PHOTOGRAPH BY THE EDITOR

THE BATTLEFIELD, SHREWSBURY

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SHAKESPEARE'S

HENRY THE FOURTH

PART I.

FOR USE IN PUBLIC AND HIGH SCHOOLS

WITH ANNOTATIONS BY

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TORONTO

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HENRY THE IV, PART I

Date of the Play

During the first six or seven years of Shakespeare's career as a dramatist (1588—1594), and while he was still learning the mastery of his art, he produced a number of historical plays. To this period belong *Henry VI*, *Richard III*, and *King John*. During the next six years (1594—1600) he produced the best of his comedies, and his great historical plays, *Richard II*, *Henry IV. Parts I and II*, and *Henry V*. *Henry IV*, *Part I* was written probably either in 1596 or in 1597, for it was entered in The Stationers' Register (similar to our copyright registration) in February 1598. It belongs to the same period as *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*

Source of the Plot

Shakespeare obtained his material for *Henry IV*, *Part I*, from Holinshed's *Chronicles*, which was first published in 1577. There was in existence at the time when *Henry IV* was written, a play entitled *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*; but it was very coarse and crude in character. Shakespeare, however, is supposed to have borrowed from it the names of Gadshill, Ned (Poins), and Sir John Oldcastle, which was afterwards changed to Sir John Falstaff; but aside from this, his *Henry IV* owes nothing to the contemporary play. The character of Falstaff is entirely Shakespeare's own creation and the construction of the plot and many of the minor incidents in the play are the work of the dramatist's own imagination.

Structure of the Play

In *Henry IV*, *Part I*, two stories are interwoven, the story of the rebellion of the Percies, and the story of Falstaff and

his companions. The Prince is the connecting link between these stories. The Falstaff story supplies the humorous element in the play, and affords relief for the serious situations; and at the same time the tavern scenes help to give the impression that certain intervals of time have passed between the different stages in the main action. But the Falstaff story serves another and more important purpose. The real hero of the play is Prince Hal, and one of the chief sources of interest in the play is the apparent change that takes place in his character and conduct. Aside from the humour of Falstaff and the situations in which he appears, the Falstaff story shows us,

> "The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
> And his comrades that daff'd the world aside
> And bid it pass":

and because of the picture that it gives of the Prince and his "follies" it is an indispensable part of the play.

During the first half of the play the two stories move side by side and have little connection one with the other; but in the middle scene of Act III, in the interview between the Prince and his father, the two stories meet. In this scene the Prince is set in sharp contrast with Hotspur; and the Prince as he has been in the past is contrasted sharply also with the Prince as, according to promise, he will be in the future. The speech in which the Prince vows that he "will redeem all this on Percy's head" is the turning point in the play; and from this time forward throughout the second half of the play the two stories are more closely related, inasmuch as all, even Falstaff, are engaged on one side or the other in the struggle.

In its general structure the play follows a well- defined plan. In the First Act the foundation of the plot is laid and the principal characters are introduced. The Second Act and first half of the Third Act present what is known as the "complication." The rebels are organizing their forces and the King is preparing to meet them. In the middle of the Third Act the Prince's vow constitutes the crisis or turning point in the play, and the Fourth and Fifth Acts present the "resolution" or "dénouement" of the plot. The Fourth Act

sees the fortunes of the rebels on the decline, and in the last Act partly through the courage of the Prince and partly because of the energy and foresight of the King, the rebel army is defeated.

Sources of Interest.

In Henry IV, Part I, the dramatist does not, to any extent, make use of special dramatic devices such as the supernatural, dramatic irony, nemesis, suspense, and the oracular element, for the purpose of holding the interest of his audience. He relies chiefly on humour, the dramatic incidents of the story, the life and movement of individual scenes, and, above all, on the portrayal of different types of character. No play that contains such characters as Hotspur, Glendower, Falstaff, Prince Hal, and King Henry himself, could possibly be found lacking in interest. On the side of plot the two main sources of interest lie in the progress of the rebellion and the "reformation" of Prince Hal. The rebellion is of interest because it depends for its success upon the united action of the different leaders,—Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Glendower, Mortimer, Douglas and the Archbishop; and we are interested in seeing what part these different leaders play in the uprising. The fact that there are so many different leaders and advisers foredooms the enterprise to almost certain failure. As for the Prince, his "reformation" is made doubly interesting to the audience because of his declaration early in the play that he intends, at the proper time, to throw off his "loose behaviour"; and because in the end so much depends upon his fulfilling the solemn vow which he made to his father that he would call Percy to "strict account" and make him exchange "his glorious deeds" for Prince Hal's "indignities".

Time Analysis.

The events recorded in the play occupy about a year's time; but in the play they are made to follow one another very closely. For example, in the first scene of the play news is brought that Mortimer has been captured by Glendower and that Hotspur has defeated the Scots at Homildon Hill. In reality there

was an interval of three months or more between these two events. Mortimer was taken prisoner in June and the battle of Homildon Hill was fought in September. In the play the quarrel of Hotspur with the King appears to follow soon after the events of the first scene; but as a matter of fact, although the Percies were discontented in the meanwhile, it was not until the following summer that the actual rebellion broke out. On July 11th, 1403, King Henry learned that Hotspur had risen in rebellion and was marching to join forces with Glendower. The battle of Shrewsbury was fought ten days later, on July 21.

Historical Background.

Richard II was son of the Black Prince and grandson of Edward III. He was only ten years of age when he came to the throne. In 1386 he undertook to rule in his own right, and he defied the Parliament. He was headstrong and arbitrary in the assertion of his prerogative, and through his misrule and extravagance he alienated his people. In 1387 Henry of Bolingbroke joined in a remonstrance against the rule of the King's favourites, but on the whole he gave his support to the King. In 1397 a violent quarrel took place between Henry, then Duke of Hereford, and Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. Each accused the other of treason and it was agreed that they should decide the quarrel by combat. But at the last moment Richard interfered and banished them both,—Mowbray for life and Henry for ten years. In 1399 John of Gaunt, Henry's father, died, and Richard now changed Henry's sentence to banishment for life, and confiscated his estates. He then set out for Ireland, hoping that his presence might overawe the turbulent Irish chieftains. In his absence Henry landed at Ravenspurg in Yorkshire with a small force, Thence he marched to Doncaster where he was joined by the Percies; and people of all classes flocked to his standard. He then moved south to Berkeley Castle, near Gloucester, where he was joined by the Duke of York, who was Regent during Richard's absence in Ireland. Shortly afterwards, three of Richard's favourites, including William Scrope, Earl of Wiltshire, who had taken refuge in Bristol, were taken prisoners and put to death. Upon Richard's return from Ireland, finding that his followers had deserted him he offered to re-

nounce the crown, and he went to London in company with Henry and Northumberland. When Parliament met, Richard's resignation of the kingship was received, and Henry was named as his successor. Richard was imprisoned in Pontefract Castle in Yorkshire and is said to have died of starvation in the following year. During the period from 1399 to 1402, King Henry carried on three successive campaigns against Owen Glendower in Wales, but all were failures. In June 1402 Edmund Mortimer was taken prisoner by Glendower. In the following September Hotspur defeated the Scots in the battle of Homildon Hill, and he now urged the King to ransom Mortimer. A stormy interview took place between the King and Hotspur, but the quarrel was later patched up. However, the Percies were discontented because the King had left them to bear the expenses of the wars against the Scots; and in the following summer Hotspur took up arms against the King. He was planning to join forces with Glendower in Wales, but the King intercepted him at Shrewsbury. According to popular account, Worcester went to interview the King on the morning of the battle, but on his return misrepresented the King's offers and thus prevented a reconciliation between Hotspur and King Henry. The battle was fiercely contested, and it is said that the King slew thirty men with his own hand. The Prince of Wales, though only fifteen years of age, played an important part in the battle, and though wounded in the face by an arrow he refused to discontinue the fight. Prince John of Lancaster was then only fourteen years of age aud there is no record of his having been present at the battle.

Although in its main features the story of the play is founded on fact, yet in certain details it is not historically accurate:

1. For the sake of dramatic effect the events in the play are made to follow one another more closely in point of time than they actually did. For example, there was an interval of three months between the capture of Mortimer and the battle of Homildon Hill.

2 The Prince of Wales and Hotspur are represented as being of the same age, whereas Hotspur was about the same age as the King, and Prince Hal was a boy of fourteen. The King

is also represented in the play as much older than he was in reality.

3. Edmund Mortimer, brother-in-law of Hotspur, is represented as being the Earl of March and heir to the throne.

4. Shakespeare represents Hotspur, Mortimer, and Glendower as dividing the kingdom among themselves. In reality this division, if it took place at all, was made among Northumberland, Mortimer and Glendower, in the year 1405, nearly two years after the battle of Shrewsbury.

5. The interview described in the play, between the King and the Prince of Wales did not take place until some years later; and, furthermore, the Prince did not lose his place in the Council till the year 1412, when he was discharged as the result of friction with the King.

6. From an historical point of view the account of the battle is inaccurate in a number of details. The Prince of Wales did not challenge Hotspur to fight, as represented in the play; Hotspur was killed by an unknown hand; Prince John of Lancaster was not present at the battle; and Douglas was not delivered up "ransomless and free." Falstaff is a purely fictitious character and his part in the battle is wholly imaginary.

The Battlefield.

Shrewsbury is a quaint old town in Shropshire, and is situated in the midst of a gently rolling pastoral country close to the border of Wales. The battlefield lies close to the main highway about three miles to the north of the town. A picturesque Norman church, built by Henry IV shortly after the battle as a thank-offering for his victory, is said to mark the place where the carnage was greatest. It stands now in the midst of peaceful farm-lands with trim hedgerows and fields bordered with picturesque English oaks. (See frontispiece.)

Important Characters in the Play.

King Henry IV. The reign of King Henry IV was a troubled one. The conditions under which he came to the throne were such as to require a strong hand. He was not the rightful heir

to the throne, and he had gained the crown through the support of powerful nobles who naturally expected the King to acknowledge his obligations to them. It is under these conditions that the character of the King is revealed in the play. In his conflict with the nobles he shows a strength of will which amounts to harshness. He makes no effort to conciliate them, and the only occasion on which he goes half way to meet them is immediately before the battle, when he offers to redress their grievances. In his preparations to crush the rebels he is prompt and energetic, and his energy adds to our impression of his strength of character. The Percies throughout the play accuse him of "unkind usage" and repeatedly charge him with being "subtle" and crafty in his dealings with them. Hotspur speaks of him contemptuously as "this king of smiles" and "this fawning greyhound"; and he himself tells the Prince that in order to gain the crown he "stole all courtesy from heaven". But having once gained the crown he no longer has to resort to policy, but rules with a strong hand. But aside from his quarrel with the nobles the King has other causes of unhappiness. When he speaks of "some displeasing service I have done," there is a suggestion of remorse for his treatment of Richard and his attitude towards Mortimer conveys the impression that he is jealous of Mortimer's claims to the throne. At the same time the conduct of the Prince is a source of grief to him. As a matter of fact, it is only in his relations with the Prince that we are able to get a glimpse of the real man, and to see that beneath the cold and harsh exterior there is a feeling of genuine affection for his son.

Prince Hal. In portraying the character of Prince Hal, Shakespeare had to reconcile two contradictory traits of his character, —his enjoyment of the "barren pleasures" and "rude society" of the tavern and his realization of his more serious duties as heir to the throne. If Prince Hal were represented as a mere tavern roysterer he would at once forfeit the sympathy and respect of the audience; and so Shakespeare has to use special means to safeguard our respect for his hero. In the first place, he represents him as merely a high-spirited youth who takes part in the robbery only after persuasion, and then only because it is part of a "jest" to be played upon Falstaff; and the next

morning the money is paid back again "with advantage". But the real excuse for the Prince's conduct lies in the character of his tavern companions. Falstaff is the Prince's justification, and it is not difficult to understand how a fun-loving youth might take pleasure in the play of wit and the irresistible humour of Falstaff. But in order to make doubly sure that the Prince's true character shall not be misunderstood Shakespeare introduces the soliloquy at the end of the first Act, in which the Prince gives the assurance that at the proper time he intends to throw off his "loose behaviour". In the latter half of the play Prince Hal appears as an ideal prince. He admits that in his youth he has "wandered faulty and irregular"; he regains the confidence of his father, and throws himself into the war with patriotic spirit; and "to save the blood on either side" he offers to meet Hotspur in single combat. In the battle he saves his father's life, and refuses to give up the fight although wounded; and when the battle is won he generously shares the honours of the victory with his brother John. In the end he has "redeemed his lost opinion" and the audience are ready to join with Vernon when he declares that:

"England did never owe so sweet a hope
So much misconstrued in his wantonness".

Hotspur. In speaking of Hotspur the King describes him as "Mars in swathling clothes", and the description gives the key to his character. War is his natural element, and his great ambition in life is to win "never-dying honour" in battle. But his warlike temper even though it inspires him to perform great deeds, is a source of weakness. He is so headstrong and impulsive, so "wasp-stung and impatient", that he is ready to plunge into the conflict without weighing the consequences. He refuses to listen to the warnings of the friend who advises him that the undertaking is dangerous and his friends uncertain; and when the over-cautious Northumberland has failed to send him support, he declares that his father's absence,

"Lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise".

He is so obsessed by his warlike thoughts that even in his sleep he "murmurs tales of iron wars", and he is so impatient to be in the saddle that he only half listens to the anxious pleadings

of his wife. With such a temper as his it is not surprising that he is ready to make sport of the sentimental Mortimer and that he affects disdain alike for "mincing poetry" and for the magic of Glendower. But when he himself is stirred by "imagination of some great exploit" and lives over again the scene which he describes, his story becomes graphic and his language vivid and picturesque.

Northumberland. Northumberland does not himself play a prominent part in Henry IV, but he is important because the rebels rely upon his support. He appears personally in only one scene in the play, and in the few words that he speaks he evidently tries to play the part of mediator between Hotspur and the King. When Worcester discloses his plans Northumberland has nothing to say, but he attempts to restrain the impatience of his son, Later in the play, when he fails to send support to Hotspur it is implied that his "inward sickness" is in reality due to his fears that the rebels may fail, and to his desire to be on the safe side. In the Prologue to *Henry IV, Part II* we are told that Northumberland lies "crafty sick." Historically, however, Northumberland was a courageous soldier, but he appears to have been actuated in all his conduct by purely selfish motives.

Worcester. As he appears in history, Worcester is an English nobleman with fine personal qualities; but he is said to have deserted Richard, and he took sides against Henry IV with no apparent reason beyond his loyalty to his nephew. Shakespeare, however, makes him the villain of the play. Even before the quarrel of Hotspur with the King, Worcester was planning the rebellion; and on the morning of the battle, in order to serve his own selfish interests he did not hesitate to play false even to Hotspur. He is represented in the play as a crafty and calculating schemer; but at the same time he is not without courage, and when failure overtakes his plans he faces death with unflinching courage.

Mortimer appears only once in the play, and on that occasion he gives us the impression of being mild and somewhat effeminate in character; and his chief concern seems to be to prevent a quarrel between Hotspur and Glendower. He does not impress us as a strong character who would have succeeded

in ruling England with a strong hand in such turbulent times.

