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*The "Teaching of English" Series*

KING HENRY IV.  
FIRST PART

No. 21





HENRY IV.

*From a pen-drawing  
by Russell Rees*

SHAKESPEARE'S  
KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

EDITED BY  
EVELYN SMITH, B.A.

*"The reader acts the play  
himself in the theatre  
of his own mind."*

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, LTD.  
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## GENERAL EDITOR'S PREFACE

THIS series is planned with one simple aim in view—to make the reading of Shakespeare's plays as easy and straightforward as possible.

Notes are reduced to the smallest compass. First, in order that the reader's imagination may have definite material to work with, the list of the *dramatis personæ* is followed by a suggestion of their dress and appearance: and when practicable illustrations are given. Second, the text, which is presented without any further preliminary, is accompanied by footnotes which form a Glossary of obsolete or misleading words.

The play may therefore be read at first sight without let or hindrance—without even the delay and distraction which would be caused by turning to a later page for such merely necessary explanations. But there will be many for whom, if not at a first reading yet perhaps at a second, something further may be desirable— a bit of historical information, a paraphrase of a difficult passage, or the clearing up of a confused metaphor. To supply these, and to supply them at the right time, is the object of the brief notes placed immediately after the text.

Fourth, and last, comes a causerie in several divisions: offering, for any who are studiously inclined, a short commentary; marking the place of this particular drama in Shakespeare's career; tracing its importance in his poetic development; estimating its artistic value; and suggesting a number of other questions on which an intelligent student might reflect with pleasure.

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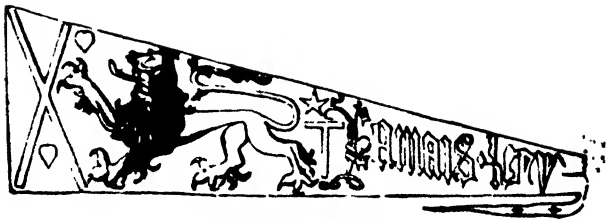
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*The Percy Pennon*

## PERSONS OF THE PLAY

KING HENRY IV. (*formerly HENRY BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster*).

HENRY, *Prince of Wales* } *his sons.*

JOHN OF LANCASTER

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland.*

HENRY PERCY, *surnamed HOTSPUR, his son.*

THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester, his brother.*

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

RICHARD SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*

ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas.*

OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR MICHAEL, *a friend to the Archbishop of York.*

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

POINS.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

FRANCIS and RALPH, *two drawers at the Boar's Head tavern.*

Two Carriers.

A Vintner.

LADY PERCY, *wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.*

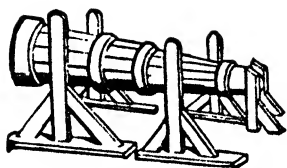
LADY MORTIMER, *wife to Mortimer, daughter to Glendower.*

MISTRESS QUICKLY, *hostess of the tavern.*

Lords, Soldiers, Attendants, Travellers.

*Time of Play:* From the defeat of Mortimer by Glendower, June 22, 1402, to the Battle of Shrewsbury, July 21, 1403.





*15th Century Cannon*

# INTRODUCTION

## HISTORICAL SETTING

AT the time of the Battle of Shrewsbury (1403) Henry IV. was a man of thirty-seven, but Shakespeare represents him as full of years, reproaching Worcester for forcing him to crush his "old limbs in ungentle steel." Of his sons, Prince Henry was a boy of seventeen, Prince John three years younger. In the play Hal is a young man in the early twenties; John, who fleshes his sword so gallantly at Shrewsbury, is a youth of about nineteen. The Lancastrian type of face is that of a successful man, firm, certain, a little hard. Hal's portraits show him to have been rather handsome, with dark eyes, delicately marked eyebrows, and decided chin. He is straight and lithe, and skilled in athletic exercises. When, as Henry V., he woos Katharine of France, he tells her that he cannot make verses for her sake, but he could vault into his saddle with his armour on his back (no easy feat), and, "if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off."

Westmoreland (Ralph Neville) had joined Henry IV. when, as Bolingbroke, he landed at Ravenspurgh, and he remained faithful to the Lancastrians until his death. Those who know the play of *Henry V.* will remember that his wish for "ten thousand of those men in England that do no work to-day" to fight on the field of Agincourt provoked one of Henry's most impassioned speeches. As Marshal of England he was

## INTRODUCTION

in charge of the forces. Henry IV. speaks of Sir Walter Blunt, who had served John of Gaunt, his father, as a trusty friend. At the Battle of Shrewsbury he was standard-bearer, and all contemporary chronicles say he was slain by the Douglas, who mistook him for the king.

