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be Dianaes Forresters,

Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone; and let men say, we be men of good Gouernment, being gouerned as the Sea, by our noble and chast mistris the Moone, vnder whose countenance we steale

Prin. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too: for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doeth ebbe and flow like the Sea, beeing gouerned as the Sea is, by the Moone: as for proofe. Now a Purse of Gold most resolutely snatch'd 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 ebbe as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes

Fal. Thou say'st true Lad: and is not my Hostesse of the Tauerne a most sweet Wench? Prin. As is the hony, my old Lad of the Castle: and is not a Buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance? Fal. How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe with a Buffe-Ierkin? Prin. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hostesse of the Tauerne? Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reck'ning many a time and oft

Prin. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part? Fal. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast paid al there

Prin. Yea and elsewhere, so farre as my Coine would stretch, and where it would not, I haue vs'd my credit

Fal. Yea, and so vs'd it, that were it heere apparant, that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee sweet Wag, shall there be Gallowes standing in England when thou art King? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rustie curbe of old Father Anticke the Law? Doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theefe

Prin. No, thou shalt

Fal. Shall I? O rare! Ile be a braue Iudge

Prin. Thou iudgest false already. I meane, thou shalt haue the hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare Hangman

Fal. Well Hal, well: and in some sort it iumpes with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you

Prin. For obtaining of suites? Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Beare

Prin. Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe

Prin. What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly of Moore Ditch? Fal. Thou hast the most vnsauoury smiles, and art indeed the most comparatiue rascallest sweet yong Prince. But Hal, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names were to be bought: an olde Lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the street about you sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet hee talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too

Prin. Thou didst well: for no man regards it

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harme vnto me Hall, God forgiue thee for it. Before I knew thee Hal, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man shold speake truly) little better then one of the wicked. I must giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: and I do not, I am a Villaine. Ile be damn'd for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome

Prin. Where shall we take a purse to morrow, Iacke? Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, Ile make one: and I doe not, call me Villaine, and baffle me

Prin. I see a good amendment of life in thee: From Praying, to Purse-taking

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my Vocation Hal: 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his Vocation

Pointz. Now shall wee know if Gads hill haue set a Watch. O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villaine, that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man

Prin. Good morrow Ned

Poines. Good morrow sweet Hal. What saies Monsieur remorse? What sayes Sir Iohn Sacke and Sugar: Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy Soule, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a Cup of Madera, and a cold Capons legge? Prin. Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuel shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a Breaker of Prouerbs: He will giue the diuell his due

Poin. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the diuell

Prin. Else he had damn'd cozening the diuell

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Purses. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues: Gads-hill lyes to night in Rochester, I haue bespoke Supper to morrow in Eastcheape; we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will go, I will stuffe your Purses full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd

Fal. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going

Poy. You will chops

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one? Prin. Who, I rob? I a Theefe? Not I

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood-royall, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings

Prin. Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap

Fal. Why, that's well said

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home

Fal. Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King

Prin. I care not

Poyn. Sir Iohn, I prythee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that he shall go

Fal. Well, maist thou haue the Spirit of perswasion; and he the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may moue; and what he heares may be beleeued, that the true Prince, may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe; for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance. Farwell, you shall finde me in Eastcheape

Prin. Farwell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown Summer

Poy. Now, my good sweet Hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a iest to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. Falstaffe, Haruey, Rossill, and Gads-hill, shall robbe those men that wee haue already way-layde, your selfe and I, wil not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders

Prin. But how shal we part with them in setting forth? Poyn. Why, we wil set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they aduenture vppon the exploit themselues, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but wee'l set vpon them

Prin. I, but tis like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues

Poy. Tut our horses they shall not see, Ile tye them in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them: and sirrah, I haue Cases of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for vs

Poin. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred Cowards as euer turn'd backe: and for the third if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear Armes. The vertue of this Iest will be, the incomprehensible lyes that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper: how thirty at least he fought with, what Wardes, what blowes, what extremities he endured; and in the reproofe of this, lyes the iest

Prin. Well, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile sup. Farewell

Poyn. Farewell, my Lord.

Exit Pointz

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while vphold The vnyoak'd humor of your idlenesse: Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne, Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes To smother vp his Beauty from the world, That when he please againe to be himselfe, Being wanted, he may be more wondred at, By breaking through the foule and vgly mists Of vapours, that did seeme to strangle him. If all the yeare were playing holidaies, To sport, would be as tedious as to worke; But when they seldome come, they wisht-for come, And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents. So when this loose behauiour I throw off, And pay the debt I neuer promised; By how much better then my word I am, By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes, And like bright Mettall on a sullen ground: My reformation glittering o're my fault, Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes, Then that which hath no foyle to set it off. Ile so offend, to make offence a skill, Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspurre, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate, Vnapt to stirre at these indignities, And you haue found me; for accordingly, You tread vpon my patience: But be sure, I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe, Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition Which hath beene smooth as Oyle, soft as yong Downe, And therefore lost that Title of respect, Which the proud soule ne're payes, but to the proud

Wor. Our house (my Soueraigne Liege) little deserues The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it, And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands Haue holpe to make so portly

Nor. My Lord

King. Worcester get thee gone: for I do see Danger and disobedience in thine eye. O

sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory, And Maiestie might neuer yet endure The moody Frontier of a seruant brow, You haue good leaue to leaue vs. When we need Your vse and counsell, we shall send for you. You were about to speake

North. Yea, my good Lord. Those Prisoners in your Highnesse demanded, Which Harry Percy heere at Holmedon tooke, Were (as he sayes) not with such strength denied As was deliuered to your Maiesty: Who either through enuy, or misprision, Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners. But, I remember when the fight was done, When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle, Breathlesse, and Faint, leaning vpon my Sword, Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest; Fresh as a Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt, Shew'd like a stubble Land at Haruest home. He was perfumed like a Milliner, And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumbe, he held A Pouncet-box: which euer and anon He gaue his Nose, and took't away againe: Who therewith angry, when it next came there, Tooke it in Snuffe. And still he smil'd and talk'd: And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by, He call'd them vntaught Knaues, Vnmannerly, To bring a slouenly vnhandsome Coarse Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility. With many Holiday and Lady tearme He question'd me: Among the rest, demanded My Prisoners, in your Maiesties behalfe. I then, all-smarting, with my wounds being cold, (To be so pestered with a Popingay) Out of my Greefe, and my Impatience, Answer'd (neglectingly) I know not what, He should, or should not: For he made me mad, To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet, And talke so like a Waiting-Gentlewoman, Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: God saue the marke; And telling me, the Soueraign'st thing on earth Was Parmacity, for an inward bruise: And that it was great pitty, so it was, That villanous Salt-peter should be digg'd Out of the Bowels of the harmlesse Earth, Which many a good Tall Fellow had destroy'd So Cowardly. And but for these vile Gunnes, He would himselfe haue beene a Souldier. This bald, vnioynted Chat of his (my Lord) Made me to answer indirectly (as I said.) And I beseech you, let not this report Come currant for an Accusation, Betwixt my

Loue, and your high Maiesty

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord, What euer Harry Percie then had said, To such a person, and in such a place, At such a time, with all the rest retold, May reasonably dye, and neuer rise To do him wrong, or any way impeach What then he said, so he vnsay it now

King. Why yet doth deny his Prisoners, But with Prouiso and Exception, That we at our owne charge, shall ransome straight His Brother-in-Law, the foolish Mortimer, Who (in my soule) hath wilfully betraid The liues of those, that he did leade to Fight, Against the great Magitian, damn'd Glendower: Whose daughter (as we heare) the Earle of March Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then, Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home? Shall we buy Treason? and indent with Feares, When they haue lost and forfeyted themselues. No: on the barren Mountaine let him sterue: For I shall neuer hold that man my Friend, Whose tongue shall aske me for one peny cost To ransome home reuolted Mortimer

Hot. Reuolted Mortimer? He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege, But by the chance of Warre: to proue that true, Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds, Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke, When on the gentle Seuernes siedgie banke, In single Opposition hand to hand, He did confound the best part of an houre In changing hardiment with great Glendower: Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink Vpon agreement, of swift Seuernes flood; Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes, Ran fearefully among the trembling Reeds, And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke, Blood-stained with these Valiant Combatants. Neuer did base and rotten Policy Colour her working with such deadly wounds; Nor neuer could the Noble Mortimer Receiue so many, and all willingly: Then let him not be sland'red with Reuolt

King. Thou do'st bely him Percy, thou dost bely him; He neuer did encounter with Glendower: I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the diuell alone, As Owen

Glendower for an enemy. Art thou not asham'd? But Sirrah, henceforth Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer. Send me your Prisoners with the speediest meanes, Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me As will displease ye. My Lord Northumberland, We License your departure with your sonne, Send vs your Prisoners, or you'l heare of it.

Exit King.

Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them I will not send them. I will after straight And tell him so: for I will ease my heart, Although it be with hazard of my head

Nor. What? drunke with choller? stay & pause awhile, Heere comes your Vnckle. Enter Worcester.

Hot. Speake of Mortimer? Yes, I will speake of him, and let my soule Want mercy, if I do not ioyne with him. In his behalfe, Ile empty all these Veines, And shed my deere blood drop by drop i'th dust, But I will lift the downfall Mortimer As high i'th Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King, As this Ingrate and Cankred Bullingbrooke

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad Wor. Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone? Hot. He will (forsooth) haue all my Prisoners: And when I vrg'd the ransom once againe Of my Wiues Brother, then his cheeke look'd pale, And on my face he turn'd an eye of death, Trembling euen at the name of Mortimer

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd By Richard that dead is, the next of blood? Nor. He was: I heard the Proclamation, And then it was, when the vnhappy King (Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth Vpon his Irish Expedition: From whence he intercepted, did returne To be depos'd, and shortly murthered

Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth Liue scandaliz'd, and fouly spoken of

Hot. But soft I pray you; did King Richard then Proclaime my brother Mortimer, Heyre to the Crowne? Nor. He did, my selfe did heare it

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King, That wish'd him on the barren Mountaines staru'd. But shall it be, that you that set the Crowne Vpon the head of this forgetfull man, And for his sake, wore the detested blot Of murtherous subornation? Shall it be, That you a world of curses vndergoe, Being the Agents, or base second meanes, The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather? O pardon, if that I descend so low, To shew the Line, and the Predicament Wherein you range vnder this subtill King. Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes, Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come, That men of your Nobility and Power, Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe (As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done) To put downe Richard, that sweet louely Rose, And plant this Thorne, this Canker Bullingbrooke? And shall it in more shame be further spoken, That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent? No: yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme Your banish'd Honors, and restore your selues Into the good Thoughts of the world againe. Reuenge the geering and disdain'd contempt Of this proud King, who studies day and night To answer all the Debt he owes vnto you, Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths: Therefore I say- Wor. Peace Cousin, say no more. And now I will vnclaspe a Secret booke, And to your quicke conceyuing Discontents, Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous, As full of perill and aduenturous Spirit, As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud On the vnstedfast footing of a Speare

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimme: Send danger from the East vnto the West, So Honor crosse it from the North to South, And let them grapple: The blood more stirres To rowze a Lyon, then to start a Hare