Glendower is spoken of in the first scene in the play as "the irregular and wild Glendower"; but as portrayed by Shakespeare it is not his personal prowess that appeals to us, but his claims to supernatural birth and magical powers. Not only can he "call spirits from the vasty deep", but with the aid of magic he has foiled the king and sent him "bootless home and weather-beaten back". And to add to his accomplishments he boasts that he has been brought up at the English court and has "framed many an English ditty lovely well". It is not surprising that a man who has such faith in his own powers should be inclined to be arrogant when crossed by the matter-of-fact Hotspur. But with all his egotism and his claims to superior powers, he possesses an imaginative Celtic temperament which, together with his other qualities, makes him an attractive figure to the audience.

Douglas. Of Douglas throughout the play we hear nothing but praise. He is "brave Archibald", "that sprightly Scot of Scots,"and"renowned Douglas"and in addressing Douglas,Hotspur himself says, "A braver place in my heart's love hath no man than yourself". If Douglas has faults they are those of Hotspur, for he is impetuous and impulsive, but at the same time eager to fight and willing to flee only when he sees that the field is lost.

Falstaff is the greatest humorous character in English literature. A large element in his humour has to do with his personal appearance, for he is "a gross fat man", "a tun of man"; and throughout the play both he himself and his companions are constantly turning his huge bulk to humorous account. Aside from this, his humour lies for the most part in the "incomprehensible lies" that he tells, and in the never-failing ingenuity with which he extricates himself from embarrassing situations. His assumption of youth, his pretence to goodness and virtue, and the claims which he makes to personal courage, contribute each and all to his inexhaustible humour. It is true that aside from his play of wit and humour, there is nothing to be said in his favour. He is given over wholly to the life of the tavern, and the Prince is not far wrong when he describes him as "that reverend vice, that grey

iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years." When the rebellion breaks out his only thought is his own profit. He confesses that he has "used the king's press damnably"; and as for honour, it is "a mere scutcheon". But to Falstaff, because he is Falstaff, these and all other sins are forgiven. We are "bewitched with the rogue's company". "Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world."

Glossary of Historical Names.

Henry IV. (1367-1413), known as Henry Plantagenet, Henry of Lancaster, and Henry of Bolingbroke, was the eldest son of John of Gaunt. He was banished by Richard II (1397) and upon the death of his father his estates were confiscated. In 1399 he returned, deposed Richard, and was named King. For three years (1400-1402) he was engaged in a campaign against Glendower in Wales. In 1403 he defeated the Percies at the battle of Shrewsbury, and two years later he quelled a second uprising led by the Archbishop of York. In 1413 he was seized with a fatal illness while in Westminster Abbey, and died in the Jerusalem chamber close by. He was buried in Canterbury cathedral.

Prince Hal. (1387-1422), was born in Monmouth, Wales. When his father was banished (1397), Prince Hal. remained in England in the care of Richard, and Richard took him with him on his Irish expedition (1399). After Henry became king, Worcester was appointed tutor to the Prince. Previous to the rebellion, the Prince was occupied in the Border wars, and was at Shrewsbury when the rebellion broke out. During his father's illness he was entrusted with affairs of state, but in 1412 he withdrew from the Council and his place was taken by his brother Thomas, Duke of Clarence. He succeeded his father as King in 1413. Throughout the greater part of his reign (1413-1422) he was engaged in war with France, and in 1415 won a decisive victory at Agincourt. He died in France in 1422.

Northumberland, (1342-1408) was a cousin of Henry IV. During the greater part of his life he was actively engaged in border wars between England and Scotland. When Henry returned from exile Northumberland joined him in Yorkshire

with a large force. Upon Richard's return, Northumberland, it is thought, persuaded him to abdicate in favour of Henry. In 1403 he quarrelled with the King, and was marching to join forces with Hotspur when he learned the result of the battle at Shrewsbury. He temporarily made peace with the King, but later rebelled, and upon the advance of the King he fled to Scotland, (1406). In 1408 he invaded England, but at the battle of Bramham Moor, he was defeated and killed.

Worcester. Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester (1344-1403), was one of the admirals of the English fleet. In 1399 he went with Richard on his Irish expedition, but upon his return he deserted Richard and went over to the side of Henry. In 1403, apparently for no good reason, he joined Hotspur against the King. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Shrewsbury, and two days later was beheaded. He was buried at the Abbey Church, Shrewsbury.

Henry Percy, known as "Hotspur" (1364—1403), received the name of Hotspur because of his ceaseless activity in Border warfare. In 1388 he was taken prisoner by the Scots at the battle of Otterbourne, but was shortly afterwards ransomed. In 1399 he joined his father and uncle in support of Henry and helped to depose Richard. In 1402 he quarrelled with Henry and in July of the following year he was killed at the battle of Shrewsbury.

Edmund Mortimer, (1376–1409), went over to the side of Henry IV when the latter returned from exile. He lived quietly on his estates in Herefordshire, but in 1402 in attempting to resist the encroachments of Glendower he was taken prisoner. When he found that Henry was unwilling to ransom him he joined the Welsh against the English, and married Glendower's daughter. In 1405 he was a party to the treaty of partition by which England was to be divided among himself, Glendower and Northumberland. In 1409 he was killed when the English laid siege to the castle of Harlech in which he had taken refuge.

Glendower, (1359—1416). A powerful Welsh chieftain with extensive possessions in North Wales. He studied law in London, and for a time was in the service of Henry of Lancaster, About the year 1400 he rebelled against the English

rule. The three campaigns which Henry undertook (1400—1402) to crush the Welsh uprising failed because on each occasion Glendower went into hiding. After the year 1405 his power declined. In 1413 he was pardoned by Henry V. He was last heard of in 1416, but nothing is known of his death.

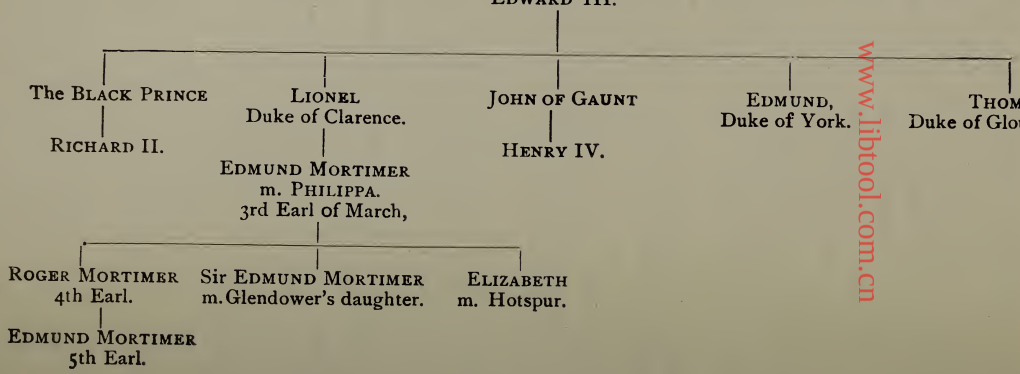
Douglas. Archibald Douglas (1369—1424) was warden of the Scottish marches. He was taken prisoner by Hotspur at the battle of Homildon Hill (1402) and was wounded at the battle of Shrewsbury and shortly afterwards captured. He was not finally ransomed until 1408. Shortly after this he was again engaged in Border warfare, and later fought in the French wars against the English. He fell in battle in France, 1424.

Richard Scroop, (or Scrope) (1350—1405) was made Archbishop of York by Richard II in 1398. He gave his support to Henry IV, but was closely connected with the Percies and sympathized with them in their quarrel with the King. In 1405 he took up arms against the King, but was induced by Westmoreland to surrender, and was treacherously put to death.

Westmoreland, (1364—1425). Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, was a cousin of Hotspur, and exercised almost as great a power as the Percies in the north of England. He was one of the first to join Henry on his return from exile, and was throughout his life employed by the King in important undertakings and negotiations.

Sir Walter Blunt, (or Blount) was a soldier in the service of John of Gaunt. He was the King's standard-bearer at the battle of Shrewsbury. He is said to have been killed by Douglas, who mistook him for King Henry because his armour resembled the King's.

TABLE SHOWING DESCENDANTS OF EDWARD III.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

King Henry the fourth.

Henry, Prince of Wales,
John of Lancaster,
} sons to the king

Earl of Westmoreland.

Sir Walter Blunt.

Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester.

Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland.

Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his son.

Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.

Richard Scroop, Archbishop of York.

Archibald, Earl of Douglas.

Owen Glendower.

Sir Richard Vernon.

Sir John Falstaff.

Sir Michael, a friend to the Archbishop of York.

Poins.

Gadshill.

Peto.

Bardolph.

Lady Percy, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.

Lady Mortimer, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.

Mistress Quickly, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

Scene: *England.*

THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH

ACT I

Scene I. *London. The Palace.*

Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, the Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, *and others.*

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engaged to fight,

Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now is twelve months old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when all athwart there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

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

West. This match'd with other did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,

At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.
King. Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stained with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?
West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.
King. Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow

Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And called mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching: this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *London. An apartment of the Prince's*

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES *and* FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil

hast thou to do with the time of day? Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons, and the blessed sun himself a fair wench in flame-colour'd taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of day.

Fal. Indeed you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he 'that wandering knight so fair.' And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace,—majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by' and spent with crying 'Bring in'; now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my

hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a plague have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

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

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

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

Prince. No; thou shalt.

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

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

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

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

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes and are indeed the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. 'Zounds, where thou wilt lad; I'll make one; an I do not, call me a villain and baffle me.

Prince. 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.

Enter POINS

Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.

O! if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand' to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

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

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his due.

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

Prince. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallown summer! [*Exit Falstaff.*

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

Prince. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

Prince. Yea, but tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them: and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper : how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

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

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

Prince. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,

By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

SCENE III. *London. The palace.*

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

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me ; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.

North. 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 majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need

Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. [*Exit Wor.*
You were about to speak. [*To North.*

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless aud faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff; and still he smiled and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf,
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience

Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.
Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.
King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,

Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him
He never did encounter with Glendower;
I tell thee.

He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train*

Hot. An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay and pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,

Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was not he proclaim'd
By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king,—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be deposed and shortly murdered.

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

Hot. But soft, I pray you; did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then, I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king;
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in days to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,

To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves wherein ye may redeem
Your banish'd honours and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good-night! or sink or swim:
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

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

Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;

So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!
Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—
Hot. I'll keep them all;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.
Wor. You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat.
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'
Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer', and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.
Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword and buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.
North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!
Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with rods,
Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire,
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—
'Sblood!—
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.
North. At Berkley castle.
Hot. You say true:
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age',
And, 'gentle Harry Percy', and 'kind cousin';
O, the devil take such cozeners! God forgive me!
Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it again;
We will stay your leisure.
Hot. I have done, i' faith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,

Will easily be granted. You, my lord, [*To Northumberland.*
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is it not?
Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it: upon my life, it will do well.
North. Before the game is afoot, thou still let'st slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:
And then the power of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head.
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does: we'll be revenged on him.
Wor. Cousin, farewell: no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,

I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer ;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother : we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu : O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I. *Rochester. An inn yard*

Enter a Carrier *with a lantern in his hand*

First Car. Heigh-ho! an it be not four by the day I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within*] Anon, anon.

First Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; poor jade, is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier

Sec. Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.

First Car. Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

Sec. Car. I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

First Car. Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock. What, ostler! come away and be hanged! come away.

Sec. Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

First Car. God's body! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An't were not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee

I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged! hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

First Car. I think it be two o'clock.

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

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

Gads I pray thee, lend me thine.

Sec. Car. Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern quoth he? marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

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

Sec. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers*

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain.

Cham. [*within*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up

already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

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

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot-land rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great-oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray; and yet 'zounds, I lie, for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fernseed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in

our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; 'homo' is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.* 91

SCENE II. *The highway, near Gadshill.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS.

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

Prince. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

Prince. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him. 9

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel four foot by the squier further afoot I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob

a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged. 29

Prince. Peace! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

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

Prince. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

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

Prince. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler? 40

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters. If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL, BARDOLPH *and* PETO *with him.*

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter, I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's

money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

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

Gads. There is enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

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

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

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

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

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

Prince. Ned, where are our disguises.

Poins. Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*

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

Enter the Travellers.

First Trav. Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Travellers. Jesus bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth:

down with them: fleece them.

Travellers. O, we are undone, both we and ours forever!

Fal. Hang ye, knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, 'faith.

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

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS.

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Enter the Thieves *again.*

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

Prince. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them; they all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*

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

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Warkworth castle*

Enter HOTSPUR, *solus, reading a letter.*

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

O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY Percy

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

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,

And I must know it, else he loves me not.
Hot. What, ho!

Enter Servant

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?
Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.
Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?
Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.
Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?
Serv. It is, my lord.
Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O Esperance!
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit servant.*
Lady. But hear you, my lord.
Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?
Lady. What is it carries you away?
Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.
Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprise: but if you go,—
Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.
Lady Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask:
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world

To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?
Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.
Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate,
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.
Lady. How! so far?
Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?
Lady. It must of force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap*

Enter the PRINCE *and* POINS.

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

Prince. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I am king of England I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry 'hem!' and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spoke other English in his life than 'Eight shillings and sixpence', and 'You are welcome', with this shrill addition, 'Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon', or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling 'Francis', that his tale to me may be nothing but 'Anon'. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent. 32

Poins. Francis!

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [*Exit Poins.*

Enter FRANCIS

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph!

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord?

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis? 40

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five year! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart.

Poins. [*Within*] Francis! 50

Fran. Anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two!

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it. 60

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis,

when thou wilt. But Francis!

Fran. My lord?

Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean? 70

Prince. Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Prince. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the drawer stand amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in? 81

Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

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

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

Prince. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam

to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. (*Re-enter* FRANCIS.) What's o'clock, Francis? 93

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit*

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

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO; FRANCIS *following with wine*

Poins. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been? 108

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

Prince. Didst thou ever see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is

nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you? 127

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

Prince. Why, you round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are not you a coward? answer me to that: and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee. 136

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

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! there be four of us here have

ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw—*ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth; they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs: how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what you call all? but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in

buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

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

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

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

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

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

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

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

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

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

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

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou not-pated fool, thou obscene, greasy tallow-keech—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

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

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

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

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

Fal. 'Sblood, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,—

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

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried yourself away as nimbly,

with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter HOSTESS.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the prince!

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

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

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal

man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

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

Prince. Prithee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing, [*Exit.*

Prince. Now, sirs: by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

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

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

Prince. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF

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

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

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

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow.

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

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

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not

budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it? 348

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

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown. 359

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

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

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen ;
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes. 371

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these players as ever I see !

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot ; peace, good tickle-brain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at ? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries ? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses ? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name. 394

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your majesty ?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage ;and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady inclining to three score ; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff ; if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me ; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then

the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

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

Fal. Depose me? If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand: judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

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

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou are violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag, that roasted Manningtree ox, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you:

whom means your grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.* 451

[*Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running.*

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

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

Re-enter the HOSTESS.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!

Prince. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: what's the matter?

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

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

Prince. Call in the sheriff.

[*Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.*

Enter Sheriff *and the* Carrier.

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

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

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

Car. As fat as butter.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord, There are two gentlemen

Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

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

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

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

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff!–Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*He searcheth his pockets and findeth certain papers.*] What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

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

Peto. [*Reads*]

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

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

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord,

ACT III

SCENE I. *Bangor. The Archdeacon's house*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

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

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down ?
And uncle Worcester: a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy ; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

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

Glend. I cannot blame him : at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets : and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

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

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

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

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

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh.
I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz to shame the devil
By telling truth: tell truth and shame the devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

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

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn;
Which being sealed interchangeably,
A business that this night may execute,
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,

Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.
Within that space you may have drawn 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 steal and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.
Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.
Mort. Yea, but
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.
Hot. I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.
Glend. I'll not have it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you shall not.
Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry,
And I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair; you may away by night:
I'll haste the writer and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

Hot. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,

And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what;
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys: I cried 'hum', and 'well, go to',
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion
And wondrous affable and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you come 'cross his humour; faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—

Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain:
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER *with the* Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me;
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

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

[*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She is desperate here; a peevish self-willed thing,
That no persuasion can do good upon.

