The Tudor Shakespeare

EDITED BY

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AND

ASHLEY HORACE THORNDIKE
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Introduction

Text. — The Second Part of Henry IV first appeared in a quarto entitled "The Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, and Coronation of Henrie the fift. With the humours of sir John Falstaffe, and swaggering Pistoll. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. London. Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600." Although there were six quarto editions of The First Part of Henry IV between 1598 and 1623, this quarto of 1600 is the only form in which The Second Part is known to have appeared before the Folio of 1623. Thirty-nine lines which appear in the Quarto are not found in the Folio, which, however, contains one hundred and seventy-one new lines. These lines may have been omitted from the Quarto for abridgment of the acting version, as one or two of the excisions, notably I. i. 189–209, are awkwardly managed "cuts." A number of differences are accounted for by the increasingly strict enactments against profanity, obscenity, and biblical allusions on the stage, in consequence of which the Folio text was purged of some of the grossness of the Quarto. There are two forms of the Quarto, in one of which, obviously by accident, Act III. sc. i. is omitted. The text of the complete Quarto is used as the basis of the present text, the additions from the Folio being inclosed in brackets.
Date of Composition. — The connection between the two parts of Henry IV in material, treatment, and style is so intimate as to enforce the conclusion that they were written in immediate succession; indeed they are more nearly one ten-act play than two five-act plays. If 1597 be accepted as the year of composition of The First Part, this affords a date after which The Second Part was written. In Ben Jonson's Every Man Out of his Humour, V. ii., occurs a reference to Justice Silence which fixes the composition of The Second Part before 1599, the year in which Jonson's play was first performed. Between 1597 and 1599 then we must place it. But The First Part was entered on the Stationers' Register on February 25, 1598, as containing, in addition to historical material, "the conceipted mirthe of Sir John Falstoff." Evidently then the change of the name from Oldcastle to Falstaff had been made prior to the entry of The First Part. But in the Quarto of The Second Part, the prefix Old stands before a speech of Falstaff, I. ii. 137. This seems to show that The Second Part as well as The First Part was written before the change in name, and that a carelessly corrected copy was given to the printer. If this be granted, the date of composition of The Second Part can be fixed in the latter part of 1597 or in 1598 before February 25. The play was entered on the Stationers' Register on August 23, 1600. It is noticeable that this is the first play entered on the Register which is stated to be the work of Shakespeare.

1 See Introduction to The First Part of Henry IV in this series. 2 Ibid.
Sources of the Plot. — For the historical material of this, as of most of his English chronicle plays, Shakespeare drew from Raphael Holinshed’s *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, apparently from the second and enlarged edition of 1587. The incidents which compose the serious action of the drama are taken in their outline from the *Chronicles*. Holinshed refers briefly to the sentence pronounced upon the Prince by the Chief Justice, but the version of the story containing the defence of the Chief Justice and the Prince’s recognition of his equity is given fully in Sir Thomas Elyot’s *Gouvernour*, 1531. The fact that later investigation has not found a completely satisfactory historical basis for it does not invalidate its dramatic value. It is hardly necessary to add that in this play, as elsewhere, Shakespeare takes most generous liberties with time, compressing, changing, rearranging to suit the purpose of his play, and that dramatic time and historic time are constantly confused.

Several of the incidents had already appeared in a play entitled *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, acted before 1588 and licensed for printing in 1594. In this are found the first dramatization of the sentence on the Prince, the King’s lament for the fate of England under the rule of his wayward son, and his pleas to the nobles for leniency, the incident of the stealing of the crown, and

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1 The most convenient edition of the *Chronicles* is Shakspere’s *Holinshed, the Chronicle and the Historical Plays Compared*, by W. G. Boswell-Stone. London and New York: 1896.

2 This play is accessible in the *Shakespeare Quarto Facsimiles*, edited by P. A. Daniel. London: 1887.
the consequent reconciliation of the dying father and the repentant son. Here also the coronation procession is cheered on by the jovial salutations of two former companions, Ned and Tom, whom the King banishes after bestowing on them moral advice. This play is extremely crude, lacking both the finish of expression and the insight into character that frequently enliven the pages of the Chronicles.

It will be seen that, as is frequent with Shakespeare, the main incidents of his play had appeared in an earlier dramatic as well as in narrative form. In a few places the spirit of the present play seems to owe something to its sources; more rarely there is verbal indebtedness; but in general the sources furnish the merest framework which Shakespeare fills out with dramatic action and animates with personal motive. This is especially noticeable in the scenes between the King and the Prince. A comparison of the versions of the stealing of the crown in the Chronicles, The Famous Victories, and The Second Part of Henry IV strikingly illustrates the meaning of dramatic selection and expansion, and convinces one anew that a dramatist is great not because of what he invents, but because of what he vivifies.

Local and Personal Allusions. — Both the tavern scenes and those located in Gloucestershire abound in local allusions. In the former, Shakespeare was drawing on his intimate knowledge of London, a knowledge which most of his audience shared, and doubtless there are far more contemporary and local references than any antiquary can now discover; in the latter, he made use of the store
of memories he had brought from his boyhood in the country. Although in Warwickshire, Stratford is almost on the border of Gloucestershire; the Cotswold district, famous for its athletic sports (III. ii. 24) is easily accessible; Hinckley (V. i. 26) and Barston (V. iii. 94) are neighboring towns; then as now the Visor, or Vizard, family lived at Woodmancote, which is still pronounced Woncot (V. i. 42); and in the sixteenth century their neighbors, the Perkes family, occupied a place still known as "The Hill" (V. i. 43). Justice Shallow is usually taken to be a caricature of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, but the passages which give color to this identification are in The Merry Wives of Windsor.

The Name of Falstaff. — The name of the comedy hero of these plays was originally Sir John Oldcastle, but was changed to Falstaff before the publication of The First Part, but not before the composition of The Second Part. (See page viii, supra.) The facts regarding Sir John Oldcastle, the probable reasons leading to the change of name, as well as the facts regarding the historical Sir John Fastolfe of Caister, have been given in the Introduction to The First Part of Henry IV in this series, and need not here be repeated. It is agreed that Shakespeare's creation owed his later name, the punning allusion to his original name, "my old lad of the castle," his connection with the Boar's Head Tavern, his size, and his cowardice (although history is here traduced) to these two historical personages. In an article on "The Two Sir John Fastolfses" in the Royal Historical Society Transactions for 1910, L. W. Vernon Harcourt sought to prove that there is still
another historical foundation for this character, also that the story of the Prince's madcap insult to the Chief Justice may have more authoritative ground than has hitherto been conceded to it. As has been stated above, this story first appeared in 1531, nearly a century and a quarter after it could have happened. But Mr. Harcourt has shown by contemporary records that in the reign of Henry IV, before the Scrope rebellion of 1405, Sir John Fastolf of Nacton and Sir John, Lord Cobham, the father-in-law of Sir John Oldcastle, were involved in contempt of court, as a result of which Fastolf was committed and bound over to keep the peace. If this were the basis of Elyot's story of the Prince's intervention in behalf of one of his favorites, the identification would go far to prove the historical original of Shakespeare's Falstaff; but, as the author of the article acknowledges, the story, while "highly probable," "is not strictly proved." Sir John Oldcastle, Sir John Fastolfe of Caister, Sir John Fastolf of Nacton, one, two, or three of them may have furnished suggestions; even grouped as a tripod, they make but a slender base for so colossal a monument of wit. Sir John Falstaff remains Shakespeare's own.

**Historical Basis. — The Second Part of Henry IV opens with the news of the battle of Shrewsbury, which was fought July 21, 1403. From there the King hurried north and met the Earl of Northumberland, who submitted to him at York, August 11. In 1405 Northumberland and Bardolph joined in open revolt; and Archbishop Scrope and Thomas Mowbray, the Earl Marshal, roused Yorkshire against the King, who turned back from Wales to encoun-
ter them. Before he arrived, however, the Earl of Westmoreland had broken the rebellion at Shipton Moor, May 29, 1405. After an irregular trial both Scrope and Mowbray were executed. Another revolt of Northumberland and Bardolph was crushed in 1408, and this put an end to rebellion in the reign of Henry IV. But a long series of illnesses, beginning in 1404, had enfeebled the King's health, and prolonged disagreement with parliament embarrassed his position. He seems, however, to have planned a crusade as late as October, 1412. He was unable to transact business at his last parliament, summoned in February, 1413. While in Westminster Abbey he was seized with a fit, was removed to the Jerusalem Chamber, and died there on March 20, 1413.

After his valorous action at Shrewsbury, Prince Henry was greatly in favor among the English people, and by request of parliament was entrusted with the command on the Welsh border. Owing to this popularity and the increasing illness of his father, a proposal was made in the parliament of 1410 that the King should abdicate in favor of the Prince. Shortly after this his power seems to have been much checked, his place in council was taken by his brother Thomas, and for a year or two history knows little of him. He was crowned April 9, 1413. The story of his wild youth can be traced back to the fifteenth century, and has become so much a part of the national hero as to be accepted as history.

*Stage History.* — From its very nature *The Second Part of Henry IV* could not well be popular on the stage. Not
alone its dependence upon *The First Part*, but its manifest inferiority in all points that make for theatrical success, excludes it from the list of favorite plays. Yet Falstaff seems to have kept it alive, even during the reign of Charles II, when Shakespeare was comparatively out of vogue. There is a tradition that John Heminge (d. 1630) first played the part of Falstaff. John Lowin (1576–1669) is known to have acted the part, "with mighty applause," says Wright, in his *Historia Histrionica*; but whether in one or both parts of the play does not appear. At the Restoration Cartwright acted Falstaff in both parts, and he was followed by Lacy. In 1700, when Betterton ceased playing Hotspur on account of his age and took the character of Falstaff, he probably appeared in both plays. He made an acting version of *The Second Part*, considerably changed from the original, which was acted in 1720 with Mills as Falstaff and Booth as King. Quinn, who was the best Falstaff of his time, chose *The Second Part* for his benefit at Drury Lane Theater in 1736; and other famous comedians who appeared in this play during the first half of the eighteenth century were Harper, Love, Woodward, and Shuter. Garrick played the King with Woodward as Falstaff in 1758; and in 1804 John and Charles Kemble played the parts of the King and the Prince. The next revival was in 1821, when a magnificent representation was given at Covent Garden Theatre, with highly spectacular interpolated scenes of the coronation. The cast included Macready as King and Charles Kemble as Prince. The latter actor occasionally essayed the part of Falstaff, but unsuccessfully. The play was included in Phelps's repertoire at Sadlers' Wells Theatre, London,
between 1844 and 1862, but only a few times even by that persistent reviver of Shakespeare.

In the United States Falstaff was first acted in the winter of 1761-1762 by David Douglass at his theatre in New York. There are twenty-six records of the play of Henry IV in T. Allston Brown’s History of the New York Stage from 1732 to 1901, but none of these refer specifically to The Second Part.

Within the last six years the play has been presented by Mr. Benson’s English company of Shakespearean players. It is only as a “revival,” however, that it is put on the stage, and even then can hardly hold the attention of any save the scholarly curious.

Relation to the Tetralogy. — Richard II, 1 and 2 Henry IV, and Henry V form a tetralogy of which the general subject is the vindication of the House of Lancaster. There is little doubt that the last three plays were written in immediate succession and followed the first after an interval of several years. There is a separation not only in time, but in style and treatment, between Richard II and the other plays. Its problem is that delicate and dangerous question as to the right of revolt, and this problem is worked out with psychological subtlety and political casuistry, expressed with lyric grace; a closet drama almost, in its fineness and delicacy, lacking the dramatic requisites of a controlling figure and unity of action centering around that figure. The First Part of Henry IV shows the insecurity of the usurping king, beset by foreign and domestic foes, and, above all, harassed by bitter, brooding dissatisfaction with his own son and heir. Another element is brought
in, not new to the English drama. As far back as the plays drawn from the Bible, the English people had been accustomed to scenes of rough local and contemporary comedy alternating with serious historic action. Shakespeare was but making use of a familiar device and improving on it in characteristic fashion. But in these scenes, at first sight so extraneous, the character of the Prince is revealed; here quite as much as on the battlefield at Shrewsbury the future king was developing those qualities that made of him a national hero. It is in this way that the play, composed of such apparently diverse elements, is unified; or rather this is the contribution of the comedy scenes to the tetralogy.

The Second Part of Henry IV has no such character interest as has The First Part. The Prince has met the challenge of fact and has found himself; he drifts back for a time to the taverns but the old life has lost its zest, and the new duties are not urgent. The themes of The First Part are repeated less vigorously in The Second Part; but Scrope's rebellion does not hold our imagination as did that of the Percys; and the tavern scenes lose half their fun when the Prince is not there to share it. The King becomes once more, or rather, perhaps for the first time, the central figure; and, broken in body and spirit, cries out against fortune that will "never come with both hands full." In the bitter review of his course the conscience of the usurper at last finds utterance. Then from the crowning grief of his life comes the crowning satisfaction: England, whom next himself he had loved, England, over whose fate he had poured forth his last
sighs, is to be saved, and saved by the very hands from which she had most to dread. Out of the misunderstandings and half truths, the accusations and confessions of the crown scene emerges one clear note,

"You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me:
Then plain and right must my possession be."

To a generation of casuists the conclusion may not be clear; to the Elizabethans it was triumphantly satisfactory. The play of *Henry V* is an epic chant of vindication. Here and there Shakespeare returns for a scene to something like the style of *Henry IV*; here and there for a brief moment the old method of character contrast is used or the King is seen in relations that dimly suggest the days of his jovial youth; but as a whole the play is heroic, the King moves in epic grandeur. All that Richard should have been, all that Henry IV longed to be, this Henry was, by the grace of God King.

