

William Shakespeare
King Henry the Fourth.
The Second part

Dramatis personae

Rumour, the Presenter.

King Henry The Fourth.

Henry, Prince of Wales; afterwards King Henry the Fifth, & **Thomas**, Duke of Clarence, & **John of Lancaster**, & **Humphrey of Gloucester**: His Sons.

Earl of Warwick, **Earl of Westmoreland**, **Earl of Surrey**, & **Gower**, **Harcourt**, & **Blunt**: Of the King's party.

Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

A Servant of the Chief Justice.

Earl of Northumberland; **Richard Scroop**, **Archbishop of York**; **Lord Mowbray**, **Lord Hastings**, **Lord Bardolph**, & **Sir John Coleville**: Opposites to the King.

Travers and **Morton**, Retainers of Northumberland.

Sir John Falstaff.

His **Page.**

Bardolph.

Pistol.

Poins.

Peto.

Shallow and **Silence**, Country Justices.

Davy, Servant to Shallow.

Mouldy, **Shadow**, **Wart**, **Feeble**, and **Bullcalf**,
Recruits.

Fang and **Snare**, Sheriff's Officers.

A Porter.

A Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue.

Lady Northumberland.

Lady Percy.

Mistress Quickly, Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

Doll Tearsheet.

Lords and Attendants; Officers, Soldiers,
Messenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE.-*England*.

Induction

Warkworth. Before the castle.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rumour

Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,

The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepared defence,
Whiles the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebel's blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury

And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's
tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than
true wrongs.

Exit.

Act I

Scene I

The same.

Enter Lord Bardolph.

Lord Bardolph

Who keeps the gate here, ho?

The Porter opens the gate.

Where is the earl?

Porter

What shall I say you are?

Lord Bardolph

Tell thou the earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Porter

His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself wilt answer.

Enter Northumberland.

Lord Bardolph

Here comes the earl.

Exit Porter.

Northumberland

What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:
The times are wild: contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose
And bears down all before him.

Lord Bardolph

Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

Northumberland

Good, an God will!

Lord Bardolph

As good as heart can wish:

The king is almost wounded to the death;

And, in the fortune of my lord your son,

Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts

Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John

And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;

And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,

Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,

So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won,

Came not till now to dignify the times,

Since Caesar's fortunes!

Northumberland

How is this derived?

Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

Lord Bardolph

I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence,

A gentleman well bred and of good name,

That freely render'd me these news for true.

Northumberland

Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Enter Travers.

Lord Bardolph

My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me.

Northumberland

Now, Travers, what good tidings comes with
you?

Travers

My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better horsed,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury:
He told me that rebellion had bad luck
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And bending forward struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head, and starting so
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

Northumberland

Ha! Again:

Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur Coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

Lord Bardolph

My lord, I'll tell you what;
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

Northumberland

Why should that gentleman that rode by Travers
Give then such instances of loss?

Lord Bardolph

Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton.

Northumberland

Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strand whereon the imperious flood

But, for my lord your son —

Northumberland

Why, he is dead.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!

He that but fears the thing he would not know

Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes

That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak,

Morton;

Tell thou an earl his divination lies,

And I will take it as a sweet disgrace

And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Morton

You are too great to be by me gainsaid:

Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

Northumberland

Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye:

Thou shakest thy head and hold'st it fear or sin

To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;

The tongue offends not that reports his death:

And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,

Not he which says the dead is not alive.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news

Hath but a losing office, and his tongue

Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,

Remember'd tolling a departing friend.

Lord Bardolph

I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Morton

I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and
out-breathed,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat
down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops;
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead:
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon the enraged Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Travers

This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

Lord Bardolph

Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your
honour.

Morton

The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you
said

'Let us make head.' It was your presumise,
 That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop:
 You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
 More likely to fall in than to get o'er;
 You were advised his flesh was capable
 Of wounds and scars and that his forward spirit
 Would lift him where most trade of danger
 ranged:
 Yet did you say 'Go forth;' and none of this,
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
 The stiff-borne action: what hath then befallen,
 Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
 More than that being which was like to be?