[*The lady speaks in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,

With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this!

Glend. She bids you on the rushes lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.
By 'r lady, he is a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee! What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

[*Here the lady sings a Welsh song.*

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. 'Not you, in good sooth', and 'as true as I live', and 'as God shall mend me', and 'as sure as day',

And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth',
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

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

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *London. The palace*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, *and others.*

King. Lords, give us leave: the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference; but be near at hand,

For we shall presently have need of you. [*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

Prince. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts

Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children 'This is he';
Others would say 'Where, which is Bolingbroke?'
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push

Of every beardless vain comparative,
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowsed and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.

King. For all the world
As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,

He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession;
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathling clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:

And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if He be pleased I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Enter BLUNT

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

King. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day; 170
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march: our meeting
Is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away:
Advantage feeds him fat while men delay. [*Exeunt.* 180

SCENE III. *Eastcheap.* *The Boar's-Head Tavern*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

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

the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it; come sing me a song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

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

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

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

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a memento mori: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be 'By this fire, that's God's angel': but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would

have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your stomach!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heartburned.

Enter HOSTESS

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

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

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

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

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

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

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

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

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

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper! 80

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter the PRINCE *and* PETO, *marching, and* FALSTAFF *meets them playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

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

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Prince. What sayst thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man. 90

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket picked.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter. 99

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your

grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said that he would cudgel you.

Prince. What! he did not?

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

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go. 110

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

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

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

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

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound? 120

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prince. I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now? 129

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

Prince. O, if it should! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed? 145

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket? 150

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee; go, make ready breakfast, love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, begone. [*Exit Hostess*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

Prince. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour. 160

Prince. I am good friends with my father and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest,

and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

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

Prince. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. [*Exit Peto.*] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either we or they must lower lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come!
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*

ACT IV

SCENE I. *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

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

Enter a Messenger *with letters*

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.
Mess. These letters come from your father.
Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?
Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.
Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?
Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.
Wor. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence

He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

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

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it: were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. 'Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what

Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head
To push against a kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.
Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON

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

All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh
And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
O that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be:
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one half-year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A public road near Coventry.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton Co'fil' tonight.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons, inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bodies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide

betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on ; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company ; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves ; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Alban's, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry. But that's all one ; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter the PRINCE *and* WESTMORELAND.

Prince. How now, blown Jack ! how now, quilt !

Fal. What, Hal ! how now, mad wag ! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire ? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy : I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too ; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all : we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me : I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

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

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut ; good enough to toss ; food for powder, food for powder ; they'll fill a pit as well as better : tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they

had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

Prince. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

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Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

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

SCENE III. *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

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

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well:
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on, 10
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

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

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty.
But to my charge, The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.
Hot. The king is kind; and well we know the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,

Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.
In short time after, he deposed the king;
Soon after that, deprived him of his life;
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state
To make that worse, suffered his kinsman March,
Who is, if every owner were well placed,
Indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgraced me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated mine uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismissed my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?
Hot. Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes; and so farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.
Hot. And may be so we shall.
Blunt. Pray God you do. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *York. The Archbishop's palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK *and* SIR MICHAEL.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief
With winged haste to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.
Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenour.
Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak

To wage an instant trial with the king.
Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear ;
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir M. 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 drawn
The special head of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt;
And many moe corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.
Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.
Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear ;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends ; and so farewell, Sir Michael. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I. *The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and* FALSTAFF.

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

[*The trumpet sounds.*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? Will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?
Wor. Hear me, my liege:

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

King. You have not sought it! how comes it, then?

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

Prince. Peace, chewet, peace!

Wor. It pleased your majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother and his son,
That brought you home and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster;
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead:

And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And being fed by us you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

King. These things indeed you have articulate,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

Prince. In both your armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world

In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

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

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon*

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge:
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just! 120

[*Exeunt all but the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.*

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

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

Fal. I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.* 126

Fal. 'T is not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is in that word honour? what is that honour? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'Tis insensible, then. Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.* 140

SCENE II *The rebel camp*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON

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

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults;
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head
And on his father's; we did train him on,
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will; I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS

Hot. My uncle is return'd:
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.
Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man:
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise
By still dispraising praise valued with you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace

As if he master'd there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.
Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
On his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm with speed: and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a MESSENGER

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

Enter another MESSENGER

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this—

Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Plain between the camps*

The KING *enters with his power. Alarum to the battle. Then enter* DOUGLAS *and* SIR WALTER BLUNT

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

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.*

Enter HOTSPUR

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,

I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

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

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no: I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

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

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

Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF, *solus*

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

Enter the PRINCE

Prince. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unrevenged: I prithee, lend me thy sword.

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

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

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

Prince. Give it me; what, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city. [*The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.*

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

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

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

Scene IV. *Another part of the field*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter the King, *the* Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, *and* Earl of Westmoreland

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

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

Prince. I beseech your majesty, make up,

Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so,
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

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

Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Lan. We breathe too long; come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.*

Prince. By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
In such an ungrown warrior.

Prince. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

Enter DOUGLAS

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them: what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

King. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,

I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee. [*They fight; the king being in danger, re-enter Prince of Wales.*

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.
[*They fight; Douglas flies.*
Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breathe awhile:
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prince. O God! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world
And saved the treacherous labour of your son.

King. Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.
[*Exit.*

Enter Hotspur

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

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

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prince Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

Prince. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee,
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF

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

Re-enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR *is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh;
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [*Dies.*

Prince. For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;

But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough: this earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

[*He spieth Falstaff on the ground.*

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man:
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising up*] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me to-morrow. 'Sblood, 't was time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he

be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [*Takes up Hotspur on his back.* 128

Re-enter the PRINCE OF WALES, *and* LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER.

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

Lan. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?
Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st. 136

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]: if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, Percy I killed myself and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword. 151

Lan. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

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

[*A retreat is sounded.*

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

[*Exeunt Prince of Wales and Lancaster.*

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

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, *with* WORCESTER *and* VERNON *prisoners.*

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl and many a creature else
Had been alive this hour,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done my safety urged me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King. Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too:

Other offenders we will pause upon.

[*Exeunt Vernon and Worcester guarded.*

How goes the field?

Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valour shown upon our crests to-day
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lan. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

King. Then this remains, that we divide our power.
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

Act I.—Scene I.

The opening scene in a play must be of such a character that it will arouse the interest of the audience; and at the same time it should give the audience some general idea of the problem of the play as a whole. *Henry IV, Part I* opens with a scene in the King's palace. The King's speech and bearing is marked by the dignity which befits a king, and the presence of the King and his courtiers affords an opportunity for display which at once engages the attention of the audience.

Furthermore, everything in the scene is suggestive of action. In the opening speech of the play the King announces his intention to go on a crusade to the Holy Land. But preparations for the crusade are broken off in order to meet fresh dangers at home. The Welsh chieftain, "the irregular and wild Glendower" has taken "the noble Mortimer" prisoner: and Henry Percy or "Hotspur", fresh from his victory over the Scotch, has shown an inclination to defy the authority of the King. The audience are at once interested in the outcome of these disturbances. And in the course of the scene another element of dramatic interest is introduced: for the King himself confesses that he has further cause for anxiety in the riotous conduct of his eldest son, Prince Hal, whose character is seen at even greater disadvantage in contrast with that of Hotspur.

The scene is furthermore of interest to the audience in that there are roughly outlined in it the characters of the most important personages in the play. We see the King, dignified but stern, and evidently harassed with anxieties; my noble Westmoreland; a dear industrious friend, Sir Walter Blunt; Prince Hal whose brow is stained with riot and dishonour; the noble Mortimer; that rude Welshman, the irregular and wild Glendower; the gallant Hotspur; brave Archibald, that ever valiant and approved Scot; Worcester, malevolent to the King in all aspects. There are few scenes in Shakespeare which contain in so short a space such a portrait gallery of notable figures as this.

1. **So shaken as we are.** Though we still feel the effects of the struggle.

2. **to pant.** To beg for the return of peace who has been frightened away. "To pant" and "short-winded" both suggest that the country has not yet recovered from the recent struggles.

5. **entrance.** Surface.

8-9. **the armed hoofs of hostile paces.** Hoofs of war-horses marching against their enemies.

10. **meteors.** It was believed that meteors, comets and similar phenomena were signs of coming disaster.

12. **intestine.** Domestic, as opposed to foreign; literally, internal.

13. **close.** Conflict.

14. **well-beseeming.** It is more becoming that they should be united against a foreign enemy than that they should be fighting one another.

18. **cut his master.** It is England, and not a foreign enemy, that suffers from civil war.

21. **impressed.** Pressed into service.

23. **pagans.** Heathen. Strictly speaking, the Saracens were not pagans.

24. **acres.** Fields, the literal meaning of the word.

29. **Therefore we meet not now.** It is not for this purpose (there-for) that we have met.

30. **cousin Westmoreland.** Westmoreland was married to Henry's half-sister.

32. **expedience.** Expedition, perhaps with the additional idea of urgent haste.

33. **hot in question.** Eagerly discussed.

34. **limits of the charge.** Definite requirements (limits) of the undertaking.

35. **athwart.** So as to interrupt their discussion. Literally, across.

37. **Mortimer.** See glossary of historical names.

38. **Herefordshire.** One of the counties bordering on Wales.

39. **irregular.** Disregarding laws and customs.

Glendower. See glossary of historical names.

42. **corpse.** Plural in meaning; corpses.

51. **Holy-rood day.** September 14. This day was kept in honour of the recovery by the emperor Heraclius, of a piece of the cross (rood) which had been carried off by the King of Persia, A.D. 615.

Hotspur. See glossary of historical names.

52. **Archibald.** See glossary of historical names.

54. **Holmedon.** Near Wooler in Northumberland. The battle of Homildon (or Holmedon) Hill was fought here in September 1402 between Henry Percy, (Hotspur) and Douglas.

56-7. So far as could be judged by the sound of their artillery and by what seemed likely to happen.

62. **Sir Walter Blunt.** See glossary of historical names.

63. Splashed with the different varieties of mud. This detail pictures graphically the haste of the rider.

64. **seat.** Abode, place of residence.

68. **Balk'd.** Piled in ridges. A "balk" was a ridge separating two furrows or two fields.

70. **Mordake.** Murdach Stewart, son of the Duke of Albany, the Scottish Regent, and not, as Shakespeare represents him, the son of Douglas.

80. **the theme of honour's tongue.** No one speaks of Hotspur except to do him honour.

82. **minion.** Favourite.

86. **night-tripping fairy.** It was a common superstition that fairies sometimes played pranks by carrying off well-favoured children and leaving ugly ones in their place.

88. **Plantagenet.** The family name given to the House of Anjou, to which Henry IV belonged.

90. **let him from my thoughts.** Let him go from my thoughts.

92. **surprised.** Captured.

93-4. According to the established custom the King could claim only those prisoners whose ransom exceeded ten thousand crowns or who came of royal blood. Hence Hotspur was

quite within his rights in keeping his prisoners for his own profit ("to his own use"). The King of course had the right to Mordake, who was the son of the Scottish Regent and was of royal blood.

96. Who bears you ill-will in whatever way he views you. "Malevolent" and "aspects" are words used in astrology.

97. prune himself. To show his pride, just as a bird who "preens" (prunes) or trims his feathers.

97-8 bristle up the crest of youth. Evidently "youth" refers to Hotspur, whom Worcester has incited to oppose the King. The bristling of a bird's crest is an indication of a fighting spirit.

106. Than out of anger can be uttered. A person who is angry, as the King now is, cannot trust himself to speak and act with discretion.

Scene II.

In this scene we see Prince Hal in company with Falstaff, and they talk jestingly of their tavern life and the risks they run in "taking purses." The King has spoken of Prince Hal's life as one of "riot and dishonour"; and yet in spite of this he at once wins the favour of the audience as he appears in this scene. It is true that his companions are thieves, but they are not thieves of the ordinary kind, and, judging by their jests, their robbery is not to be taken too seriously. Besides, the irresistible humour of Falstaff and the high spirits of Poins are in themselves sufficient to account for the Prince's fondness for their company. But in order to make sure that Prince Hal may not forfeit the sympathy of the audience, the dramatist gives us an insight into his real character, in the soliloquy at the end of the scene, in which he promises in due time to throw off his loose behaviour:

"I'll so offend to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time when men think least I will."

Aside from the representation of character in this scene, it lays the foundation for the three humorous scenes in Act II, in which Poins and the Prince carry out their jest.

2. fat-witted. Dull and sluggish.

2-3. old sack. Great quantities of sack,—a colloquial use

of the word "old", common in Shakespeare's time. "Sack" was a general name given to dry Spanish wines.

8. taffeta. A silk fabric.

9. superfluous. Ask such an unnecessary question.

10. time of day. Does he imply that Falstaff is more interested in the time of night?

11. come near me. What you say about me is pretty much to the point.

12. seven stars. Either the Pleiades or the Great Dipper.

13. Phoebus. The God of the Sun.

"that wandering knight so fair". A line from an old ballad.

15. grace. There is a play on the different meanings of the word,—first as a title of honour, (your grace), then in the sense of goodness or virtue, and finally as a "blessing" before a meal ("prologue to an egg and butter").

20. roundly. Out with it; tell us plainly.

22. squires of the night's body. Squires were attendants or serving men who waited on the knights. There is a play on the words *night* and *knight*.

23. beauty. A play on *beauty* and *booty*.

Diana's foresters. Gamekeepers of Diana, the goddess of the moon, who was represented as a huntress.

25. of good government. Whose conduct is well governed and exemplary.

27. we steal. There is, of course, a play on words.

33. Lay by. Lay down your weapons; "Hands up".

34. Bring in. Bring in more wine or sack.

37. Hybla. A town in Sicily famous for its honey.

my old lad of the castle. In the first draft of the play, Sir John Falstaff was called Sir John Oldcastle. This phrase is evidently a play upon the name Oldcastle.

38. a buff jerkin. A short coat or jacket, of light brown leather, made of ox-hide.

robe of durance. A play on words; a garment that wears well (endures), or a garment worn by sheriff's officers who put law-breakers into durance (imprisonment).

39. quips. Smart jests.

40. quiddities. Quibbles.

50. here apparent. A play on "here apparent" and "heir apparent".

53. resolution. Bravery, high spirits.
fobbed. Cheated.

54. old father antic. The old buffoon or jester, a familiar character in the old plays.

61. jumps. Agrees.

63. suits. A play on "suits" in the sense of petitions presented at court, and suit of clothes.

65. no lean wardrobe. The clothing of men who were put to death became the property of the executioner.

'S blood. A mild oath, a corruption of "By God's blood".

66. gib cat. An old Tom cat. Possibly "gib" is short for "Gilbert".

lugged. Led by a chain.

68. a Lincolnshire bagpipe. The reference to Lincolnshire is not understood.

69. a hare. Regarded as melancholy because of his habit of sitting close in his "form".

70. Moor-ditch. A ditch of foul stagnant water outside the city wall, in the neighborhood of Moorgate.

72. comparative. Ready to make comparisons.

74. commodity. Quantity.

76. rated. Scolded.