Nor. Imagination of some great exploit, Driues him beyond the bounds of Patience

Hot. By heauen, me thinkes it were an easie leap, To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone, Or diue into the bottome of the deepe, Where Fadome-line could neuer touch the ground, And plucke vp drowned Honor by the Lockes: So he that

doth redeeme her thence, might weare Without Co-riuall, all her Dignities: But out vpon this halfe-fac'd Fellowship

Wor. He apprehends a World of Figures here, But not the forme of what he should attend: Good Cousin giue me audience for a-while, And list to me

Hot. I cry you mercy

Wor. Those same Noble Scottes That are your Prisoners

Hot. Ile keepe them all. By heauen, he shall not haue a Scot of them: No, if a Scot would saue his Soule, he shall not. Ile keepe them, by this Hand

Wor. You start away, And lend no eare vnto my purposes. Those Prisoners you shall keepe

Hot. Nay, I will: that's flat: He said, he would not ransome Mortimer: Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer. But I will finde him when he lyes asleepe, And in his eare, Ile holla Mortimer. Nay, Ile haue a Starling shall be taught to speake Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him, To keepe his anger still in motion

Wor. Heare you Cousin: a word

Hot. All studies heere I solemnly defie, Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke, And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales. But that I thinke his Father loues him not, And would be glad he met with some mischance, I would haue poyson'd him with a pot of Ale

Wor. Farewell Kinsman: Ile talke to you When you are better temper'd to attend

Nor. Why what a Waspe-tongu'd & impatient foole Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood, Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne? Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & scourg'd with rods, Netled, and stung with Pismires, when I heare Of this vile Politician Bullingbrooke. In Richards time: What de'ye call the place? A plague vpon't, it is in Gloustershire: 'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept, His Vncle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee Vnto this King of Smiles, this

Bullingbrooke: When you and he came backe from Rauenspurgh

Nor. At Barkley Castle

Hot. You say true: Why what a caudie deale of curtesie, This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me, Looke when his infant Fortune came to age, And gentle Harry Percy, and kinde Cousin: O, the Diuell take such Couzeners, God forgiue me, Good Vncle tell your tale, for I haue done

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, too't againe, Wee'l stay your leysure

Hot. I haue done insooth

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners. Deliuer them vp without their ransome straight, And make the Dowglas sonne your onely meane For powres in Scotland: which for diuers reasons Which I shall send you written, be assur'd Will easily be granted you, my Lord. Your Sonne in Scotland being thus imploy'd, Shall secretly into the bosome creepe Of that same noble Prelate, well belou'd, The Archbishop

Hot. Of Yorke, is't not? Wor. True, who beares hard His Brothers death at Bristow, the Lord Scroope. I speake not this in estimation, As what I thinke might be, but what I know Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe, And onely stayes but to behold the face Of that occasion that shall bring it on

Hot. I smell it: Vpon my life, it will do wond'rous well

Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st slip

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a Noble plot, And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke To ioyne with Mortimer, Ha

Wor. And so they shall

Hot. Infaith it is exceedingly well aym'd

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids vs speed, To saue our heads, by raising of a Head: For, beare our selues as euen as we can, The King will alwayes thinke him in our

debt, And thinke, we thinke our selues vnsatisfied, Till he hath found a time to pay vs home. And see already, how he doth beginne To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue

Hot. He does, he does; wee'l be reueng'd on him

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this, Then I by Letters shall direct your course When time is ripe, which will be sodainly: Ile steale to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer, Where you, and Dowglas, and our powres at once, As I will fashion it, shall happily meete, To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes, Which now we hold at much vncertainty

Nor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thriue, I trust

Hot. Vncle, adieu: O let the houres be short, Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our sport.

Exit

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1.Car. Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile be hang'd. Charles waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horse not packt. What Ostler? Ost. Anon, anon

1.Car. I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few Flockes in the point: the poore Iade is wrung in the withers, out of all cesse. Enter another Carrier.

2.Car. Pease and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog, and this is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bottes: This house is turned vpside downe since Robin the Ostler dyed

1.Car. Poore fellow neuer ioy'd since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him

2.Car. I thinke this is the most villanous house in al London rode for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench

1.Car. Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in Christendome, could be better bit, then

I haue beene since the first Cocke

2.Car. Why, you will allow vs ne're a Iourden, and then we leake in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lye breeds Fleas like a Loach

1.Car. What Ostler, come away, and be hangd: come away

2.Car. I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be deliuered as farre as Charing-crosse

1.Car. The Turkies in my Pannier are quite starued. What Ostler? A plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in thy head? Can'st not heare? And t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Villaine. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee? Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke? Car. I thinke it be two a clocke

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Gelding in the stable

1.Car. Nay soft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two of that

Gad. I prethee lend me thine

2.Car. I, when, canst tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne (quoth-a) marry Ile see thee hang'd first

Gad. Sirra Carrier: What time do you mean to come to London? 2.Car. Time enough to goe to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Mugges, wee'll call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Exeunt.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine? Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse

Gad. That's euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: For thou variest no more from picking of Purses, then giuing direction, doth from labouring. Thou lay'st the plot, how

Cham. Good morrow Master Gads-Hill, it holds currant that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Markes with him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at Supper; a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too (God knowes what) they are vp already, and call for Egges and Butter. They will away presently

Gad. Sirra, if they meete not with S[aint]. Nicholas Clarks, Ile giue thee this necke

Cham. No, Ile none of it: I prythee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipst S[aint]. Nicholas as truly as a man of falshood may

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, Ile make a fat payre of Gallowes. For, if I hang, old Sir Iohn hangs with mee, and thou know'st hee's no Starueling. Tut, there are other Troians that y dream'st not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to doe the Profession some grace; that would (if matters should bee look'd into) for their owne Credit sake, make all Whole. I am ioyned with no Foot-land-Rakers, No Long-staffe six-penny strikers, none of these mad Mustachio-purple-hu'd-Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquilitie; Bourgomasters, and great Oneyers, such as can holde in, such as will strike sooner then speake; and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray: and yet I lye, for they pray continually vnto their Saint the Commonwealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on her: for they ride vp & downe on her, and make hir their Boots

Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Bootes? Will she hold out water in foule way? Gad. She will, she will; Iustice hath liquor'd her. We steale as in a Castle, cocksure: we haue the receit of Fernseede, we walke inuisible

Cham. Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fernseed, for your walking inuisible

Gad. Giue me thy hand. Thou shalt haue a share in our purpose, As I am a true man

Cham. Nay, rather let mee haue it, as you are a false Theefe

Gad. Goe too: Homo is a common name to all men. Bid the Ostler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy Knaue.

Exeunt.

Scaena Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto.

Poines. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remoued Falstafs Horse, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet

Prin. Stand close. Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Poines, Poines, and be hang'd Poines

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Rascall, what a brawling dost thou keepe

Fal. What Poines. Hal? Prin. He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seek him

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that Theefe company: that Rascall hath remoued my Horse, and tied him I know not where. If I trauell but foure foot by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that Rogue, I haue forsworne his company hourely any time this two and twenty yeare, & yet I am bewitcht with the Rogues company. If the Rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hang'd; it could not be else: I haue drunke Medicines. Poines, Hal, a Plague vpon you both. Bardolph, Peto: Ile starue ere I rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to drinke, to turne True-man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of vneuen ground, is threescore & ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted Villaines knowe it well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theeues cannot be true one to another.

They Whistle.

Whew: a plague light vpon you all. Giue my Horse you Rogues: giue me my Horse, and be hang'd

Prin. Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers

Fal. Haue you any Leauers to lift me vp again being downe? Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot again, for all the coine in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague meane ye to colt me thus? Prin. Thou ly'st, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted

Fal. I prethee good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good Kings sonne

Prin. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler? Fal. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire-apparant-Garters: If I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poyson: when a iest is so forward, & a foote too, I hate it. Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand

Fal. So I do against my will

Poin. O 'tis our Setter, I know his voyce: Bardolfe, what newes? Bar. Case ye, case ye; on with your Vizards, there's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer

Fal. You lie you rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tauern

Gad. There's enough to make vs all

Fal. To be hang'd

Prin. You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane: Ned and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs

Peto. But how many be of them? Gad. Some eight or ten

Fal. Will they not rob vs? Prin. What, a Coward Sir Iohn Paunch? Fal. Indeed I am not Iohn of Gaunt your Grandfather; but yet no Coward, Hal

Prin. Wee'l leaue that to the proofe

Poin. Sirra Iacke, thy horse stands behinde the hedg, when thou need'st him, there

thou shalt finde him. Farewell, and stand fast

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd

Prin. Ned, where are our disguises? Poin. Heere hard by: Stand close

Fal. Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I: euery man to his businesse. Enter Trauellers

Tra. Come Neighbor: the boy shall leade our Horses downe the hill: Wee'l walke a-foot a while, and ease our Legges

Theeues. Stay

Tra. Iesu blesse vs

Fal. Strike down with them, cut the villains throats; a whorson Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaues, they hate vs youth; downe with them, fleece them

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are you vndone? No ye Fat Chuffes, I would your store were heere. On Bacons, on, what ye knaues? Yong men must liue, you are Grand Iurers, are ye? Wee'l iure ye ifaith.

Heere they rob them, and binde them. Enter the Prince and Poines.

Prin. The Theeues haue bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Theeues, and go merily to London, it would be argument for a Weeke, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good iest for euer

Poynes. Stand close, I heare them comming. Enter Theeues againe.

Fal. Come my Masters, let vs share, and then to horsse before day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrand Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no moe valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke

Prin. Your money

Poin. Villaines.

As they are sharing, the Prince and Poynes set vpon them. They all run away, leauing the booty behind them.

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse: The Theeues are scattred, and possest with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good Ned, Falstaffe sweates to death, and Lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wer't not for laughing, I should pitty him

Poin. How the Rogue roar'd.

Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Hotspurre solus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord. I could bee well contented to be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house. He could be contented: Why is he not then? in respect of the loue he beares our house. He shewes in this, he loues his owne Barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more. The purpose you vndertake is dangerous. Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to sleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. The purpose you vndertake is dangerous, the Friends you haue named vncertaine, the Time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an Opposition. Say you so, say you so: I say vnto you againe, you are a shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lackebraine is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as euer was laid; our Friend true and constant: A good Plotte, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Rascall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vncle, and my Selfe, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendour? Is there not besides, the Dowglas? Haue I not all their letters, to meete me in Armes by

the ninth of the next Moneth? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan Rascall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my selfe, and go to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim'd Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards to night. Enter his Lady.