The Percys played a great part in history, and certain of their deeds have been immortalized in the old ballads, and by Shakespeare in this play. The founder of the family, William de Percy, came over with the Conqueror, who bestowed on him great estates in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. Hotspur's father was created first Earl of Northumberland by Richard II. at his accession. As a boy of fourteen he had fought at Poitiers, and the Black Prince had knighted him. Warden of the marches, or borderlands, he had the safety of England in his keeping. For all his courage and high achievement, he seems to have been something of a "politician" in the Elizabethan sense, a crafty intriguer. Hotspur himself is one of the great figures of old English chivalry. As a little boy of eight he had gone with his father on a military expedition to France, proudly wearing the ancient badge of the Percys—the crescent and manacles. When he was eleven he was knighted by King Richard, and soon his achievements were the "theme of honour's tongue." A daring invasion of France gave him his nickname, and, on his return to London, he was welcomed as a young king might have been. Handsome and fearless, he became the model of noble youths, who longed for nothing better than to wear his badge and serve him. In their hero-worship they even copied his way of walking and his peculiarity of speech, speaking "thick"—that is, running words together. Lady Percy tells of this (*2 Henry IV.*, II., iii.) when she remembers how "by his light did all the chivalry of England move to do brave acts." In reality, Hotspur was a little older

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than Henry IV., but Shakespeare makes him a young man of Henry's age, the better to contrast the two. Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, was a younger brother of Northumberland's, represented by one historian, Holinshed, as factious and intriguing, by another—Froissart, who had met him—as “gentle, reasonable, and gracious.” Shakespeare's idea of him is soon obvious. All the Percys had, for reasons of their own, supported Bolingbroke (Henry IV.) in his deposition of Richard II. and usurpation of the crown.

The Mortimers were as powerful on the Welsh marches, or borders, as were the Percys on those of Scotland. Those who know the reigns of Henry III. and Edward II. will remember the Roger Mortimer whose marchers cut off Simon de Montfort's head at Evesham and sent it to their lady's castle, and his namesake who was loved by the queen of Edward II., and, after the deposition of that unhappy king, ruled England until his fall and his shameful death. In the Mortimer of this play Shakespeare, following Holinshed, has represented two Edmund Mortimers, uncle and nephew, as the same person. It was the uncle who was taken prisoner by the Welsh, and afterwards made peace with Glendower and married his daughter; the nephew who was proclaimed as heir to Richard. Hotspur married Elizabeth (not Kate) Mortimer, the sister of the elder Edmund Mortimer.

Glendower had once been sympathetic with the Lancastrian cause, but, between 1400 and 1402, was a constant menace to Henry in Wales. He remained a rebel till the end, though his power declined, and the story goes that he finally died of starvation among the mountains. Archibald Douglas was the nephew of the Douglas who was slain at Otterburn, and, from contemporary accounts, seems to have been a man of spirit and valour. At Homildon Hill, although he wore a suit of armour supposed to have been three

## INTRODUCTION

years in the making, he received five wounds, including the loss of an eye.

Not much is known of Sir Richard Vernon, except that he was among the rebels supporting the Percys, was taken prisoner at Shrewsbury, and executed after the battle. Scroop, the Archbishop of York, does not play an important part in *1 Henry IV.*; in the following play he appears as one of the leaders of the Percy faction.

## COSTUME OF THE PERIOD

The most characteristic men's garment of this age is the *houppelande*, which is a long, loose, high-collared robe, fitting on the shoulders, and cut of a length to suit the fancy and figure of the wearer. It might reach just below the waist or trail on the ground; it might be girdled or hang loosely. Sleeves were very full, ending in a band at the wrist, or cut away to show a tight under-sleeve and hanging, with jagged or "slittered" edges, below the knees. The head-dress was either a soft high-crowned hat pulled into a point in front, or a *chaperon*, a variant of the peaked hood, twisted about the head with the peak or *liripipe* brought jauntily over one shoulder. Another form of the chaperon is that of a hood and short cape joined together, the edges of the cape jagged. A pouch, richly decorated, hung from the belt, and nearly every man carried a dagger. Long gloves of leather were worn. The wives of Hotspur and Mortimer would be dressed in the *houppelande*, reaching to the ground, and girdled, or the tight bodice with normally full skirt, and over it a loose surcoat, open at the sides. The hair was plaited round the head and covered with a *caul*, a net of gold, often adorned with gems. Sometimes a wimple was bound over the hair before the caul was put on. Both men and women wore chains with pendants (often a saint's figure, or

## INTRODUCTION

talisman against evil) as ornament. Many sorts of stuff were used for dress—fine cloth, silk, velvet, edgings of fur, fabrics richly embroidered, like that Chaucer's young squire had chosen, closely patterned with flowers as a meadow, "al ful of fresshe floures, whyte and rede." Colours were splendid, and strong contrasts might be used with gay effect in one costume. Chaucer, who had an eye for fine clothes, makes his parson preach very seriously against the fashions of his time—the long houppelande trailing in the mire, the short one cut too short for seemliness, the elaboration of scalloping and striping, the puncturing of material with the chisel and the dagging of it with shears to get striking effects, the wearing of hose of two colours, white and black, or white and blue, or black and red. Among the associates of the prince, Poins is dressed with some pretension to fashion (in Part II. of the play Hal rallies him, not very agreeably, about his two pairs of silk stockings, and his "low ebb of linen"). The hostess would have worn a plain, rather full-skirted gown, with her hair covered with a wimple; the ostlers, jerkins of some rough durable material in russet or blue. Hal describes the appearance of an Elizabethan landlord as he teases Francis about robbing this "leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, Spanish-pouch"; and the Elizabethan "drawer," or barman, when he speaks of the boy's "white canvas doublet." The carriers would have worn cloaks and hoods over tunics of coarse durable stuff. The tunic of Hotspur's servant would have been of the Percy colours, or ornamented with the Percy crest—the blue lion rampant on a gold ground, or the famous crescent moon.