80-1. A reference to *Proverbs I. 20-24.*

82. iteration. Repetition. The Prince has mockingly repeated the Scripture phrases to which Falstaff had referred.

85. I knew nothing. I was innocent.

91. 'Zounds. By God's wounds.

92. baffle me. "Baffle" was a technical word in chivalry. To *baffle* a knight was to take away his knighthood and disgrace him publicly.

97. Gadshill. Who was laying plans for a robbery.

set a match. Made an appointment; arranged for us to meet.

103. **Sack and Sugar.** Sack being a dry wine, required sugar to sweeten it.

105. **Good Friday.** Falstaff is said to have sold his soul to the devil because he was feasting on Good Friday, which was a strict fast day.

112. **cozening.** Cheating.

114. **Gadshill.** A place between London and Rochester, much frequented by robbers. "Gadshill" is also the name of one of the robbers already mentioned (l. 97). Do not confuse the two.

pilgrims. Going to visit the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury.

116. **visards.** Masks, visors.

118. **Eastcheap.** A district in London at the north end of London Bridge, where an open market ("cheap") was held.

120. **crowns.** A crown was a silver piece of the value of five shillings. It was so called because it had a crown stamped upon it.

122. **Yedward.** Playfully used as a variation of "Edward".

126. **I rob?** Is the Prince really serious?

128-9. Another play on words. A royal was a coin worth ten shillings. To "stand for ten shillings" means either to be equivalent in value to ten shillings, or to put up a fight for the sake of ten shillings.

132. The Prince has just said that he will go; now he says that he will stay at home. How do you account for these contradictory statments?

143. The petty liberties that we take need to be approved by some one in high place, such as the Prince.

145-6. **latter spring; All-hallown summer.** Falstaff is an old man, and yet he engages in the follies of youth. It is as if spring were to come late in the year, or like Indian Summer which comes when winter is near at hand, All-hallows or All-Saints' day falls on November 1st.

160. **habits.** Garments, dress.

appointment. Equipment.

164. **cases of buckram.** Suits made of coarse linen stiffened with glue.

for the nonce. For the occasion. "The nonce" is a corruption of "then once".

165. **inmask.** Cover over, conceal.

noted. Known, easily recognised.

170. **The virtue of this jest.** What will make the joke worth while.

incomprehensible. It is inconceivable how any one should tell so many lies.

172. **wards.** Attitudes of defence.

173-4. **in the reproof of this.** In refuting his lies ; in "showing him up".

179-180. I will for a while seem to approve of your inclination to be idle, to which you give free play.

182. **contagious.** Causing disease or ill-health. Literally, "touching" the earth.

191. **rare accidents.** The unusual things that happen.

195. **men's hopes.** People's expectations.

196. **a sullen ground.** A dull background.

200. **offend.** Transgress.

to make offence a skill. To turn my wrong-doing skilfully to account.

Scene III.

The interest in this scene lies in the quarrel between the King and the Percies. There are two elements of dramatic interest in the situation. To begin with, Mortimer the brother-in-law of Hotspur has a better claim to the throne than King Henry, and the King is naturally jealous of Mortimer and anxious to discredit him. The failure of his expedition against Glendower and the fact that Mortimer has married Glendower's daughter gives the King an excuse for denouncing him as a traitor. The Percies, on the other hand, had helped to put King Henry on the throne, and he is naturally afraid that they may in turn become too strong for him. They are, as a matter of fact, all too ready to remind him of his obligations to

them. The King's speech and manner are not such as to conciliate them, and now when the King, because of his own jealousy, refuses to ransom Mortimer, the discontent of the Percies breaks out in open rebellion. In the course of the scene the plot is actually laid and henceforward the audience is interested in watching the development as the play proceeds.

3. **found me.** Found me so.

6. **my condition.** My natural disposition.

11. **The scourge of greatness.** The penalities which those in power are able to inflict.

13. **portly.** Imposing.

17. **peremptory.** Self-assertive, full of authority.

19. **The moody frontier of a servant brow.** The frowning forehead on the face of a subject.

26. **delivered.** Reported.

27. **envy.** Malice.

misprision. Mistake, misunderstanding.

34. **new-reaped.** With beard freshly trimmed.

36. **milliner.** A corruption of "Milaner", because Milan was a centre for the industry. In Shakespeare's time milliners were men.

38. **pouncet-box.** A snuff box; a box with a perforated lid for holding fine powder. (Latin *pumex*, pumice stone).

41. **Took it in snuff.** A play on words: either snuffed it up, or took it in an angry fashion.

50. **popinjay.** Literally, a parrot; here, a coxcomb.

51. **grief.** Pain.

56. **God save the mark.** A phrase of doubtful origin, an expression of contempt.

57. **sovereign 'st.** Most effective.

58. **parmaceti.** Spermaceti, a species of whale oil.

60. **salt-petre.** Nitre, an ingredient of gunpowder.

65. **bald unjointed chat.** Senseless, disconnected chatter.

68. **Come current.** Be accepted.

75. **impeach.** To call in question.

76. so. Provided.

84. the Earl of March. Mortimer. Earl of March was a common title held by different nobles whose duty it was to defend the marches, or borders, of the country against the incursions of the Welsh or the Scotch.

87. indent with fears. Make terms with troublesome men who might cause us fear.

94. fall off. Go over to the enemy.

97. mouthed. Gaping.

100. confound. Spend.

101. changing hardiment. Exchanging hard blows.

106. crisp head. Surface covered with ripples.

108-9. If the fight between Glendower and Mortimer was only a piece of cunning pretence intended to deceive the King, he would never have received such deadly wounds in trying to conceal his real purposes. To "colour her working" is to give his treachery the appearance of honesty.

118. sirrah. Generally used in addressing inferiors.

125. An if. "An" and "if" have the same meaning. The one intensifies the other.

129. drunk with choler. Carried away by anger so that you don't know what you are doing.

137. canker'd. Ill-natured, crabbed.

Bolingbroke. Henry IV. was called Henry of Bolingbroke because he was born in Bolingbroke castle, near Spilsby in Lincolnshire.

143. an eye of death. A look of deadly fear.

146. the next of blood. And hence heir to the throne.

149. Whose wrongs in us. Whose wrongs for which we were responsible.

153. in the world's wide mouth. As a matter of common talk.

162-3. wear.....subornation. Bear the blame of having instigated his murder. To "suborn" is to incite some one to commit a crime.

165. second means. Among those who were responsible for the murder, the King was first; as the agents or tools they came second; but although the King was the one to benefit by

it, they had to bear the blame.

168-9 **the line and the predicament wherein you range.** The class in which you are placed. "Line" and "predicament" are terms used in logic.

173. **gage them.** Pledge their support.

176. **canker.** As used here, the dog-rose or wild brier, as compared to the "sweet lovely rose."

183. **disdained.** Disdainful.

189. **quick-conceiving discontents.** Because you are discontented you will be quick to understand (conceive) my plans.

194. If he fall in no one can help him. He must either sink or swim.

195-7. I don't care how much danger there is, provided that there is honour associated with it. **So.** Provided that.

198. **To rouse a lion.** To engage in a daring adventure.

199-200. He is so carried away by his imagination of great exploits that he has not patience to listen to you.

201-7. If by leaping to the moon or diving to the bottom of the sea one could secure honour, it would be an easy thing to do, provided one had no rivals and did not have to share his honours with any one else.

208. **out upon.** Away with.

half-faced fellowship. Honour which you have to share with some one else. Honour is spoken of as a person who turns only half of his face towards you, and whose companionship (fellowship) you can only half enjoy.

209-10. His mind is filled with a multitude of vague images and not with the actual definite plans to which he should give his attention. "To apprehend" in Shakespeare's time meant to have merely a general notion of something.

212. **I cry you mercy.** I beg your pardon.

218. **flat.** Positive.

224. **starling.** A European bird, which may be taught to whistle and even to speak.

228. **defy.** Renounce.

230. **sword and buckler.** The weapons used by serving men

or turbulent street-fighters.

buckler. A light shield.

240. **pismires.** Ants.

244. **the madcap Duke.** The Duke of York as Regent was weak and irresolute but not a "madcap". Perhaps Hotspur is speaking ironically.

248. **Ravenspurgh.** A place on the east coast of Yorkshire, now submerged by the sea. Henry landed here on his return from exile.

249. **Berkley castle.** This castle was situated between Gloucester and Bristol.

251. **candy deal of courtesy.** A multitude of sweet words and actions.

252. **greyhound.** An allusion to the fact that the King was tall and gaunt in appearance.

proffer. Distinguish *proffer* and *offer*.

255. **cozeners.** A play on the word; one who cheats, and one who calls you "cousin."

259. **once more to.** Let me once more speak of.

261. **your only mean.** Your only method of procuring. Douglas' son was to be set free in return for the help of the Scotch against the King.

268. **The archbishop.** Richard Scroop, Archbishop of York. He appears only once in this play (Act IV, Sc. IV) but is one of the leading characters in *Henry IV, Part II*.

271. **the Lord Scroop.** The Earl of Wiltshire, one of the favourites of Richard II. He was put to death by Henry at Bristol in 1399. He was a cousin, not a brother of the Archbishop; but his father had been godfather to the Archbishop.

272. **in estimation.** In my opinion.

275-6. Waits only for the opportunity to appear, to carry out the plot.

278. The hounds were held by a leash (a thong or cord) and when the game started to run (was afoot) the hounds were let loose (let slip) from the leash.

still. Always.

282. aimed. Devised, conceived.

284. a head. Armed opposition.

288. pay us home. Punish us to the full.

292. cousin. In this case, nephew. The word was loosely used to express any close relationship.

QUESTIONS.

1. Point out two reasons why Henry might have wished to go on a crusade to the Holy Land.

2. Judging from what is said of Sir Walter Blunt, Worcester, and Glendower, respectively, in Scene I, what part are they likely to play in the development of the plot?

What dramatic purpose is served by the picture of Hotspur that is presented in Scene I? Why is it necessary that the riotous life of Prince Hal should be referred to in this scene?

4. How does the dramatist contrive to gain and hold the interest of the audience in Scene I?

5. Show in what way Scene I lays a foundation for the scenes that are to follow.

6. In the scene between Falstaff and the Prince, Falstaff turns the fact that they are engaged in highway robbery, to humorous account. Show how he does this.

7. Are there any indications in this scene that the Prince is really unwilling to engage in the robbery?

8. What is the dramatic purpose of the soliloquy of the Prince at the close of Scene II?

9. "The King is entirely to blame for the quarrel with the Percies." Discuss.

10. What qualities does Hotspur show in Scene III?

11. Worcester has been described as "malevolent" to the King. What evidences are there of this in Scene III?

12. Discuss Hotspur's conception of honour as expressed in Scene III.

13. "It cannot choose but be a noble plot." What ground

is there for Hotspur's enthusiasm?

14. What two historical inaccuracies appear in Act I?

15. "The first Act of a play should lay the foundation of the plot." Show that this is true of Act I in this play.

Act II.—Scene I.

This short scene prepares the way for the following scenes in which the robbery of the travellers takes place; and at the same time it is so picturesque and so full of action and of humour that it is very effective when acted. In order to appreciate the scene the reader must picture to himself vividly the inn yard as seen by lantern light, and try to imagine the costumes and movements of the carriers and the chamberlain.

2. **Charles' wain.** Also known as the Great Dipper, and the Plough. The wain, or wagon, is made up of seven bright stars in the constellation of Ursa Major, the Great Bear. It should properly be known as the wain of Arcturus (Gr. *arktos*, a bear); but from the resemblance between *Arcturus* and *Arthur* it came to be known as "Arthur's wain". Then because the legendary heroes Arthur and Charlemagne (Charles the Great) were associated in people's minds it came to be known also as "Charles' wain".

6. **flocks.** Locks or flakes of wool.

wrung Chafed or galled.

the withers, The ridge between the shoulder blades of a horse.

7. **out of all cess.** Beyond all measure. "Cess" is a corruption of *assess*, to place a value upon.

8. **as dank here as a dog.** "Dank" means *damp*. The simile as here used means nothing.

9. **bots.** Worms, a disease frequently found in horses.

11-2. **since the price of oats rose.** Probably an allusion to the fact that in 1596 the price of grain was very high.

14. **like a tench.** "Tench" is a species of fish. There is probably reference to the old idea that certain kinds of fish were infested with fleas.

16. **a king christen.** A Christian king.

19. **gammon.** Leg or thigh.

razes. Probably bundles or packages of ginger in the root (Lat. *radix*, a root).

21. **pannier.** A wicker basket. Panniers were carried in pairs, one on each side of the horse.

29. **gelding.** A male horse.

38. **with a candle.** That is, before daylight.

41. **great charge.** Quantity of valuables.

42. **chamberlain.** Literally, one who is in charge of the chambers or rooms in an inn.

48. **holds current.** Still holds true.

49. **franklin.** Yeoman, freeholder.

50. **wild.** Weald or wold. The name was applied particularly to the tract of country lying between the north and south downs of Kent.

52. **auditor.** Officer of the treasury ; revenue officer.

56-7. **Saint Nicholas' clerks.** Highwaymen. Saint Nicholas, a bishop of the fourth century, was the patron saint of scholars (clerks) and hence also of school-boys. Then because the devil is sometimes spoken of as "Old Nick", Saint Nicholas came to be considered the patron saint of thieves.

64. **other Trojans.** Other brave fellows, a reference to the Prince.

68. **footland-rakers.** Foot-pads ; those who wander over the land on foot. The root meaning of *rake* is "to wander".

68-9. **longstaff sixpenny strikers.** Fellows with long staffs, who will strike a man down for the sake of sixpence.

69-70. **mad mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms.** Fierce looking fellows whose faces are purple from drinking malt.

71. **great oneyers.** Great ones. The suffix *yers* is used just as it is used in "lawyers".

77. **boots.** Booty ; a play on the word.

78. **in foul way.** When the roads are bad.

79. **justice hath liquored her.** To "liquor" boots is to grease them so as to make them waterproof. The meaning apparent-

ly is that justice is so badly administered that they can prey on the commonwealth with little danger. Just as grease keeps the water out of the boots, so justice (or rather the lack of it) keeps them from being caught.

80-1. **the receipt of fern seed.** Because fern seed, so-called, was practically invisible, it was supposed to render the bearer of it invisible also.

86. **purchase.** Gain.

89. **"homo" is a common name.** Gadshill retorts that it makes little difference whether you call a man a "true man" or a "false thief", since all men belong to the same class.

Scene. II.

This scene is of dramatic value partly because the audience are interested in seeing how Poins and the Prince carry out their "jest". The fact that it is after night-fall and that a double robbery is planned is sufficient to hold the attention. But the chief interest in the scene lies in Falstaff's humour. Because of his unwieldy bulk it is easy to play practical jokes on him just to see how he will act; and since the audience know beforehand that he himself is going to be robbed, his show of bravery throughout the scene creates a humorous situation.

2. **frets like gummed velvet.** A play on the word "frets." Falstaff is vexed (frets) because he cannot find his horse; on the other hand, velvet whose pile has been stiffened with gum frays (frets) easily.

3. **close.** Concealed.

12. **squier.** Square; a carpenter's measure.

17. **medicines.** It was formerly believed that certain potions or philtres, had the power of exciting love.

23. **varlet.** A base fellow, a rascal.

35. **to colt me.** To make a fool of me.

42. **peach.** Inform.

44. **is forward and afoot.** Has gone so far and is actually being carried out.

48. **setter.** A setter is a dog which shows the hunter where

the game is ; so Gadshill was the setter because he was planning the robbery.