Interpretation. — For the character of the Prince this play seems to begin after the climax. The crisis of Shrewsbury has no counterpart in *Part II*. For a time the Prince rusts in inaction. There is no foeman worthy of his steel; his father, harassed by illness and rebellion, grows distrustful again; and the Prince knows too well that "every man's thought" would echo Poins's judgment of him as "a most princely hypocrite" if he should express the solicitude he sincerely feels. There is then little light-heartedness in the Prince's merrymaking, and the tavern scenes read almost like poor imitations of those in *The First Part*. With the curt farewell, "Falstaff, good
night," the Prince passes out of the tavern world and the door closes on his old life. It is in the scenes with his father that his true character again asserts itself. The fifth scene of the fourth act is the psychological climax of the play, not brilliant and spectacular like that of The First Part, not easily understood except in the light of the whole action. With the third act begins the weakening of the King, passing through subtleties of gradation that Shakespeare well knew how to suggest; restlessness, irritability, explanatory and exculpating reminiscence, brooding distrust of the future, sudden flashes of vigor and firmness, until the broken and wearied body sinks to sleep that is deathlike in its grimness. Then from the cheerful, bustling outer world enters the Prince and is left alone to keep his vigil beside that quiet figure and the crown that has brought it low. In the spirit that is to animate his reign the Prince assumes the crown, and the King wakens to one last bitterness. Then comes the swift, tragic revulsion from a lifetime of reserve, and the pride of the Prince also melts in a flood of tenderness. Yet even here the Prince does not reveal his innermost self to his father; there is deeper purpose and finer feeling in the soliloquy in which he assumes the crown (IV. v. 21-47) than in his apology for his act (IV. v. 159-165).

It is in the light of this scene that the previous plays must be read and that the future acts of the young King must be judged. His scene with the Archbishop rings true; at first one is not quite so sure about the speeches with which he banishes Falstaff. Perhaps to modern thinking there must remain a protest against the King's
moral address; that at least we and Falstaff might have been spared; but the homiletic habit was a part of the English drama, inherited alike from the early religious plays and from Senecan tragedy; and no false shame or fear of being adjudged hypocrites caused Shakespeare's heroes to withhold their words of wisdom or of warning. The epilogue suggests that Falstaff was to go with the King's army to France; apparently Shakespeare did not see until after the play was finished that the part of Falstaff was played out; the king had come to his own, and in that realm he must reign alone.

The character of Falstaff defies analysis; we may admire and wonder, but we may not define. The nearest approach to satisfaction in that line was made by Maurice Morgann in the eighteenth century, and all that has been done since seems but an echo. Yet while not attempting to add to the countless characterizations of this consummate creation, we may compare Falstaff of The Second Part with Falstaff of The First Part. And here again we notice that we are dealing with action that has passed its turning point. Falstaff is indubitably grosser, more reprehensible; something of his charm has vanished; the glamour is less; and at times we see him in the pitiless light of fact. In the early tavern scenes, the Prince alone could fully appreciate Falstaff's wit, and consequently the Prince alone could bring it to full expression. Poins and Gadshill and Bardolph were but the audience before whom these two acted their never-flagging comedy. Keen, flexible, scintillating, the words flashed and darted like rapiers in the hands of matched combatants; and if the Prince was confessedly inferior,
at least he made Falstaff play manfully to prove him so. But by the exigency of the situation the Prince is no longer a whole-hearted participant in the tavern scenes of The Second Part, and withdraws from them altogether at the close of the second act. His place is taken by minor characters. Pistol, with his ridiculous medley of misquotations, was doubtless a more comic character to those who recognized his allusions than to us who must laboriously get them up from notes. Mistress Quickly is at her best in this play, and sets a standard of loquacity and verbiage that has never been surpassed. Doll Tearsheet, doubtless familiar to most of the audience, is a direful piece of realism. Falstaff is sent into the country to raise soldiers, and there meets those two worthy justices, Shallow and Silence. And now behold Sir John in a new rôle, urbane, patronizing, but condescending to familiarity; slightly bored withal, and finding relief in those incomparable soliloquies which go far toward raising the comedy of this play to the level of that of The First Part. The portrait of Shallow is astoundingly realistic; rural old age, narrow, fussy, obsequious, full of distorted memories of former glory, has never been more faithfully drawn. It is from these scenes, droll to the very limits of Shakespeare’s power, but with no faintest connection with the main action of the play, that Falstaff rushes back to London, exulting in his own power, threatening “woe to my Lord Chief Justice.” Then the swift reversal, and the hoary old sinner is hurried to the Fleet. A comedy conclusion, if that were all; but later Shakespeare saw that there was more in this story, and moved by something — was it dramatic insight, a feeling of æsthetic propriety, or was
it a touch of the real love that so many since have felt for Falstaff? — he wrote that marvelous description of Falstaff’s death (Henry V. II. iii. 9-28), broad and almost brutal in its comedy, but tender and pathetic, even tragic in its essence, and above all true to life. And just as in his death, so throughout the two parts of Henry IV, it is truth to life that is the final effect that Falstaff produces on us. Other comic characters have been humorous and witty, others have been braggarts and cowards, others have been absurd physically and dazzling intellectually, but none of them all has lived as he has lived in the imaginations of men for three hundred years.
The Second Part of

Henry the Fourth
[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ]

Rumour, the Presenter.

King Henry IV.

Henry, Prince [of Wales], afterwards crowned King Henry V.

Prince John of Lancaster,

[Prince] Humphrey of Gloucester,

Thomas [Duke] of Clarence,

[Earl of] Northumberland,

[Scroop,] archbishop of York,

[Lord] Mowbray,

[Lord] Hastings,

Lord Bardolph,

Travers, [retainers of Northumberland],

[Sir John] Colville,

[Earl of] Warwick,

[Earl of Westmoreland,

[Earl of] Surrey,

Gower,

Harcourt,

Lord Chief Justice,

[Sir John] Falstaff,

His Page,

Poins,

Bardolph,

Pistol,

Peto,

Shallow,

 Silence, [both country Justices.

Davy, servant to Shallow.

Fang and Snare, two Sergeants.

Mouldy,

Shadow,

Wart,

Feeble,

Bullcalf,

Lady Northumberland.

Lady Percy.

Quickly, hostess [of a tavern in Eastcheap].

Doll Tearsheet.

[Lords and attendants; Porter] Drawers, Beadles, Grooms [Servants, etc. A Dancer as] Epilogue.

[Scene: England.]
The Second Part of

Henry the Fourth

INDUCTION

[Warkworth. Before the castle.]

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

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

Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world;

And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence,
While the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wav'ring multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory,
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebel's blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? My office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,
And that the King before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick. The posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me. From Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.

Exit.
ACT I

SCENE I

[The same.]

Enter Lord Bardolph at one door.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?

[The Porter opens the gate.]

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the Earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk’d forth into the orchard.

Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L. Bard. Here comes the Earl.

[Exit Porter.]

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? Every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem.
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose
And bears down all before him.
L. Bard. Noble Earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will!

L. Bard. As good as heart can wish.
The King is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son, 15
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir
John,
Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? Came you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from
thence,
A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely rend'red me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, who I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Enter Travers.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rove him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me.
North. Now, Travers, what good tidings comes with you?

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

North. Ha! Again.

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

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

North. Why should that gentleman that rode by Travers
   Give then such instances of loss?
L. Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man’s brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.
So looks the strand whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness’d usurpation.
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord,
Where hateful Death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam’s curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy’s death ere thou report’st it.
This thou wouldst say, “Your son did thus and thus;
Your brother thus; so fought the noble Douglas;”
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds;
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with "Brother, son, and all are dead."

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother yet;
But, for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet speak,

Morton; Tell thou an earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid;
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye.
Thou shak'st thy head and hold'st it fear or sin
To speak a truth. If he be slain, [say so;]
The tongue offends not that reports his death;
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Rememb'red tolling a departing friend.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.
Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worces-
ter
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the King,
Gan vail his stomach and did grace the shame
Of those that turn’d their backs, and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all 131
Is that the King hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full. 135

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well.
And as the wretch, whose fever-weak’ned joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life, 141
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper’s arms, even so my limbs,
Weak’ned with grief, being now enrag’d with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou
nice crutch!
A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand; and hence, thou sickly
quoif!
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh’d with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach 150
The ragged’st hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon the enrag’d Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not Nature’s
hand
Keep the wild flood confin’d! Let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage To feed contention in a ling’ring act; But let one spirit of the first-born Cain Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set On bloody courses, the rude scene may end, And darkness be the burier of the dead!  

[Tr.]
This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.  

L. Bard. Sweet Earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.  

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices Lean on your health; the which, if you give o’er To stormy passion, must perforce decay.  

[You cast the event of war, my noble lord, And summ’d the account of chance, before you said,  
“Let us make head.” It was your presurmise, That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop. You knew he walk’d o’er perils, on an edge, More likely to fall in than to get o’er;  
You were advis’d his flesh was capable Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit Would lift him where most trade of danger rang’d; Yet did you say, “Go forth!” and none of this, Though strongly apprehended, could restrain The stiff-borne action. What hath then befallen, Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth, More than that being which was like to be?]  

L. Bard. We all that are engaged to this loss
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas
That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one;
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And since we are o'erset, venture again.

Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time; and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
[The gentle Archbishop of York is up
With well-appointed powers. He is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side; but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the Bishop
Turns insurrection to religion.
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less do flock to follow him.]
North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth, 210
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge.
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed,—
Never so few, and never yet more need. 215
Exeunt.

Scene II

[London. A street.]

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

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?
Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that ow'd it, he might have moe diseases than he knew for.
Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that intends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here
walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelm'd all her litter but one. If the Prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgement. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate till now; but I will inset you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel, — the juvenal, the Prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one off his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face royal. God may finish it when he will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet. He may keep it still at a face royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dommelton about the satin for my short cloak and my slops? 

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph. He would not take his band and yours. He lik'd not the security.

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

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

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield. An I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice and Servant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him about Bardolph.
Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Serv. He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.


Serv. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John!

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? Is there not employment? Doth not the King lack subjects? Do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, sir.

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

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

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd. You hunt counter; hence! avaunt!

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

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

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

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his Majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his Majesty. You would not come when I sent for you.
Fal. And I hear, moreover, his Highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

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

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

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? Be it as it is.

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

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you. [Fal.] Very well, my lord, very well. Rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

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

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient. Your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.
Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

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

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

Fal. He that buckles himself in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means is very slender, and your waste is great.

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

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

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

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-heal'd wound. Your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill. You may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so. Wake not a sleeping wolf.

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

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.
Fal. A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow. If I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair in your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

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

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

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

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in
the afternoon, with a white head and something
a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it
with hallooing and singing of anthems. To
approve my youth further, I will not. The
truth is, I am only old in judgement and un-
derstanding; and he that will caper with me
for a thousand marks, let him lend me the
money, and have at him! For the box of the
ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a
rude prince, and you took it like a sensible
lord. I have check'd him for it, and the
young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and
sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the Prince a better
companion!

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

Ch. Just. Well, the King hath sever'd you [and
Prince Harry]. I hear you are going with
Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop
and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea, I thank your pretty sweet wit for it.
But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady
Peace at home, that our armies join not in
a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily. If it be a hot day, and I brandish anything but a bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever; but it was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

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

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well! Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[Exeunt Chief Justice and Servant.]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than 'a can part young limbs and lechery; but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy!
Page. Sir?
Fal. What money is in my purse?
Page. Seven groats and two pence.
Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse. Borrowing only lingers and 265 lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the Prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceiv'd the first white hair of my chin. About it. You know where to find me. [Exit Page.] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of anything. I will turn diseases to commodity. Exit.

Scene III

[York. The Archbishop's palace.]

Enter the Archbishop, the Lords Hastings, Mowbray, and Bardolph.

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

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

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

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

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Yea, marry, there’s the point!
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgement is, we should not step too far
[Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For, in a theme so bloody-fac’d as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain should not be admitted].

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

L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lin’d himself with hope,
Eating the air, and promise of supply,
Flatt’ring himself in project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts;
And so, with great imagination
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And winking leap’d into destruction.

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

_L. Bard._ [Yes, if this present quality of war
Needed the instant action. A cause on foot
Lives so in hope as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds, which to prove fruit
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at least desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up, should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else]
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men;
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half
through,
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

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

_L. Bard._ What, is the King but five and twenty thousand?

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

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

_Hast._ If he should do so,
To French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd,
They baying him at the heels. Never fear that.

_L. Bard._ Who is it like should lead his forces hither?

_Hast._ The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth;
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

[Arch. Let us on,

And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited.
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O thou fond many, with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl’st to find it. What trust is in these times?

They that, when Richard liv’d, would have him die,
Are now become enamour’d on his grave.
Thou, that threw’st dust upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cri’st now, “O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!” O thoughts of men accurs’d!
Past and to come seems best; things present worst.]

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers and set on?

Hast. We are Time’s subjects, and Time bids be gone.

Exeunt.
ACT SECOND

SCENE I

[London. A street.]

Enter Hostess, Fang [and his Boy with her.] and Snare following.

Host. Master Fang, have you ent'red the action?
Fang. It is ent'red.
Host. Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty yeoman? Will 'a stand to't?
Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?
Host. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.
Snare. Here, here.
Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.
Host. Yea, good Master Snare; I have ent'red him and all.
Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.
Host. Alas the day! take heed of him. He stabb'd me in mine own house, [and that] most beastly. In good faith, 'a cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out. He will join like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.
Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.
Host. No, nor I neither. I’ll be at your elbow.
Fang. An I but fist him once; an ’a come but within my vice,—
Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he’s an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure. Good Master Snare, let him not scape. ’A comes continually to Pie-corner — saving your manhoods — to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber’s-head in Lumbert street, to Master Smooth’s the silk-man. I pray you, since my exion is ent’red and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fubb’d off, and fubb’d off, and fubb’d off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave’s wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.
Enter Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? What's the matter?