In the last two acts of the play the characters wear armour. Authorities have pointed out that the idea that every knight rode into battle armed cap-à-pie, top to toe, is a mistaken one—the complete suit of



LADY'S COSTUME OF THE PERIOD.



GENTLEMEN'S COSTUME OF THE PERIOD.



## INTRODUCTION

mail was too heavy and too expensive to have universally adopted. If they are right, we must suppose that the effigies and manuscript illustrations of knights in full armour were executed in the spirit in which the artist painting the portrait of the Vicar of Wakefield's wife puts in as many diamonds as he can for nothing. The fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries are a transition period from the old chain-mail to plate-armour. The fully-armed knight of the period is described in Chaucer's parody of verse romance, *Sir Thopas*. Over breeches and shirt of fine linen he wears first an *aketoun*, or *haketon*, a quilted tunic, then a *habergeoun*, or *hauberk*, which would have been of chain-mail; then a *hauberk* of plate-armour. Over the hauberk, to keep it from rusting, is a *cole-armour*, or *surcoat*, white as a lily. At the time of Shrewsbury the hauberk would have reached to the middle of the thigh, the surcoat would have been a little shorter, and the knight would have worn a hip-belt for his sword and dagger. The surcoat was often made of splendid material, embroidered with the coat of arms, and, with the crested helmet mantled with the knight's colours, made him more conspicuous than a soldier could now be. Sir Thopas's helm is of "latoun bright"—that is, of brass. More commonly it was made of steel, or it might be gilded, or covered with white or coloured leather, or even red velvet! The helmet of this time is the *bassinet*, which developed from a mere skullcap into a headpiece fitting round the face and down on the shoulders, with a visor, sometimes beaked, to be fitted on when the knight was in action. The *beaver* Hal wears did not reach England till a later period. It was the movable chin-piece of the *armet*, a closed hinged helmet. Shakespeare, of course, sees his hero as a young Elizabethan soldier in this picture (IV. i. 104), wearing a richly-gilded suit of plate-armour like those in the guard-room at Windsor.



KNIGHT OF THE D'ERESBY  
FAMILY, 1410.  
19

## INTRODUCTION

Sir Thopas wears *jambeaux*, or *greaves*, of "quyr-boilly," boiled and hardened leather, a pretty good protection. The greave at first fitted in front of the leg, like a pad for hockey or cricket; afterwards, as one would expect, it was made to envelop it. Plated knee-caps were sometimes worn, and plated *sollerets*, or coverings for the feet. The knight on horseback always wore the gilded spurs put on at his investiture. (If he were a recreant and baffled, or degraded in public as punishment, these spurs were hacked off by the king's cook.) The weapons of war were the sword, spear, lance, bill, the bows and arrows of the famous archers, and small cannon. The caliver, a light musket, and the pistol are the new weapons of Shakespeare's own period.

## THE OPENING OF THE PLAY

Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, was banished by Richard II. On the death of his father, John of Gaunt, he became Duke of Lancaster, and, during Richard's absence in Ireland, returned to England, pretending that his purpose was to recover his estates. The Percys joined him, and, with their help, he deposed Richard and claimed the throne, which was formally granted him by Parliament. At once he was threatened with many dangers. The Mortimers, not yet openly hostile, had a better claim to the throne than he; Scotland threatened invasion; Wales rebellion. At the opening of the play he plans a crusade, but this "holy purpose" is neglected when he hears of Mortimer's defeat by Owen Glendower of Wales. An invasion of the Scots has been repulsed by the Percys at Homildon Hill, but this "smooth and welcome news" is roughened by the proud message of Hotspur, refusing to give up any of his noble Scots prisoners but the Earl of Fife. In spite of the

## INTRODUCTION

insult the young man offers him, the king admires his gallantry, deploring the "riot and dishonour" in which his own son lives. He sends for Hotspur to answer the charge concerning the denial of the prisoners. The plot of rebellion that springs from this meeting, the pranks of Hal and that fat old humorous rascal, Sir John Falstaff, and the final encounter of the two young men—the one the "very theme of honour's tongue," the other the despised "sword and buckler Prince of Wales"—on the field of Shrewsbury, form the story of the play.





THE FIRST PART OF  
KING HENRY THE FOURTH

ACT I

SCENE I

*A room in the palace at Westminster. The roof is supported with arched oaken beams ; the windows are arched ; the walls are painted with figures standing stiffly against a background of stars or little flattened-out flowers. What furniture there is is simple and massive in form—a state seat, with the ends richly carved ; a “ table dormant,” or standing table, higher than the type we use, oblong and narrow in shape, set near the wall ; a chest with carved panels ; a bench and two or three oaken stools. The floor is strewn with rushes.*

[Enter KING HENRY, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, the EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and others.]