50. **Case ye.** Put on your masks.

54. **to make us all.** To make our fortunes ; but Falstaff adds a phrase which gives the word a different meaning.

63. **John of Gaunt.** "Gaunt" is a corruption of "Ghent", where John of Gaunt was born. In mentioning John of Gaunt as an example of bravery, Falstaff at the same time puns on the word "Gaunt" in the sense of "lean."

72. **happy man be his dole.** May happiness be his portion ; a proverbial expression. "Dole" is what is dealt out.

84. **chuffs.** Coarse fellows ; a term of abuse.

89. **argument.** Subject for conversation.

94. **equity.** Justice, fair play.

103. **lards the lean earth.** The drops of sweat enrich the soil.

Scene. III.

The object of this scene is partly to let the audience know how the plot of the rebels is progressing. The letter which Hotspur has received shows that in the opinion of some of those to whom they have appealed, the plans of the rebels are likely to fail. But the impulsive Hotspur disregards all such warnings. The latter half of the scene gives us a glimpse into another side of Hotspur's character. In his conversation with Lady Percy there is little sentiment and we do not look for any ; but there is a good deal of playful banter or teasing, which she understands and which is perhaps his way of expressing his affection.

Warkworth. Warkworth Castle, the seat of the Percies, in Northumberland.

a letter. Supposed to have been from George Dunbar, Earl of March.

11. **unsorted.** Unsuitable.

30. **go to buffets.** Let one half of him fight the other half.

34. **Kate.** Lady Percy's name was not Kate, but Elizabeth.

37. **stomach.** Appetite.

45. **terms of manage.** Words of direction or control.

47. **retires.** Retreats.

48. **palisadoes.** Fortification consisting of rows of stakes driven into the ground.

frontiers. Outworks.

49. **basilisks.** Large cannon. The word "basilisk" was originally applied to a fabulous kind of serpent which was supposed to have power to turn any one who looked on it to stone.

culverin. A long slender piece of artillery.

51. **currents of a heady fight.** Courses of an impetuous struggle.

56. **motions.** Expressions.

58. **hest.** Command, behest.

65. **a roan.** A horse of reddish colour flecked with white.

67. **Esperance.** The French word for "Hope". It was the motto of the Percy family.

74. **spleen.** Ill-humour.

79. **line.** Strengthen. The original meaning is "to double a garment with linen".

81. **paraquito.** A species of parrot.

88. **mammets.** Puppets or dolls, to which he likens women.

89. **cracked crowns.** A play on words; defaced coins, and broken heads.

90. **pass them current.** Make people accept them.

104. **constant.** Firm, self-controlled.

109. **How! so far?** Probably the words are accompanied by some gesture so that there is a double meaning.

Scene IV.

This Scene as acted upon the stage is one of the most humorous in Shakespeare. It is in reality made up of three minor scenes combined into one. In the first of these, the Prince makes sport of the simple-minded Francis. The humour of this incident lies almost wholly in the acting, and in order to appreciate it, the reader must try to picture to himself the

scene as presented on the stage. In the second part of the scene, which follows, Falstaff appears at his best and his humour is irresistible. True to the prediction of Poins, he is guilty of "incomprehensible lies," but when confronted with them his ingenuity is equal to the occasion. The last part of the scene, the mock rehearsal of the interview of the Prince with his father at court, is scarcely less humorous; but at the same time it prepares the way for the real interview in the following Act, and makes it even more dramatic by contrast.

During the scene the dramatist does not let us wholly forget the stirring events that are taking place in the kingdom. The Prince is already, in jest, measuring himself against Hotspur, and proposes to "play Percy" while Falstaff plays "Dame Mortimer, his wife." A little later Sir John Bracy comes with "villanous news:" the prince is sent for by his father; and after all the riotous fun, the scene closes with the reminder that "we must all to the wars" and that Falstaff is to lead "a charge of foot."

The Boar's Head Tavern. The original Boar's Head Tavern was destroyed in the great fire.

1. fat room. Perhaps the Prince means that every thing in the room is greasy; or "fat" may be merely a variation of "vat."

4. loggerheads. Blockheads.

5-6. sounded the base string of humility. Become familiar with those in the very lowest rank of life.

7. leash. In hunting, three hounds were spoken of as "a leash" because three were usually held by one cord or thong (leash).

drawers. Tapsters.

11. Jack. Fellow.

a Corinthian. Literally, an inhabitant of Corinth; but because of the licentious life of the people of Corinth the word came to be used for a gay fellow, a profligate, or a man about town.

15. breathe in your watering. Stop drinking in order to breathe.

16. play it off. Drink it down.

23. **under-skinker.** Under-tapster. A skinker is one who serves liquor.

26. **bastard.** A sweet wine.

the Half-Moon. The name of one of the rooms in the tavern.

29. **puny.** Petty, insignificant.

32. **precedent.** An example of what I mean.

34. **Thou'rt perfect.** You couldn't do it better.

45. **clinking of pewter.** Serving as a tapster.

46. **play the coward with thy indenture.** Break your agreement to serve as an apprentice; run away from your master.

53. **Michaelmas.** Autumn. Strictly speaking, the feast of St. Michael, which fell on September 29.

67-9. The innkeeper to whom Francis was apprenticed is described. He was clad in a leather jacket (jerkin), with glass buttons; his head was closely clipped; he wore a cheap ring; his stockings were purplish-brown (puce) in colour, and his garters were made of worsted fabric (caddis). He is described as a "Spanish pouch," because Spanish pouches were used for holding wine.

68. **not-pated.** In provincial English *not* means to shave or clip.

agate. Agate was used for cheap rings, beads and other ornaments.

71-3. The Prince talks nonsense on purpose to confuse Francis.

88-9. The Prince had made sport of Francis merely to pass away time; but Poins thinks that this "jest" must have been part of some further clever piece of sport.

90-3. The Prince replies that he is in a humour to engage in any fun whatsoever merely for the sake of the fun,—any kind of sport that has ever been known from the days of Adam to the present hour (twelve o'clock midnight).

92. **pupil age.** We in this age have a good deal to learn from our forefathers in the way of sport.

97-8. **the parcel of a reckoning.** He has nothing to say beyond telling a customer the amount (parcel) of his bill.

98. **I am not yet of Percy's mind.** The Prince had been interrupted in his answer to Poins by the entrance of Francis. Now he continues.

103. **a drench.** Medicine given in a large quantity.

106. **brawn.** Mass of flesh.

Rivo. An exclamation of topers.

111. **nether-stocks.** Stockings.

114. Did you ever see the sun (Titan) melt a dish of butter?

117. **lime.** Lime was put into stale flat wine to make it sparkle, so that it would look fresh.

122. **shotten herring.** A herring that has spawned and hence is lank in appearance.

125. **a weaver.** Weavers in Shakespeare's time were noted for their psalm-singing.

127. **woolsack.** Bulky in appearance.

129. **a dagger of lath.** In the old Morality plays, Vice is always armed with a dagger of lath.

146. **All's one.** It is no matter.

155. **at half-sword.** Fighting at close quarters.

157. **doublet.** A close fitting jacket; called a doublet because it was lined, and hence "double."

159. **ecce signum.** Behold the proof.

160. **all would not do.** I could do nothing against them.

183. **ward.** Posture of defence.

mainly. With all their force.

191. **target.** Shield.

203. **points.** A play on the word; either swords, or laces with metal points, which held up their hose.

211. **Kendal green.** Green cloth for which Kendal in Westmoreland was famous.

216. **not-pated.** With closely clipped hair.

tallow keech. Lump of tallow.

225. **the strappado.** Torture inflicted by tying the hands behind the back, drawing the victim up by a rope fastened to them, and then letting him fall with a jerk.

229. **sanguine.** Full-blooded; here, red-faced.

233. **stock-fish.** Fish cured by drying, and hence shrivelled up.

235. **standing tuck.** A rapier, or light sword, standing on end.

243. **with a word.** In short,

250. **starting-hole.** Hole by which a small animal issues, or starts, from its burrow.

262. **watch and pray.** See Matthew XXVI, 41.

265. **a play extempore.** Falstaff speaks of the good time they will have in spending the money as "a play extempore," that is, without any preparation.

266. **argument.** Subject.

272-5. **a nobleman....a royal man.** A "noble" was a coin worth 6s, 8d; a "royal" was worth 10s.

296. **true men.** Men of courage.

300. **taken with the manner.** A legal phrase meaning, "caught in the act."

301. **fire.** A reference to Bardolph's red face.

304-5 **meteors, exhalations.** Bardolph points to the carbuncles on his face. Meteors were looked upon as portents of disaster. It was supposed that meteors and similar bodies were composed of matter drawn up (exhaled) from the earth.

308. **Hot livers and cold purses.** The purses are cold or empty after paying for the wine which heats the liver.

309-10. **Choler, halter.** A pun on collar (choler) and halter, the hangman's noose. There is also a play on "rightly taken." Bardolph either is or pretends to be offended at what the Prince has said about him and is threatening to show his anger (choler),

312. **bombast.** Cotton used for padding.

321. **gave Amamon the bastinado.** Beat Amamon with a cudgel. "Amamon" was the name of a devil.

322. **the cross of a Welsh hook.** It is supposed that a Welsh hook was composed of a long staff or pike with a cross-piece near the top, in the form of a sickle-shaped hook and short handle. The hook was used not only as a weapon but also as

an implement for pruning.

329. **pistol.** An anachronism. Pistols were not in use in Henry IV's reign.

341. **blue-caps.** "Blue-bonnets" worn by Scottish soldiers.

355. **my state.** Throne, chair of state.

356. **this cushion.** He puts it upon his head.

357. **is taken for.** Stands for, is represented by.

joint stool. A stool or chair with a joint; a folding stool.

364. **in King Cambyses' vein.** As befits a king. A reference to a play published in 1570, in which Cambyses, King of Persia, was the chief personage.

365. **my leg.** Curtsy or bow made by bending the knee.

370. **tristful.** Sorrowful.

374. **tickle-brain.** Slang name for some sort of strong liquor.

376. **the camomile.** A low spreading herb.

384. **micher.** Truant. No one would ever think of the Sun running away and neglecting his duty: but the King's son, on the other hand, is a thief and does not live as he ought.

411. **rabbit-sucker.** A sucking rabbit.

poulter's hare. Hare hung up in a poulterer's shop.

423. **trunk of humours.** Bloated body; "humours" in the sense of *fluids*.

423-4. **bolting hutch.** Trough or bin in which meal is sifted.

425. **bombard.** Barrel.

426. **Manning-tree ox.** Manning-tree in Essex, evidently famous in Shakespeare's time for its fat oxen.

Vice, Iniquity. Characters in the old Morality Plays.

433. **take me with you.** Explain what you mean.

441. **Pharaoh's lean kine.** See Genesis XLI. In a dream Pharaoh saw seven fat kine and also seven lean kine come up out of the river; and the lean kine ate up the fat kine. In Joseph's interpretation of the dream the seven fat kine were seven years of plenty and the seven lean kine, seven years of famine.

457. **the devil rides upon a fiddlestick.** A proverbial saying, meaning "there is a great deal of fuss over nothing".

461-4. In Falstaff's long speech (ll. 439-50) he has been defending himself against the Prince's accusations. When Bardolph and the Hostess give the alarm Falstaff wants to "play out the play"; but the Prince will not listen. Falstaff tries once more to get his attention ("Dost thou hear, Hal?") and tries to continue his defence by declaring that he is a true piece of gold and not a counterfeit as the Prince had charged. But he sees that, in spite of everything, the Prince intends to admit the sheriff, and he cries out in disgust, "Thou art essentially mad without seeming so". The Prince replies in effect, "You are a coward to be afraid of the sheriff".

465. **your major.** "Major" is a term in logic. Falstaff means that he denies the main statement of the Prince, that he is a coward. "Major" was pronounced "mayor", and there is probably a play on the word in the sense of mayor, the chief magistrate, as contrasted with the sheriff.

466. **so.** All well and good.

469. **arras.** Tapestry curtains or hangings which were hung around the room to conceal the walls. A space was usually left between the arras and the wall.

472. **their date is out.** That time is past; I no longer have them.

476. **a hue and cry.** A public outcry. "Hue" is connected with *hoot.*

483. **employed him.** The Prince is quibbling. Falstaff was "employed" in hiding behind the arras.

496. **Paul's.** St. Paul's Cathedral.

508. **anchovies.** Small fish of the herring family. Falstaff has eaten them for the purpose of provoking thirst.

509. **ob.** Obolus, the name of a small Greek coin. In English usage, a half-penny.

512. **at more advantage.** When we have a better opportunity.

516. **twelve score.** Twelve score yards.

517. **with advantage.** With interest.

QUESTIONS

1. (*a*) In Scene 1. what indications are there that the Carriers suspect Gadshill?

(*b*) What part does the Chamberlain play in the scene?

(*c*) Why does Gadshill think that they "steal as in a castle, cock-sure"?

2. In Scene II. Falstaff declares that he is "no coward." What is your opinion?

3. What is the dramatic purpose of the letter which Hotspur reads aloud at the beginning of Scene III?

4. Sketch the character of Lady Percy as she appears in this scene.

5. What characteristics of Hotspur are revealed in his conversation with his wife?

6. "In the Prince's talk with Francis he excites the simple-minded fellow with hints and promises of preferment." Explain.

7. In what does the humour of Falstaff consist, as illustrated in this scene?

8. "The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, ... and in the reproof of this lies the jest." Mention some of the lies. What explanation or justification did Falstaff make when his lies were refuted?

What comments do the Prince and Falstaff make upon Hotspur, Glendower and Douglas in this scene?

10. "In the mock rehearsal of the interview between the Prince and the King, the Prince and Falstaff speak the plain truth regarding each other and lay bare each other's faults." Illustrate this by reference to their speeches.

11. Do you think that the part of the Scene in which the Sheriff and Carrier interview the Prince could with advantage be omitted? Give reasons for your opinion.

12. "The money shall be paid back again with advantage." What is the dramatic significance of this speech?

13. In the course of Act II. what are we told as to the progress of the rebellion?

14. How do you account for the fact that three out of four of the scenes in Act II. have to do with the robbery?

15. What means has the dramatist used in this Act to link up the story of the Prince and his dissolute companions with the main plot of the play?

Act III.—Scene I.

The meeting of the rebel leaders at Bangor constitutes one of the most striking scenes in the play. In the first place it presents four wholly different types of character,—the crafty and scheming Worcester, the mild and effeminate Mortimer, Hotspur downright and impetuous, and Glendower whose character is a mixture of superstition, egotism, and Celtic courtesy. It is inevitable that two such opposite natures as Hotspur and Glendower should clash from the very outset. Glendower is vain, but at the same time poetic and imaginative. He boasts in turn, of his nativity, of his skill in magic, of his military prowess, and of his accomplishments in music and poetry; and with these claims to greatness the practical and prosaic Hotspur has no patience, and he crosses him at every step.

Then, curiously enough, in the course of the scene they engage in the difficult task of dividing England among them, although they have not yet conquered it,—and the division leads to a petty dispute as to whether the river Trent should be turned from its course,—in itself an impossible task.

The latter part of the scene when presented on the stage is entertaining and picturesque. The entrance of the ladies gives a further opportunity for display of costume. The Welsh speeches of Lady Mortimer and the music played by unseen musicians, add other elements of interest; and in the contrast between the conduct of the over-sentimental Mortimer and his wife and the behaviour of the matter-of-fact Hotspur and his Kate, there is a good deal of humour.