Lord Bardolph

We all that are engaged to this loss
 Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas
 That if we wrought our life 'twas ten to one;
 And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
 Choked the respect of likely peril fear'd;
 And since we are o'erset, venture again.
 Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Morton

'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord,
 I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
 The gentle Archbishop of York is up
 With well-appointed powers: he is a man

Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side; but, for their spirits and
souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's followed both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret
stones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

Northumberland

I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge:
Get posts and letters, and make friends with

speed:
Never so few, and never yet more need.

Exeunt.

Scene II

London. A street.

Enter Falstaff, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Falstaff

Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my
water?

Page

He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy
water; but, for the party that owed it, he might
have more diseases than he knew for.

Falstaff

Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the
brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is
not
able to invent anything that tends to laughter,
more
than I invent or is invented on me: I am not only
witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other

men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that
hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the
prince put thee into my service for any other
reason
than to set me off, why then I have no judgment.
Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be
worn
in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never
manned with an agate till now: but I will inset
you
neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and
send you back again to your master, for a
jewel, —
the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is
not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow
in
the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his
cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is
a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, 'tis
not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still at a
face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence
out of it; and yet he'll be crowing as if he had
writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He
may keep his own grace, but he's almost out of
mine,
I can assure him. What said Master Dombledon
about
the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

Page

He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his band and yours; he liked not the security.

Falstaff

Let him be damned, like the glutton! pray God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson Achitophel! a
rascally
yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand,
and then stand upon security! The whoreson
smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high
shoes, and
bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is
through with them in honest taking up, then they
must stand upon security. I had as lief they would
put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with
security. I looked a' should have sent me two and
twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and
he
sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security;
for he hath the horn of abundance, and the
lightness
of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he
see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him.
Where's Bardolph?

Page

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

Falstaff

I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief-Justice and Servant.

Page

Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Falstaff

Wait, close; I will not see him.

Lord Chief-Justice

What's he that goes there?

Servant

Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Lord Chief-Justice

He that was in question for the robbery?

Servant

He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at
Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with
some

charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Lord Chief-Justice What, to York? Call him back
again.

Servant

Sir John Falstaff!

Falstaff

Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page

You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Lord Chief-Justice I am sure he is, to the hearing
of any thing good.

Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with
him.

Servant

Sir John!

Falstaff

What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not
wars? is there not employment? doth not the king
lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers?

Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it
is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst
side,
were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell
how to make it.

Servant

You mistake me, sir.

Falstaff

Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man?
setting
my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had
lied
in my throat, if I had said so.

Servant

I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and our
soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you,
you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other
than an honest man.

Falstaff

I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that
which grows to me! if thou gettest any leave of
me,
hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be
hanged. You hunt counter: hence! avaunt!

Servant

Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Lord Chief-Justice Sir John Falstaff, a word with
you.

Falstaff

My good lord! God give your lordship good time
of
day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I
heard
say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship
goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not
clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of
age in
you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I
must
humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent
care
of your health.

Lord Chief -Justice

Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to
Shrewsbury.

Falstaff

An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is
returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Lord Chief-Justice

I talk not of his majesty: you would not come
when
I sent for you.

Falstaff

And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into
this same whoreson apoplexy.

Lord Chief-Justice

Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak
with
you.

Falstaff

This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy,
an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the
blood, a whoreson tingling.

Lord Chief-Justice

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

Falstaff

It hath its original from much grief, from study
and
perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of
his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Lord Chief-Justice

I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Falstaff

Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Lord Chief-Justice

To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Falstaff

I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but
how
should I be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

Lord Chief-Justice

I sent for you, when there were matters against
you
for your life, to come speak with me.