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

Fal. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head. Throw the quean in the channel.

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

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta? Do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hempseed!

Page. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and his men.

Ch. Just. What is the matter? Keep the peace here, ho!
Host. Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me.

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time and business?
You should have been well on your way to York.
Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang’st thou upon him?

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

Ch. Just. For what sum?

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

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

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me
upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a seacoal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the Prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not good wife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar, telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone downstairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people, saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath. Deny it, if thou canst.

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

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true
cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. You have, as it appears to me, practis’d upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

Host. Yea, in truth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pray thee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her. The one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness; if a man will make curtsy and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty rememb’red, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the King’s affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong; but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

Enter Gower.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower, what news?
Gow. The King, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales Are near at hand. The rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman.

Host. Faith, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more 150 words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking; and 155 for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangers and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an’t 160 were not for thy humours, there’s not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw the action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles. I’ faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la!

Fal. Let it alone; I’ll make other shift. You’ll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you’ll come to supper. You’ll pay me altogether?
Fal. Will I live? [To Bardolph.] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.  
Host. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?  
Fal. No more words; let’s have her.  

[Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, and Boy.]  

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.  
Fal. What’s the news, my lord?  
Ch. Just. Where lay the King to-night?  
Gow. At [Basingstoke], my lord.  
Fal. I hope, my lord, all’s well. What is the news, my lord?  
Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?  
Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, Are march’d up to my Lord of Lancaster. Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.  
Fal. Comes the King back from Wales, my noble lord?  
Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently.  
Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.  
Fal. My lord!  
Ch. Just. What’s the matter?  
Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?  
Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good Sir John.  
Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.
Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. Exeunt.

**Scene II**

[London. Another street.]

*Enter Prince Henry and Poins.*

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

Prince. Faith, it does me, though it discours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

Prince. Belike then my appetite was not princely got, for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out
of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz., these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and another for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of the low countries have [made a shift to] eat up thy holland. And God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idlely! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.
Prince. Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

Prince. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks. Never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine. Every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.
Poins. By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears. The worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff. 'A had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Bard. God save your Grace!

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Poins. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. 'A calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window. At last I spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's [new] petticoat and so peep'd through.

Prince. Has not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!
Prince. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?  

Page. Marry, my lord, Althæa dream'd she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

There 'tis, boy.

Poins. O, that this [good] blossom could be kept from cankers! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Prince. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your Grace's coming to town. There's a letter for you.

Poins. Deliver'd with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him. Though that be sick, it dies not.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog, and he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

Poins. [Reads.] “John Falstaff, knight,” — every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself; even like those that are kin to the King, for they never prick their finger but they say, “There's some of the
King’s blood spilt.” “How comes that?” says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower’s cap, “I am the King’s poor cousin, sir.”

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter:

“Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the King nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.”

Poins. Why, this is a certificate.

Prince. Peace!

“I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity.”

Poins. He sure means brevity in breath, short-winded.

[Prince.] “I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest; and so, farewell.

“Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, Jack Falstaff with my familiars, John with my brothers and sisters, and Sir John with all Europe.”

Poins. My lord, I’ll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.
Prince. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? Must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yea, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? Doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

Prince. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

Prince. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

Prince. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word
to your master that I am yet come to town. There’s for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

Prince. Fare you well; go. [Exeunt Bardolph and Page.] This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban’s and London.

Prince. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

Prince. From a God to a bull? a heavy descent! It was Jove’s case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! That shall be mine; for in everything the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

Exeunt.

**Scene III**

[Warwark. Before the castle.]

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter, Give even way unto my rough affairs;
Put not you on the visage of the times
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more.

Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear

Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?

There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.

For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move

To do brave acts. He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
[He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him; so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion’d others. And him, O wondrous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur’s name
Did seem defensible: so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him! Let them alone.
The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong.
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur’s neck,
Have talk’d of Monmouth’s grave.]

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place
And find me worse provided.
Lady N. O, fly to Scotland, 51
Till that the nobles and the armed commons 
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the King,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves, 55
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suff’red; so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven, 60
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. ’Tis with my mind
As with the tide swell’d up unto his height,
That makes a still stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Archbishop, 65
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland. There am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

Exeunt.

Scene IV

[London. The Boar’s-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.]

Enter two Drawers.

1. Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there?
Apple-johns? Thou know’st Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.
2. Draw. Mass, thou say'st true. The Prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns, and, putting off his hat, said, “I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither’d knights.” It ang’red him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1. Draw. Why, then, cover, and set them down; and see if thou canst find out Sneak’s noise. Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch! The room where they supped is too hot; they’ll come in straight.

2. Draw. Sirrah, here will be the Prince and Master Poins anon, and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it. Bardolph hath brought word.

1. Draw. By the mass, here will be old utis; it will be an excellent stratagem.

2. Draw. I’ll see if I can find out Sneak. Exit.

Enter Hostess and Doll Tearsheet.

Host. I’ faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality. Your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, i’ faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and
that's a marvellous searching wine, and it per-
fumes the blood ere one can say, "What's this?" How do you now?

_Dol._ Better than I was.  Hem!

_Host._ Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold.  Lo, here comes Sir John.

30

_Enter Falstaff._

_Fal._ [Singing.] "When Arthur first in court"
— Empty the jordan.  [Exit 1. Drawer.]
— [Singing.] "And was a worthy king."

_Host._ Sick of a calm; yea, good faith.

_Fal._ So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

_Dol._ A pox damn you, you muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

_Fal._ You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

_Dol._ I make them?  Gluttony and diseases make them;  I make them not.

_Fal._ If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll.  We catch of you, Doll, we catch of you.  Grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

_Dol._ Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

_Fal._ Your brooches, pearls, and ouches.  For to serve bravely is to come halting off, you
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know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg’d chambers bravely,—

_Dol._ Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

_Host._ By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord. You are both, i’ good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another’s confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you; you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

_Dol._ Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? There’s a whole merchant’s venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff’d in the hold. Come, I’ll be friends with thee, Jack. Thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

_Re-enter [First] Drawer._

_[1.] Draw._ Sir, Ancient Pistol’s below, and would speak with you.

_Dol._ Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither. It is the foul-mouth’d’st rogue in England.

_Host._ If he swagger, let him not come here; no,
by my faith. I must live among my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the very best. Shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here. I have not liv'd all this while, to have swaggering now. Shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?


Fal. Dost thou hear? It is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me; and your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t'other day; and, as he said to me, 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last, "I' good faith, neighbour Quickly," says he; Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then; "neighbour Quickly," says he, "receive those that are civil; for," said he, "you are in an ill name." Now 'a said so, I can tell whereupon; "for," says he, "you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive. Receive," says he, "no swaggering companions." There comes none here. You would bless you to hear what he said. No, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound. He'll not swagger with a
Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

[Exit 1. Drawer.]

**Host.** Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering, by my troth. I am the worse, when one says swagger. Feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

**Dol.** So you do, hostess.

**Host.** Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an ’twere an aspen leaf. I cannot abide swag-gerers.

*Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.*

**Pist.** God save you, Sir John!

**Fal.** Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack; do you discharge upon mine hostess.

**Pist.** I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

**Fal.** She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

**Host.** Come, I’ll drink no proofs nor no bullets. I’ll drink no more than will do me good, for no man’s pleasure, I.

**Pist.** Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

**Dol.** Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion.
What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master. 135

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! 140 you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on your shoulder? Much!

Pist. God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this. 145

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain. 150

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a 155 captain! you slave, for what? For tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain! Hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes and dried cakes. A cap-
tain! God's light, these villains will make 160
the word as odious as the word “occupy”; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted; therefore captains had need look to’t.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I. I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her. I’ll be reveng’d of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I’ll see her damn’d first; to Pluto’s damn’d lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, factors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good Captain Pecsel, be quiet; ’tis very late, i’ faith. I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses
And hollow pamper’d jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty mile a-day,
Compare with Cæsars and with Cannibals
And Troian Greeks? Nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient. This will grow to a brawl anon.
Pist. [Die] men like dogs! Give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. 190 What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis. Come, give's some sack.

"Si fortuné me tormenté sperato me contento." 195 Fear we broadsides? No, let the fiend give fire.
Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there. [Laying down his sword.]
Come we to full points here; and are etceteras nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neaf. What! we 200 have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him downstairs. I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him downstairs! Know we not Gal-loway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling. Nay, an 'a do nothing but speak nothing, 'a shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downstairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? Shall we im-brue? 205 [Snatching up his sword.] Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!
Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

*Host.* Here's goodly stuff toward!

*Fal.* Give me my rapier, boy.

*Dol.* I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

*Fal.* Get you downstairs.

[Drawing, and driving Pistol out.]

*Host.* Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. [Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.]

*Dol.* I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

*Host.* Are you not hurt i' the groin? Methought 'a made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

[Re-enter Bardolph.]

*Fal.* Have you turn'd him out o' doors?

*Bard.* Yea, sir; the rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder.

*Fal.* A rascal! to brave me!

*Dol.* Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face. Come on, you whoreson chops.
Ah, rogue! i’ faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies. Ah, villain!

*Fal.* A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

*Dol.* Do, an thou dar’st for thy heart. An thou dost, I’ll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

*Enter Music.*

*Page.* The music is come, sir.

*Fal.* Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! The rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

*Dol.* I’ faith, and thou follow’dst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o’ days and joining o’ nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

*Enter [behind,] Prince Henry and Poins, disguised.*

*Fal.* Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death’s-head. Do not bid me remember mine end.

*Dol.* Sirrah, what humour’s the Prince of?

*Fal.* A good shallow young fellow. ’A would have made a good pantler; ’a would ha’ chipp’d bread well.
Dol. They say Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? Hang him, baboon! His wit’s as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there’s no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the Prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness, and he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles’ ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild-mare with the boys, and jumps upon join’d stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of The Leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties ’a has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him. For the Prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

Prince. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let’s beat him before his whore.

Prince. Look, whe’er the wither’d elder hath not his poll claw’d like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! What says the almanac to that?
Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday. Shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come! It grows late; we'll to bed. Thou't forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou't set me a-weeping, an thou say'st so. Prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. Well, hearken at the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

Prince. Anon, anon, sir.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir. [Coming forward.]

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the King's? And art not thou Poins his brother?

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou. I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.
Sc. IV Henry the Fourth, Part III

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy Grace! By my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill. You knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no abuse.

Prince. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper and I know not what?
Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I disprais’d him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal; none, Ned, none; no, faith, boys, none.

Prince. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is thy boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick’d down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer’s privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the devil blinds him too.

Prince. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damn’d for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.
Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art 370 quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so. What's a joint of 375 mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, gentlewoman, —

Dol. What says your Grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Peto knocks at door.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the 381 door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

Prince. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The King your father is at Westminster; And there are twenty weak and wearied posts 385 Come from the north; and, as I came along, I met and overtook a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame, 390 So idly to profane the precious time, When tempest of commotion, like the south Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.  

Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins, [Peto, and Bardolph].

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence and leave it unpick'd. [Knocking within.] More knocking at the door!

[Re-enter Bardolph.]

How now! what's the matter?  

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently;  
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. [To the Page.] Pay the musicians, sirrah. Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after. The undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewell, good wenches; if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.  

Dol. I cannot speak. If my heart be not ready to burst, — well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.  

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

Exeunt Falstaff [and Bardolph].

Host. Well, fare thee well. I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester and truer-hearted man, — well, fare thee well.
Bard. [Within.] Mistress Tearsheet!
Host. What's the matter?
Bard. [Within.] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.
Host. O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. Come. 420
(She comes blubbered.) Yea, will you come, Doll?
Exeunt.
ACT THIRD

SCENE I

[Westminster. The palace.]

Enter the King in his nightgown, with a Page.

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick; But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters, And well consider of them. Make good speed.

Exit Page.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects Are at this hour asleep! O Sleep, O gentle Sleep, Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down And steep my senses in forgetfulness? Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs, Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber, Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great, Under the canopies of costly state, And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody? O thou dull god, why li'st thou with the vile In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell? Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your Majesty!
King. Is it good morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.
King. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords. Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?
War. We have, my liege.
King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd;
Which to his former strength may be restor'd
With good advice and little medicine.
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.
King. O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars. It is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul,
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by —
You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember —
[To Warwick.]

When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
Then cheek'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
"Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne, —"
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,  
But that necessity so bow'd the state  
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss; —  
"The time shall come," thus did he follow it,  
"The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,  
Shall break into corruption:" so went on,  
Foretelling this same time's condition  
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,  
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;  
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,  
With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
As yet not come to life, who in their seeds  
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.  
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;  
And by the necessary form of this  
King Richard might create a perfect guess  
That great Northumberland, then false to him,  
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness;  
Which should not find a ground to root upon,  
Unless on you.

King. Are these things then necessities?  
Then let us meet them like necessities.  
And that same word even now cries out on us.  
They say the Bishop and Northumberland  
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord.  
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace
to go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth 100
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your Majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add 105
Unto your sickness.

King. I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

Exeunt.

Scene II

[Gloucestershire. Before Justice Shallow's house.]

Enter Shallow and Silence [meeting]; Mouldy, Shadow,
Wart, Feeble, Bulcalf [a Servant or two with them].

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me
your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir. An
early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my
good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow?
and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-
daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow!
Shal. By yea and no, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar. He is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shal. 'A must, then, to the Inns o' Court shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd lusty Shallow then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was call'd anything; and I would have done anything indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cots'ol' man. You had not four such swinge bucklers in all the Inns o' Court again; and I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. Cousin, this Sir John that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I see him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when 'a was a crack not thus high; and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu, Jesu,
the mad days that I have spent! And to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

_Sil._ We shall all follow, cousin.