How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two hours

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence haue I this fortnight bin A banish'd woman from my Harries bed? Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe? Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth? And start so often when thou sitt'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes? And giuen my Treasures and my rights of thee, To thicke-ey'd musing, and curst melancholly? In my faint-slumbers, I by thee haue watcht, And heard thee murmore tales of Iron Warres: Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed, Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talk'd Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents, Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets, Of Basiliskes, of Canon, Culuerin, Of Prisoners ransome, and of Souldiers slaine, And all the current of a headdy fight. Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at Warre, And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleepe, That beds of sweate hath stood vpon thy Brow, Like bubbles in a late-disturbed Streame; And in thy face strange motions haue appear'd, Such as we see when men restraine their breath On some great sodaine hast. O what portents are these? Some heauie businesse hath my Lord in hand, And I must know it: else he loues me not

Hot. What ho; Is Gilliams with the Packet gone? Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agone

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses fro[m] the Sheriffe? Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought euen now

Hot. What Horse? A Roane, a crop eare, is it not

Ser. It is my Lord

Hot. That Roane shall be my Throne. Well, I will backe him straight. Esperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the Parke

La. But heare you, my lord

Hot. What say'st thou my Lady? La. What is it carries you away? Hot. Why, my horse (my Loue) my horse

La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not such a deale of Spleene, as you are tost with. In sooth Ile know your businesse Harry, that I will. I feare my Brother Mortimer doth stirre about his Title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize. But if you go- Hot. So farre a foot, I shall be weary, Loue

La. Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly vnto this question, that I shall aske. Indeede Ile breake thy little finger Harry, if thou wilt not tel me true

Hot. Away, away you trifler: Loue, I loue thee not, I care not for thee Kate: this is no world To play with Mammets, and to tilt with lips. We must haue bloodie Noses, and crack'd Crownes, And passe them currant too. Gods me, my horse. What say'st thou Kate? what wold'st thou haue with me? La. Do ye not loue me? Do ye not indeed? Well, do not then. For since you loue me not, I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me? Nay, tell me if thou speak'st in iest, or no

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare I loue thee infinitely. But hearke you Kate, I must not haue you henceforth, question me, Whether I go: nor reason whereabout. Whether I must, I must: and to conclude, This Euening must I leaue thee, gentle Kate. I know you wise, but yet no further wise Then Harry Percies wife. Constant you are, But yet a woman: and for secrecie, No Lady closer. For I will beleeue Thou wilt not vtter what thou do'st not know, And so farre wilt I trust thee, gentle Kate

La. How so farre? Hot. Not an inch further. But harke you Kate, Whither I go, thither shall you go too: To day will I set forth, to morrow you. Will this content you

Kate? La. It must of force.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prin. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little

Poines. Where hast bene Hall? Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst 3. or fourescore Hogsheads. I haue sounded the verie base string of humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as Tom, Dicke, and Francis. They take it already vpon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Curtesie: telling me flatly I am no proud Iack like Falstaffe, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of England, I shall command al the good Laddes in East-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; and when you breath in your watering, then they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee Ned, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wer't not with me in this action: but sweet Ned, to sweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this peniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then Eight shillings and six pence, and, You are welcome: with this shril addition, Anon, Anon sir, Score a Pint of Bastard in the Halfe Moone, or so. But Ned, to driue away time till Falstaffe come, I prythee doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end hee gaue me the Sugar, and do neuer leaue calling Francis, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: step aside, and Ile shew thee a President

Poines. Francis

Prin. Thou art perfect

Poin. Francis. Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon sir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet, Ralfe

Prince. Come hither Francis

Fran. My Lord

Prin. How long hast thou to serue, Francis? Fran. Forsooth fiue yeares, and as much as to- Poin. Francis

Fran. Anon, anon sir

Prin. Fiue yeares: Berlady a long Lease for the clinking of Pewter. But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & show it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it? Fran. O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart

Poin. Francis

Fran. Anon, anon sir

Prin. How old art thou, Francis? Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shalbe- Poin. Francis

Fran. Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord

Prin. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas a penyworth, was't not? Fran. O Lord sir, I would it had bene two

Prin. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound: Aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it

Poin. Francis

Fran. Anon, anon

Prin. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thursday: or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis

Fran. My Lord

Prin. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring,

Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch

Fran. O Lord sir, who do you meane? Prin. Why then your browne Bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canuas doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much

Fran. What sir? Poin. Francis

Prin. Away you Rogue, dost thou heare them call?

Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Looke to the Guests within: My Lord, olde Sir Iohn with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: shall I let them in? Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore. Poines. Enter Poines.

Poin. Anon, anon sir

Prin. Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the Theeues, are at the doore, shall we be merry? Poin. As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But harke yee, What cunning match haue you made this iest of the Drawer? Come, what's the issue? Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselues humors, since the old dayes of goodman Adam, to the pupill age of this present twelue a clock at midnight. What's a clocke Francis? Fran. Anon, anon sir

Prin. That euer this Fellow should haue fewer words then a Parret, and yet the sonne of a Woman. His industry is vp-staires and down-staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percies mind, the Hotspurre of the North, he that killes me some sixe or seauen dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and saies to his wife; Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry sayes she, how many hast thou kill'd to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answeres, some fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falstaffe, Ile play Percy, and that damn'd Brawne shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. Riuo,

sayes the drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow. Enter Falstaffe.

Poin. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou beene? Fal. A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Giue me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, Ile sowe nether stockes, and mend them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant? Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of Butter, pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didst, then behold that compound

Fal. You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man; yet a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sack with lime. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old Iacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten Herring: there liues not three good men vnhang'd in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I say. I would I were a Weauer, I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still

Prin. How now Woolsacke, what mutter you? Fal. A Kings Sonne? If I do not beate thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales? Prin. Why you horson round man? what's the matter? Fal. Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and Poines there? Prin. Ye fat paunch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile stab thee

Fal. I call thee Coward? Ile see thee damn'd ere I call the Coward: but I would giue a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: Call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day

Prin. O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, since thou drunk'st last

Falst. All's one for that.

He drinkes.

A plague of all Cowards still, say I

Prince. What's the matter? Falst. What's the matter? here be foure of vs, haue ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning

Prince. Where is it, Iack? where is it? Falst. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs

Prince. What, a hundred, man? Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-saw, ecce signum. I neuer dealt better since I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse

Prince. Speake sirs, how was it? Gad. We foure set vpon some dozen

Falst. Sixteene, at least, my Lord

Gad. And bound them

Peto. No, no, they were not bound

Falst. You Rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew else, an Ebrew Iew

Gad. As we were sharing, some sixe or seuen fresh men set vpon vs

Falst. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other

Prince. What, fought yee with them all? Falst. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde Iack, then am I no two-legg'd Creature

Poin. Pray Heauen, you haue not murthered some of them

Falst. Nay, that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a Lye,

spit in my face, call me Horse: thou knowest my olde word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom let driue at me

Prince. What, foure? thou sayd'st but two, euen now

Falst. Foure Hal, I told thee foure

Poin. I, I, he said foure

Falst. These foure came all a-front, and mainely thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen points in my Targuet, thus

Prince. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now

Falst. In buckrom

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes

Falst. Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine else

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon

Falst. Doest thou heare me, Hal? Prin. I, and marke thee too, Iack

Falst. Doe so, for it is worth the listning too: these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of

Prin. So, two more alreadie

Falst. Their Points being broken

Poin. Downe fell his Hose

Falst. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I pay'd

Prin. O monstrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two? Falst. But as the Deuill would haue it, three mis-begotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let driue at me; for it was so darke, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy Hand

Prin. These Lyes are like the Father that begets them, grosse as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Claybrayn'd Guts, thou Knotty-pated Foole, thou Horson

obscene greasie Tallow Catch

Falst. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth? Prin. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou could'st not see thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reason: what say'st thou to this? Poin. Come, your reason Iack, your reason

Falst. What, vpon compulsion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? If Reasons were as plentie as Black-berries, I would giue no man a Reason vpon compulsion, I

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine Coward, this Bed-presser, this Hors-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Flesh

Falst. Away you Starueling, you Elfe-skin, you dried Neats tongue, Bulles-pissell, you stocke-fish: O for breth to vtter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you sheath you Bow-case, you vile standing tucke

Prin. Well, breath a-while, and then to't againe: and when thou hast tyr'd thy selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but thus

Poin. Marke Iacke

Prin. We two, saw you foure set on foure and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Tale shall put you downe. Then did we two, set on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and haue it: yea, and can shew it you in the House. And Falstaffe, you caried your Guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and still ranne and roar'd, as euer I heard Bull-Calfe. What a Slaue art thou, to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight. What trick? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame? Poines. Come, let's heare Iacke: What tricke hast thou now? Fal. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant? Should I turne vpon

the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware Instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Instinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on Instinct: I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you haue the Mony. Hostesse, clap to the doores: watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Harts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we haue a Play extempory

Prin. Content, and the argument shall be, thy runing away

Fal. A, no more of that Hall, and thou louest me.

Enter Hostesse

Host. My Lord, the Prince? Prin. How now my Lady the Hostesse, what say'st thou to me? Hostesse. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at doore would speake with you: hee sayes, hee comes from your Father

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to my Mother

Falst. What manner of man is hee? Hostesse. An old man

Falst. What doth Grauitie out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I giue him his answere? Prin. Prethee doe Iacke

Falst. 'Faith, and Ile send him packing. Enter.

Prince. Now Sirs: you fought faire; so did you Peto, so did you Bardol: you are Lyons too, you ranne away vpon instinct: you will not touch the true Prince; no, fie

Bard. 'Faith, I ranne when I saw others runne

Prin. Tell mee now in earnest, how came Falstaffes Sword so hackt? Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said, hee would sweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to doe the like

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our Noses with Spear-grasse, to make them bleed, and then

to beslubber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seuen yeeres before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuices

Prin. O Villaine, thou stolest a Cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore: thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away; what instinct hadst thou for it? Bard. My Lord, doe you see these Meteors? doe you behold these Exhalations? Prin. I doe Bard. What thinke you they portend? Prin. Hot Liuers, and cold Purses

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter. Enter Falstaffe.

Heere comes leane Iacke, heere comes bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is't agoe, Iacke, since thou saw'st thine owne Knee? Falst. My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waste, I could haue crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring: a plague of sighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a Bladder. There's villanous Newes abroad; heere was Sir Iohn Braby from your Father; you must goe to the Court in the Morning. The same mad fellow of the North, Percy; and hee of Wales, that gaue Amamon the Bastinado, and made Lucifer Cuckold, and swore the Deuill his true Liege-man vpon the Crosse of a Welch-hooke; what a plague call you him? Poin. O, Glendower

Falst. Owen, Owen; the same, and his Sonne in Law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and the sprightly Scot of Scots, Dowglas, that runnes a Horse-backe vp a Hill perpendicular

Prin. Hee that rides at high speede, and with a Pistoll kills a Sparrow flying

Falst. You haue hit it

Prin. So did he neuer the Sparrow

Falst. Well, that Rascall hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne

Prin. Why, what a Rascall art thou then, to prayse him so for running? Falst. A

Horse-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot hee will not budge a foot

Prin. Yes Iacke, vpon instinct

Falst. I grant ye, vpon instinct: Well, hee is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blew-Cappes more. Worcester is stolne away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as stinking Mackrell

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffetting hold, wee shall buy Maiden-heads as they buy Hob-nayles, by the Hundreds

Falst. By the Masse Lad, thou say'st true, it is like wee shall haue good trading that way. But tell me Hal, art not thou horrible afear'd? thou being Heire apparant, could the World picke thee out three such Enemyes againe, as that Fiend Dowglas, that Spirit Percy, and that Deuill Glendower? Art not thou horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it? Prin. Not a whit: I lacke some of thy instinct

Falst. Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow, when thou commest to thy Father: if thou doe loue me, practise an answere

Prin. Doe thou stand for my Father, and examine mee vpon the particulars of my Life

Falst. Shall I? content: This Chayre shall bee my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crowne

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Ioyn'd-Stoole, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne

Falst. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee now shalt thou be moued. Giue me a Cup of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in King Cambyses vaine