Falstaff

As I was then advised by my learned counsel in
the
laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Lord Chief-Justice

Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great
infamy.

Falstaff

He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Lord Chief-Justice

Your means are very slender, and your waste is
great.

Falstaff

I would it were otherwise; I would my means
were
greater, and my waist slenderer.

Lord Chief-Justice

You have misled the youthful prince.

Falstaff

The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow
with the great belly, and he my dog.

Lord Chief-Justice

Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound:
your
day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded
over your night's exploit on Gad's-hill: you may
thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting
that action.

Falstaff

My lord?

Lord Chief-Justice

But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a
sleeping wolf.

Falstaff

To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Lord Chief-Justice

What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt
out.

Falstaff

A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow: if I did say
of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Lord Chief-Justice

There is not a white hair on your face but should

have his effect of gravity.

Falstaff

His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Lord Chief-Justice

You follow the young prince up and down, like
his
ill angel.

Falstaff

Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but I hope
he that looks upon me will take me without
weighing:
and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go: I
cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these
costermonger times that true valour is turned
bear-herd: pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath
his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the
other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of
this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry.
You that are old consider not the capacities of us
that are young; you do measure the heat of our
livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we
that are in the vaward of our youth, I must
confess,
are wags too.

Lord Chief-Justice

Do you set down your name in the scroll of
youth,
that are written down old with all the characters
of
age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a
yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg?
an
increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your
wind short? your chin double? your wit single?
and
every part about you blasted with antiquity? and
will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir
John!

Falstaff

My lord, I was born about three of the clock in
the
afternoon, with a white head and something a
round
belly. For my voice, I have lost it with halloing
and singing of anthems. To approve my youth
further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in
judgment and understanding; and he that will
caper
with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me
the
money, and have at him! For the box of the ear

that
the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince,
and you took it like a sensible lord. I have
chequed him for it, and the young lion repents;
marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk
and old sack.

Lord Chief -Justice

Well,
God send the prince a better companion!

Falstaff

God send the companion a better prince! I cannot
rid my hands of him.

Lord Chief-Justice

Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry:
I
hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster
against the Archbishop and the Earl of
Northumberland.

Falstaff

Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look
you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at
home,
that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the
Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I

mean
not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day,
and I brandish any thing but a bottle, I would I
might never spit white again. There is not a
dangerous action can peep out his head but I am
thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever: but it
was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if
they have a good thing, to make it too common. If
ye will needs say I am an old man, you should
give
me rest. I would to God my name were not so
terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be
eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to
nothing with perpetual motion.

Lord Chief-Justice

Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your
expedition!

Falstaff

Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to
furnish me forth?

Lord Chief-Justice

Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient
to
bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my
cousin Westmoreland.

Exeunt Chief-Justice and Servant.

Falstaff

If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than a' can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy!

Page

Sir?

Falstaff

What money is in my purse?

Page

Seven groats and two pence.

Falstaff

I can get no remedy against this consumption of
the
purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out,
but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter
to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this
to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old
Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to
marry
since I perceived the first white hair on my chin.

About it: you know where to find me.

Exit Page.

A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for
the one or the other plays the rogue with my great
toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars
for my colour, and my pension shall seem the
more
reasonable. A good wit will make use of any
thing:
I will turn diseases to commodity.

Exit.

Scene III

York. The Archbishop's palace.

*Enter the Archbishop of York, the Lords
Hastings, Mowbray, and Bardolph.*

Archbishop of York

Thus have you heard our cause and known our
means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowbray

I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hastings

Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Lord Bardolph

The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus;
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?

Hastings

With him, we may.

Lord Bardolph

Yea, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For in a theme so bloody-faced as this

Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain should not be admitted.

Archbishop of York

'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for indeed
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

Lord Bardolph

It was, my lord; who lined himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself in project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:
And so, with great imagination
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death
And winking leap'd into destruction.