_Shal._ Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure. Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

_Sil._ By my troth, I was not there.

_Shal._ Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

_Sil._ Dead, sir.

_Shal._ Jesu, Jesu, dead! 'A drew a good bow; and dead! 'A shot a fine shoot. John o' Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! 'a would have clapp'd i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft at fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

_Sil._ Thereafter as they be, a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

_Shal._ And is old Double dead?

_Sil._ Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter Bardolph and one with him.

Good morrow, honest gentlemen.
Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the King’s justices of the peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backsword man. How doth the good knight?

May I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed, is it. Good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of accommodo.

Very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby 'a may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.
Enter Falstaff.

*S..

It is very just. Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you like well and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir John.

*Fal.

I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow. Master Surecard, as I think?

*S..

No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

*Fal.

Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil.

Your good worship is welcome.

*Fal.

Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

*S..

Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

*Fal.

Let me see them, I beseech you.

*S..

Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so; yea, marry, sir. Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul.

Here, an it please you.

*S..

What think you, Sir John? A good-limb'd fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.
Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?
Moul. Yea, an’t please you.
Fal. ’Tis the more time thou wert us’d.
Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i’ faith! Things that are mouldy lack use. Very singular good! In faith, well said, Sir John, very well said.
Fal. Prick him.
Moul. I was prick’d well enough before, an you could have let me alone. My old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery. You need not to have prick’d me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.
Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.
Moul. Spent!
Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; know you where you are? For the other, Sir John, let me see. Simon Shadow!
Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under; he’s like to be a cold soldier.
Shal. Where’s Shadow?
Shad. Here, sir.
Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?
Shad. My mother’s son, sir.
Fal. Thy mother’s son! like enough, and thy father’s shadow. So the son of the female is the shadow of the male. It is often so, indeed; but much of the father’s substance!
Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?
Fal. Shadow will serve for summer. Prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.
Shal. Thomas Wart!
Fal. Where's he?
Wart. Here, sir.
Fal. Is thy name Wart?
Wart. Yea, sir.
Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.
Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?
Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back and the whole frame stands upon pins. Prick him no more.
Shal. Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can do it; I commend you well. Francis Feeble!
Fee. Here, sir.
[Fal.] What trade art thou, Feeble?
Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.
Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?
Fal. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he'd ha' prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?
Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.
Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant
as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman’s tailor. Well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man’s tailor, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf o’ the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let’s see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. ’Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick’d?

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the King’s affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown. We will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?
Shal. Here is two more call'd than your number; you must have but four here, sir. And so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

Fal. No more of that, [good] Master Shallow [no more of that].

Shal. Ha! 'twas a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?
Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have. Our watchword was “Hem, boys!” Come, let’s to dinner; come, let’s to dinner. Jesu, the days that we have seen! Come, come.

Exeunt [Falstaff and the Justices].

Bull. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here’s four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang’d, sir, as go; and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my [old] dame’s sake, stand my friend. She has nobody to do anything about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself. You shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death. I’ll ne’er bear a base mind. An’t be my destiny, so; an’t be not, so. No man’s too good to serve’s prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.
Bard. Well said; th' art a good fellow.
Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter Falstaff and the Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?
Shal. Four of which you please.
Bard. [Aside to Fal.] Sir, a word with you. I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.
Fal. Go to; well.
Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?
Fal. Do you choose for me.
Shal. Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.
Fal. Mouldy and Bulcalf! for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service; and for your part, Bulcalf, grow till you come unto it. I will none of you.
Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong. They are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.
Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is. 'A shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and
on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-fac'd fellow, Shadow; give me this man. He presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well; go to; very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapt, bald shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab. Hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus; and 'a would about and about, and come you in and come you in. "Rah, tah, tah," would 'a say; "bounce" would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come. I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence; I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentle-
men both; I thank you. I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

_Shal._ Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house; let our old acquaintance be renewed. Peradventure I will with ye to the court.

_Fal._ 'Fore God, would you would [Master Shal-low].

_Shal._ Go to; I have spoke at a word. God keep you!

_Fal._ Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [Exeunt Justices.] On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [Exeunt Bardolph, recruits, etc.] As I return, I will fetch off these justices. I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starv'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remem-ber him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring. When 'a was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife. 'A was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible.
'A was the very genius of famine, yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake. 'A came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over-scutch'd huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John o' Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn 'a ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John o' Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin. The case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

Exit.
ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

[Yorkshire.] Within the Forest of Gaultree.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings [and others].

Arch. What is this forest call’d?
Hast. ’Tis Gaultree Forest, an’t shall please your Grace.
Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth To know the numbers of our enemies.
Hast. We have sent forth already.
Arch. ’Tis well done. 5

My friends and brethren in these great affairs, I must acquaint you that I have receiv’d New-dated letters from Northumberland; Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus: Here doth he wish his person, with such powers As might hold sortance with his quality, 11

The which he could not levy; whereupon He is retir’d, to ripe his growing fortunes, To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers That your attempts may overlive the hazard 15
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground And dash themselves to pieces.
Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?
Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.
Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on and face them in the field.
Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Enter Westmoreland.

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.
West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The Prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.
Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace,
What doth concern your coming.
West. [Then, my lord,]
Unto your Grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
And countenanc’d by boys and beggary,—
I say, if damn’d commotion so appear’d,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, Lord Archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain’d,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch’d,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor’d,
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove, and very blessed spirit of peace,
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist’rous tongue of war;
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.
Briefly to this end: we are all diseas’d,
[And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it; of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician,
Nor do I as an enemy to peace
Troop in the throngs of military men;
But rather show awhile like fearful war
To diet rank minds sick of happiness,
And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh’d
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run, 70
And are enforc'd from our most quiet there
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the King, 75
And might by no suit gain our audience.
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
We are deni'd access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.]
The dangers of the days but newly gone, 80
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,
Not to break peace or any branch of it, 85
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled by the King?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you, 90
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty. 
I make my quarrel in particular.
West. There is no need of any such redress; 
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mowbr. Why not to him in part, and to us all 
That feel the bruises of the days before, 
And suffer the condition of these times 
To lay a heavy and unequal hand 
Upon our honours?
West. [O, my good Lord Mowbray, 
Construe the times to their necessities, 
And you shall say indeed, it is the time, 
And not the King, that doth you injuries. 
Yet for your part, it not appears to me 
Either from the King or in the present time 
That you should have an inch of any ground 
To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd 
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories, 
Your noble and right well-rememb'red father's?
Mowbr. What thing, in honour, had my father lost, 
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me? 
The King that lov'd him, as the state stood then, 
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him; 
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he, 
Being mounted and both roused in their seats, 
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur, 
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down, 
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together,  
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd  
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,  

O, when the King did throw his warder down —  
His own life hung upon the staff he threw, —  
Then threw he down himself and all their lives  
That by indictment and by dint of sword  
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.  

*West.* You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.  

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then  
In England the most valiant gentleman.  
Who knows on whom Fortune would then have smil'd?  

But if your father had been victor there,  
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry;  
For all the country in a general voice  
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love  
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on  
And bless'd and grac'd and did, more than the King, — ]  

But this is mere digression from my purpose.  
Here come I from our princely general  
To know your griefs; to tell you from his Grace  
That he will give you audience; and wherein  
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, everything set off
That might so much as think you enemies.

_Mowb._ But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

_West._ Mowbray, you overween to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
For, lo! within a ken our army lies,
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason will our hearts should be as good.
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

_Mowb._ Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

_West._ That argues but the shame of your offence.
A rotten case abides no handling.

_Hast._ Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

_West._ That is intended in the general's name.
I muse you make so slight a question.

_Arch._ Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances.
Each several article herein redress'd,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinewed to this action, 
Acquitted by a true substantial form
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes confin’d,
We come within our awful banks again
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And either end in peace, which God so frame! 180
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.  Exit West.

Arch. My lord, we will do so.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that. If we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute 186
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Yea, but our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason
Shall to the King taste of this action;
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow’d with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff 195
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this: the King is weary
Of daintiness and such picking grievances;
For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life,
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean
And keep no tell-tale to his memory
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance; for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion.
His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend;
So that this land, like an offensive wife
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

_Hast._ Besides, the King hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth laek
The very instruments of chastisement;
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

_Arch._ 'Tis very true;
And therefore be assured, my good Lord Marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

_Mowb._ Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.
Re-enter Westmoreland.

West. The Prince is here at hand. Pleaseth your lordship
To meet his Grace just distance 'tween our armies.
Mowb. Your Grace of York, in God’s name, then, set forward.
Arch. Before, and greet his Grace. My lord, we come.
Exeunt.

Scene II

[Another part of the forest.]

Enter [from one side, Mowbray, attended; afterwards the Archbishop, Hastings, and others: from the other side,] Prince John of Lancaster [and Westmoreland; Officers, and others with them].

Lan. You are well encount’red here, my cousin Mowbray.
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop;
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of York, it better show’d with you
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the King,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach
In shadow of such greatness! With you, Lord Bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us the speaker in His parliament;
To us the imagin'd voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities, of Heaven
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of His substitute, my father,
And both against the peace of Heaven and him
Have here upswarm'cd them.

*Arch.* Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misord'red doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
With grant of our most just and right desires;
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt.
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up
While England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your Grace to answer them directly
How far forth you do like their articles.

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well,
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook,
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours; and here between the armies
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word;
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.

[Hast.] Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace. Let them have pay, and part.
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.

Exit [Officer].

Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your Grace; and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely. But my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.

Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus, some good thing comes tomorrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

Shouts [within].
Lan. The word of peace is rend’red. Hark, how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
    For then both parties nobly are subdu’d, 90
    And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord,
    And let our army be discharged too.
    And, good my lord, so please you, let your trains
    March by us, that we may peruse the men

    Exit [Westmoreland].

    We should have cop’d withal.

Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings,
    And, ere they be dismiss’d, let them march by. 96

    Exit [Hastings].

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.
    Now cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
    Will not go off until they hear you speak. 100

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers’d already.
    Like youthful steers unyok’d, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason;
And you, Lord Archbishop, and you, Lord Mowbray,
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?
West. Is your assembly so?
Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

Lan. I pawn'd thee none.
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion [and such acts as yours].
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatt'red stray.
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.

Exeunt.
Scene III

[Another part of the forest.]

Alarums. Excursion. Enter Falstaff and Colville [meeting].

Fal. What's your name, sir? Of what condition are you, and of what place, [I pray]?
Col. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colville of the Dale.

Fal. Well, then, Colville is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the Dale. Colville shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colville of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Col. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but
a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe. My womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me. Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, [Blunt] and others.

Lan. The heat is past; follow no further now. Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.

[Exit Westmoreland.]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while? When everything is ended, then you come. These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus. I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? Have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have found't red ninescore and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colville of the Dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? He saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say, with the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome, "I came, saw, and overcame."
Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not. Here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your Grace, let it be book’d with the rest of this day’s deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on’t, Colville kissing my foot; to the which course if I be enforc’d, if you do not all show like gilt twopences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o’ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins’ heads to her, believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine’s too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine, then.

Lan. Thine’s too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colville?

Col. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colville.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Col. I am, my lord, but as my betters are

That led me hither. Had they been rul’d by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.
_Fal._ I know not how they sold themselves; but thou, like a kind fellow, gav'st thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

_Re-enter Westmoreland._

_Lan._ Now, have you left pursuit?
_West._ Retreat is made and execution stay'd.
_Lan._ Send Colville with his confederates
   To York, to present execution.
   _Blunt_, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

_Execunt [Blunt and others] with Colville._

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords;
I hear the King my father is sore sick.
Our news shall go before us to his Majesty,
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him,
And we with sober speed will follow you.

_Fal._ My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
   Through Gloucestershire; and, when you come to court,
   Stand my good lord, [pray,] in your good report.

_Lan._ Fare you well, Falstaff. I, in my condition,
   Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

_Execunt [all but Falstaff]._

_Fal._ I would you had [but] the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same
young sober-blooded boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never none of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudey vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which, deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extremes. It illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart,
who, great and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?
Bard. The army is discharged all and gone.
Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire. I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.

Exeunt.
Scene IV.

[Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.]

Enter the King, the Princes Thomas of Clarence and Humphrey of Gloucester, Warwick [and others].

King. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctifi’d.
Our navy is address’d, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And everything lies level to our wish.
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your Majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the Prince your brother?

Glou. I think he’s gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my lord.

King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

Glou. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Clar. What would my lord and father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers. Cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren.
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity;
Yet notwithstanding, being ineens'd, he's flint,
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd.
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;
But, being moody, give him time and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this,
Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

*Clar.* I shall observe him with all care and love.

*King.* Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

*Clar.* He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

*King.* And how accompanied? [Canst thou tell that?]

*Clar.* With Poins, and other his continual followers.

*King.* Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds,
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them; therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape
In forms imaginary the unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos’d decay!

*War.* My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite.
The Prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look’d upon and learn’d; which once attain’d,
Your Highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms, The Prince will in the perfectness of time Cast off his followers; and their memory Shall as a pattern or a measure live, By which his Grace must mete the lives of others, Turning past evils to advantages.

King. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb In the dead carrion.

Enter Westmoreland.

Who's here? Westmoreland?

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness Added to that that I am to deliver! Prince John your son doth kiss your Grace's hand. Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings and all Are brought to the correction of your law. There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd, But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere. The manner how this action hath been borne Here at more leisure may your Highness read, With every course in his particular.

King. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird, Which ever in the haunch of winter sings The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your Majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of! 96
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.
The manner and true order of the fight 100
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good news make
   me sick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food; 105
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.
O me! come near me; now I am much ill. 111

Glou. Comfort, your Majesty!

Clar. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.

War. Be patient, Princes; you do know, these fits
   Are with his Highness very ordinary. 115
Stand from him, give him air. He’ll straight be well.

Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs.
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in
So thin that life looks through [and will break out].
Glou. The people fear me; for they do observe Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature. The seasons change their manners, as the year Had found some months asleep and leap'd them over.

Clar. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between; And the old folk, time's doting chronicles, Say it did so a little time before That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

Wor. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.

Glou. This apoplexy will certain be his end.

King. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence Into some other chamber.  [Softly, pray.]

[Exeunt. The King is borne out.]

**Scene V**

[Another chamber.

The King lying on a bed: Clarence, Gloucester, Warwick, and others in attendance.]

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends; Unless some dull and favourable hand Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

Wor. Call for the music in the other room.

King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise!
Enter Prince Henry.

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

Prince. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!

How doth the King?

Glou. Exceeding ill.

Prince. Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

Prince. If he be sick with joy, he'll recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords. Sweet Prince, speak low;

The King, your father, is dispos'd to sleep.

Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your Grace to go along with us?

Prince. No; I will sit and watch here by the King.

[Exeunt all but the Prince.]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! Sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That seald'st with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not.
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously.
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. [Puts on the crown.] Lo,
where it sits,
Which God shall guard; and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. Exit.
King. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re-enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence [and the rest].

Clar. Doth the King call?
War. What would your Majesty? [How fares your Grace?]
King. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Clar. We left the Prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? Let me see him.

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber where we stay’d.

King. Where is the crown? Who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King. The Prince hath ta’en it hence. Go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[Exit Warwick.]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and pil’d up
The cank’red heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises;
When, like the bee, tolling from every flower
[The virtuous sweets],
Our thighs pack’d with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murd’red for our pains. This bitter taste
Yields his engrossments to the ending father.

_Re-enter Warwick._

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determin’d me?
_War._ My lord, I found the Prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow
That Tyranny, which never quaff’d but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash’d his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.
_King._ But wherefore did he take away the crown?

_Re-enter Prince Harry._

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

_Exeunt [Warwick and the rest].

_Prince._ I never thought to hear you speak again.
_King._ Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop. My day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that which after some few hours
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation.
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Harry the Fifth is crown'd! Up, vanity!  
Down, royal state! All you sage counsellors, hence!  
And to the English court assemble now,  
From every region, apes of idleness!  
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum!  
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,  
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit  
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?  
Be happy, he will trouble you no more.  
England shall double gild his treble guilt,  
England shall give him office, honour, might;  
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks  
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.  
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!  
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?  
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

Prince. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,  
The moist impediments unto my speech,  
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke  
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard  
The course of it so far. There is your crown;  
And He that wears the crown immortally  
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more  
Than as your honour and as your renown,  
Let me no more from this obedience rise, [Kneels.]
Which my most inward, true, and duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in, 150
And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed! 155
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto this crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee de-
Hath fed upon the body of my father; 160
Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable;
But thou, most fine, most honour’d, most re-
nown’d,
Hast eat thy bearer up.” Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murd’red my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy, 170
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head
And make me as the poorest vassal is
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

King. [O my son,]
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears
Thou see'st with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas’d;
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear’st successively.
Yet, though thou stand’st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all [my] friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta’en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc’d
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac’d; which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels, that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly deni’d me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

Prince. [My gracious liege,]
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be,
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain. 225

Enter Lord John of Lancaster and Warwick.

King. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.
Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!
King. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk. Upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period. 231
Where is my Lord of Warwick?

Prince. My Lord of Warwick!

King. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?
War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord. 235
King. Laud be to God! even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesi'd to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land.
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie; 240
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. Exeunt.
ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

[Gloucestershire. Shallow’s house.]

Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excus’d; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excus’d. Why, Davy!

[Enter Davy.]

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see. Yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excus’d.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be serv’d; and, again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?
Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook: are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast and paid. Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had; and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost [the other day] at Hinckley fair?

Shal. 'A shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legg'd hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy; I will use him well. A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes o' the hill.

Shal. There is many complaints, Davy, against
that Visor. That Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

_Davy._ I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have [but a very] little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech you, let him be countenanc'd.

_Shal._ Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. _[Exit Davy.]_ Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

_Bard._ I am glad to see your worship.

_Shal._ I thank thee with [all] my heart, kind Master Bardolph: and welcome, my tall fellow _[to the Page]._ Come, Sir John.

_Fal._ I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. _[Exit Shallow.]_ Bardolph, look to our horses. _[Exeunt Bardolph and Page.]_ If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the
semblable coherence of his men’s spirits and his. They, by observing [of] him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn’d into a justice-like serving-man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master; if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another; therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions, and 'a shall laugh without inter-vallums. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [Within.] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow.

Exit.
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SCENE II

[Westminster. The palace.]

Enter Warwick and the Lord Chief Justice [meeting].

War. How now, my Lord Chief Justice! whither away?
Ch. Just. How doth the King?
War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.
Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.
War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more.
Ch. Just. I would his Majesty had call'd me with him.
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.
War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.
Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Lancaster, Clarence, Gloucester [Westmoreland, and others].

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!
Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be over-turn'd!

Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow. 20

Glou. } Good morrow, cousin.

Clar. }

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier! 26

Glou. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed;
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow; it is sure your own.

Lan. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find, 30
You stand in coldest expectation.
I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise!

Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour, 35
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the King my master that is dead, 40
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter King Henry the Fifth [attended].

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and God save your Majesty!
King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty, 45
Sits not so easy on me as you think.
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some 50
fear.
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers, 55
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you.
Sorrow so royally in you appears
That I will deeply put the fashion on
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur’d,
I’ll be your father and your brother too.
Let me but bear your love, I’ll bear your cares.
Yet weep that Harry’s dead, and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears 60
By number into hours of happiness.

Princes. We hope no other from your Majesty.
King. You all look strangely on me, and you most. 65
You are, I think, assur’d I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur’d, if I be measur’d rightly,
Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No?
How might a prince of my great hopes forget 70
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy? May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

*Ch. Just.* I then did use the person of your father; The image of his power lay then in me; And, in the administration of his law,

While I was busy for the commonwealth, Your Highness pleased to forget my place, The majesty and power of law and justice, The image of the King whom I presented, And struck me in my very seat of judgement;

Whereon, as an offender to your father, I gave bold way to my authority And did commit you. If the deed were ill, Be you contented, wearing now the garland, To have a son set your decrees at nought? To pluck down justice from your awful bench? To trip the course of law and blunt the sword That guards the peace and safety of your person? Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image And mock your workings in a second body?

Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours: Be now the father and propose a son, Hear your own dignity so much profan'd, See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted, Behold yourself so by a son disdained;

And then imagine me taking your part And in your power soft silencing your son. After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well,
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword;
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:
"Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice." You did commit me;
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear;
With this remembrance, that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth,
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd wise directions.
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you,
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament;
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before rememb'red, all our state;
And, God consigning to my good intents,
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day!

Exeunt.

**Scene III**

[Gloucestershire. Shallow's orchard.]

*Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Davy, Bardolph, and the Page.*

*Shal.* Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of mine
own grafting, with a dish of caraways, and so forth, — come, cousin Silence, — and then to bed.

Fal. ’Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air. Spread, Davy; spread, Davy. Well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John. By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper. A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down. Come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, we shall

[Singing.]

“Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise God for the merry year,
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.”

Fal. There’s a merry heart! Good Master Silence,
I’ll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine,
Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I’ll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master page,
sit. Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink; but you must bear. The heart's all. [Exit.]

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; and, my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing.] “Be merry, be merry, my wife has all; For women are shrews, both short and tall. ’Tis merry in hall when beards wag all, And welcome merry Shrove-tide. Be merry, be merry.”

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who? I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There’s a dish of leather-coats for you.

[To Bardolph.]

Shal. Davy!

Davy. Your worship! I’ll be with you straight. A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. [Singing.] “A cup of wine that’s brisk and fine, And drink unto the leman mine; And a merry heart lives long-a.”

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o’ the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.
Sil. [Singing.] "Fill the cup, and let it come;  
    I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom."
Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome. If thou want'st  
    anything, and wilt not call, beshrew thy  
    heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief [to the  
    Page], and welcome indeed too. I'll drink to  
    Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros  
    about London.
Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.
Bard. An I might see you there, Davy, —
Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together,  
    ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?
Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.
Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee. The knave  
    will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. 'A  
    will not out; he is true bred.
Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

One knocks at door.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing; be  
    merry! Look who's at door there. Ho!  
    who knocks?  
    [Exit Davy.]
Fal. Why, now you have done me right.  
    [To Silence, seeing him take off a bumper.]
Sil. [Singing.] "Do me right,  
    And dub me knight:  
    S'amingo."

Is't not so?
Fal. 'Tis so.
Sil. Is't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

[Re-enter Davy.]

Davy. An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court! Let him come in.

Enter Pistol.

How now, Pistol!

Pist. Sir John, God save you!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be, but goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff!

Puff i' thy teeth, most recreant coward base!
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys
And golden times and happy news of price.

Fal. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.
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Sil. [Singing.]

“And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.”

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies’ lap.  110

Sil. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.
Pist. Why then, lament therefore.
Shal. Give me pardon, sir. If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there’s but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the King, in some authority.
Pist. Under which king, Besonian? Speak, or die.  119
Shal. Under King Harry.
Pist. Harry the Fourth or Fifth?
Shal. Harry the Fourth.
Pist. A foutra for thine office!
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the Fifth’s the man. I speak the truth.
When Pistol lies, do this, and fig me like
The bragging Spaniard.  125

Fal. What, is the old king dead?
Pist. As nail in door. The things I speak are just.
Bard. O joyful day!
I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.
Pist. What! I do bring good news.
Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow,—be what thou wilt; I am Fortune's steward—get on thy boots. We'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph!
[Exit Bard.] Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow! I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe to my Lord Chief Justice!
Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
"Where is the life that late I led?" say they.
Why here it is; welcome these pleasant days!

Exeunt.

Scene IV

[London. A street.]

Enter Beadles, [dragging in] Hostess Quickly and Doll Tearsheet.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hang'd. Thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.
1. Bead. The constables have deliver'd her over
to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately kill’d about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on! I’ll tell thee what, thou damn’d tripe-visag’d rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-fac’d villain!

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! He would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry.

1. Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you.

Dol. I’ll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swunged for this, — you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy famish’d correctioner, if you be not swunged, I’ll forswear half-kirtles.


Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay, come, you starv’d blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!
Host. Thouatomy, thou!
Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.
1. Bead. Very well. Exeunt. 33

SCENE V

[A public place near Westminster Abbey.]

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

2. Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.
1. Groom. 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Dispatch, dispatch. Exeunt.

Trumpets sound, and the King and his train pass over the stage. After them enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the King do you grace. I will leer upon him as he comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.
Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.
[Shal.] It doth so.

_Fal._ It shows my earnestness of affection, —

_Shal._ It doth so.

_Fal._ My devotion, —

_Shal._ It doth, it doth, it doth.

_Fal._ As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me, —

_Shal._ It is best, certain.

[Fal.] But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

_Pist._ 'Tis "semper idem," for "absque hoc nihil est." 'Tis all in every part.

_Shal._ 'Tis so, indeed.

_Pist._ My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base durance and contagious prison;
Hal’d thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand.
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto’s snake,
For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

_Fal._ I will deliver her.

_Pist._ There roar’d the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.
The trumpets sound. Enter the King and his train, the Lord Chief Justice among them.

Fal. God save thy Grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? Know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers.

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awak'd, I do despise my dream.  
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest.

Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots;
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evils;
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strengths and qualities,
Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenour of my word.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you
to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not
you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to
the world. Fear not your advancements; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should
give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let
me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that
you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John.
Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner.
    Come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph. 95
    I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince John, the Lord Chief Justice [Officers
    with them].

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet.
    Take all his company along with him.
Fal. My lord, my lord, —
Ch. Just. I cannot now speak; I will hear you soon.
    Take them away. 101
Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spera contenta.
    Exeunt all but Prince John and the Chief
    Justice.

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's.
    He hath intent his wonted followers
    Shall all be very well provided for;
    But all are banish'd till their conversations
    Appear more wise and modest to the world.
Ch. Just. And so they are.
Lan. The King hath call'd his parliament, my lord.
Ch. Just. He hath. 110
Lan. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
    We bear our civil swords and native fire
    As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,
    Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the King.
    Come, will you hence?  Exeunt. 115
EPilogue

[spoken by a dancer.]

First my fear; then my curtsy; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my curtsy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me; for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better. I meant indeed to pay you with this; which, if like an ill venture it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promis’d you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies. Bate me some and I will pay you some and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? And yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so would
I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France; where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already 'a be kill'd with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the Queen.
Notes

Induction. — In the Folio this is marked “Actus Primus. Scœna Prima. Induction” and the first act contains four scenes. The Quarto is not divided into acts and scenes. Except when noted, this text follows the division of the Folio.

Warkworth. — Place-directions are supplied by modern editors, with the exception of that prefixed to Act IV. sc. i. q.v. Warkworth in Northumberland came into the possession of the Percy family in the reign of Edward III, and is still held by the Earl of Northumberland.

Rumour, painted full of tongues. A common Elizabethan conception, derived from Vergil’s description of Fama, Æneid, IV. 173.

15. And (there is) no such matter?
37. crafty-sick. This skillful compound suggests that Hotspur had cause for the irritation so vigorously expressed in 1 Henry IV, IV. i. 17, 28.
I. i. 13. God. Changed in the Folio to “heavens,” as in many other cases, because of the statute forbidding profanity on the stage.
I. i. 63. Has left a witness of its usurpation or invasion.
I. i. 129. Gan vail his stomach. Began to lower his courage.
I. i. 147. sickly quoif. A cap worn in sickness.
I. i. 174. where most trade of danger rang'd. *Trade* is here used in the sense of activity: where danger ranged or stalked most actively.