Prin. Well, heere is my Legge

Falst. And heere is my speech: stand aside Nobilitie

Hostesse. This is excellent sport, yfaith

Falst. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine

Hostesse. O the Father, how hee holdes his countenance? Falst. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queen, For teares doe stop the floud-gates of her eyes

Hostesse. O rare, he doth it as like one of these harlotry Players, as euer I see

Falst. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-braine. Harry, I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares. Thou art my Sonne: I haue partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefely, a villanous tricke of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere lyeth the point: why, being Sonne to me, art thou so poynted at? Shall the blessed Sonne of Heauen proue a Micher, and eate Black-berryes? a question not to bee askt. Shall the Sonne of England proue a Theefe, and take Purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers doe report) doth defile; so doth the companie thou keepest: for Harry, now I doe not speake to thee in Drinke, but in Teares; not in Pleasure, but in Passion; not in Words onely, but in Woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy companie, but I know not his Name

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Maiestie? Falst. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a chearefull Looke, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I thinke, his age some fiftie, or (byrlady) inclining to threescore; and now I remember mee, his Name is Falstaffe: if that man should be lewdly giuen, hee deceiues mee; for Harry, I see Vertue in his Lookes. If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Vertue in that Falstaffe: him keepe with, the rest banish. And tell mee now, thou

naughtie Varlet, tell mee, where hast thou beene this moneth? Prin. Do'st thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for mee, and Ile play my Father

Falst. Depose me: if thou do'st it halfe so grauely, so maiestically, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a Rabbet-sucker, or a Poulters Hare

Prin. Well, heere I am set

Falst. And heere I stand: iudge my Masters

Prin. Now Harry, whence come you? Falst. My Noble Lord, from East-cheape

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous

Falst. Yfaith, my Lord, they are false: Nay, Ile tickle ye for a young Prince

Prin. Swearest thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth ne're looke on me: thou art violently carryed away from Grace: there is a Deuill haunts thee, in the likenesse of a fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why do'st thou conuerse with that Trunke of Humors, that Boulting-Hutch of Beastlinesse, that swolne Parcell of Dropsies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that stuft Cloakebagge of Guts, that rosted Manning Tree Oxe with the Pudding in his Belly, that reuerend Vice, that grey iniquitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taste Sacke, and drinke it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eat it? wherein Cunning, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Villanie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing? Falst. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom meanes your Grace? Prince. That villanous abhominable mis-leader of Youth, Falstaffe, that old white-bearded Sathan

Falst. My Lord, the man I know

Prince. I know thou do'st

Falst. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know. That hee is olde (the more the pittie) his white hayres doe witnesse it: but that hee is (sauing your reuerence) a Whore-master, that I vtterly deny. If Sacke and

Sugar bee a fault, Heauen helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and merry, be a sinne, then many an olde Hoste that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then Pharaohs leane Kine are to be loued. No, my good Lord, banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poines: but for sweete Iacke Falstaffe, kinde Iacke Falstaffe, true Iacke Falstaffe, valiant Iacke Falstaffe, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is olde Iack Falstaffe, banish not him thy Harryes companie, banish not him thy Harryes companie; banish plumpe Iacke, and banish all the World

Prince. I doe, I will. Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most monstrous Watch, is at the doore

Falst. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that Falstaffe. Enter the Hostesse.

Hostesse. O, my Lord, my Lord

Falst. Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides vpon a Fiddlesticke: what's the matter? Hostesse. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the doore: they are come to search the House, shall I let them in? Falst. Do'st thou heare Hal, neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit: thou art essentially made, without seeming so

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct

Falst. I deny your Maior: if you will deny the Sherife, so: if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter, as another

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke vp aboue. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience

Falst. Both which I haue had: but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me. Enter.

Prince. Call in the Sherife. Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Master Sherife, what is your will with mee? She. First pardon me, my

Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house

Prince. What men? She. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man

Car. As fat as Butter

Prince. The man, I doe assure you, is not heere, For I my selfe at this time haue imploy'd him: And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee, That I will by to morrow Dinner time, Send him to answere thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall: And so let me entreat you, leaue the house

She. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen Haue in this Robberie lost three hundred Markes

Prince. It may be so: if he haue robb'd these men, He shall be answerable: and so farewell

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord

Prince. I thinke it is good Morrow, is it not? She. Indeede, my Lord, I thinke it be two a Clocke. Enter.

Prince. This oyly Rascall is knowne as well as Poules: goe call him forth

Peto. Falstaffe? fast asleepe behinde the Arras, and snorting like a Horse

Prince. Harke, how hard he fetches breath: search his Pockets.

He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine Papers.

Prince. What hast thou found? Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord

Prince. Let's see, what be they? reade them

Peto. Item, a Capon. ii.s.ii.d. Item, Sawce iiii.d. Item, Sacke, two Gallons. v.s.viii.d. Item, Anchoues and Sacke after Supper. ii.s.vi.d. Item, Bread. ob

Prince. O monstrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this intollerable deale of Sacke? What there is else, keepe close, wee'le reade it at more aduantage: there let

him sleepe till day. Ile to the Court in the Morning: Wee must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be honorable. Ile procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelue-score. The Money shall be pay'd backe againe with aduantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good morrow Peto

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hotspurre, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. These promises are faire, the parties sure, And our induction full of prosperous hope

Hotsp. Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glendower, Will you sit downe? And Vnckle Worcester; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Mappe

Glend. No, here it is: Sit Cousin Percy, sit good Cousin Hotspurre: For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you, His Cheekes looke pale, and with a rising sigh, He wisheth you in Heauen

Hotsp. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower spoke of

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Natiuitie, The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes, Of burning Cressets: and at my Birth, The frame and foundation of the Earth Shak'd like a Coward

Hotsp. Why so it would haue done at the same season, if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your selfe had neuer beene borne

Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was borne

Hotsp. And I say the Earth was not of my minde, If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke

Glend. The heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble

Hotsp. Oh, then the Earth shooke To see the Heauens on fire, And not in feare of

your Natiuitie. Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth Is with a kinde of Collick pincht and vext, By the imprisoning of vnruly Winde Within her Wombe: which for enlargement striuing, Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tombles downe Steeples, and mosse-growne Towers. At your Birth, Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature, In passion shooke

Glend. Cousin: of many men I doe not beare these Crossings: Giue me leaue To tell you once againe, that at my Birth The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes, The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heards Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields: These signes haue markt me extraordinarie, And all the courses of my Life doe shew, I am not in the Roll of common men. Where is the Liuing, clipt in with the Sea, That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales, Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me? And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne, Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art, And hold me pace in deepe experiments

Hotsp. I thinke there's no man speakes better Welsh: Ile to Dinner

Mort. Peace cousin Percy, you will make him mad

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vastie Deepe

Hotsp. Why so can I, or so can any man: But will they come, when you doe call for them? Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the Deuill

Hotsp. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Deuil, By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Deuill. If thou haue power to rayse him, bring him hither, And Ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence. Oh, while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Deuill

Mort. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable Chat

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye, And sandy-bottom'd Seuerne, haue I hent him Bootlesse home, and Weather-beaten backe

Hotsp. Home without Bootes, And in foule Weather too, How scapes he Agues in the Deuils name? Glend. Come, heere's the Mappe: Shall wee diuide our Right, According to our three-fold order ta'ne? Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it Into three Limits, very equally: England, from Trent, and Seuerne. hitherto, By South and East, is to my part assign'd: All Westward, Wales, beyond the Seuerne shore, And all the fertile Land within that bound, To Owen Glendower: And deare Couze, to you The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent. And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne: Which being sealed enterchangeably, (A Businesse that this Night may execute) To morrow, Cousin Percy, you and I, And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth, To meete your Father, and the Scottish Power, As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury. My Father Glendower is not readie yet, Nor shall wee neede his helpe these foureteene dayes: Within that space, you may haue drawne together Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords: And in my Conduct shall your Ladies come, From whom you now must steale, and take no leaue, For there will be a World of Water shed, Vpon the parting of your Wiues and you

Hotsp. Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here, In quantitie equals not one of yours: See, how this Riuer comes me cranking in, And cuts me from the best of all my Land, A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Cantle out. Ile haue the Currant in this place damn'd vp, And here the smug and Siluer Trent shall runne, In a new Channell, faire and euenly: It shall not winde with such a deepe indent, To rob me of so rich a Bottome here

Glend. Not winde? it shall, it must, you see it doth

Mort. Yea, but marke how he beares his course, And runnes me vp, with like aduantage on the other side, Gelding the opposed Continent as much, As on the other side it takes from you

Worc. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here, And on this North side winne

this Cape of Land, And then he runnes straight and euen

Hotsp. Ile haue it so, a little Charge will doe it

Glend. Ile not haue it alter'd

Hotsp. Will not you? Glend. No, nor you shall not

Hotsp. Who shall say me nay? Glend. Why, that will I

Hotsp. let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in Welsh

Glend. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you: For I was trayn'd vp in the English Court; Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe Many an English Dittie, louely well, And gaue the Tongue a helpefull Ornament; A Vertue that was neuer seene in you

Hotsp. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart, I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew, Then one of these same Meeter Ballad-mongers: I had rather heare a Brazen Candlestick turn'd, Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle-tree, And that would set my teeth nothing an edge, Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie; 'Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling Nagge

Glend. Come, you shall haue Trent turn'd

Hotsp. I doe not care: Ile giue thrice so much Land To any well-deseruing friend; But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me, Ile cauill on the ninth part of a hayre. Are the Indentures drawne? shall we be gone? Glend. The Moone shines faire, You may away by Night: Ile haste the Writer; and withall, Breake with your Wiues, of your departure hence: I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde, So much she doteth on her Mortimer. Enter.

Mort. Fie, Cousin Percy, how you crosse my Father

Hotsp. I cannot chuse: sometime he angers me, With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant, Of the Dreamer Merlin, and his Prophecies; And of a Dragon, and a finne-lesse Fish, A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulten Rauen, A couching Lyon, and

a ramping Cat, And such a deale of skimble-skamble Stuffe, As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what, He held me last Night, at least, nine howres, In reckning vp the seuerall Deuils Names, That were his Lacqueyes: I cry'd hum, and well, goe too, But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife, Worse then a smoakie House. I had rather liue With Cheese and Garlick in a Windmill farre, Then feede on Cates, and haue him talke to me, In any Summer-House in Christendome

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman, Exceeding well read, and profited, In strange Concealements: Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable, And as Bountifull, as Mynes of India. Shall I tell you, Cousin, He holds your temper in a high respect, And curbes himselfe, euen of his naturall scope, When you doe crosse his humor: 'faith he does. I warrant you, that man is not aliue, Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done, Without the taste of danger, and reproofe: But doe not vse it oft, let me entreat you

Worc. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame, And since your comming hither, haue done enough, To put him quite besides his patience. You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault: Though sometimes it shew Greatnesse, Courage, Blood, And that's the dearest grace it renders you; Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage, Defect of Manners, want of Gouernment, Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinion, and Disdaine: The least of which, haunting a Nobleman, Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a stayne Vpon the beautie of all parts besides, Beguiling them of commendation

Hotsp. Well, I am school'd: Good-manners be your speede; Heere come your Wiues, and let vs take our leaue. Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight, that angers me, My Wife can speake no English, I no Welsh

Glend. My Daughter weepes, shee'le not part with you, Shee'le be a Souldier too,

shee'le to the Warres

Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt Percy Shall follow in your Conduct speedily.