But delightful as the scene is from a dramatic point of view, it does not inspire us with confidence in the ultimate success

of the rebels' cause. The elements of weakness in the leaders are too apparent. The deep-rooted superstition of Glendower, the mildness of the effeminate Mortimer, and the impulsive temper of Hotspur are not qualities which are likely to promote united action such as will lead a rebel army to victory.

1. **sure.** We can depend on them.

2. **induction.** The beginning of our enterprise.

8. **Lancaster.** John of Gaunt succeeded to the title of Duke of Lancaster, through his wife's right; and his son Henry IV. inherited this title.

14. **The front of heaven.** The sky.

15. **cresset.** A framework holding an open vessel for burning oil.

33. **beldam.** Old hag.

45. **distemperature.** Indisposition, disease.

36. **passion.** Suffering.

37. **bear these crossings.** Endure being contradicted in this way.

41. **clamorous to.** Cried out to.

45. **clipp'd in with.** Shut in by. "To clip" is to clasp or embrace.

47. **Which calls me pupil.** Who can teach me anything. In Shakespeare's time *which* was used to refer to persons as well as to things.

read. Given instruction.

49. **Can trace me.** Who can follow my footsteps.

art. Magic.

50. **hold me pace.** Keep pace with me.

54. **vasty.** Vast in extent.

66-7. **Wye, Severn.** The Severn flows south-west into Bristol Channel. The Wye is a tributary of the Severn and for part of its course forms the boundary between England and Wales.

68. **Bootless.** Having gained no advantage.

weather-beaten. Glendower claims that he had caused the storms by the use of magic.

70. **agues.** Chills.

72. According to the three fold arrangements (order) that we have agreed to (ta'en).

74. **limits.** Divisions, spaces.

75. **hither to.** Mortimer indicates a point on the map.

81. **indentures.** Contracts; called "indentures" because in earlier times the edges of such documents were indented.

tripartite. In triplicate.

87. **Shrewsbury.** In Shropshire.

93. **conduct.** Escort.

97. **Methinks.** It seems to me.

moiety. Portion.

Burton. A town in Staffordshire on the river Trent.

99. **me.** The ethical dative, indicating that the speaker had an interest in the matter.

cranking. Curving.

101. **cantle.** Fragment, chunk. The "huge half-moon" comprises Lincolnshire and part of Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire.

106. **bottom.** Low-lying meadow land.

110. **With like advantage.** That is, giving Hotspur a similar advantage. Because the river curves southward, Mortimer loses nearly all Derbyshire and part of Nottinghamshire.

111. **Gelding the opposed continent.** Depriving or robbing the land on the other side of the river. "Continent" is literally any body of land that is *contained* within certain boundaries.

113. **trench.** Dig a new channel.

125. **the tongue.** Of the person who recites or sings these ditties.

a helpful ornament. "Helpful" because they are easier to sing or recite than mere prose. "Ornament" because they have the pleasing qualities of poetry.

131. **canstick.** Candlestick.

turned. Shaped on a wheel or lathe.

134. **mincing poetry.** Each line is made up of small exact

divisions (feet). "Mincing" carries with it the additional idea of affectation, and Hotspur uses the word to express contempt.

135. It is not a natural or easy form of speech. The stresses are like the hoof-beats of an old nag that is being forced to go, against his will.

144. **Break with.** Break the news to.

149. **moldwarp.** Mole.

150. **Merlin.** The great enchanter who belonged to King Arthur's court.

152. **griffin.** A fabulous creature with the head and wings of an eagle and the body of a lion.

moulten. Moulted.

153. **couching, ramping.** These are terms used in heraldry. Couching, or couchant, means crouching ; ramping, or rampant, means standing on the hind legs.

154. **skimble-skamble.** Rambling, incoherent.

155. **puts me from my faith.** Makes me distrust what I am told.

163. **cates.** Delicacies.

166-7. **profited in strange concealments.** Learned in strange secrets.

170. **temper.** Disposition, qualities of character.

171. **scope.** Freedom of speech and action.

172. **come 'cross his humour.** Contradict him, oppose him in his wishes.

177. **too wilful-blame.** Too wilful, and hence too much to blame.

182. That is the only advantage you gain from it.

184. **want of government.** Lack of self-control.

185. **opinion.** Conceit.

189. Depriving them of the praise which they should receive.

190. Well, I am disciplined ; I have been taught my lesson. I hope that when you are in trouble good manners may help you out. Hotspur is sarcastic.

192. **spite.** Vexation.

200-2. **that pretty Welsh...perfect in.** Your tears are a sort of language which I understand only too well.

203. I should answer you with speech of the same kind, that is, with tears.

205. **a feeling disputation.** The sort of conversation in which our feelings are expressed.

206-7. **will never be a truant.** Will never give up the effort.

208. **highly penn'd.** Composed in a lofty vein.

210. **With ravishing division.** With delightful variations. "Division" as used in music, means a series of notes sung to one syllable.

wanton. Luxuriant.

216. **crown the god of sleep.** Give the god of sleep power over you.

217. **heaviness.** Drowsiness.

218-21. You will fall into so deep a slumber that it will be like the darkest hour of the night, (the hour before dawn), as compared with the bright day.

223. **book.** Document.

228. **perfect.** Well-versed, skilled.

232. **humorous.** Full of whims or fancies.

237. **brach.** A hunting dog.

241. **'tis a woman's fault.** Keeping still is a characteristic of a woman. Hotspur is teasing her, and means the opposite.

242. **What's that?** What was it you said? Did you mean it?

247. **a comfit-maker's wife.** Who is used to dealing in sweetmeats (comfits).

250. **sarcenet surety.** The assurances which she gives in her oaths are as flimsy as sarcenet—a cheap silk material used for linings. Literally, sarcenet is cloth made by the Saracens.

251. **Finsbury.** Now a part of London. In Shakespeare's time it was open country and a favourite place for people to go walking on Sundays.

254. **protest of pepper-gingerbread.** Assertions or oaths (protests) that were no stronger than mildly spiced gingerbread.

255. **velvet guards.** People whose garments were trimmed with velvet. The guards were the bindings which protected the edges of the garment.

258. **turn tailor.** Tailors, like weavers, were accustomed to sing at their work.

red-breast teacher. One who teaches birds to sing.

SCENE II.

This scene is not only the mechanical centre of the play,—the middle scene of the middle act,—but it is also the dramatic centre. In the first half of the play there have been two separate threads of interest,—in the King and his rebellious nobles, on the one hand, and Prince Hal with his boon companions, on the other. In this central scene of the play these two divergent elements meet. The King has been grieved at the conduct of his degenerate son. The Prince, on the other hand, has shown no interest in his father and the affairs of state, although he has already given us a hint that he intends to "throw off his loose behaviour". Very naturally in the scene in which the King appeals to the Prince the King is greatly moved. He begins his appeal by a reference to his own past life and compares Prince Hal. in turn, with himself and the weak and effeminate Richard. The Prince is touched by his father's emotion and when the King follows his first appeal by an impassioned eulogy of Hotspur, the chivalrous spirit of Prince Hal is aroused and he promises that he will redeem all the wrong-doing of his past life "on Percy's head". The Prince's vow is the turning point in the play. Whatever doubts we may have had heretofore as to the sincerity of the Prince, we have the assurance that for the future his father's interests and his will be one.

5. **some displeasing service.** The fact that he had dethroned Richard and was responsible for his death.

6. **out of my blood.** In the person of my son.

12. **inordinate.** Beyond the bounds of propriety

13. **attempts.** Courses of conduct.

19. **quit.** Acquit or absolve myself from.

22-8. Yet in so far as I am able to disprove many of the tales that have been told you concerning me by people who wish to win your favour by so doing or by those who take delight in scandal, let me beg of you to make such allowances for my conduct as will enable me, upon my true submission, to find pardon for the faults of which I am guilty.

30. affections. Inclinations.

hold a wing ..... ancestors. Are much less lofty than the ideals of your ancestors.

32. Prince Hal withdrew from the council as the result of a disagreement with his father; but this did not take place until 1412.

36-7. The nation's hopes are always bound up in the Prince of Wales, who is to be the next King; but they are disappointed in you.

40. common-hackney'd. Talked about by every one.

42. Opinion. Public opinion.

43. to possession. To the King who was in possession.

50. stole all courtesy from heaven. An exaggerated way of saying that he tried his utmost to please.

56. pontifical. Belonging to the Pope or the High Priest.

57-8. my state ..... solemnity. My appearances in public were rare but magnificent, so that in men's eyes they were as splendid as a great feast, and, because of their rareness, were more impressive.

61. rash bavin wits. Men whose minds were like brushwood which burns away quickly. They were easily excited but easily used up.

62. carded his state. Discarded his dignity as King.

65. gave his countenance against his name. Gave his approval to the injury of his good name.

66-7. stand the push ..... comparative. Allowed himself to come in contact with every fellow who wished to compare himself with the King.

69. Enfeoffed himself to popularity. Allowed the desire for popularity to possess him.

76. **Heard, not regarded.** Although people hear it, they pay no attention to it.

77. **community.** The frequent sight of him.

78. **Afford no extraordinary gaze.** Do not gaze on him as a special object of interest.

81. **drowsed.** Looked sleepy.

82. **Slept in his face.** Paid no attention to him.

82-3. **rendered . . . . adversaries.** Wore such an expression of face as sullen ill-natured men show to those whom they dislike.

85. **in that very line.** In a similar position.

87. **vile participation.** Engaging in base pursuits.

99. **Than thou the shadow of succession.** His interest in the state is more worthy than your shadowy right to succeed to it.

100. **colour.** Pretence.

101. **harness.** Armour.

103. **no more in debt to years.** This is not correct, Prince Hal was in reality only fifteen years of age, while Hotspur was thirty eight.

109. **chief majority.** Pre-eminence or superiority.

110. **military title capital.** Supreme claim to military greatness.

115. **Enlarged him.** Set him free.

116. To complete the number of those who defy our power.

120. **Capitulate.** Draw up heads of articles.

125. **start of spleen.** A sudden burst of anger.

132. **redeem all this.** Buy back again your good opinion.

136. Cover my features with blood as with a mask.

146. **indignities.** Unworthy actions.

147-52. The figure here is that of the financial agent (factor) of a landowner, who totals up (engrosses) the rents, for which he must give strict account to his employer. The Prince says, in effect, "The fact that Percy has become so great will only add to my renown when I overcome him."

155. **salve.** Heal over.

156. **intemperance.** Intemperate life.

159. **parcel.** Particle.

160. This is as welcome to me as the news of the death of a hundred thousand rebels would be.

172. **advertisement.** Intelligence.

175. **Bridgnorth.** A town in Shropshire some twenty five miles from Shrewsbury.

177. **Our business valued.** Taking into account what we have to do.

180. When men delay they lose their opportunities. Opportunity or advantage is compared to an animal that has become fat and hence lazy and inactive.

Scene III.

Scene III is intended to afford relaxation after the two serious scenes which have preceded it. The personal appearance of Falstaff and Bardolph is again turned to humorous account: and the complaints and accusations of Falstaff as to his pockets having been picked give opportunity for further play of wit. Incidentally at the close of the scene we learn that the Prince is already taking steps to make good his promises to his father:

> "The land is burning: Percy stands on high;
> And either we or they must lower lie."

But Falstaff, on the other hand, is thinking chiefly of his breakfast and the life of the tavern which he hates to leave:

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

1-2. **this last action.** The robbery at Gadshill.

4. **apple-john.** A kind of apple which is not at its best until it becomes shrivelled and withered.

5. **in some liking.** In good condition,—an older use of the word.

8. **peppercorn.** The berry or fruit of the pepper-plant, which is very small and insignificant.

brewer's horse. A dull spiritless creature.

16. **in good compass.** In moderation. When Bardolph says

that Falstaff is "out of all compass" he means that his body is so huge that it is out of all proportion.

22. The "Admiral" was the leading ship in the fleet, and a lantern was placed in the "poop", or stern of the ship, at night so that the vessels coming behind might follow in the same course.

27. **memento mori.** A reminder of death.

28. **Dives.** See Luke XVI. 19—31. In the parable of Lazarus the beggar, and Dives the rich man, Lazarus was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom, but of Dives it is said that "in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments."

35-6. **ignis fatuus.** Will o' the wisp.

37. **triumph.** A public celebration, a procession, usually with torches.

38. **marks.** The mark was an old English coin of the value of 13s. 4d.

links. Torches made of tow, with tar or pitch.

41. **as good cheap.** At as good a bargain. "Cheap" is a noun, as here used.

42. **salamander.** A reptile which, according to the old belief, was capable of living in fire. Here, Bardolph's nose is called a salamander.

48. **Dame Partlet the hen.** In the old animal stories, such as the story of Reynard the Fox, the hen is spoken of as Partlet. The word means a ruff, a ring of feathers around the neck.

65. **Dowlas.** A coarse linen cloth.

66. **bolters.** Sieves for meal.

67. **holland.** Fine linen originally manufactured in Holland.

69. **by-drinkings.** Drinkings between meals.

75. **denier.** A French copper coin, worth a small fraction of a cent.

will you make a younker of me? Will you try to treat me like a greenhorn?

81. **a jack.** A clown.

a sneak-cup. One who doesn't pay his fair share of the liquor.

truncheon. Cudgel or staff.

84. is the wind in that door, i' faith? Is that the way things are going? Are we really going to have to march?

86. Newgate fashion. Criminals taken to Newgate prison were chained together in pairs.

108. a drawn fox, A fox that was roused (drawn) from its hiding-place and had to use all its cunning to elude its pursuers.

109. Maid Marian. The female companion of Robin Hood the famous outlaw.

109-10. the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Compared with you, Maid Marian is a woman of good repute, like the wife of one of the city officers. It is uncertain what official Shakespeare meant by the deputy of the ward.

119. ought. Owed.

140. embossed. Swollen.

143. injuries. Things, the theft of which might have been cause for complaint.

145. pocket up wrong. A play on the expression in the senses or "confess that you are wrong" and "put up with insults."

154. pacified still. Always (still) ready to make peace.

164. with unwashed hands. Without any delay.

178. the temple hall. The hall of the law-courts.

181. furniture. Equipment, furnishing.

185. I could wish that this tavern were the place where my soldiers had to gather.

Questions

1. In Scene I. what information is given as to the actual progress of the rebellion and the plans of the rebels?

2. Glendower's boasts regarding his own powers and accomplishments have no direct bearing on the main part of the play. Why then does the dramatist introduce them into the play?

3. What is your estimate of the character of Mortimer as he appears in this scene? Refer to definite speeches in sup-

port of your statements.

4. "Glendower in the course of the scene makes three distinct claims to extraordinary qualities." Explain.

5. What qualities does Hotspur show (a) in his conversation with Glendower, (b) in the dispute over the division of England, and, (c) in the part of the scene in which the ladies are present?

6. Was it, in your opinion, necessary to introduce Worcester into this scene?

7. In view of the fact that Scene II. is made up almost entirely of long speeches, how has the dramatist contrived to hold the interest of the audience?

8. Show in what respects Act III. Scene II. may be considered as the the dramatic centre of the play.

9. On what different grounds does the King appeal to the Prince in this scene?

10. The Prince's speech in which he vows that he will "redeem all this on Percy's head" and make him "render every glory up" is one of the most dramatic in the play. Why?

11. In what way does the hostess contribute to the humour of Scene III?

12. "Shakespeare turns the very vices of Falstaff to account." Illustrate from Scene III.

Act IV. Scene I.