I. i. 184. Chok'd the respect of. Destroyed our regard for.

I. i. 204, 205. Extends his insurrection by references to the death of King Richard. Cf. I. iii. 97-107; also *Richard II*, V. i. 52.

I. ii. 1, 2. A reference to the common practice of diagnosis by examination of urine.

I. ii. 18. agate. A reference to the page's diminutive stature by comparing him to a figure engraved in agate for a seal or ornament.

I. ii. 26, 28. face royal. *Royal*, in addition to the present adjectival meaning, was the name of a gold ten-shilling coin stamped with the king's image. A similar pun occurs in *1 Henry IV*, II. iv. 321.


I. ii. 41. yea-for-sooth knave. Hotspur also derides mild oaths, "pepper-gingerbread" of tradespeople. *1 Henry IV*, III. i. 252-261.

I. ii. 42. to bear . . . in hand. "To keep in expectation."

I. ii. 45. is through with them in honest taking up. Does his prettiest with them in honorable borrowing.

I. ii. 52-55. A play on the two meanings of *horn*, the mark of the cuckold, and the material by which, prior to the general use of glass, lanterns were enclosed.

I. ii. 58-61. Falstaff had engaged Bardolph at St. Paul's, then used as a general resort and business exchange
by Londoners. There was a contemporary aphorism, traced back to the *Choice of Change*, 1598, warning men against servants procured in Paul’s, horses in Smithfield, and wives in Westminster.

I. ii. 62, 63. This was Sir William Gascoigne. For the story of his sentencing the Prince see *Introduction*.

I. ii. 100. *grows to me*. Belongs to me as a part of myself.

I. ii. 131, 133. *it; his*. Two forms of the possessive that preceded *its*, which came into literary usage about 1600. *Its* does not appear in any of Shakespeare’s plays published during his life, but occurs ten times in plays that appeared first in the Folio of 1623.

I. ii. 133. *Galen*. The most celebrated of ancient medical writers, whose influence was strongly felt in the Middle Ages. Born about 130 A.D.

I. ii. 137. This is the line that in the Quarto bears the prefix *Old*. See *Introduction*.

I. ii. 141. Clarke quotes Lord Campbell to prove that “to lay by the heels” was a technical expression for committing to prison; and Falstaff evidently interprets these words with that meaning; cf. l. 146.

I. ii. 154. *land-service*. Falstaff was then on military duty and independent of civil authority.

I. ii. 186–189. Like l. 26 above, a punning reference to a coin, the *angel*, which when *light*, *i.e.* under weight, would not *go* or *tell*, *i.e.* pass as good money.

I. ii. 197. *heat of our livers*. The liver was regarded as the seat of violent passion. Cf. IV. iii. 113.

I. ii. 238. *spit white*. This expression, which occurs in several plays of this period, has caused much discussion.
It seems to refer to one of the physical results of wine drinking, or it may be regarded as a sign of health, as Furnivall quotes from *Batman upon Bartholome*, 1582, to prove.

I. ii. 253. bear crosses. Like ll. 26 and 186 above, a punning reference to coins, which were sometimes stamped with a cross.

I. ii. 255. Steevens describes the pleasing diversion of *filliping* a toad by tossing him into the air from one end of a board by striking heavily on the other end. A three-man beetle is a rammer handled by three men.

I. ii. 259, 260. degrees. Changed by Collier to *diseases*, a reading followed by many editors. In what sense *degrees* was used is doubtful; but it may signify grades or conditions of ailment.—prevent has here its literal meaning, come before, anticipate.


I. iii. 36–55. Not in the Quarto. Lines 37–40 in the Folio read:

Yes, if this present quality of warre,
Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,
Lives so in hope: As in an early Spring

a passage which has caused voluminous emendation and discussion.

I. iii. 38. Lives so in hope. Is so related to hope or has such hope.

I. iii. 55. How able our estate or condition is to weigh or measure against its opponents; *i.e.* to hold its own against opposition.

I. iii. 71. French. In 1405, according to Holinsbed,
French troops landed at Milford Haven and advanced as far as Worcester. This, however, was after the suppression of the Archbishop's rebellion.

II. i. 26. It is useless to attempt an explanation of Mistress Quickly's expressions. It should be noted, however, that her vocabulary is large and far from illiterate. She aspires to be an artist in words, and fails not in ideal, but in execution.

II. i. 35. one. This has been variously emended to read loan by Theobald; score by Collier; ow'n, contraction of owing and pronounced like one, by White. The meaning of the Hostess is clear, however; the bill is too long.

II. i. 45. me. Indirect object, comparable to the ethical dative, and very common in Elizabethan speech.

II. i. 94. Dolphin chamber. It was customary to name not only inns, but separate rooms within the inns. Cf. the Half-moon and the Pomgarnet, 1 Henry IV, II. iv. 30, 42

II. i. 142. Answer as befits your reputation.

II. i. 155. Glasses. Then newly in vogue and threatening to supplant gold and silver plate.

II. i. 158. water-work. Water-color decoration of walls is evidently referred to, probably cheaper and certainly newer than tapestry, which Falstaff affects to despise.

II. ii. 5. discolours the complexion. Causes to blush.

II. ii. 22-24. As Clarke suggests, this is evidently an allusion to playing tennis in shirt-sleeves; consequently when out of linen Poins could not frequent the courts.

II. ii. 25-30. These lines are not found in the Folio, where many similar coarse and indecent passages are either
entirely lacking or are changed to approximate propriety. The allusion is to Poins' illegitimate children clothed in his ragged shirts, with a play on *Holland* as one of the *low countries* and as *linen*.

II. ii. 40. **stand the push.** Await the encounter.

II. ii. 72. **a proper fellow of my hands.** "A fine looking fellow of my inches." (White.) "A handsome fellow of my size." (Mason.) "Possibly . . . a phrase often made use of to introduce qualifications discreditable to the object of them." (Vaughan.) "A shapely and agile man." (Herford.)

II. ii. 86. **red lattice.** The sign of ale houses.

II. ii. 96, 97. It was Hecuba who had this dream. The life of Althea's son, Meleager, depended on the preservation of a fire brand, which once in a fit of anger she quenched.

II. ii. 110. **martlemas.** A current form of Martinmas. St. Martin's day was November 11. On this date it was customary to kill fatted oxen for consumption during the winter, and the term may be an abbreviation for "Martlemas ox." Cf. *1 Henry IV*, III. iii. 198, where the Prince salutes Falstaff as "my sweet beef."

II. ii. 115. **wen.** The reference is to the size of Falstaff.

II. ii. 125. **borrower's cap.** Warburton's emendation of the Quarto, *borrowed cap*. Warburton explains the reading thus, "a man that goes to borrow money is of all others most complaisant; his cap is always at hand."

II. ii. 128. **fetch it from Japhet.** The reference seems to be to the long genealogical lists by which one derives descent and proves kinship.
II. iii. 24. speaking thick. With impetuous and stammering haste, the opposite of low and tardily, l. 26.

II. iii. 55. for all our loves. For the love of all of us.

II. iv. 21. old utis. Old is here intensive, as in many modern slang expressions. Utis, also spelled utas, jollity, merry making, as on the octave of a festival, from Old French utas, utaves, octaves.

II. iv. 36. From the old ballad of Sir Lancelot du Lake.

II. iv. 53. The version of The Boy and the Mantle that appears in Percy's Reliques contains the line "With brooches, rings, and owches."

II. iv. 108. a Barbary hen. One whose feathers are naturally ruffled. Cf. As You Like It, IV. i. 151.

II. iv. 141. basket-hilt stale juggler. "A worn-out practiser of sword tricks." (Herford.)

II. iv. 146-148. Omitted in Folio.

II. iv. 161. Occupy had an obscene meaning at this time.

II. iv. 169-173. Malone suggested that this was probably a quotation or adaptation from a lost play, The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the Fair Greek, attributed to George Peele. Hiren is Irene Anglicized; but Pistol seems to apply it to his sword, perhaps confusing it with iron, and Mistress Quickly considers it an opprobrious term for a woman, l. 190. In Peele's Merie Conceited Jests Hiren is said to be "in Italian called a Curtezan."

II. iv. 178, 179. A perversion of Marlowe's Tamburlaine, IV. ii. 1, 2. Probably the remainder of this speech is a hodge-podge of misquotations from old plays.

II. iv. 182. let the welkin roar. Steevens identified this line in two old ballads.
II. iv. 193. A burlesque of a line from Peele's *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594.

II. iv. 195. Pistol's version of a motto current in Italian and French. *Se fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta; Si fortune me tourmente, l'espérance me contente;* If fortune torments me, hope contents me. Douce had in his possession an old rapier with the French motto engraved upon it, and considered that Pistol here and in V. v. 102 read a similar inscription from his own sword.

II. iv. 201. We have seen the Pleiades; *i.e.* spent the nights together. Cf. *1 Henry IV*, I. ii. 16.

II. iv. 211. Then death rock me asleep. The first line of a poem attributed to Anne Boleyn.

II. iv. 213. Dyce sees in this absurd line a parody of a portion of Sackville's *Complaint of the Duke of Buckingham* in *A Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1563.

II. iv. 238. Nine Worthies. These were usually said to be Hector, Alexander, and Julius Cæsar; Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabeus; Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon.

II. iv. 250. Bartholomew boar-pig. Roast pig was one of the chief dainties served at Bartholomew Fair, the most noted of London fairs held in Smithfield on St. Bartholomew's day.

II. iv. 268. rides the wild-mare. Plays see-saw.

II. iv. 278. nave of a wheel. Clarke considered this an allusion to "Sir John's combined knavery and rotundity."

II. iv. 288. fiery Trigon. In astrological parlance the signs of the zodiac were divided into four groups or *trigons*, consisting of the fiery, airy, watery, and earthly
signs. The allusion here is to Bardolph’s complexion, which seems to concentrate all the fiery elements.

II. iv. 308. Poins his brother. A form of the possessive then common.

II. iv. 324. if you take not the heat. If you do not strike while the iron is hot.

II. iv. 358. dead elm. Schmidt’s suggestion is usually quoted, “perhaps on account of the weak support he had given to Doll Tearsheet”; but this interpretation seems worse than none. I am inclined to regard it as a reference to Falstaff’s age and spreading bulk.

II. iv. 366. burns poor souls. Sir Thomas Hanmer’s emendation burns, poor soul has been followed by many modern editors. By either reading the reference is to the contagion of the disease formerly called “the burning.”

III. i. 30. happy low, lie down. Warburton’s ingenious emendation of happy lowly clown has not commended itself to later editors, most of whom follow the plain reading of the text of both Quarto and Folio, and interpret low as an adjective with substantive suggestion.

III. i. 53–56. This passage is not in the Folio, and has been attacked by White as “a square block of puling commonplace let into a grand and vigorous passage.” Is it not rather the natural expression of an embittered and broken man letting his mind wander back over the vanity of an unsatisfied life? Note the rallying in 92, and the fretful, peevish outbreak in IV. iv. 103.

III. i. 66–79. Cf. Richard II, V. i. 55–68. It will be seen that neither the King nor Warwick was present when Richard’s eyes, washed clear by tears, foresaw the future.
III. i. 72. If this is in the indicative mood it is in direct contradiction of the facts as given in Richard II, IV. i; note especially l. 113. However, it is probably a part of an implied conditional sentence: I should have had no such intent if necessity had not, etc.

III. i. 103. Holinshed places Glendower's death in the tenth year of the reign of Henry IV, 1408–1409, although later historians have found reason to assert that he was alive in 1416.

III. ii. 33. Skogan. Henry Scogan was a poet of this period; but his fame has become confused with that of John Scogan, who fifty years later was fool at the court of Edward IV.

III. ii. 42. How (much is) a good yoke of bullocks?

III. ii. 51–53. He would have hit the mark at twelve score yards; and shot fourteen and fourteen and a half score yards with a forehand shaft, an arrow described very vaguely in Ascham's Toxophilus.

III. ii. 56. Thereafter as they be. According to their condition.

III. ii. 145, 146. We have a number of false names to enter in the muster-book. For these shadow-soldiers pay would be received and pocketed by the recruiting officer.

III. ii. 178. Evidently an allusion to the occupants of Wart's garments.

III. ii. 236. four Harry ten shillings in French crowns. Ten-shilling pieces were first coined in the reign of Henry VII. A French crown was worth rather less than five shillings.

III. ii. 298. Mile-end Green. An open place in London for public sports and military manoeuvres.
III. ii. 300. Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show. Arthur's show was an exhibition of archery by a society of fifty-eight members known as "the Auncient Order, Society, and Unitie Laudable of Prince Arthure and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table." The members named themselves for the characters in the romances of Arthur. Sir Dagonet was the fool in the Mort e d'Arthur.

III. ii. 319. at a word. Briefly, in one word.

III. ii. 337. invincible. Not to be evinced, indeterminable. (Schmidt.) Rowe's emendation, invisible, has been often adopted.

III. ii. 343. fancies, good-nights. These were used as titles of certain light lyrics.

III. ii. 344. Vice's dagger. The vice of the old Moral- ities carried a flat, wooden dagger.

III. ii. 355. a philosopher's two stones. Of as much value as two philosopher's stones, which transmuted base metal into gold. This boast Falstaff fulfils, as we know from V. v. 12.

IV. i. s. d. The one scene direction of the Quarto reads: "Enter the Archbishop, Mowbray, Bardolfe, Hastings, within the forrest of Gaultree." This forest in the North Riding of Yorkshire was formerly very extensive.

IV. i. 50. graves. Steevens's emendation of greaves has been followed by many editors. It should be noted, moreover, that greaves and graves were interchangeable spellings.