Glendower speakes to her in Welsh, and she answeres him in the same.

Glend. Shee is desperate heere: A peeuish selfe-will'd Harlotry, One that no perswasion can doe good vpon.

The Lady speakes in Welsh.

Mort. I vnderstand thy Lookes: that pretty Welsh Which thou powr'st down from these swelling Heauens, I am too perfect in: and but for shame, In such a parley should I answere thee.

The Lady againe in welsh.

Mort. I vnderstand thy Kisses, and thou mine, And that's a feeling disputation: But I will neuer be a Truant, Loue, Till I haue learn'd thy Language: for thy tongue Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd, Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre, With rauishing Diuision to her Lute

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she runne madde.

The Lady speakes againe in Welsh.

Mort. O, I am Ignorance it selfe in this

Glend. She bids you, On the wanton Rushes lay you downe, And rest your gentle Head vpon her Lappe, And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you, And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe, Charming your blood with pleasing heauinesse; Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe, As is the difference betwixt Day and Night, The houre before the Heauenly Harneis'd Teeme Begins his Golden Progresse in the East

Mort. With all my heart Ile sit, and heare her sing: By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne

Glend. Doe so: And those Musitians that shall play to you, Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from thence; And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend

Hotsp. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe: Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy Lappe

Lady. Goe, ye giddy-Goose.

The Musicke playes.

Hotsp. Now I perceiue the Deuill vnderstands Welsh, And 'tis no maruell he is so humorous: Byrlady hee's a good Musitian

Lady. Then would you be nothing but Musicall, For you are altogether gouerned by humors: Lye still ye Theefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh

Hotsp. I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in Irish

Lady. Would'st haue thy Head broken? Hotsp. No

Lady. Then be still

Hotsp. Neyther, 'tis a Womans fault

Lady. Now God helpe thee

Hotsp. To the Welsh Ladies Bed

Lady. What's that? Hotsp. Peace, shee sings.

Heere the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Hotsp. Come, Ile haue your Song too

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth

Hotsp. Not yours, in good sooth? You sweare like a Comfit-makers Wife: Not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I liue; And, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day: And giuest such Sarcenet suretie for thy Oathes, As if thou neuer walk'st further then Finsbury. Sweare me, Kate, like a Lady, as thou art, A good mouth-filling Oath: and leaue in sooth, And such protest of Pepper Ginger-bread, To Veluet-Guards, and

Sunday-Citizens. Come, sing

Lady. I will not sing

Hotsp. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Redbrest teacher: and the Indentures be drawne, Ile away within these two howres: and so come in, when yee will. Enter.

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow, As hot Lord Percy is on fire to goe. By this our Booke is drawne: wee'le but seale, And then to Horse immediately

Mort. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Scaena Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, giue vs leaue: The Prince of Wales, and I, Must haue some priuate conference: But be neere at hand, For wee shall presently haue neede of you.

Exeunt. Lords.

I know not whether Heauen will haue it so, For some displeasing seruice I haue done; That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood, Hee'le breede Reuengement, and a Scourge for me: But thou do'st in thy passages of Life, Make me beleeue, that thou art onely mark'd For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heauen To punish my Mistreadings. Tell me else, Could such inordinate and low desires, Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts, Such barren pleasures, rude societie, As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too, Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood, And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart? Prince. So please your Maiesty, I would I could Quit all offences with as cleare excuse, As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge My selfe of many I am charg'd withall: Yet such extenuation let me begge, As in reproofe of many Tales deuis'd, Which oft the Eare of Greatnesse needes must heare, By smiling Pick-thankes, and base Newes-mongers; I may for some things true, wherein my youth Hath faultie wandred, and irregular, Finde pardon on my

true submission

King. Heauen pardon thee: Yet let me wonder, Harry, At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors. Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost, Which by thy younger Brother is supply'de; And art almost an alien to the hearts Of all the Court and Princes of my blood. The hope and expectation of thy time Is ruin'd, and the Soule of euery man Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall. Had I so lauish of my presence beene, So common hackney'd in the eyes of men, So stale and cheape to vulgar Company; Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne, Had still kept loyall to possession, And left me in reputelesse banishment, A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood. By being seldome seene, I could not stirre, But like a Comet, I was wondred at, That men would tell their Children, This is hee: Others would say; Where, Which is Bullingbrooke. And then I stole all Courtesie from Heauen, And drest my selfe in such Humilitie, That I did plucke Allegeance from mens hearts, Lowd Showts and Salutations from their mouthes, Euen in the presence of the Crowned King. Thus I did keepe my Person fresh and new, My Presence like a Robe Pontificall, Ne're seene, but wondred at: and so my State, Seldome but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast, And wonne by rarenesse such Solemnitie. The skipping King hee ambled vp and downe, With shallow Iesters, and rash Bauin Wits, Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state, Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fooles, Had his great Name prophaned with their Scornes, And gaue his Countenance, against his Name, To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push Of euery Beardlesse vaine Comparatiue; Grew a Companion to the common Streetes, Enfeoff'd himselfe to Popularitie: That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes, They surfeted with Honey, and began to loathe The taste of Sweetnesse, whereof a little More then a little, is by much too much. So when he had occasion to be seene, He was but as the Cuckow is in Iune, Heard, not regarded: seene but with such Eyes, As sicke and blunted with Communitie, Affoord no extraordinarie Gaze, Such as is bent on Sunne-like Maiestie, When it shines seldome in admiring Eyes: But rather

drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids downe, Slept in his Face, and rendred such aspect As Cloudie men vse to doe to their aduersaries, Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full. And in that very Line, Harry, standest thou: For thou hast lost thy Princely Priuiledge, With vile participation. Not an Eye But is awearie of thy common sight, Saue mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more: Which now doth that I would not haue it doe, Make blinde it selfe with foolish tendernesse

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord, Be more my selfe

King. For all the World, As thou art to this houre, was Richard then, When I from France set foot at Rauenspurgh; And euen as I was then, is Percy now: Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot, He hath more worthy interest to the State Then thou, the shadow of Succession; For of no Right, nor colour like to Right. He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realme, Turnes head against the Lyons armed Iawes; And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou, Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on To bloody Battailes, and to brusing Armes. What neuer-dying Honor hath he got, Against renowned Dowglas? whose high Deedes, Whose hot Incursions, and great Name in Armes, Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Maioritie, And Militarie Title Capitall. Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ, Thrice hath the Hotspur Mars, in swathing Clothes, This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises, Discomfited great Dowglas, ta'ne him once, Enlarged him, and made a friend of him, To fill the mouth of deepe Defiance vp, And shake the peace and safetie of our Throne. And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland, The Arch-bishops Grace of Yorke, Dowglas, Mortimer, Capitulate against vs, and are vp. But wherefore doe I tell these Newes to thee? Why, Harry, doe I tell thee of my Foes, Which art my neer'st and dearest Enemie? Thou, that art like enough, through vassall Feare, Base Inclination, and the start of Spleene, To fight against me vnder Percies pay, To dogge his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes, To shew how much thou art degenerate

Prince. Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so: And Heauen forgiue them, that

so much haue sway'd Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me: I will redeeme all this on Percies head, And in the closing of some glorious day, Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne, When I will weare a Garment all of Blood, And staine my fauours in a bloody Maske: Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it. And that shall be the day, when ere it lights, That this same Child of Honor and Renowne. This gallant Hotspur, this all-praysed Knight. And your vnthought-of Harry chance to meet: For euery Honor sitting on his Helme, Would they were multitudes, and on my head My shames redoubled. For the time will come, That I shall make this Northerne Youth exchange His glorious Deedes for my Indignities: Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord, To engrosse vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe: And I will call him to so strict account, That he shall render euery Glory vp, Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time, Or I will teare the Reckoning from his Heart. This, in the Name of Heauen, I promise here: The which, if I performe, and doe suruiue, I doe beseech your Maiestie, may salue The long-growne Wounds of my intemperature: If not, the end of Life cancells all Bands, And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths, Ere breake the smallest parcell of this Vow

King. A hundred thousand Rebels dye in this: Thou shalt haue Charge, and soueraigne trust herein. Enter Blunt.

How now good Blunt? thy Lookes are full of speed

Blunt. So hath the Businesse that I come to speake of. Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word, That Dowglas and the English Rebels met The eleuenth of this moneth, at Shrewsbury: A mightie and a fearefull Head they are, (If Promises be kept on euery hand) As euer offered foule play in a State

King. The earle of Westmerland set forth to day: With him my sonne, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, For this aduertisement is fiue dayes old. On Wednesday next, Harry thou shalt set forward: On thursday, wee our selues will march. Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and Harry, you shall march Through Glocestershire: by which account,

Our Businesse valued some twelue dayes hence, Our generall Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete. Our Hands are full of Businesse: let's away, Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

Falst. Bardolph, am I not falne away vilely, since this last action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skinne hangs about me like an olde Ladies loose Gowne: I am withered like an olde Apple Iohn. Well, Ile repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no strength to repent. And i haue not forgotten what the in-side of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-Corne, a Brewers Horse, the in-side of a Church. Company, villanous Company hath beene the spoyle of me

Bard. Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long

Falst. Why there is it: Come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry; I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentleman need to be; vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not aboue seuen times a weeke, went to a Bawdy-house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I borrowed, three or foure times; liued well, and in good compasse: and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir Iohn, that you must needes bee out of of all compasse; out all reasonable compasse, Sir Iohn

Falst. Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ile amend thy Life: Thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe

Bard. Why, Sir Iohn, my Face does you no harme

Falst. No, Ile be sworne: I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a

Deaths-Head, or a Memento Mori. I neuer see thy Face, but I thinke vpon Hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy Face; my Oath should bee, By this Fire: But thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of vtter Darkenesse. When thou ran'st vp Gads-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst beene an Ignis fatuus, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an euerlasting Bone-fire-Light: thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, Heauen reward me for it

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly

Falst. So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd. Enter Hostesse.

How now, Dame Partlet the Hen, haue you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket? Hostesse. Why Sir Iohn, what doe you thinke, Sir Iohn? doe you thinke I keepe Theeues in my House? I haue search'd, I haue enquired, so haz my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Seruant by Seruant: the tight of a hayre was neuer lost in my house before

Falst. Ye lye Hostesse: Bardolph was shau'd, and lost many a hayre; and Ile be sworne my Pocket was pick'd: goe to, you are a Woman, goe

Hostesse. Who I? I defie thee: I was neuer call'd so in mine owne house before

Falst. Goe to, I know you well enough

Hostesse. No, sir Iohn, you doe not know me, Sir Iohn: I know you, Sir Iohn: you owe me Money, Sir Iohn, and now you picke a quarrell, to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe

Falst. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers Wiues, and they

haue made Boulters of them

Hostesse. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight shillings an Ell: You owe Money here besides, Sir Iohn, for your Dyet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, foure and twentie pounds

Falst. Hee had his part of it, let him pay

Hostesse. Hee? alas hee is poore, hee hath nothing

Falst. How? Poore? Looke vpon his Face: What call you Rich? Let them coyne his Nose, let them coyne his Cheekes, Ile not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my Pocket pick'd? I haue lost a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth fortie marke

Hostesse. I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper

Falst. How? the Prince is a Iacke, a Sneake-Cuppe: and if hee were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if hee would say so. Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.