*King.* So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils  
To be commenced in stronds afar remote.  
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood ;

No more shall trenching war channel her fields,  
 Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs  
 Of hostile paces : those opposed eyes,  
 10 Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
 And furious close of civil butchery  
 Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,  
 March all one way and be no more opposed  
 Against acquaintance, kindred and allies :  
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,  
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,  
 20 Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross  
 We are impressed and engaged to fight,  
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy ;  
 To chase these pagans in those holy fields  
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet  
 Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd  
 For our advantage on the bitter cross.  
 But this our purpose now is twelve months old,  
 And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go :  
 Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear  
 30 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,  
 What yesternight our council did decree  
 In forwarding this dear expedience.

*West.* My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
 And many limits of the charge set down  
 But yesternight : when all athwart there came  
 A post from Wales loaden with heavy news ;  
 Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,  
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,

21. *Impressed*, Pressed into service.

22. *Power*, Army.

28. *Bootless*, Useless.

32. *Dear expedience*, Intense haste.

33. *My liege*, My Lord.

33. *Hot in question*, Eagerly discussed.

34. *Limits of the charge*, Fixed boundaries, or estimates of expense.

35. *Athwart*, Wrongly; here "at the wrong time." 36. *Heavy*, Sad.

## HENRY IV

[ACT I, SCENE I

40 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
 A thousand of his people butchered ;  
 Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,  
 Such beastly shameless transformation,  
 By those Welshwomen done as may not be  
 Without much shame retold or spoken of.

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

*West.* This match'd with other did, my gracious  
 lord ;

For more uneven and unwelcome news  
 50 Came from the north and thus it did import :  
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,  
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,  
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,  
 At Holmedon met,  
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;  
 As by discharge of their artillery,  
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;  
 For he that brought them, in the very heat  
 And pride of their contention did take horse,  
 60 Uncertain of the issue any way.

*King.* Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,  
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,  
 Stain'd with the variation of each soil  
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;  
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.  
 The Earl of Douglas is discomfited :  
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,  
 Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see  
 On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took  
 70 Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son  
 To beaten Douglas ; and the Earl of Athol,

51. *Holy-rood day*, 14th September. The festival was instituted in memory of the recovery of the true cross from the Persians by an East Roman emperor, Heraclius, who brought it back to Jerusalem.

53. *Approved*, Proved worthy.  
 68. *Balk'd*, Heaped up, as in ridges (O.E. *balca*, a ridge).



## ACT I, SCENE i]

## SHAKESPEARE'S

Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith :  
 And is not this an honourable spoil ?  
 A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

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

*King.* Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest  
 me sin

In envy that my Lord Northumberland  
 Should be the father to so blest a son,

80 A son who is the theme of honour's tongue ;  
 Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant ;  
 Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride :  
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
 Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved  
 That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged  
 In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,  
 And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet !  
 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.

90 But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,  
 Of this young Percy's pride ? the prisoners,  
 Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,  
 To his own use he keeps ; and sends me word,  
 I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

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

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

*West.* I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

*An apartment of the Prince's in his mansion at Cold-harbour. The walls are hung with tapestries. The furnishings resemble those of the room in Scene i., but there is no state seat and no table.*

[Enter the PRINCE OF WALES and FALSTAFF.]

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

*Prince.* Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day ? Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

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

*Prince.* What, none ?

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

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

20 *Fal.* Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon ; and let men say we be men of good government, being

8. *Capons*, Fowl; *Superfluous*, More than enough; here, asking unnecessary questions.

11. *Seven stars*, The Pleiades.

19. *Roundly*, Without delay.

12. *Phœbus*, The sun-god.

22. *Diana*, The moon-goddess.

governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Fal.* Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king ? and resolution thus fobbed as it

38. *Hybla*, In Sicily, noted for its honey.

40. *Durance*, Prison. The sheriff's officers wore buff jerkins, or leather jackets.

42. *Quips*, Sharp jests ; *Quiddities*, Subtleties of speech. Falstaff does not much care for Hal's insinuations.

57. *Fobbed*, Cheated.

## HENRY IV

[ACT I, SCENE ii

is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

60 *Prince.* No; thou shalt.

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

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

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

*Prince.* For obtaining of suits?

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

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

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

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

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

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

58. *Antic*, A fantastic figure, a buffoon.

61. *Brave*, Fine.

66, 67. *Jumps with my humour*, Agrees with my inclinations.

69. *Suits*, The clothes of the criminal executed were perquisites of the hangman.

72. *Gib cat*, Short for Gilbert, as common a pet name for a cat as our Tom; *Lugged bear*, A common sight, as bear-baiting was then a favourite pastime in London.

74. *Drone*, The bass-pipe of a bagpipe.

76. *Moor-ditch*, Then a most unsavoury swamp without London.

81. *Commodity*, Supply.

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

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

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

100 *Prince.* I see a good amendmēt of life in thee ; from praying to purse-taking.