IV. i. 94–96. "The passage, being plainly mutilated, defies any satisfactory explanation." (Dyce.)


IV. i. 135. it. Apparently the victory implied in l. 134.
IV. i. 146. think. Modern usage would substitute a causative form: cause one to think or cause you to be thought.

IV. i. 170–175. The participial clauses are conditional or temporal in effect.

IV. i. 173. Acquitted by a true and valid pardon.

IV. i. 174, 175. The idea seems to be: the immediate execution of our wishes pertaining to ourselves and our plans. Johnson read consign’d; Hanmer read properties confirm’d.

IV. i. 176. awful banks. Bounds of awe or reverence. This use of the adjective is very common in Shakespeare; cf. the modern use in “a sick bed,” bed of sickness.

IV. i. 181. place of difference. Battlefield.

IV. i. 193. royal faiths. Good faith, fidelity to the King.

IV. ii. and iii. In the Folio there are no new scenes indicated.

IV. iii. 58. cinders of the element. A right Falstaffian reference to the stars. Element has here the meaning of sky.

IV. iii. 113. liver. Cf. note on I. ii. 197.

IV. iii. 125. Tyrwhitt suggested that this is an allusion to the Cambridge Commencement and the Oxford Act, i.e. the conferring of degrees by which students may make use of their hoard of learning.

IV. iii. 140–142. The figure is that of sealing with soft, tempered wax.

IV. iv. 45, 46. Even though mingled with the incitements to discord such as the age will certainly infuse.
IV. v. In the Folio there is no new scene indicated; but the King's order in IV. iv. 131, 132 and his question in IV. v. 233, 234 indicate a change of place.

IV. v. 31. scald' st with safety. Burns while protecting.

IV. v. 79, 80. This realization yields its accumulation of bitterness to the dying father.

IV. v. 163. medicine potable. *Aurum potabile*, liquid gold, was regarded as the elixir of life and was eagerly sought for by alchemists.

IV. v. 212, 213. look too near unto. Scrutinize too closely.

IV. v. 229, 230. With the sight of thee, or in thy sight, my worldly career comes to an end.

IV. v. 235. The Jerusalem Chamber, in the southwest corner of Westminster Abbey, was built between 1376 and 1386 as a guest chamber; but in the time of King Henry IV was used as a council chamber.

V. i. 42. Woncot. See *Introduction*.

V. i. 89. Terms, actions. Time is here computed by the sittings of court and the length of law cases or actions.

V. ii. 34. Equivalent to the figurative expression, goes against the grain.

V. ii. 38. a ragged and forestall'd remission. A contemptible and entreated pardon.

V. ii. 90. Mock your acts as performed by your representatives.

V. ii. 99. in your state. In your royal capacity.


V. ii. 129. After my seeming. According to my appearance.
V. iii. 31, 32. you must bear. The heart’s all. You must be tolerant. The intention is the main thing.

V. iii. 76. A current expression in toasting and drinking.

V. iii. 77–79. Steevens quotes from Nash’s *Summer’s Last Will and Testament*:

God Bacchus, do me right,
And dub me Knight,
Domingo.

Silence’s *S’amingo* is evidently an attempt at *San Domingo*.

V. iii. 103–106. As Warburton suggests, these lines are probably drawn from a lost play dealing with the story of King Cophetua and the beggar maid.

V. iii. 107. From a Robin Hood ballad.

V. iii. 147. From an old song sung also by Petruchio in *The Taming of the Shrew*, IV. i. 143.

V. iv. s. d. The Quarto reads, “Enter Sincklo and three or four officers.” By a similar mistake the name of the actor Sincklo was substituted for the character he played in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*.

V. iv. 20. thin man in a censer. White suggests that the man wore some kind of a cap resembling a censer.

V. iv. 22. blue-bottle rogue. Probably a reference to the color of the beadle’s coat.

V. v. 30, 31. Verplanck suggests that Pistol is rattling off Latin and English mottoes gathered from heraldic devices. There is an old proverbial saying, “All in all, and all in every part.” There seems no point in correcting Pistol’s *obsque* to *absque*, as has been done by many editors from the time of the Second Folio to now.
V. v. 57–59. So much is Falstaff "the cause that wit is in other men" that even here in the gravity of his newly acquired dignity the King is unable to refrain from "a fool-born jest" at the sight of his old companion. Harsh as he is in his stern denial, he dares not hear a word in reply, and suppresses the joke that he sees ready to burst from the veteran punster's lips.

V. v. 91–94. colour. Apparently a play on colour, pretence, and choler.

V. v. 102. See note on II. iv. 195.

Epilogue, 17. The Quarto reads after infinitely: "and so I kneele downe before you; but indeed, to pray for the Queene," and the Epilogue closes with good night, 35. Evidently the last two paragraphs are an addition to the original epilogue, and probably were written after the name of Falstaff had been changed, and perhaps after the rival play Sir John Oldcastle had been performed by Henslow's company in 1599.

33. Oldcastle. See Introduction.

37. pray for the Queen. In the earliest days of the English drama, religious plays had closed with prayer, and the custom was sometimes continued even after the drama was completely secularized, especially in plays performed at court.
Textual Variants

The text in the present edition is based upon the first Quarto, and the following list records the more important variations from that version, and also the more important changes and omissions in the Folio. Passages in the text enclosed in brackets are additions from the first Folio.

Ind. 35. hold] Theobald; hole Q Ff.
   36. Where] Ff; When Q.
I. i. 103. tolling] Q; knolling Ff.
   106. God] Q; heaven Ff.
   126. Too] Ff; So Q.
   161. [Tra.] Capell; Amfr. Q; Ff omit speech.
   164. Lean] Leaue Q; Leane Ff.
   166–179. Ff; Q omits.
   188. do] Ff; dare Q.
   189–209. Ff; Q omits.
ii. 9. intends] Q; tends Ff.
   55. Where's Bardolph] Ff; after through it in 53, Q.
   111. hath . . . age] Ff; have . . . ague Q.
   137. [Fal.] Ff; Old. Q.
   162. slenderer] Ff; slender Q.
   206, 7. your chin double] Q; Ff omit.
   210–211. about . . . afternoon] Q; Ff omit.
   240–247. but it . . . motion] Q; Ff omit.
iii. 21–24, 36–55. Ff; Q omits.
   66. a] Ff; so, Q.
79–80. To French . . . him] Capell; French . . . him Q; He leaves his back unarm’d, the French and Welsh Baying him Ff.

85–108. Ff; Q omits.

II. i. 24. vice] Ff; view Q.

182. [Basingstoke] Ff; Billingsgate Q.

ii. 1, s. d. Poins] Rowe; Poynes, sir John Russel, with other Q; Pointz, Bardolfe and Page Ff.

18. viz.] Ff; with Q.

26–30. And God . . . strengthened] Q; Ff omit.

80. Poins.] Q Ff; Bard. Theobald.

85. 'A calls] Q; He call’d Ff.

91. rabbit] Ff; rabble Q.

125. borrower’s] Theobald; borrowed Q Ff.


137. [Prince] Q Ff omit.

144. familiaris] Ff; family Q.

147. Poins.] Q; Ff omit.

iii. 23–45. Ff; Q omits.

iv. 1, 11. 1. Draw.] Ff; Francis Q.

14. Dispatch] Pope; Dra. Dispatch Q; Ff omit Dispatch . . . straight.

16, 232. Draw.] Ff; Francis Q.

20. word] Q adds. Enter Will Q.

58, 59. Q; Ff omit.

125. shall] Ff; shall not Q.

146–148. Q; Ff omit.

III. i. Some copies of Q omit this scene.

18. mast] Ff; masse Q.

27. sea-boy] Ff; season Q.
Textual Variants

31, s. d. *Surrey* [Ff; *Surry, and Sir John Blunt* Q.  
53-56. O, if . . . die] Q; Ff omit. 

ii. 121. *Fal.* Prick him] Ff; *John prickes him* Q.  
160. [Fal.] Theobald; *Shal.* Q Ff. 
337. invincible] Q Ff; invisible Rowe. 
338–339. yet . . . mandrake] Q; Ff omit. 
341–344. and sung . . . good-nights] Q; Ff omit. 

IV. i. 34. rags] S. Walker conj.; rage Q Ff. 
55–79. Ff; Q omits. 
93, 95. Q; Ff omit. 
94–95. Hopelessly corrupt. 
103–139. Ff; Q omits. 
139. and did] Ff; indeed Thirlby conj. 
180. And] Thirlby conj.; At Q Ff. 

ii. 8. man] Ff; man talking Q. 
24. Employ] Ff; Imply Q. 
69. [Hast.] Ff; *Prince* Q. 

iii. 46. Rome] Ff; Rome, there cosin Q. 

iv. 32. melting] Ff; meeting Q. 
39. time] Q; line Ff. 
104. write . . . letters] Ff; wet . . . termes Q. 

v. 13. alter'd] Ff; altred Q (*Capell's copy*); uttred Q  
*(Devonshire copy).* 
75. tolling] Q; culling Ff. 
82. hath] Ff; hands Q. 
161. worst of] Ff; worse then Q. 
205. [my] Tyrwhitt conj.; thy Q Ff. 

V. iv. 1, s. d. *Enter, etc.*] Malone; *Enter Sincklo and three or* four officers Q; *Enter Hostesse Quickly, Dol*  
Teare-sheete, and Beadles Ff.
4. 1 Bead.] Malone; Sincklo Q; Off. Ff (and so throughout the scene).

6, 7, 10. enough, lately, now] Ff; Q omits.

8. Dol.] Ff; Whore Q (and so throughout the scene).

v. 3. 1. Groom] Ff; 3. Q.

16. [Shal.] Ff; Pist. Q.

18, 20. Shal.] Hanmer; Pist. Q Ff.

25. [Fal.] Ff; Q omits.

86. well, should] Ff; Q omits.

Epi. 35–36. And so . . . Queen] Ff; after infinitely in 17, Q.
Glossary

'A, he; I. ii. 48.
abated, reduced to lower temper; I. i. 117.
abroach, afoot, in action; IV. ii. 14.
accite, incite; II. ii. 65: summon, V. ii. 141.
accommodate, supplied, a word much in vogue and used without discrimination; III. ii. 72-88.
Achitophel, a treacherous double-tongued counsellor who turned from David to Absalom; I. ii. 41.
address, prepare, equip; IV. iv. 5.
affection, propensity, inclination; IV. iv. 65.
agate, see note, I. ii. 18.
Alecto, one of the Furies, represented as wreathed with snakes; V. v. 39.
Amurath, the third Turkish emperor of the name, died in 1595. His first act after his accession in 1574 was to strangle his five brothers; V. ii. 48.
an, if; I. i. 13.
anatomize, analyze, interpret; Induct. 21.
ancient, ensign; II. iv. 74.
apple-john, a kind of apple that shriveled without decaying; II. iv. 2.
apprehensive, imaginative; IV. iii. 107.
approve, prove; I. ii. 214.
argument, subject; V. ii. 23.
assemblance, semblance, appearance; III. ii. 277.
atonement, reconciliation; IV. i. 221.
attach, seize; II. ii. 3: arrest; IV. ii. 109.
awful, awe-inspiring; IV. i. 176; V. ii. 86.

band, bond; I. ii. 37.
Barbary hen, see note, II. iv. 108.

165
Barson, Barston in Warwickshire; V. iii. 94.
bate, quarrel, disturbance; II. iv. 271.
bate, reduce a debt, used quibblingly; Epil. 15.
battle, army or division of an army; III. ii. 165; IV. i. 154.
bear out, support, favor; V. i. 54.
bear-herd, bear tender or keeper; I. ii. 191.
beaver, helmet, the movable part of the helmet; IV. i. 120.
beshrew, blame, curse; but often used lightly or playfully; II. iii. 45; V. iii. 59.
Besonian, a base fellow; V. iii. 119.
bestow, behave, deport; II. ii. 186.
biggen, night-cap; IV. v. 27.
blubber, sob; II. iv. 420.
bona-roba, a woman of the town, a courtesan; III. ii. 26, 217.
book, register, record; II. ii. 49.
book-oath, an oath taken on the Bible; II. i. 111.
borne, laden; II. iv. 393.
break, become bankrupt; Epilogue, 13.
breathe, endow with breath; IV. i. 114.
breeding, parentage, descent; V. iii. 111.
buckle, bend, bow; I. i. 141.
bung, sharper, pick-pocket; II. iv. 138.