During the interview between the King and Prince Hal in Act III., Sir Walter Blunt announced that,

> "The Douglas and the English rebels met
> The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury;
> A mighty and a fearful head they are,
> If promises be kept on every hand,
> As ever offer'd foul play in a state."

In the opening scene of Act IV. we learn from the conversation of Hotspur, Douglas, and Worcester what are the real conditions in the rebel camp. In the beginning of the scene word is brought that Northumberland cannot come because he is "grievous sick." It is quite evident that both Hotspur

and Worcester, who know Northumberland all too well, are suspicious that he is not really ill. The crafty and far-sighted Worcester sees at once that the consequences of Northumberland's absence are likely to be serious. Even Hotspur is at first dismayed at the news, but his buoyant nature soon recovers and he tries to persuade himself that Northumberland's absence may be after all an advantage. Douglas is equally hopeful, and declares that "fear" is a word unknown in Scotland. But scarcely have they succeeded in reassuring themselves, when further bad news reaches them. Tidings are brought that the King's army is close at hand, and worst news of all, that Glendower will not be able to join them. This is a staggering blow, but even from this ill news Hotspur and Douglas speedily recover, and they assume a show of courage which perhaps in their hearts they do not feel. The scene as a whole helps to prepare the audience for the defeat of the rebels,—but at the same time it provides an interesting illustration of the high spirit and courage of Hotspur.

2. **this fine age.** A touch of sarcasm.

3. The Douglas should have such qualities attributed to him, should receive such praise.

4-5. That the name of no living soldier would be so well known throughout the world. Note the metaphor in *stamp* and *current.*

7. **soothers.** Flatterers.

9. **task me to my word.** Put my word to the proof.

11-2. There is no man so powerful that I will not fight with him. This is Douglas' way of saying that he will try to prove worthy of the praise of Hotspur.

13. **I can but thank you.** Thank you for calling me "the king of honour".

18. **justling.** Full of conflict, or strife.

19. **government.** Charge, command.

24. **feared.** The cause of much fear.

32. **by deputation.** By entrusting the work to any one else.

35. **removed.** Not closely connected with him.

36. **advertisement.** Advice, admonition.

37. **conjunction.** United forces.

46-8. The figure is that of a gambler who stakes everything on one throw (cast) of the dice ; or who risks a great sum on a chance which may depend on some trifling (nice) thing. A "main" is literally a hand at cards.

49-50. In taking such a chance we should see that there would be nothing to hope for if it failed.

51. **list.** Limit ; the "list" was originally the line enclosing a field of combat.

53. **reversion.** Something to turn back to.

56. **A comfort of retirement.** The comfort that comes from knowing that we have something to fall back upon.

58. **mischance look big.** Misfortune threatens.

61. **hair.** Peculiar character. The word "hair" was used by the old dramatists in the sense of quality, nature, character.

67. **fearful faction.** Those who are timorous or half-hearted about the rebellion.

68. **breed a kind of question.** Give rise to some sort of doubt.

72. **strict arbitrement.** Definite judgments regarding the justice of our cause.

73. **loop.** Loophole ; from a Danish word meaning "to peep".

73. **draws a curtain.** Draws a curtain aside.

75. **strain.** Carry the argument.

77. **opinion.** Belief in our cause.

83. Stress the word "yet".

96. **daff'd.** Doffed, (from *do* and *off*) ; put away, set aside.

the world. The serious affairs of life.

98-9. **estridges.** Ostriches.

wing the wind Run along the ground with flapping wings.

Bated. Beating the wind with the wings. Some editions have "with" instead of "wing", and a comma after "bated" instead of after "wind." This makes "bated" refer to estridges instead of eagles ; but the sense in both cases is practically the same.

104. **beaver.** Visor, the movable face-guard of the helmet.

105. cuisses. Armour for the thighs.

106. feather'd Mercury. Mercury was the son of Jupiter and the messenger of the Gods. He is represented in art as having talaria or winged sandals.

109. Pegasus. A winged horse which sprang from the blood of Medusa, when slain by the mythical hero Perseus.

111-2. Hotspur says jestingly that the praise of Prince Hal makes him tremble with fear.

113. like sacrifices in their trim. A reference to the custom of decking out the victim to make it more acceptable as a sacrifice.

118. reprisal. Spoil, something taken from the enemy.

134. Doomsday. The day of decision.

Scene II.

The purpose of this short scene is to provide relief for the serious scenes which precede and follow it. The picture that is presented of Falstaff's ragged army has little connection with the rest of the plot, but it is another illustration of Falstaff's humour, and it provides the audience with amusement.

1. Coventry. In Warwickshire.

3. Sutton Co'fil! Sutton Coldfield, a town in Warwickshire to the north of Coventry.

6. makes an angel. Brings the amount I have spent up to angel,—a coin worth approximately ten shillings.

7. take it for thy labour. Falstaff jestingly uses the word *makes* in the sense of creates or produces.

8. I'll answer the coinage. I'll be responsible for coining them.

11-2. a soused gurnet. The gurnet was a fish of little value, but was sometimes pickled (soused).

12. the King's press. The authority to press men into the King's service.

15-6. contracted bachelors. Those who have entered into a contract of betrothal.

17. a commodity of warm slaves. A crowd of ardent lovers.

18. a caliver. A light musket.

20. **toasts-and-butter.** Effeminate fellows who eat toast and butter.

22. **ancients.** Ensigns, standard-bearers.

24. **Lazarus in the painted cloth.** On the tapestries with which walls were hung there often appeared representations of Scripture scenes. The reference here is to the story of Lazarus, the beggar, and Dives, the rich man. See Luke XVI. 19-31.

26. **unjust.** Dishonest.

27-8. **trade-fallen.** Out of work because business is poor.

28. **the cankers . . . peace.** Corrupt worthless fellows who prey upon the country in times of peace.

29-30. **an old faced ancient.** An old ensign that has been patched or "faced".

46. **blown.** Puffed out.

SCENE III.

In the first part of this scene a dispute is in progress between Douglas and Hotspur on the one hand, and Worcester and Vernon on the other. The impulsive Hotspur and the equally impulsive Douglas are eager to begin the battle at once, while Worcester and Vernon are doing their best to restrain them. So serious a difference of opinion does not augur well for the success of the rebels. The dispute, however, is interrupted by the entrance of Sir Walter Blunt, who comes from the King with offers of redress of their grievances and absolute pardon for the leaders. Hotspur mistrusts the King, and in a long speech sets forth his grievances; but then, having once given expression to his feelings, he shows that he is not disinclined to consider the King's offer. The scene provides an interesting study of Hotspur's character and prepares the way for the negotiations which precede the battle.

3. **supply.** Reinforcements.

10. If after having weighed the matter well, I am impelled by my sense of honour to act. "Respected" is used in the sense of heeded, considered.

17. **leading.** Ability as generals

journey-bated. Tired by the journey.

35. **Envy.** Bear ill-will towards.

36. **our quality.** As used here, our side, our party; literally, our kind.

39. **out of limit and true rule.** Beyond recognized bounds and proper authority.

42. **griefs.** Grievances.

43. **conjure.** Call forth.

51. **suggestion.** Instigation.

57. **Sick in the world's regard.** Held in low esteem.

61. **to be Duke of Lancaster.** To inherit the title and estates of his father who was Duke of Lancaster.

62. **to sue his livery and beg his peace.** These are legal expressions. When a man died his children, if under age, became wards of the King. If they were of age they had to enter suit, or make formal application, to have the inheritance *delivered* to them. At the same time they did homage to the King and begged to have *peaceable* enjoyment of their lands.

63. **terms of zeal.** Assurances of good faith.

68. **The more and less.** The greater nobles and those of lower rank.

with cap and knee. With head uncovered (cap in hand) and bended knee.

74. **as greatness knows itself.** As it always the case when one becomes conscious of increased power.

75. **Steps me a little higher.** Goes a little beyond, assumes higher powers. "Me" is ethical dative.

his vow. That he came but to be Duke of Lancaster.

76. **while his blood was poor.** While he was more humble.

78. **forsooth.** Expresses contempt.

79. **strait.** Very strict.

81. **Cries out upon.** Protests against the injustice of.

82. **face.** Outward appearance.

87. **In deputation.** As his deputies.

92. **in the neck of.** Directly after.

task'd. Taxed.

93. **March.** Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.

98. **intelligence.** The use of spies.

103. **head of safety.** Rebellion as a means of safety.

105. **Too indirect.** Too far out of the direct line of descent.

108. **impawned.** Given as a pledge.

109. **Some surety.** In the form of a hostage.

Scene IV

This short scene strengthens the impression that disaster is likely to overtake the rebel army. The fears of the Archbishop are based upon the reports of the strength of the King's forces, "a mighty and a quick rais'd power", and upon the fact that Hotspur has not received the promised support from his friends. Northumberland is sick; Glendower has been "o'er-ruled by prophecies"; and even Mortimer, on whose behalf Hotspur has quarrelled with the King, has not appeared. The scene is, furthermore, a sort of connecting link between *Henry IV. Part I.*, and *Henry IV. Part II.* In the latter play the Archbishop, to whom we are introduced in this scene, is one of the leading characters.

1. **brief.** Letter, note.

2. **The Lord Marshal.** Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, one of the characters in *Henry IV., Part II.*

10. **bide the touch.** Stand the test, just as gold is tested by means of the touchstone.

15. **of the first proportion.** Strong in numbers as compared with the others.

17. **a rated sinew.** A valuable source of strength.

18. **o'er-ruled by prophecies.** Held back by his superstitious belief in certain prophecies,

25. **a head.** An armed force.

28. **The special head.** The leading men of note.

31. **moe corrivals.** Others of equal worth, "Moe" is the old comparative of "many."

31-2. **dear men of estimation.** Worthy men, who are esteemed highly,

37. **visit.** Punish.

Questions

1. In what respects are Hotspur and Douglas similar in character? Justify your answer by references to the play.

2. "Anyone but Hotspur would have been utterly dismayed by the news which is brought by the messenger and by Vernon respectively." What news is referred to? How did Hotspur receive it in each case?

3. Why is the reference to the Prince of Wales introduced into this scene (Scene I)?

4. What light does Scene II throw on Falstaff's patriotism?

5. In Scene III what arguments are advanced for and against an immediate engagement?

6. Although Hotspur scoffed at 'mincing poetry' he shows throughout the play, that he himself possesses the power of vivid and picturesque portrayal. Illustrate by reference to different speeches of Hotspur in the play.

7. Reduced to their simplest form, what are the charges that Hotspur makes against the King?

8. (a) What is Hotspur's justification for having risen in rebellion?

(b) Did the attitude of the King towards the Percies, as seen in the play, in your opinion, justify them in rising in rebellion?

9. What are the grounds of the Archbishop's fears, as stated in Scene IV?

10. (a) Why, as stated already in the play, is the Archbishop opposed to the King?

(b) What is his object in sending out letters?

Act V.—Scene I.

The first few lines of Act V. form a sort of prelude to the Act as a whole and prepare the audience for the conflict that is to follow. It is a favourite device of Shakespeare to make use of what is known as "the pathetic fallacy" that is, to represent Nature in her various moods as showing sympathy with human affairs; and in this case the red sunrise and the

whistling wind "foretell a tempest and a blustering day." In the interview between Worcester and the King the speech of Worcester contains no new arguments, and his charges are not directly answered by the King. The interview, however, gives the Prince of Wales an opportunity to show his chivalrous spirit and his consideration for others when he offers to fight with Hotspur "to save the blood on either side." "Honour" in the Prince's estimation is not mere worldy fame to be worn "without corrival," but consideration for the welfare and happiness of his fellows. The Prince's spirit of self-sacrifice stands out all the more strongly in contrast with the cynical "catechism" of Falstaff as to the nature and value of honour with which the scene ends.

2. **busky.** Bushy, covered with thickets.

3. **distemperature.** Ill-health.

13. **our old limbs.** King Henry was only thirty eight years of age. Why does the dramatist represent him as old?

15-6. **churlish knot.** War is spoken of as a knot because it brings with it complications and difficulties not easily solved. It is "churlish" because it is rough and rude.

17. **obedient orb.** Orbit of obedience.

19. **exhaled meteor.** Meteors were supposed to consist of matter exhaled by the earth, or drawn up by the sun. They were thought to forebode disaster.

20. **A prodigy of fear.** A meteor was something out of the ordinary, hence a prodigy which caused people to fear.

20-1. **a portent of broached mischief.** A forewarning of future evil which has its beginning (is broached) even now.

26. **the day of this dislike.** The time of this quarrel.

29. **chewet.** The meaning is doubtful. It is supposed that it is a variation of an older English word meaning "a mince-meat pie", or else that it comes from a French word meaning "a magpie", a bird that chatters.

34. **my staff of office.** As steward in the hall of Conway castle.

42. **Doncaster.** A town in Yorkshire.

44. **new-fall'n.** Lately inherited.

45. **seat.** Estates.

50. **the injuries of a wanton time.** The wrongs that people were suffering because there was no restraint on wrong-doing.

51. **sufferances.** Losses or injuries.

55. **from.** Because of.

57. **the general sway,** The control of public affairs.

60. **ungentle gull.** Rude nestling. A "gull" is an unfledged bird.

the cuckoo's bird. The European cuckoo lays its eggs in other birds' nests just as the cowbird does in this country.

61. **oppress.** Crowd.

67-71. In raising this "armed head" we are using means of opposing you which you have brought upon yourself by your unkind treatment of us, your threatening looks, and the fact that you have broken your oath to us.

troth. Fidelity.

72-82. The King says that the rebels have drawn up these articles to make the rebellion appear more attractive to the changeable discontented fellows who are always eager for some new excitement; and that rebellion can always be presented in these fine colours, and that there are always sullen beggarly creatures who like nothing better than the confusion that rebellion brings with it.

72. **articulate.** Drawn up in the form of articles.

73. **market-crosses.** Crosses were frequently erected in market-places or public squares.

74. **face the garment.** The lapels of a coat or the edges of a garment are sometimes faced, or covered with cloth of a different colour or texture, to make it more attractive to the eye.

77. **rub the elbow.** Rub the elbow with the hand to express satisfaction.

80. **water-colours.** In Shakespeare's time water-colours were looked upon as more showy but less permanent than oils.

82. **pell-mell havoc.** Disorder and destruction.

88. If this rebellion is not counted against him.

94. I have failed in the practice of noble deeds.

111-2. Rebuke and punishment are at my service and they shall do the work assigned to them.

114. **advisedly.** With proper heed.

122. **so.** Well and good.

123. **a colossus.** A giant. The Colossus at Rhodes, to which there is a reference, was a gigantic statue of Apollo which was set up on the shore of the harbour at Rhodes. According to the popular myth, however, it stood astride of the harbour, and the ships entering the harbour passed between its legs.

131. **set to a leg.** Set a leg.

132. **grief.** Pain.

135. **A trim reckoning.** A fine total when it is reckoned up!

139. **scutcheon.** A shield with a coat of arms; hence a mere external ornament, with little real value.

140. **my catechism.** My series of questions.

SCENE II.

Worcester is the "villain" of the play, and because of his treachery in not delivering the King's message in full, he forfeits any sympathy which the audience might otherwise feel for him. But although the report of the Prince's challenge is delivered only in part, it affords the generous Vernon an opportunity to speak of Prince Hal's good qualities. In the meantime, however, the impetuous Douglas has precipitated the conflict, and in the few brief sentences with which Hotspur tries to inspire his followers at the beginning of the battle the finer side of his character is revealed.