*Fal.* Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal ; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

[Enter POINS.]

Poins ! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him ? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried " Stand " to a true man.

*Prince.* Good morrow, Ned.

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

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

88. *Iteration*, Habit of repeating ; here from Scripture.

99. *Baffle*, To disgrace ; used technically for the punishment of recreant knights.

104, 105. *Set a match*, Made an appointment (to meet with and rob the travellers).

## HENRY IV

[ACT I, SCENE II

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

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

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

*Fal.* Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go out, I'll hang you for going.

*Poins.* You will, chops?

*Fal.* Hal, wilt thou make one?

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

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

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

140 *Fal.* Why, that's well said.

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

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

*Prince.* I care not.

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

*Fal.* Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest  
150 may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation's sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want

120. *Cozening*, Cheating.125. *Vizards*, Masks.127. *Bespoke*, Ordered.133. *Chops*, A person with fat cheeks.138. *Stand*, Take your stand with us.

countenance. Farewell : you shall find me in East-cheap.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Prince.* Well, I'll go with thee : provide us all things

155, 156. *All-hallown summer*, All Hallows or All Saints' Day is the 1st of November. Falstaff is in the autumn of life, but he is gay as a young man in his "summer," or prime.

175. *Cases*, Outer garments. 176. *For the nonce*, For the occasion.

## HENRY IV

[ACT I, SCENE iii]

necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap ;  
there I'll sup. Farewell.

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

190 *Prince.* I know you all, and will awhile uphold  
The unyoked humour of your idleness :  
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That, when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.  
If all the year were playing holidays,  
200 To sport would be as tedious as to work ;  
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.  
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off  
And pay the debt I never promised,  
By how much better than my word I am,  
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;  
And like bright metal on a sullen ground, *dark*  
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes  
210 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill ;  
Redeeming time when men think least I will. [Exit.

## SCENE III

*London. The palace*

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

*King.* My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
Unapt to stir at these indignities,

191. *Unyoked humour, Uncontrolled caprice.*



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

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

*North.* My lord,—

*King.* Worcester, get thee gone ; for I do see  
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye :  
 O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
 And majesty might never yet endure  
 The moody frontier of a servant brow.

20 You have good leave to leave us : when we need  
 Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

[Exit WORCESTER.]

You were about to speak.

[To NORTH.]

*North.*

Yea, my good lord.

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

*Hol.* My liege, I did deny no prisoners.

30 But I remember, when the fight was done,  
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
 Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,  
 Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin new reap'd

16. *Danger*, Power to hurt. 17. *Peremptory*, Daring, audacious.

19. *Frontier*, The outwork of a fortification; here used figuratively.

26. *Deliver'd*, Reported.

27. *Envy*, Malice; *Misprision*, Misunderstanding.

Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;  
 He was perfum'd like a milliner ;  
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
 He gave his nose and took 't away again ;  
 40 Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
 Took it in snuff ; and still he smiled and talk'd,  
 And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
 With many holiday and lady terms  
 He question'd me ; amongst the rest, demanded  
 My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.  
 I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
 50 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
 Out of my grief and my impatience,  
 Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what,  
 He should, or he should not ; for he made me mad  
 To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet  
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman  
 Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark,—  
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth  
 † Was *parmaceti* for an inward bruise ;  
 And that it was great pity, so it was,  
 60 This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
 So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,  
 He would himself have been a soldier.  
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,

36. *Milliner*, Originally a man, a trader in wares of *Milan*, such as silks, ribbons, etc.

38. *Pouncet-box*, Perfume-box, perforated with holes.

41. *To take it in snuff*, To take offence at. There is an obvious double meaning here.

50. *Popinjay*, Parrot, affected fop.

51. *Grief*, Physical pain.

58. *Parmaceti*, *Spermaceti*, waxy substance obtained from head of sperm-whale.

62. *Tall*, Valiant.

I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;  
 And I beseech you, let not his report  
 Come current for an accusation  
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

70 *Blunt.* The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,

Whatever Harry Percy then had said  
 To such a person and in such a place,  
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,  
 May reasonably die and never rise  
 To do him wrong or any way impeach  
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

*King.* Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,  
 But with proviso and exception,  
 That we at our own charge shall ransom straight

80 His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ;

Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd  
 The lives of those that he did lead to fight  
 Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,  
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March  
 Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,  
 Be emptied to redeem a traitor home ?

Shall we buy treason ? and indent with fears,  
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves ?

No, on the barren mountains let him starve ;

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

*Hot.* Revolted Mortimer !

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
 But by the chance of war : to prove that true  
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,  
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,  
 When on the gentle Severn's sedy bank,  
 In single opposition, hand to hand,

100 He did confound the best part of an hour

75. *Impeach*, Call in question.

78. *Proviso*, Condition.

87. *Indent with*, Make a bargain with ; *Fears*, Things to be feared.

## HENRY IV

[ACT I, SCENE iii]

In changing hardiment with great Glendower :  
 Three times they breathed, and three times did they  
 drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;  
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,  
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank  
 Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.