Hastings

But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

Lord Bardolph

Yes, if this present quality of war,
Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot
Lives so in hope as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to
build,

We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at last desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up, should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hastings

Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation,
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Lord Bardolph

What, is the king but five and twenty thousand?

Hastings

To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Archbishop of York

That he should draw his several strengths together
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hastings

If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and
Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

Lord Bardolph

Who is it like should lead his forces hither?

Hastings

The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;

Against the Welsh, himself and Harry

Monmouth:

But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Archbishop of York

Let us on,

And publish the occasion of our arms.

The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;

Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:

An habitation giddy and unsure

Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O thou fond many, with what loud applause

Didst thou beat heaven with blessing

Bolingbroke,

Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!

And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,

Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,

That thou provokest thyself to cast him up.

So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge

Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;

And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,

And howl'st to find it. What trust is in
these times?

They that, when Richard lived, would have him
die,

Are now become enamour'd on his grave:

Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head

When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Criest now 'O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!' O thoughts of men accursed!
Past and to come seems best; things present worst.

Mowbray

Shall we go draw our numbers and set on?

Hastings

We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

Exeunt.

Act II

Scene I

London. A street.

*Enter Mistress Quickly, Fang and his Boy
with her, and Snare following.*

Mistress Quickly

Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang

It is entered.

Mistress Quickly

Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to 't?

Fang

Sirrah, where's Snare?

Mistress Quickly

O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

Snare

Here, here.

Fang

Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Mistress Quickly

Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered him and
all.

Snare

It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he
will stab.

Mistress Quickly

Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in
mine own house, and that most beastly: in good
faith, he cares not what mischief he does. If his

weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang

If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Mistress Quickly

No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang

An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my
vice, —

Mistress Quickly

I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Master
Fang,
hold him sure: good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. A' comes continually to
Pie-corner-saving
your manhoods-to buy a saddle; and he is indited
to
dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lumbert street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered and my case so openly known to
the
world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone

woman to
bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and
have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed
off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame
to be thought on. There is no honesty in such
dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass
and a
beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he
comes; and that errant malmsey-nose knave,
Bardolph,
with him. Do your offices, do your offices:
Master
Fang and Master Snare, do me, do me, do me
your offices.

Enter Falstaff, Page, and Bardolph.

Falstaff

How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang

Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress
Quickly.

Falstaff

Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the
villain's head: throw the quean in the channel.

Mistress Quickly

Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honeysuckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Falstaff

Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang

A rescue! a rescue!

Mistress Quickly

Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou wo't,
wo't
thou? Thou wo't, wo't ta? do, do, thou rogue! do,
thou hemp-seed!

Falstaff

Away, you scullion! you rampallion! You fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief-Justice, and his men.

Lord Chief-Justice

What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Mistress Quickly

Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you,
stand to me.

Lord Chief-Justice

How now, Sir John! what are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time and
business?

You should have been well on your way to York.
Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon
him?

Mistress Quickly

O most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I
am
a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at
my suit.

Lord Chief-Justice

For what sum?

Mistress Quickly

It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all,
all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and
home;
he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of
his: but I will have some of it out again, or I
will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

Falstaff

I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Lord Chief-Justice

How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of

exclamation?

Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to

so

rough a course to come by her own?

Falstaff

What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Mistress Quickly

Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a

parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber,

at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon

Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince

broke

thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of

Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was

washing thy wound, to marry me and make me

my lady

thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife

Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call

me
gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of
vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns;
whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I
told thee they were ill for a green wound? And
didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs,
desire me to be no more so familiarity with such
poor people; saying that ere long they should call
me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid

me
fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy
book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

Falstaff

My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up
and down the town that the eldest son is like you:
she hath been in good case, and the truth is,
poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish
officers, I beseech you I may have redress against
them.

Lord Chief-Justice

Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your
manner of wrenching the true cause the false way.

It
is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words
that come with such more than impudent
sauciness