Falst. How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore? Must we all march? Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion

Hostesse. My Lord, I pray you heare me

Prince. What say'st thou, Mistresse Quickly? How does thy Husband? I loue him well, hee is an honest man

Hostesse. Good, my Lord, heare mee

Falst. Prethee let her alone, and list to mee

Prince. What say'st thou, Iacke? Falst. The other Night I fell asleepe heere behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: this House is turn'd Bawdy-house, they picke Pockets

Prince. What didst thou lose, Iacke? Falst. Wilt thou beleeue me, Hal? Three or

foure Bonds of fortie pound apeece, and a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers

Prince. A Trifle, some eight-penny matter

Host. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and (my Lord) hee speakes most vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man as hee is, and said, hee would cudgell you

Prince. What hee did not? Host. There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me else

Falst. There's no more faith in thee then a stu'de Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Wooman-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing: go

Host. Say, what thing? what thing? Falst. What thing? why a thing to thanke heauen on

Host. I am no thing to thanke heauen on, I wold thou shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife: and setting thy Knighthood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so

Falst. Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise

Host. Say, what beast, thou knaue thou? Fal. What beast? Why an Otter

Prin. An Otter, sir Iohn? Why an Otter? Fal. Why? She's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to haue her

Host. Thou art vniust man in saying so; thou, or anie man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou

Prince. Thou say'st true Hostesse, and he slanders thee most grossely

Host. So he doth you, my Lord, and sayde this other day, You ought him a thousand pound

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound? Falst. A thousand pound Hal? A Million. Thy loue is worth a Million: thou ow'st me thy loue

Host. Nay my Lord, he call'd you Iacke, and said hee would cudgell you

Fal. Did I, Bardolph? Bar. Indeed Sir Iohn, you said so

Fal. Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper

Prince. I say 'tis Copper. Dar'st thou bee as good as thy word now? Fal. Why Hal? thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I dare: but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons Whelpe

Prince. And why not as the Lyon? Fal. The King himselfe is to bee feared as the Lyon: Do'st thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay if I do, let my Girdle breake

Prin. O, if it should, how would thy guttes fall about thy knees. But sirra: There's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine: it is all fill'd vppe with Guttes and Midriffe. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horson impudent imbost Rascall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tauerne Recknings, Memorandums of Bawdie-houses, and one poore peny-worth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie other iniuries but these, I am a Villaine: And yet you will stand to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not asham'd? Fal. Do'st thou heare Hal? Thou know'st in the state of Innocency, Adam fell: and what should poore Iacke Falstaffe do, in the dayes of Villany? Thou seest, I haue more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailty. You confesse then you pickt my Pocket? Prin. It appeares so by the Story

Fal. Hostesse, I forgiue thee: Go make ready Breakfast, loue thy Husband, Looke to thy Seruants, and cherish thy Guests: Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: Thou seest, I am pacified still. Nay, I prethee be gone.

Exit Hostesse.

Now Hal, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad? How is that answered? Prin. O my sweet Beefe: I must still be good Angell to thee. The Monie is paid backe againe

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do anything

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with vnwash'd hands too

Bard. Do my Lord

Prin. I haue procured thee Iacke, A Charge of Foot

Fal. I would it had beene of Horse. Where shal I finde one that can steale well? O, for a fine theefe of two and twentie, or thereabout: I am heynously vnprouided. Wel God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but the Vertuous. I laud them, I praise them

Prin. Bardolph

Bar. My Lord

Prin. Go beare this Letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaster To my Brother Iohn. This to my Lord of Westmerland, Go Peto, to horse: for thou, and I, Haue thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time. Iacke, meet me tomorrow in the Temple Hall At two a clocke in the afternoone, There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receiue Money and Order for their Furniture. The Land is burning, Percie stands on hye, And either they, or we must lower lye

Fal. Rare words! braue world. Hostesse, my breakfast, come: Oh, I could wish this Tauerne were my drumme.

Exeunt. omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Harrie Hotspurre, Worcester, and Dowglas.

Hot. Well said, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie, Such attribution should the Dowglas haue, As not a Souldiour of this seasons stampe, Should go so generall currant through the world. By heauen I

cannot flatter: I defie The Tongues of Soothers. But a Brauer place In my hearts loue, hath no man then your Selfe. Nay, taske me to my word: approue me Lord

Dow. Thou art the King of Honor: No man so potent breathes vpon the ground, But I will Beard him. Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. What letters hast there? I can but thanke you

Mess. These Letters come from your Father

Hot. Letters from him? Why comes he not himselfe? Mes. He cannot come, my Lord, He is greeuous sicke

Hot. How? haz he the leysure to be sicke now, In such a iustling time? Who leades his power? Vnder whose Gouernment come they along? Mess. His Letters beares his minde, not I his minde

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his Bed? Mess. He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth: And at the time of my departure thence, He was much fear'd by his Physician

Wor. I would the state of time had first beene whole, Ere he by sicknesse had beene visited: His health was neuer better worth then now

Hotsp. Sicke now? droope now? this sicknes doth infect The very Life-blood of our Enterprise, 'Tis catching hither, euen to our Campe. He writes me here, that inward sicknesse, And that his friends by deputation Could not so soone be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet, To lay so dangerous and deare a trust On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne. Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement, That with our small coniunction we should on, To see how Fortune is dispos'd to vs: For, as he writes, there is no quailing now, Because the King is certainely possest Of all our purposes. What say you to it? Wor. Your Fathers sicknesse is a mayme to vs

Hotsp. A perillous Gash, a very Limme lopt off: And yet, in faith, it is not his present want Seemes more then we shall finde it. Were it good, to set the exact

wealth of all our states All at one Cast? To set so rich a mayne On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre, It were not good: for therein should we reade The very Bottome, and the Soule of Hope, The very List, the very vtmost Bound Of all our fortunes

Dowg. Faith, and so wee should, Where now remaines a sweet reuersion. We may boldly spend, vpon the hope Of what is to come in: A comfort of retyrement liues in this

Hotsp. A Randeuous, a Home to flye vnto, If that the Deuill and Mischance looke bigge Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affaires

Wor. But yet I would your Father had beene here: The qualitie and Heire of our Attempt Brookes no diuision: It will be thought By some, that know not why he is away, That wisedome, loyaltie, and meere dislike Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence. And thinke, how such an apprehension May turne the tyde of fearefull Faction, And breede a kinde of question in our cause: For well you know, wee of the offring side, Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement, And stop all sight-holes, euery loope, from whence The eye of reason may prie in vpon vs: This absence of your Father drawes a Curtaine, That shewes the ignorant a kinde of feare, Before not dreamt of

Hotsp. You strayne too farre. I rather of his absence make this vse: It lends a Lustre, and more great Opinion, A larger Dare to your great Enterprize, Then if the Earle were here: for men must thinke, If we without his helpe, can make a Head To push against the Kingdome; with his helpe, We shall o're-turne it topsie-turuy downe: Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole

Dowg. As heart can thinke: There is not such a word spoke of in Scotland, At this Dreame of Feare. Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hotsp. My Cousin Vernon, welcome by my Soule

Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord. The Earle of Westmerland,

seuen thousand strong, Is marching hither-wards, with Prince Iohn

Hotsp. No harme: what more? Vern. And further, I haue learn'd, The King himselfe in person hath set forth, Or hither-wards intended speedily, With strong and mightie preparation

Hotsp. He shall be welcome too. Where is his Sonne, The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales, And his Cumrades, that daft the World aside, And bid it passe? Vern. All furnisht, all in Armes, All plum'd like Estridges, that with the Winde Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd, Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images, As full of spirit as the Moneth of May, And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-summer, Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls. I saw young Harry with his Beuer on, His Cushes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd, Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury, And vaulted with such ease into his Seat, As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds, To turne and winde a fierie Pegasus, And witch the World with Noble Horsemanship

Hotsp. No more, no more, Worse then the Sunne in March: This prayse doth nourish Agues: let them come. They come like Sacrifices in their trimme, And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoakie Warre, All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them: The mayled Mars shall on his Altar sit Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire, To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh, And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse, Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt, Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales. Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coarse? Oh, that Glendower were come

Ver. There is more newes: I learned in Worcester, as I rode along, He cannot draw his Power this fourteene dayes

Dowg. That's the worst Tidings that I heare of yet

Wor. I by my faith, that beares a frosty sound

Hotsp. What may the Kings whole Battaile reach vnto? Ver. To thirty thousand

Hot. Forty let it be, My Father and Glendower being both away, The powres of vs, may serue so great a day. Come, let vs take a muster speedily: Doomesday is neere; dye all, dye merrily

Dow. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Exeunt. Omnes.

Scaena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

Falst. Bardolph, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers shall march through: wee'le to Sutton-cop-hill to Night

Bard. Will you giue me Money, Captaine? Falst. Lay out, lay out

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell

Falst. And if it doe, take it for thy labour: and if it make twentie, take them all, Ile answere the Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant Peto meete me at the Townes end

Bard. I will Captaine: farewell. Enter.

Falst. If I be not asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a sowc't-Gurnet: I haue mis-vs'd the Kings Presse damnably. I haue got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I presse me none but good House-holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire me out contracted Batchelers, such as had beene ask'd twice on the Banes: such a Commoditie of warme slaues, as had as lieue heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; such as feare the report of a Caliuer, worse then a struck-Foole, or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I prest me none but such Tostes and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellyes no bigger then Pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their seruices: And now, my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged a Lazarus in the painted Cloth, where the Gluttons Dogges licked his Sores; and such, as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but dis-carded

vniust Seruingmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, reuolted Tapsters and Ostlers, Trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged, then an old-fac'd Ancient; and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them that haue bought out their seruices: that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and prest the dead bodyes. No eye hath seene such skar-Crowes: Ile not march through Couentry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyues on; for indeede, I had the most of them out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a Heralds Coat, without sleeues: and the Shirt, to say the truth, stolne from my Host of S[aint]. Albones, or the Red-Nose Inne-keeper of Dauintry. But that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on euery Hedge. Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prince. How now blowne Iack? how now Quilt? Falst. What Hal? How now mad Wag, what a Deuill do'st thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmerland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already beene at Shrewsbury

West. 'Faith, Sir Iohn, 'tis more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there alreadie. The King, I can tell you, lookes for vs all: we must away all to Night

Falst. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steale Creame

Prince. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath alreadie made thee Butter: but tell me, Iack, whose fellowes are these that come after? Falst. Mine, Hal, mine

Prince. I did neuer see such pittifull Rascals

Falst. Tut, tut, good enough to tosse: foode for Powder, foode for Powder: they'le fill a Pit, as well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men

Westm. I, but Sir Iohn, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly

Falst. Faith, for their pouertie, I know not where they had that; and for their barenesse, I am sure they neuer learn'd that of me

Prince. No, Ile be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers on the Ribbes bare. But sirra, make haste, Percy is already in the field

Falst. What, is the King encamp'd? Westm. Hee is, Sir Iohn, I feare wee shall stay too long

Falst. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Guest.

Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hotsp. Wee'le fight with him to Night

Worc. It may not be

Dowg. You giue him then aduantage

Vern. Not a whit

Hotsp. Why say you so? lookes he not for supply? Vern. So doe wee

Hotsp. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull

Worc. Good Cousin be aduis'd, stirre not to night

Vern. Doe not, my Lord

Dowg. You doe not counsaile well: You speake it out of feare, and cold heart

Vern. Doe me no slander, Dowglas: by my Life, And I dare well maintaine it with my Life, If well-respected Honor bid me on, I hold as little counsaile with weake feare, As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues. Let it be seene to morrow in the Battell, Which of vs feares

Dowg. Yea, or to night

Vern. Content

Hotsp. To night, say I

Vern. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much, being me[n] of such great leading as you are That you fore-see not what impediments Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse Of my Cousin Vernons are not yet come vp, Your Vnckle Worcesters Horse came but to day, And now their pride and mettall is asleepe, Their courage with hard labour tame and dull, That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe

Hotsp. So are the Horses of the Enemie In generall iourney bated, and brought low: The better part of ours are full of rest

Worc. The number of the King exceedeth ours: For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

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

Hotsp. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt: And would to God you were of our determination.

Some of vs loue you well: and euen those some Enuie your great deseruings, and good name, Because you are not of our qualitie, But stand against vs like an Enemie

Blunt. And Heauen defend, but still I should stand so, So long as out of Limit, and true Rule, You stand against anoynted Maiestie. But to my Charge. The King hath sent to know The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon You coniure from the Brest of Ciuill Peace, Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his dutious Land Audacious Crueltie. If that the King Haue any way your good Deserts forgot, Which he confesseth to be manifold, He bids you name your Griefes, and with all speed You shall haue your desires, with interest; And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these, Herein mis-led, by your suggestion

Hotsp. The King is kinde: And well wee know, the King Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay. My Father, my Vnckle, and my selfe, Did giue him that same Royaltie he weares: And when he was not sixe and twentie strong, Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low, A poore vnminded Out-law, sneaking home, My Father gaue him welcome to the shore: And when he heard him sweare, and vow to God, He came but to be Duke of Lancaster, To sue his Liuerie, and begge his Peace, With teares of Innocencie, and tearmes of Zeale; My Father, in kinde heart and pitty mou'd, Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too. Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him, The more and lesse came in with Cap and Knee, Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages, Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes, Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes, Gaue him their Heires, as Pages followed him, Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes. He presently, as Greatnesse knowes it selfe, Step me a little higher then his Vow Made to my Father, while his blood was poore, Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh: And now (forsooth) takes on him to reforme Some certaine Edicts, and some strait Decrees, That lay too heauie on the Common-wealth; Cryes out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe Ouer his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face, This seeming Brow of Iustice, did he winne The hearts of all that hee did angle for. Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads Of all the Fauorites, that the absent King In deputation left behinde him heere, When hee was personall in the Irish Warre

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this

Hotsp. Then to the point. In short time after, hee depos'd the King. Soone after that, depriu'd him of his Life: And in the neck of that, task't the whole State. To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman March, Who is, if euery Owner were plac'd, Indeede his King, to be engag'd in Wales, There, without Ransome, to lye forfeited: Disgrac'd me in my happie Victories, Sought to intrap me by intelligence, Rated my Vnckle from the Councell-Boord, In rage dismiss'd my Father from the Court, Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong, And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out

This Head of safetie; and withall, to prie Into his Title: the which wee finde Too indirect, for long continuance

Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King? Hotsp. Not so, Sir Walter. Wee'le with-draw a while: Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd Some suretie for a safe returne againe, And in the Morning early shall my Vnckle Bring him our purpose: and so farewell

Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Loue

Hotsp. And't may be, so wee shall

Blunt. Pray Heauen you doe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of Yorke, and Sir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michell, beare this sealed Briefe With winged haste to the Lord Marshall, This to my Cousin Scroope, and all the rest To whom they are directed. If you knew how much they doe import, You would make haste

Sir Mich. My good Lord, I guesse their tenor

Arch. Like enough you doe. To morrow, good Sir Michell, is a day, Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men Must bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury, As I am truly giuen to vnderstand, The King, with mightie and quick-raysed Power, Meetes with Lord Harry: and I feare, Sir Michell, What with the sicknesse of Northumberland, Whose Power was in the first proportion; And what with Owen Glendowers absence thence, Who with them was rated firmely too, And comes not in, ouer-rul'd by Prophecies, I feare the Power of Percy is too weake, To wage an instant tryall with the King

Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare, There is Dowglas, and Lord Mortimer

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there

Sir Mic. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy, And there is my Lord of Worcester, And a Head of gallant Warriors, Noble Gentlemen

Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath Drawne The speciall head of all the Land together: The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, The Noble Westmerland, and warlike Blunt; And many moe Corriuals, and deare men Of estimation, and command in Armes

Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd Arch. I hope no lesse? Yet needfull 'tis to feare, And to preuent the worst, Sir Michell speed; For if Lord Percy thriue not, ere the King Dismisse his power, he meanes to visit vs: For he hath heard of our Confederacie, And, 'tis but Wisedome to make strong against him: Therefore make hast, I must go write againe To other Friends: and so farewell, Sir Michell.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere Aboue yon busky hill: the day lookes pale At his distemperature Prin. The Southerne winde Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes, And by his hollow whistling in the Leaues, Fortels a Tempest, and a blust'ring day

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize, For nothing can seeme foule to those that win.

The Trumpet sounds.

Enter Worcester.

King. How now my Lord of Worster? 'Tis not well That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes, As now we meet. You haue deceiu'd our trust, And made vs doffe our

easie Robes of Peace, To crush our old limbes in vngentle Steele: This is not well, my Lord, this is not well. What say you to it? Will you againe vnknit This churlish knot of all-abhorred Warre? And moue in the obedient Orbe againe, Where you did giue a faire and naturall light, And be no more an exhall'd Meteor, A prodigie of Feare, and a Portent Of broached Mischeefe, to the vnborne Times? Wor. Heare me, my Liege: For mine owne part, I could be well content To entertaine the Lagge-end of my life With quiet houres: For I do protest, I haue not sought the day of this dislike

King. You haue not sought it: how comes it then? Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it

Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace

Wor. It pleas'd your Maiesty, to turne your lookes Of Fauour, from my Selfe, and all our House; And yet I must remember you my Lord, We were the first, and dearest of your Friends: For you, my staffe of Office did I breake In Richards time, and poasted day and night To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand, When yet you were in place, and in account Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I; It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne, That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare The danger of the time. You swore to vs, And you did sweare that Oath at Doncaster, That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State, Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right, The seate of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancaster, To this, we sware our aide: But in short space, It rain'd downe Fortune showring on your head, And such a floud of Greatnesse fell on you, What with our helpe, what with the absent King. What with the iniuries of wanton time, The seeming sufferances that you had borne, And the contrarious Windes that held the King So long in the vnlucky Irish Warres, That all in England did repute him dead: And from this swarme of faire aduantages, You tooke occasion to be quickly woo'd, To gripe the generall sway into your hand, Forgot your Oath to vs at Doncaster, And being fed by vs, you vs'd vs so, As that

vngentle gull the Cuckowes Bird, Vseth the Sparrow, did oppresse our Nest Grew by our Feeding, to so great a builke, That euen our Loue durst not come neere your sight For feare of swallowing: But with nimble wing We were infor'd for safety sake, to flye Out of your sight, and raise this present Head, Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes As you your selfe, haue forg'd against your selfe, By vnkinde vsage, dangerous countenance, And violation of all faith and troth Sworne to vs in yonger enterprize

Kin. These things indeed you haue articulated, Proclaim'd at Market Crosses, read in Churches, To face the Garment of Rebellion With some fine colour, that may please the eye Of fickle Changelings, and poore Discontents, Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes Of hurly burly Innouation: And neuer yet did Insurrection want Such water-colours, to impaint his cause: Nor moody Beggars, staruing for a time Of pell-mell hauocke, and confusion

Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a soule Shall pay full dearely for this encounter, If once they ioyne in triall. Tell your Nephew, The Prince of Wales doth ioyne with all the world In praise of Henry Percie: By my Hopes, This present enterprize set off his head, I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman, More actiue, valiant, or more valiant yong, More daring, or more bold, is now aliue, To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds. For my part, I may speake it to my shame, I haue a Truant beene to Chiualry, And so I heare, he doth account me too: Yet this before my Fathers Maiesty, I am content that he shall take the oddes Of his great name and estimation, And will, to saue the blood on either side, Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight

King. And Prince of Wales, so dare we venter thee, Albeit, considerations infinite Do make against it: No good Worster, no, We loue our people well; euen those we loue That are misled vpon your Cousins part: And will they take the offer of our Grace: Both he, and they, and you; yea euery man Shall be my Friend againe, and

Ile be his. So tell your Cousin, and bring me word, What he will do. But if he will not yeeld, Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs, And they shall do their Office. So bee gone, We will not now be troubled with reply, We offer faire, take it aduisedly.

Exit Worcester.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life, The Dowglas and the Hotspurre both together, Are confident against the world in Armes

King. Hence therefore, euery Leader to his charge, For on their answer will we set on them; And God befriend vs, as our cause is iust.

Exeunt.

Manet Prince and Falstaffe.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me downe in the battell, And bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship

Prin. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that frendship Say thy prayers, and farewell

Fal. I would it were bed time Hal, and all well

Prin. Why, thou ow'st heauen a death

Falst. 'Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him before his day. What neede I bee so forward with him, that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honor prickes me on. But how if Honour pricke me off when I come on? How then? Can Honour set too a legge? No: or an arme? No: Or take away the greefe of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in Surgerie, then? No. What is Honour A word. What is that word Honour? Ayre: A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'de a Wednesday. Doth he feele it? No. Doth hee heare it? No. Is it insensible then? yea, to the dead. But wil it not liue with the liuing? No. Why? Detraction wil not suffer it, therfore Ile none of it. Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and so ends my Catechisme. Enter.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir Richard, The liberall kinde offer of the King

Ver. 'Twere best he did

Wor. Then we are all vndone. It is not possible, it cannot be, The King would keepe his word in louing vs, He will suspect vs still, and finde a time To punish this offence in others faults: Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes; For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe, Who ne're so tame, so cherisht, and lock'd vp, Will haue a wilde tricke of his Ancestors: Looke how he can, or sad or merrily, Interpretation will misquote our lookes, And we shall feede like Oxen at a stall, The better cherisht, still the nearer death. My Nephewes Trespasse may be well forgot, It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood, And an adopted name of Priuiledge, A haire-brain'd Hotspurre, gouern'd by a Spleene: All his offences liue vpon my head, And on his Fathers. We did traine him on, And his corruption being tane from vs, We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all: Therefore good Cousin, let not Harry know In any case, the offer of the King

Ver. Deliuer what you will, Ile say 'tis so. Heere comes your Cosin. Enter Hotspurre.

Hot. My Vnkle is return'd, Deliuer vp my Lord of Westmerland. Vnkle, what newes? Wor. The King will bid you battell presently

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland Hot. Lord Dowglas: Go you and tell him so

Dow. Marry and shall, and verie willingly.