*part of*

Never did base and rotten policy  
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;  
 110 Nor never could the noble Mortimer  
 Receive so many; and all willingly :  
 Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

*King.* Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie  
 him ;

He never did encounter with Glendower ;  
 I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone  
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art thou not ashamed ? But, sirrah, henceforth  
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :

120 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,  
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
 As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,  
 We license your departure with your son.  
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt KING HENRY, BLUNT, and train.*]

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

*North.* What, drunk with choler ? stay and pause  
 awhile :

130 Here comes your uncle.

101. *Changing hardiment*, Giving bold fighting for bold fighting.

108. *Policy*, Cunning.

118. *Sirrah*, Used contemptuously.

123. *License*, Permit.

128. *Hasard*, Risk.

129. *Choler*, Anger.

[*Re-enter WORCESTER.*]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*North.* He did ; myself did hear it.

*Hot.* Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,  
 That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.  
 160 But shall it be, that you, that set the crown  
 Upon the head of this forgetful man

137. *Canker'd*, Corrupt, malignant.

And for his sake wear the detested blot  
 Of murderous subornation, shall it be, *rebellers*  
 That you a world of curses undergo,  
 Being the agents, or base second means,  
 The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather ?

O, pardon me that I descend so low,  
 To show the line and the predicament  
 Wherein you range under this subtle king ; *cunning*

170 Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,  
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
 That men of your nobility and power  
 Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,  
 As both of you—God pardon it !—have done,  
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
 And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke ?  
 And shall it in more shame be further spoken,  
 That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off  
 By him for whom these shames ye underwent ?

180 No ; yet time serves wherein ye may redeem  
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves  
 Into the good thoughts of the world again,  
 Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt  
 Of this proud king, who studies day and night  
 To answer all the debt he owes to you  
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths :  
 Therefore, I say,—

*Wor.* Peace, cousin, say no more :

And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
 190 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,  
 As full of peril and adventurous spirit  
 As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud  
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

163. *Subornation*, Crime of procuring a person to do evil.

168. *Predicament*, Roughly, the class or category. A knowledge of the science of logic is necessary for the complete understanding of the word.

173. *Gage*, Pledge.

176. *Canker*, Here the wild rose, eaten by the canker-worm or caterpillar, compared with the perfect rose.

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

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

*Hot.* By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks ;  
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear  
Without corrival all her dignities :  
But out upon this half-faced fellowship !

*Wor.* He apprehends a world of figures here,  
210 But not the form of what he should attend.  
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots  
That are your prisoners,—

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

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

*Hot.* Nay, I will ; that's flat  
He said he would not ransom Mortimer ;  
220 Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ;  
But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holla " Mortimer ! "  
Nay,  
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak

207. *Corrival*, Rival.

209. *Figures*, Unreal fancies.

210. *Form*, Actual substance.

212. *Cry you mercy*, Beg your pardon.

## HENRY IV

[ACT I, SCENE iii]

Nothing but "Mortimer," and give it him,  
To keep his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Hear you, cousin ; a word.

*Hot.* All studies here I solemnly defy,  
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke :  
230 And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,  
But that I think his father loves him not  
And would be glad he met with some mischance,  
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

*Wor.* Farewell, kinsman : I 'll talk to you  
When you are better temper'd to attend.

*North.* Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient  
fool

Art thou to break into this woman's mood,  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own !

*Hot.* Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged  
with rods,

240 Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear  
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.  
In Richard's time,—what d'ye call the place ?—  
A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire ;  
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,  
His uncle York ; where I first bow'd my knee  
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—  
'S blood !—

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

*North.* At Berkley castle.

250 *Hot.* You say true :  
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy  
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !  
Look, "when his infant fortune came to age,"  
And "gentle Harry Percy," and "kind cousin" ;  
O, the devil take such cozeners ! God forgive me !  
Good uncle, tell your tale ; I have done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you have not, to it again ;

230. *Sword-and-buckler*, Weapons of common fighting men.

240. *Pismires*, Ants.

241. *Politician*, Intriguer.

255. *Cozeners*, Cheats.



We will stay your leisure.

*Hot.* I have done, i' faith,

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

260 Deliver them up without their ransom straight,  
And make the Douglas' son your only mean  
For powers in Scotland ; which, for divers reasons  
Which I shall send you written, be assured,  
Will easily be granted. You, my lord,

[To NORTHUMBERLAND.

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,  
Shall secretly into the bosom creep  
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,  
The archbishop.

*Hot.* Of York, is it not ?

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

*Hot.* I smell it : upon my life, it will do well.

*North.* Before the game is afoot, thou still let'st slip.

*Hot.* Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot :

280 And then the power of Scotland and of York,  
To join with Mortimer, ha ?

*Wor.* And so they shall.

*Hot.* In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

*Wor.* And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,  
To save our heads by raising of a head ;  
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,  
The king will always think him in our debt,  
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,  
Till he hath found a time to pay us home :  
And see already how he doth begin

261. *Mean*, Means.

266. *Bosom*, Confidence.

284. *Head*, Armed force.

262. *Powers*, Armies, forces.