8. Because he suspects us he will always be looking for faults.

13. Our looks will always be misinterpreted and wrongly reported.

18. The fact that he is nicknamed "Hotspur" gives him the privilege of doing impulsive things.

19. **a spleen.** An impulse, a fit of temper.

21. **train.** Entice, lead him cunningly.

22. Because we are responsible for his wrong-doing.

26. **Deliver.** Announce.

29. Westmoreland was held as a hostage for the safe return of Worcester and Vernon.

41. **this hateful name.** The name of rebel and traitor.

44. **engaged.** Pledged as a hostage.

51. **tasking.** Reproof, reprimand.

56. **duties.** What is due to you.

58. **like a chronicle.** In detail.

60. By saying that words of praise fell short of your real worth.

62. **cital.** Mention.

64-5. As if he were his own teacher and at the same time a learner.

67. **envy.** The malicious fortune.

68. **owe.** Own.

69. So much misunderstood because of his wild life.

77-9. It is better for you to consider what your duty is in this battle than for me to try and persuade you, since I have not the gift of eloquent speech.

83-5. Even if life lasted no longer than an hour and were measured by the movement of the dial's point, it would be too long a time to be spent in base living.

88-9. We need have no misgivings of conscience, for we are justified in fighting when our purpose is just.

Scene III.

Scene III shows two minor incidents in the battle. In the first part of the scene, the death of Blunt, whom Douglas takes to be the King, and the report of Hotspur that "the King hath many marching in his coats" shows that however stern and harsh the King may be, he has been able to inspire an intense loyalty in his followers. The second incident shows the serious side of the Prince's character, and his stinging rebuke to Falstaff, even though Falstaff is insensible to it, raises him higher in the estimation of the audience.

21. **Semblably furnished.** Equipped, or accoutred, in a similar fashion.

30. **shot-free.** Scot-free, without payment of the reckoning (scot).

33. **here's no vanity.** Falstaff is ironical. He means to say that all Sir Walter Blunt's honour is is vain since in the end it has only come to this.

45. **Turk Gregory.** Gregory VII. called Hildebrand, was a Pope of the eleventh century who was engaged for many years in a fierce dispute with Henry IV. of Germany concerning the supremacy of the Church over the State. Falstaff calls him "Turk" Gregory to indicate what a stubborn fighter he was.

55. **pierce.** Evidently "pierce" and "Percy" were pronounced alike or nearly so.

57. **to make a carbonado.** To slash or hack. A carbonado is a piece of meat slashed for broiling or roasting.

SCENE IV.

In the interview between the Prince and the King in Act III, the Prince in his vow to his father had declared:

> "I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
> And in the closing of some glorious day
> Be bold to tell you that I am your son."

This scene shows us the fulfilment of the Prince's vow, in the fight with Douglas in which he saves his father's life and in the decisive struggle with Hotspur. Everything in the play has led up to this scene and the triumph of the Prince over Hotspur is his final vindication. And then, after the fight is over and the suspense of the audience is relieved they are in a mood to enjoy the piece of pure comedy in which Falstaff lays claim to the honour of having killed Percy. At the close of the scene Falstaff appears for the last time in the play, and lest the audience should think him wholly degenerate, his final words are a promise of reform,—which, of course, in his heart he really doesn't mean.

5. **make up.** Go forward.

6. **amaze.** Fill with fear.

21. **at the point.** At sword's length.

22. **With lustier maintenance.** Maintaining the fight more

vigorously.

25. **Hydra's heads.** The Hydra was, according to the myth, a water-serpent which inhabited the marshes of Argolis in Greece. When one of its heads was cut off, two grew in its place. The monster was finally slain by Hercules.

30. **shadows.** Those who are the image of him.

48. **opinion.** Reputation.

49. **thou makest some tender.** You show some regard or affection for.

51. **injury.** Wrong, harm.

65. In Shakespeare's time it was believed that the heavens consisted of a number of transparent spheres, revolving one within the other, and that in each of these spheres a single planet moved.

74. **vanities.** Idle boasts.

81-2. Thought depends upon life, and life in turn depends upon time, and even time, which controls all things, must come to an end.

time's fool. Life is compared to a jester or court fool.

88. **Ill-weav'd ambition.** Ambition which, like a poorly-woven piece of cloth, has shrunk.

93. **stout.** Note the play on the word.

94-5. If you were conscious of being praised I should not express my admiration of you so strongly.

96. **favours.** A distinctive scarf, or covering for the shield, by which the bearer would be recognized.

109. **embowelled.** In Shakespeare's time the word was used in the sense of "embalmed."

112. **powder me.** Salt me.

termagant. Fierce, furious. "Termagant" is a corruption of the name of a Saracen idol, who was introduced as a personage in the old Morality plays and was always represented as a violent and boisterous character.

114. **scot and lot.** Thoroughly. Literally, scot and lot is a tax levied on all, according to their ability to pay. "Scot" is a tax or contribution; "lot" is an allotted sum.

137. **a double man.** Falstaff looked like "a double man" because he had Hotspur on his back.

162. **grow less.** Less in bulk.

Scene V

This short scene supplies the natural conclusion for the play. With the punishment of Worcester and Vernon and the pardon of Douglas, the audience are satisfied that justice has been done. At the same time the Prince's treatment of Douglas and his courtesy to his brother John are further evidence of the generous traits in his character. In the King's final speech a reference is made to the campaigns that have been planned against Glendower and Northumberland and the play closes with a happy forecast of the final victory of the King.

5. Fail to report the real substance (tenour) of the message entrusted to you.

20. **upon the foot of fear.** Running away because of their fear.

28. **ransomless.** As a matter of fact, Douglas was not released until some five years later, and had to pay a heavy ransom.

33. **give away.** By showing courtesy to Douglas.

Questions

1. What justification does Worcester make for having rebelled against the King? Compare Worcester's recital of his grievances with that of Hotspur in Act IV. Scene III.

2. Show the importance of the Prince's challenge to Hotspnr as a dramatic element in the play.

3. What is your impression of the character of Vernon as he appears in the play? Do you consider that the sentence of death pronounced upon him by the King was just?

4. The King, in Scene V. accuses Worcester of having 'turned his offers contrary'. By reference to Scene II. show in what respects the charge was justified.

5. Point out the places in the play in which the characters of Hotspur and Prince Hal are directly or indirectly brought into contrast.

6. Compare the conceptions of honour held by Prince Hal, Hotspur and Falstaff respectively.

7. Douglas says of Blunt :

"A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear."

Do you agree with Douglas? Give reasons.

8. During the battle Falstaff prays, "God keep lead out of me." Do you think he is a coward? Examine the evidence on either side throughout the play.

9, What qualities of the King as he appears in Act V. do you admire?

10. What dramatic purpose is served by the introduction of Prince John of Lancaster into the play?

11. Point out the various incidents in the course of the battle, in which the generous impulses of the Prince are called into play.

12. The Prince announces that Douglas is to be delivered "up to his pleasure, ransomless and free." Do you think that this decision is just? Why?

SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITION

1. The Robbery.
2. "Nothing pleaseth but rare accidents."
3. The Quarrel with the Percies.
4. "This thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke."
5. "The blood more stirs
   To rouse a lion than to start a hare."
6. Lady Percy.
7. "Come, here's the map. Shall we divide our right?"
8. "That devil, Glendower".
9. Richard II and Henry IV, — a contrast.
10. Bardolph.
11. Falstaff as a Soldier.
12. Before the Battle.
13. Honour,—as regarded by Hotspur, the Prince, and Falstaff respectively.
14. Douglas,—as he appears in the play.
15. Prince Hal and Hotspur,—as contrasted in the play.
16. The Battle of Shrewsbury.
17. The Percies and their Grievances.
18. Why the Rebellion Failed.

QUESTIONS FOR EXAMINATION PAPERS.

1. (*a*) What is the conception of honour and the attitude towards it held by Hotspur, by the Prince of Wales, and by Falstaff?

(*b*) Show the humour of Falstaff's speech on the subject and discuss the value of his argument.

2. (*a*) Mention the features of Hotspur's character that in spite of his defects make him an attractive figure in *King Henry IV, Part I.* Refer to the play in illustration.

(*b*) Point out various things Hotspur says and does which make you feel that he is not suited for leadership.

3. Write a careful synopsis of the important interview between King Henry and Prince Hal in the Third Act of the play.

4. Show in four instances how Falstaff's nimble wit enables him to escape from the plight into which he has brought himself by his actions.

5. What are the main emotional elements in *Henry IV*, and who are the great characters representative of these elements?

6. State the circumstances mentioned in the play that brought about such a combination of dissimilar forces in rebellion against King Henry IV.

7. Show how Shakespeare has made his audience acquiesce in the death of the gallant Hotspur at the hands of the dissolute Prince Henry.

8. "For all the world,
As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
And even as I was then is Percy now."

Explain the point in the resemblance, and show what trait of the King's character is revealed in the speech.

STAGING A PLAY OF SHAKESPEARE

The plays of Shakespeare were written to be acted, and they are much more effective when put upon the stage than when merely read in class. In some schools, where there is a large staff and a large number of students and a good auditorium, it is possible to stage a complete play; and even in the smaller schools individual scenes may be put on with very little outlay for costume or scenery.

The simplest form of dramatic production consists merely in reading or reciting single scenes from a play of Shakespeare before the class, without special costumes or scenery, during the lesson period; and an occasional period spent in this way is a pleasing variation from the routine of class work. But needless to say, before any attempt is made to act scenes from the play in this way, they must be studied in class. The teacher, in this case, assigns the parts beforehand; the pupils learn the speeches and study how they should be spoken, and one or two practices are held after school hours to make the acting run smoothly. Sometimes two casts are chosen for the same scene, and it is a matter of rivalry to see which group of actors can produce the scene more effectively.

In schools where the teacher and pupils decide to stage a play in whole or in part for public performance, some sort of dramatic organization is required. If there is a dramatic club in the school it will naturally take full charge of the production; but, if not, the teacher and class must take the first steps to arrange for the play.

The first thing to be done is to select the play, and if possible it should be one that has been studied in class. The dramatic production should be the outgrowth of class work, and the would-be actor must make a study of the characters, the development of the plot, the structure of the play and the purpose of each scene. He must have studied the play so thoroughly that he knows the exact meaning of every expression, and is able to interpret the feelings of the various speakers in the play.

In any dramatic organization, the most important person is the director or stage-manager of the play, who is usually also the "coach", who gives instruction to the actors. The director has full charge of the production of the play, the rehearsals, the scenery and stage effects, the costumes, etc., etc. He must, of course, be assisted by various committees, but he directs their work and his decisions are in all cases final. He should not only have some knowledge of how to stage a play, but should have certain indispensable personal qualities such as tact, good humour, executive ability and decision. It is desirable, for obvious reasons, that some member of the staff should be the director of the school play; but experience and knowledge of stage production is the first consideration. The director, of course, does not himself take part in the play.

Next to the director, or stage-manager, the most important member of the organization is the "prompter", who is usually assistant stage-manager. He must be thoroughly familiar with the play, and in addition to his general services, it is his duty to prompt the actors at rehearsals and on the night of the performance.

The manager is assisted by a committee of students, each with specific duties. Different students, or committees of students, are given charge of:—

(*a*) The scenery, including the carpenter work and the curtain.
(*b*) The lighting, and electrical devices.
(*c*) The stage properties,—i.e. the furnishings and small articles—everything, in fact, except the costumes and scenery.
(*d*) The costumes.
(*e*) The music, including the orchestra.
(*f*) The make-up.
(*g*) The business details, advertising, printing, sale of tickets, ushers, etc.

It is necessary to guard against over-organization and over-lapping; and the director must use his discretion as to how many assistants are required.

In general, a play of Shakespeare is much too long for presentation on a modern stage, and even in single scenes certain parts may be cut out to advantage. The play must be studied carefully by the director, either with or without the class, in order to decide what scenes may be omitted and how the speeches may be shortened. As a result of this revision, an acting edition of the play is produced. It is better if possible, to give to each actor

a typewritten copy of his own part in the play, rather than have him rely on the text as a whole.

One of the first duties of the director is to choose a cast for the play, and in making the selection he may be assisted by a committee of two or three judges. At the "try-out," those who wish to take part in the play are required to read a scene, or part of a scene, which they have prepared. In assigning parts to different students, the judges must take into account (*a*) the voice,—its carrying power, tone, flexibility, etc. (*b*) ability of the actor to enter into the spirit of the play, to *feel* the part he acts, and (*c*) his physical suitability for the part. No student should accept a part in the play unless he can give an assurance that he will attend the rehearsals faithfully and punctually. There should be a definite understanding on this point before the cast is completed.

Usually at least twelve or fifteen rehearsals are required, that is about three a week for five or six weeks. The first two or three rehearsals are given over to blocking out the action. The actors read their parts, and the director gives instructions as to entrances, exits, movements, acting, and stage "business." At these rehearsals no attention is paid to the speaker's voice or expression, but the actors must become familiar with their positions and movements on the stage, and the same routine must be followed at subsequent rehearsals. After this preliminary work has been done, the play must be studied scene by scene and line by line for the purpose of securing the proper interpretation and expression. The first Act is rehearsed repeatedly before proceeding with the second. When the acting and the reading go hand in hand, the actors learn their lines with

little effort, and at the end of the first week, Act I should be letter-perfect. It is not always necessary to have the full cast present at the rehearsals, for single speeches and single scenes may sometimes be rehearsed to better advantage when only those immediately concerned are present. During the week immediately preceding the final performance, rehearsals are held every evening, and the "dress" rehearsals on the last two or three evenings should be held in the hall or theatre where the play is to be acted.

It is impossible within the limits of a few pages, to give detailed instructions regarding staging and acting; but there are one or two general directions which it is well for the actors to keep in mind:

For those who are taking part in the play the all-important thing is that they should *feel* the parts that they are acting. The actor who loses himself in his part is scarcely conscious of his audience, and he has no temptation to declaim. He speaks naturally, usually in a conversational tone, and he gives free expression to his emotions. "Did you see Kean in Othello?" some one asked Kemble. "No," replied Kemble, "I did not see Mr. Kean. I saw Othello." The student who enters so completely into the play that he forgets himself in the part that he is acting is likely, on the whole, to prove a better actor than the student who merely recites his lines. His speech is less hurried; his acting is more natural; he does not make unnecessary movements, and he does not let his eyes wander from the stage to the audience. He must, however, always bear in mind that his speech must be heard by the audience. This necessitates clear enunciation and proper voice-control; and

the actor must always occupy a position on the stage that will enable the audience to hear him.

On the mechanical side, in staging a play it is safer for the amateur to err on the side of simplicity rather than make his production too elaborate. The scenery and the stage-furnishings should be of the simplest. Most of the text-books on dramatics give directions for making stage settings of plain and cheap materials. In modern play-production, footlights and spotlights are sparingly used, and the stage is lighted from the wings and from above. Most amateur producers are troubled as to "make-up"; but for most plays very little make-up is required,—only enough to prevent the face from appearing too pale. But for these and all other details relating to the staging of the play, the stage-manager may be relied upon, and there are many books on dramatics which may be consulted by the amateur.

The following are a few of the well-known books on the subject:

Shakespeare for Community Players by Roy Mitchell. J. M. Dent and Sons, Toronto.

Practical Stage-Directing for Amateurs, by Emerson Taylor. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

How to Produce Amateur Plays, by Barrett H. Clark. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Producing in Little Theatres, by Clarence Stratton. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Book for Shakespeare Plays and Pageants, by O. L. Hatcher. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Play Production for Amateurs, by F. H. Koch. University of North Carolina Extension Bulletin.

NOTES BY PUPILS