Exit Dowglas.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King

Hot. Did you begge any? God forbid

Wor. I told him gently of our greeuances, Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus, By now forswearing that he is forsworne, He cals vs Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs. Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I haue thrown A braue defiance in King Henries teeth: And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it, Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king, And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads, And that no man might draw short breath to day, But I and Harry Monmouth. Tell me, tell mee, How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt? Ver. No, by my Soule: I neuer in my life Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modestly, Vnlesse a Brother should a Brother dare To gentle exercise, and proofe of Armes. He gaue you all the Duties of a Man, Trimm'd vp your praises with a Princely tongue, Spoke your deseruings like a Chronicle, Making you euer better then his praise, By still dispraising praise, valew'd with you: And which became him like a Prince indeed, He made a blushing citall of himselfe, And chid his Trewant youth with such a Grace, As if he mastred there a double spirit Of teaching, and of learning instantly: There did he pause. But let me tell the World, If he out-liue the enuie of this day, England did neuer owe so sweet a hope, So much misconstrued in his Wantonnesse, Hot. Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored On his Follies: neuer did I heare Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty. But be he as he will, yet once ere night, I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme, That he shall shrinke vnder my curtesie. Arme, arme with speed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends, Better consider what you haue to do, That I that haue not well the gift of Tongue, Can lift your blood vp with perswasion. Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, heere are Letters for you

Hot. I cannot reade them now. O Gentlemen, the time of life is short; To spend that

shortnesse basely, were too long. If life did ride vpon a Dials point, Still ending at the arriuall of an houre, And if we liue, we liue to treade on Kings: If dye; braue death, when Princes dye with vs. Now for our Consciences, the Armes is faire, When the intent for bearing them is iust. Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace

Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale: For I professe not talking: Onely this, Let each man do his best. And heere I draw a Sword, Whose worthy temper I intend to staine With the best blood that I can meete withall, In the aduenture of this perillous day. Now Esperance Percy, and set on: Sound all the lofty Instruments of Warre, And by that Musicke, let vs all imbrace: For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall, A second time do such a curtesie.

They embrace, the trumpets sound, the King entereth with his power, alarum vnto the battell. Then enter Dowglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blu. What is thy name, that in battel thus y crossest me? What honor dost thou seeke vpon my head? Dow. Know then my name is Dowglas, And I do haunt thee in the Battell thus, Because some tell me, that thou art a King

Blunt. They tell thee true

Dow. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought Thy likenesse: for insted of thee King Harry, This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee, Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as a Prisoner

Blu. I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot, And thou shalt finde a King that will reuenge Lords Staffords death.

Fight, Blunt is slaine, then enters Hotspur.

Hot. O Dowglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus I neuer had triumphed o're a Scot

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathles lies the king Hot. Where? Dow. Heere

Hot. This Dowglas? No, I know this face full well: A gallant Knight he was, his name was Blunt, Semblably furnish'd like the King himselfe

Dow. Ah foole: go with thy soule whether it goes, A borrowed Title hast thou bought too deere. Why didst thou tell me, that thou wer't a King? Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates, Ile murder all his Wardrobe peece by peece, Vntill I meet the King

Hot. Vp, and away, Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day.

Exeunt.

Alarum, and enter Falstaffe solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot heere: here's no scoring, but vpon the pate. Soft who are you? Sir Walter Blunt, there's Honour for you: here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauy too; heauen keepe Lead out of mee, I neede no more weight then mine owne Bowelles. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my 150. left aliue, and they for the Townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere? Enter the Prince

Pri. What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy sword, Many a Nobleman lies starke and stiffe Vnder the hooues of vaunting enemies, Whose deaths are vnreueng'd. Prethy lend me thy sword Fal. O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breath awhile: Turke Gregory neuer did such deeds in Armes, as I haue done this day. I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee: I prethee lend me thy sword

Falst. Nay Hal, is Percy bee aliue, thou getst not my Sword; but take my Pistoll if thou wilt

Prin. Giue it me: What, is it in the case? Fal. I Hal, 'tis hot: There's that will Sacke a City.

The Prince drawes out a Bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What, is it a time to iest and dally now.

Enter.

Throwes it at him.

Fal. If Percy be aliue, Ile pierce him: if he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: Giue mee life, which if I can saue, so: if not, honour comes vnlook'd for, and ther's an end.

Exit

Scena Tertia.

Alarum, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.

King. I prethee Harry withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too much: Lord Iohn of Lancaster, go you with him

P.Ioh. Not I, My Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too

Prin. I beseech your Maiesty make vp, Least your retirement do amaze your friends

King. I will do so: My Lord of Westmerland leade him to his Tent

West. Come my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent

Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe; And heauen forbid a shallow scratch should driue The Prince of Wales from such a field as this, Where stain'd Nobility lyes troden on, And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres

Ioh. We breath too long: Come cosin Westmerland, Our duty this way lies, for heauens sake come

Prin. By heauen thou hast deceiu'd me Lancaster, I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit: Before, I lou'd thee as a Brother, Iohn; But now, I do respect thee as my

Soule

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point, With lustier maintenance then I did looke for Of such an vngrowne Warriour

Prin. O this Boy, lends mettall to vs all. Enter.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Another King? They grow like Hydra's heads: I am the Dowglas, fatall to all those That weare those colours on them. What art thou That counterfeit'st the person of a King? King. The King himselfe: who Dowglas grieues at hart So many of his shadowes thou hast met, And not the very King. I haue two Boyes Seeke Percy and thy selfe about the Field: But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily, I will assay thee: so defend thy selfe

Dow. I feare thou art another counterfeit: And yet infaith thou bear'st thee like a King: But mine I am sure thou art, whoere thou be, And thus I win thee.

They fight, the K[ing]. being in danger, Enter Prince.

Prin. Hold vp thy head vile Scot, or thou art like Neuer to hold it vp againe: the Spirits Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my Armes; it is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee, Who neuer promiseth, but he meanes to pay.

They Fight, Dowglas flyeth.

Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace? Sir Nicolas Gawsey hath for succour sent, And so hath Clifton: Ile to Clifton straight

King. Stay, and breath awhile. Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion, And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life In this faire rescue thou hast brought to mee

Prin. O heauen, they did me too much iniury, That euer said I hearkned to your death. If it were so, I might haue let alone The insulting hand of Dowglas ouer you, Which would haue bene as speedy in your end, As all the poysonous Potions in the world, And sau'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonne

K. Make vp to Clifton, Ile to Sir Nicholas Gausey.

Exit

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth

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

Hot. My name is Harrie Percie

Prin. Why then I see a very valiant rebel of that name. I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not Percy, To share with me in glory any more: Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere, Nor can one England brooke a double reigne, Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales

Hot. Nor shall it Harry, for the houre is come To end the one of vs; and would to heauen, Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine

Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee, And all the budding Honors on thy Crest, Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities.

Fight.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Well said Hal, to it Hal. Nay you shall finde no Boyes play heere, I can tell you. Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falstaffe, who fals down as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percie.

Hot. Oh Harry, thou hast rob'd me of my youth: I better brooke the losse of brittle life, Then those proud Titles thou hast wonne of me, They wound my thoghts worse, then the sword my flesh: But thought's the slaue of Life, and Life, Times foole; And Time, that takes suruey of all the world, Must haue a stop. O, I could Prophesie, But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death, Lyes on my Tongue: No Percy, thou art dust And food for- Prin. For Wormes, braue Percy. Farewell great heart: Ill-weau'd

Ambition, how much art thou shrunke? When that this bodie did containe a spirit, A Kingdome for it was too small a bound: But now two paces of the vilest Earth Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead, Beares not aliue so stout a Gentleman. If thou wer't sensible of curtesie, I should not make so great a shew of Zeale. But let my fauours hide thy mangled face, And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe For doing these fayre Rites of Tendernesse. Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen, Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue, But not remembred in thy Epitaph. What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh Keepe in a little life? Poore Iacke, farewell: I could haue better spar'd a better man. O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee, If I were much in loue with Vanity. Death hath not strucke so fat a Deere to day, Though many dearer in this bloody Fray: Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by, Till then, in blood, by Noble Percie lye. Enter.

Falstaffe riseth vp.

Falst. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell mee to day, Ile giue you leaue to powder me, and eat me too to morow. 'Twas time to counterfet, or that hotte Termagant Scot, had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit; to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for hee is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeede. The better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the which better part, I haue saued my life. I am affraide of this Gun-powder Percy though he be dead. How if hee should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid hee would proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure: yea, and Ile sweare I kill'd him. Why may not hee rise as well as I: Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-bodie sees me. Therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh come you along me.

Takes Hotspurre on his backe.

Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaster.

Prin. Come Brother Iohn, full brauely hast thou flesht thy Maiden sword

Iohn. But soft, who haue we heere? Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead? Prin. I did, I saw him dead, Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou aliue? Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight? I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes Without our eares. Thou art not what thou seem'st

Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but if I be not Iacke Falstaffe, then am I a Iacke: There is Percy, if your Father will do me any Honor, so: if not, let him kill the next Percie himselfe. I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you

Prin. Why, Percy I kill'd my selfe, and saw thee dead

Fal. Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to Lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by Shrewsburie clocke. If I may bee beleeued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take't on my death I gaue him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were aliue, and would deny it, I would make him eate a peece of my sword

Iohn. This is the strangest Tale that e're I heard

Prin. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother Iohn. Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe: For my part, if a lye may do thee grace, Ile gil'd it with the happiest tearmes I haue.

A Retreat is sounded.

The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours: Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field, To see what Friends are liuing, who are dead.

Exeunt.

Fal. Ile follow as they say, for Reward. Hee that rewards me, heauen reward him. If I do grow great again, Ile grow lesse? For Ile purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a Nobleman should do.

Exit

Scaena Quarta.

The Trumpets sound.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester & Vernon Prisoners.

King. Thus euer did Rebellion finde Rebuke. Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace, Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you? And would'st thou turne our offers contrary? Misuse the tenor of thy Kinsmans trust? Three Knights vpon our party slaine to day, A Noble Earle, and many a creature else, Had beene aliue this houre, If like a Christian thou had'st truly borne Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence

Wor. What I haue done, my safety vrg'd me to, And I embrace this fortune patiently, Since not to be auoyded, it fals on mee

King. Beare Worcester to death, and Vernon too: Other offenders we will pause vpon.

Exit Worcester and Vernon.

How goes the Field? Prin. The Noble Scot Lord Dowglas, when hee saw The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him, The Noble Percy slaine, and all his men, Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest; And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent The Dowglas is, and I beseech your Grace, I may dispose of him

King. With all my heart

Prin. Then Brother Iohn of Lancaster, To you this honourable bounty shall belong: Go to the Dowglas, and deliuer him Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free: His Valour shewne vpon our Crests to day, Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deeds, Euen in the bosome of our Aduersaries

King. Then this remaines: that we diuide our Power. You Sonne Iohn, and my Cousin Westmerland Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your deerest speed To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate Scroope, Who (as we heare) are busily in Armes. My Selfe, and you Sonne Harry will towards Wales, To fight with Glendower, and the Earle of March. Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way, Meeting the Checke of such another day: And since this Businesse so faire is done, Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK KING HENRY IV, PART 1 ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG™ LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg electronic works. See

paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the

Project Gutenberg License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg electronic works provided that:

• You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.” • You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the

terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works. • You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work. • You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR

NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg

Project Gutenberg is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation’s EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project

Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 41 Watchung Plaza #516, Montclair NJ 07042, USA, +1 (862) 621-9288. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S.

laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate.

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.