caliber, a light musket; III. ii. 290.
calm, qualm; II. iv. 41.
canaries, Canary wine; II. iv. 29.
candle-mine, tallow-pit; II. iv. 326.
cankers, canker-worms; II. ii. 102.
cannibals, presumably Hannibals; II. iv. 180.
canvass, toss in a sheet; II. iv. 243.
caraway, a confection containing caraway seeds; V. iii. 3.
case, condition, circumstances; II. i. 115.
cast, calculate, reckon; I. i. 166; V. i. 21.
catastrophe, used vulgarly for posteriors; II. i. 66.
cavalero, cavalier; V. iii. 62.
censer, i.e. a cap like a censer; V. iv. 20.
channel, kennel, gutter; II. i. 52.
charge, readiness for action; IV. i. 120.
cheater, rogue or trickster; but Mistress Quickly mis-
understands it as escheater, an officer of the exchequer;
II. iv. 105, 111.
chops, a humorous name for a person with fat cheeks;
II. iv. 235.
clap, see note, III. ii. 51.
close, make peace, agree; II. iv. 354.
clout, see note, III. ii. 52.
cock and pie, a common expletive of doubtful origin;
V. i. 1.
colour, excuse, pretense; I. ii. 276; V. v. 91.
commit, sentence to prison; I. ii. 63; V. ii. 83, 112; but
note that the word is used in its ordinary sense in
V. ii. 113.
commodity, profit, advantage; I. ii. 279.
compel, enforce, exact; IV. i. 147.
conceit, wit, fancy; II. iv. 263.
condition, rank, official position; IV. iii. 90.
conger, conger-eel; II. iv. 58.
consign, agree, assent; V. ii. 143.
consist, insist, require; IV. i. 187.
conversation, habit, way of life; V. v. 106.
correctioner, one who administers correction or punish-
ment; V. iv. 23.
costermonger, a hawker of small fruits, hence a term of
contempt; I. ii. 190.
Cots'ol', Cotswold, famed for sports; III. ii. 23.
countenance, favor, support; V. i. 49: as a verb, V. i. 41, 57.
cover, lay the table; II. iv. 11.
crack, a lively, roguish boy; III. ii. 34.
crib, a small room; III. i. 9.
crudy, crude, raw; IV. iii. 106.
curry, seek favor; V. i. 82.
cuttle, bully, sharper; II. iv. 140.
dear, affecting one deeply for good or ill; IV. v. 141.
defensible, capable of making defense; II. iii. 38.
depart, leave; IV. v. 91.
derive itself, pass by descent; IV. v. 43.
determine, bring to an end; IV. v. 82.
dole, dealing, distribution; I. i. 169.
doubt, suspect, fear; Epil. 7.
dram, a small quantity; I. ii. 149.
draw, draw together, assemble; I. iii. 109: withdraw, II. i. 162.
drawer, wine-drawer, tapster; II. ii. 191.
dreadful, to be dreaded; V. ii. 94.
drooping, sinking, declining; Induct. 3.
duer, more duly; III. ii. 330.
dull, soothing, producing drowsiness; IV. v. 2.
easy, slight, easy to bear; V. ii. 71.
element, the sky; IV. iii. 58.
endear'd, closely bound; II. iii. 11.
engraffed, attached; II. ii. 67.
engross, accumulate, collect; IV. v. 71.
engrossment, see note, IV. v. 80.
Ephesians, a current term for companions, equivalent to Corinthians, 1 Henry IV, II. iv. 12; II. ii. 164.
exion, Mrs. Quickly's blunder for "action"; II. i. 33.
faitor, evil doer; II. iv. 173.
fear, affright, alarm; IV. iv. 121.
fennel, an herb supposed to be inflammatory; II. iv. 267.
fetch off, cheat, fleece; III. ii. 324.
fig, to make an offensive gesture, especially in vogue among the Spanish; V. iii. 124.
flap-dragon, a burning substance floating on wine; II. iv. 267.
flaw, thin ice; IV. iv. 35.
Fleet, the Fleet Prison; V. v. 97.
flesh'd, made fierce, as if fed with flesh; I. i. 149.
foin, thrust, a fencing term; II. i. 18.
fond, foolishly affectionate; I. iii. 91.
fondly, foolishly; IV. ii. 119.
force perforce, an emphatic form of perforce; IV. i. 116.
forehead, assurance, audacity; I. iii. 8.
forgetive, inventive, apprehensive; from forge; IV. iii. 107.
foutra, a gross term of contempt; V. iii. 103, 121.
frame, bring to pass; IV. i. 180.
frank, pen, sty; II. ii. 160.
froniting, threatening; IV. iv. 66.
fub off, fob off, put off; II. i. 37.
fustian, bombastic; II. iv. 203.

Galloway nags, inferior horses kept for hire; II. iv. 205.
gan, preterit of gin, begin; followed by infinitive without to; I. i. 129.
garland, crown; V. ii. 84.
get, beget; IV. iii. 101.
gibbet on, to swing on a gibbet or yoke; III. ii. 282.
give out, declare, announce; IV. i. 23.
good-year, a meaningless expletive of doubtful origin; II. iv. 64, 191.
graff, graft; V. iii. 3.
grate, fret, irritate; IV. i. 90.
green, fresh, new; II. i. 107; IV. v. 204.
green-sickness, an anæmic disease of young girls; IV. iii. 100.
grief, grievance, wrong; IV. i. 69; IV. ii. 36, 59; IV. v. 204.
guard, trim, deck; IV. i. 34.

half-fac'd, thin, sharp-faced; III. ii. 283.
half-kirtle, short kirtle; V. iv. 24.
hang, suspend, arrest; IV. i. 213.
haunch, latter end; IV. iv. 92.
heat, violence of action or anger; IV. iii. 27.
heavy, sad, mournful; V. ii. 14.
hempseed, homicide; II. i. 64.
hilding, base; I. i. 57.
Hinckley, a market town in Leicestershire; V. i. 26.
his, its; I. ii. 133. See note.
history, narrate; Shakespeare's only use of the word as a verb; IV. i. 203.
honey-seed, homicide; II. i. 57, 58.
honey-suckle, Mrs. Quickly's blunder for homicidal; II. i. 56.
humour, one of the four fluids of the body, supposed to determine one's physical and mental qualities; hence disposition, temperament, caprice; II. iii. 30.
humorous, moody, capricious; IV. iv. 34.
hunt counter, a hunting term, on the wrong scent or track; I. ii. 102.
hurly, tumult, commotion; III. i. 25.
husband, husbandman; V. iii. 12.

imp, child; V. v 46.
indifferency, moderate size; IV. iii. 23.
insinew, join, ally; IV. i. 172.
Glossary

instance, proof, illustration; III. i. 103; IV. i. 83.
intelligencer, messenger; IV. ii. 20.
intend, tend; I. ii. 9: signify; IV. i. 166.
intervallum, interval; V. i. 90.
inward, civil; III. i. 107.
it, its; I. ii. 131.
jade, a mare; I. i. 45.
join’d stool, a kind of folding chair; II. iv. 269.
jordan, chamber pot; II. iv. 37.
just, even, equal; IV. i. 226: true, V. iii. 127.
juvenal, youth; I. ii. 21.
ken, view, sight; IV. i. 151.
kickshaw, a fancy dish; V. i. 29.
kindly, natural; IV. v. 84.
kirtle, a woman’s garment, probably a skirt; II. iv. 297.
'larum-bell, alarm bell; III. i. 17.
lavish, unrestrained, licentious; IV. iv. 64.
leather-coat, russet apple; V. iii. 44.
leman, sweetheart, mistress; V. iii. 49.
level, just, equitable; II. i. 124: agreeable; IV. iv. 7.
lie, lodge; III. ii. 299; IV. ii. 97.
liggsens, possibly a perversion of lifekins; V. iii. 69.
like, thrive, be in good condition; III. ii. 92.
limb, member; V. ii. 135.
line, to pad or protect as with a lining; hence to strengthen, sustain; I. iii. 27.
lodge, harbor; IV. v. 208.
look beyond, misjudge; IV. iv. 67.

malmsey-nose, red-nosed; II. i. 42.
malt-worms, topers; II. iv. 361.
mandrake, the forked root of this plant was supposed to resemble the human figure; I. ii. 16; III. ii. 339.
mare, nightmare; II. i. 83.
mark, a coin worth 13s. 4d.; see note, II. i. 35.
marry, a common expletive, derived from the name of the Virgin; I. ii. 221.
mechanical, belonging to mechanics; V. v. 38.
metal, mettle, the two spellings and the two meanings were used interchangeably; I. i. 116.
mete, judge; IV. iv. 77.
moe, more; I. ii. 5.
more and less, high and low; I. i. 209.
much, an expletive; II. iv. 143: used ironically; III. ii. 142: an intensive; IV. iv. 111.
mure, wall (of flesh); IV. iv. 119.
neaf, fist; II. iv. 200.
nice, effeminate, delicate; I. i. 145: trivial, IV. i. 191.
noble, a gold coin worth 6s. 8d.; II. i. 167.
noise, music or band of musicians; II. iv. 12.
ote, account, bill; V. i. 19.
nut-hook, a derisive term applied to a beadle because he carried a catch-pole; V. iv. 8.

observance, reverence; IV. iii. 16.
observe, treat with respect, humor; IV. iv. 30, 36, 49.
o'er-post, get over quickly; I. ii. 171.
o'erset, overcame; I. i. 185.
offer, threaten, menace; IV. i. 219.
office, room; I. iii. 47.
omit, neglect; IV. iv. 27.
opposite, opponent; IV. i. 16.
Dostentation, manifestation, outward expression; II. ii. 54.
ouch, ornament; II. iv. 53.
ousel, blackbird; III. ii. 9.
overscutch'd, the meaning is doubtful; "whipped at the cart's tail" and "outworn" are suggested; III. ii. 341.
overween, think too proudly, presume; IV. i. 149.
owe, own; I. ii. 4.
pantler, servant in the pantry; II. iv. 258.
parcel, portion, detail; IV. ii. 86.
parcel-gilt, partly gilt; II. i. 94.
part, act, deed; IV. v. 64.
passing, surpassingly, exceedingly; IV. ii. 85.
peascod-time, when peas are in the pod; II. iv. 418.
persistency, obstinacy; II. ii. 50.
picking, trifling, trivial; IV. i. 198.
point, stop, end; II. iv. 198: a tagged lacing for fastening portions of the clothing; I. i. 53: probably also lace used on uniforms to denote rank; II. iv. 143: a musical signal or call; IV. i. 52.
post, post-horse; IV. iii. 40.
pottle-pot, two-quart pot; II. ii. 84; V. iii. 68.
pox, a common expletive; I. ii. 273.
precept, summons, warrant; V. i. 14.
pregnancy, quickness of wit; I. ii. 192.
prevent, see note on I. ii. 259.
price, value, worth; V. iii. 100.
prick, mark, or check in a list; II. iv. 359.
Proface, a salutation before eating, from Old French prouface, prou fasse, an abridgment of bon prou vous fasse, may it do you good; V. iii. 30.
project, idea, expectation; I. iii. 29.
proof, good result; IV. iii. 97.
proper, own; V. ii 109.
propose, suppose, imagine; V. ii. 92.
purchase, in the legal sense of acquisition by one’s own act instead of by inheritance; IV. v. 200.

quantity, piece, fragment; V. i. 70.
quean, a derogatory term for a woman; II. i. 51.
queasiness, nausea, qualms, disgust; I. i. 196.
quittance, requital, return; I. i. 108.
quiver, nimble, active; III. ii. 301.
quoit, pitch like a quoit; II. iv. 206.

ragged, rough; I. i. 151: beggarly, base; V ii. 38.
recordation, record, memorial; II. iii. 61.
remember, mention, remind; V. ii. 142.
respect, consideration, regard; I. i. 184.
rigol, circlet, crown; IV. v. 36.
rood, cross; III. ii. 3.

sack, sweet wine from Spain and the Canary Islands; IV. iii. 124.
sad, sober, serious; V. i. 92.
scab, a term of contempt; III. ii. 296.
sect, kind, sex; II. iv. 41.
semblable, similar, like; V. i. 73.
set off, cast off, ignored; IV. i. 145.
sherris, sherris-sack; sherry, sack of Xeres; IV. iii. 103, 111.

shift, change clothing; V. v. 23.
shot, shooter; III. ii. 295.
shove-groat shilling, a shilling used in the game of shove-groat, a diminutive form of shovel-board, originally played with a groat; II. iv. 206.
sights, eye-hole in a helmet; IV. i. 121.
single, foolish, silly; I. ii. 207.
slops, breeches; I. ii. 34.
smooth-pates, evidently a reference to a fashion of hair-
dressing later derided as "round head"; I. ii. 43.
sneap, reproof, snub; II. i. 132.
something, somewhat; I. ii. 211; IV. ii. 80.
sortance, accord; IV. i. 11.
state, majesty; V. ii. 132.
stiff-borne, obstinately maintained; I. i. 177.
stomach, courage, pride; I. i. 129: appetite; IV. iv. 105.
stratagem, dreadful event, calamity; I. i. 8.
stray, stragglers; IV. ii. 120.
studied, inclined; II. ii. 9.
success, succession; IV. ii. 47.
suff'red, allowed; II. iii. 57.
suggestion, evil report, insinuation; IV. iv. 45.
sway, swing, rush; IV. i. 24.
swinge, whip; V. iv. 21, 23.
swinge-buckler, swash-buckler, roysterer; III. ii. 24.

ta, thou; II. i. 63.
tables, memorandum or notebook; II. iv. 239; IV. i. 201.
take up, raise, levy; II. i. 199; IV. ii. 26.
taking up, obtaining on credit; I. ii. 46.
tall, lusty, valiant; III. ii. 67.
tap for tap, tit for tat; II. i. 206.
tester, sixpence; III. ii. 296.
thews, brawn, muscle; III. ii. 276.
tilly-fally, an interjection equivalent to "nonsense"; II. iv. 90.
traverse, march; III. ii. 291.
trimmed, adorned, provided with; I. iii. 94.
truncheon, cudgel, club; II. iv. 154.
unseason'd, unseasonable; III. i. 105.
upswarm, assemble in swarms; IV. ii. 30.
utis, see note, II. iv. 21.
vail, abate, lessen; I. i. 129.
vain, foolish; V. v. 48.
varlet, servant; V. iii. 13.
vaward, vanguard; I. ii. 199.
venture, hazard, risk; Epil. 8, 12.
vice, grasp, clutch; II. i. 24.
virtue, strength, power; IV. i. 163.
virtuous, potent; IV. v. 76.
wanton, luxurious; I. i. 148: frivolous; IV. i. 191.
warden, staff of office; IV. i. 125.
wassail candle, a candle used at a feast, and apparently not of the best material; I. ii. 178.
watch-case, sentry-box, III. i. 17.
whipping-cheer, whipping-fare; V. iv. 5.
whoreson, a noun and adjective that had lost its original significance and was applied with the looseness of a popular expletive; I. ii. 16.
winking, closing the eyes; I. iii. 33.
withal, with; IV. ii. 95.
womb, belly; IV. iii. 24.
Woncot, Woodmancote, a village near Stratford; V. i. 42.
wo't, wouldst; II. i. 63.

yeoman, bailiff's officer; II. i. 5.
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