282. *Aim'd*, Designed.

285. *Even*, Smoothly, calmly.

## HENRY IV

[ACT I, SCENE iii]

290 To make us strangers to his looks of love.

*Hot.* He does, he does : we'll be revenged on him.

*Wor.* Cousin, farewell. No further go in this

Then I by letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,

I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer ;

Where you, and Douglas, and our powers at once,

As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,

To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,

Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

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

*Hot.* Uncle, adieu : O, let the hours be short

Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport !

[*Exeunt.*]

294. *Suddenly, Soon, instantly.*

## ACT II

## SCENE I

*Rochester. An inn-yard. An arched doorway leads from the flagged courtyard to the road without. Round the yard are the buildings of the inn itself. A gallery, or balcony, approached by a flight of steps, spans the first story. At the beginning of the scene the Plough shows quite clearly over one high brick chimney; its stars fade, and the glow of the carrier's lanterns becomes fainter as dawn broadens and brightens.*

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

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

*Ost.* [*Within*] Anon, anon.

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

[*Enter another Carrier.*]

*Sec. Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots:

7. *Withers*, The ridge between the horse's shoulder bones and his neck, easily hurt or "wrung" by a badly-fitting saddle; *Cess*, Measure.
8. *As a dog*, There is a common tendency to use him for comparison—"as sick as a dog"; "dog-tired," etc.
9. *Bots*, The larvæ of the botfly; one of the ills likely to affect an improperly fed horse.

## HENRY IV

[ACT II, SCENE I

10 this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.

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

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

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

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

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

[Enter GADSHILL.]

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

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

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

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

*Gads.* I pray thee, lend me thine.

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

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

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

15. *Tench*, The superstition that the scales of certain fish are infested with fleas is not yet dead.

20. *Razes*, Roots.

31. *Gelding*, Horse.

*Gads.* What, ho ! chamberlain !

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

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

[*Enter Chamberlain.*]

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

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

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

*Gads.* What talkest thou to me of the hangman ? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows ; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is  
70 no starveling. Tut ! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace ; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot-land  
70 rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these  
70 mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms ; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great

48. *Thou layest*—60, 61. *Saint Nicholas, etc.*—65. *Trojans*, See page 135.

50. *Franklin*, A freeholder, exempt from feudal service.

51. *Wild*, Weald ; *Mark*, An old English gold coin, worth about 13s. 4d.

53. *Auditor*, One who audits or examines accounts.

## HENRY IV

[ACT II, SCENE II

oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, 'zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.

80 *Cham.* <sup>boots</sup> What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

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

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

*Gads.* Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

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

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

## SCENE II

*The highway, near the top of Gadshill. The country is thickly wooded right up to the edges of the highway, which is muddy and rutted, "uneven ground."*

73. *Oneyers*, Expressing the same sort of idea as the slang "oner," but imitating form of such words as "lawyer," "sawyer," etc. The form occurs in the Wessex dialect of Mr. Thomas Hardy's novels.
79. *Boots*, A pun on the word "boot"; used to mean "advantage," and footgear.
- 92, 93. "*Homo . . . men*": Quoted from Lily's Latin Grammar, which Shakespeare probably used at school.

[Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.]

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

*Prince.* Stand close.

[Enter FALSTAFF.]

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

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

*Fal.* Where's Poins, Hal ?

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

10 *Fal.* I am accursed to rob in that thief's company : the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squier further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged ; it could not be else ; I have  
20 drunk medicines. Poins ! Hal ! a plague upon you both ! Bardolph ! Peto ! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. And 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the yeriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me ; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough : a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true to one another ! [They whistle.] Whew ! A plague upon you all ! Give me my horse, you rogues ;  
30 give me my horse, and be hanged !

*Prince.* Peace ! lie down ; lay thine ear close to

12, 13. *By the squier*, By the rule. 22. *And 'twere not*, If 'twere not.

24. *Varlet*, Servant, used as a term of contempt.

the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers,

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

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

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

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

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

[Enter GADSHILL, BARDOLPH and PETO with him.]

*Gads.* Stand.

*Fal.* So I do, against my will.

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

*Bard.* Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

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

*Gads.* There's enough to make us all.

*Fal.* To be hanged.

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

37. *Colt*, Befool.

45. *Ballads made on you*, A common practice to which Shakespeare's characters often allude.

46. *Sack*, A Spanish wine, Falstaff's favourite beverage.

50. *Setter*, See page 30. Gadshill, "set" the match.

52. *Case*, Put on your masks.



*Peto.* How many be there of them ?

*Gads.* Some eight or ten.

*Fal.* 'Zounds, will they not rob us ?

*Prince.* What, a coward, Sir John Paunch ?

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

*Prince.* Well, we leave that to the proof.

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

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

*Prince.* Ned, where are our disguises ?

*Poins.* Here, hard by : stand close.

[*Exeunt PRINCE and POINS.*]

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

[*Enter the Travellers.*]

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

80 *Thieves.* Stand !

*Travellers.* Jesus bless us !

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

*Travellers.* O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever !

*Fal.* Hang ye, knaves, are ye undone ? No, ye fat chuffs ; I would your store were here ! On, bacons, on ! What, ye knaves ! young men must live. You 90 are grand-jurors, are ye ? we'll jurc ye, 'faith.

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

75. *Dole*, Portion. " Happy man be his dole " was a proverb.

87, 88. *Fat chuffs*, Fat boors. Falstaff takes a whimsical delight in heaping insults as to bulk on some one else.

90. *Grand-jurors*, Members of the special jury which has the serious duty of deciding whether there is sufficient evidence to put an accused man on trial.

*[Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.]*

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

*Poins.* Stand close ; I hear them coming.

*[Enter the Thieves again.]*

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

*Prince.* Your money !

*Poins.* Villains !

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

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

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

### SCENE III

*A room in Warkworth Castle. This northern castle was given to a Percy by Edward III. in return for services against the Mortimer responsible for the deposition*

93. *Argument*, Subject-matter, here, for talk.

98. *Arrant*, Thorough, downright (always used in a bad sense).

*and death of Edward II. The apartment in which the scene between HOTSPUR and his wife takes place is furnished in the same manner as that of the palace shown in Act I., Scene i. The walls are not painted, but hung with tapestry.*

[Enter HOTSPUR, solus, reading a letter.]

*Hot.* "But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house." He could be contented: why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous;"—why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, <sup>10</sup>danger, we pluck this flower, safety. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition." Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. <sup>20</sup>What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my

*A letter,* It is not known who wrote this letter. George Dunbar, Earl of March, and Sheriff Rokeby have been suggested by various theorists.

2. *In respect of,* In consideration of.  
 9. *Out of this nettle,* See page 136. 12. *Unsorted,* Unsuitable.  
 13. *Counterpoise,* Lit, weight against. Your plot is not strong enough to resist the enormous opposition of the king's supporters.

15. *Hind,* Farm-servant; here used as a term of reproach.

19. *Expectation,* Promise.

## HENRY IV

[ACT II, SCENE iii]

father, my uncle and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

[Enter LADY PERCY.]

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

*Lady.* O, my good lord, why are you thus alone? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure and thy golden sleep?  
 40 Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,  
 And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?  
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;  
 And given my treasures and my rights of thee  
 To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?  
 In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,  
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;  
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;  
 Cry "Courage!" to the field! And thou hast talk'd  
 Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,  
 50 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,  
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,  
 Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain,  
 And all the currents of a heady fight.

47. *Manage*, The training of the horse to various movements.

50. *Palisadoes*, Stakes driven into the ground to protect entrenchments; *Frontiers*, See page 34; *Parapets*, Ramparts built breast-high to protect soldiers on a wall from the fire of the enemy.

51. *Basilisks, culverin*, Types of cannon.

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war  
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,  
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,  
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream ;  
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
 60 On some great sudden heat. O, what portents are  
 these ?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

*Hot.* What, ho !

[*Enter Servant.*]

Is Gilliams with the packet gone ?

*Serv.* He is, my lord, an hour ago.

*Hot.* Hath Butler brought those horses from the  
 sheriff ?

*Serv.* One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

*Hot.* What horse ? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not ?

*Serv.* It is, my lord.

*Hot.* That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight : O Esperance !

70 Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Lady.* But hear you, my lord.

*Hot.* What say'st thou, my lady ?

*Lady.* What is it carries you away ?

*Hot.* Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

*Lady.* Out, you mad-headed ape !

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir

80 About his title, and hath sent for you

To line his enterprize : but if you go,—

*Hot.* So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

*Lady.* Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

60. *Hest*, Command.

81. *Line*, Strengthen, support.

76. *Spleen*, Quick temper.

83. *Paraquito*, Parrot.

Directly unto this question that I ask :  
 In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,  
 An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away,

Away, you trifler ! Love ! I love thee not,  
 I care not for thee, Kate : this is no world

90 To play with mamnets and to tilt with lips :  
 We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,  
 And pass them current too. God's me, my horse !  
 What say'st thou, Kate ? what would'st thou have  
 with me ?

*Lady.* Do you not love me ? do you not, indeed ?  
 Well, do not then ; for since you love me not,  
 I will not love myself. Do you not love me ?  
 Nay, tell me if thou speakest in jest or no.

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride ?

And when I am a'horseback, I will swear  
 100 I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate ;  
 I must not have you henceforth question me  
 Whither I go, nor reason whereabout :  
 Whither I must, I must ; and, to conclude,  
 This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.  
 I know you wise, but yet no farther wise  
 Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are,  
 But yet a woman : and for secrecy,  
 No lady closer ; for I well believe  
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;  
 110 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

*Lady.* How ! so far ?

*Hot.* Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate :  
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;  
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.  
 Will this content you, Kate ?

*Lady.* It must of force. [*Exeunt.*]

90. *Mammets*, Dolls.

91. *Crowns*, Puns on the coin called the crown are frequent in Shakespeare's plays. The badly cracked crown was not legal tender.

## SCENE IV

*A room in the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap. The walls are hung with arras, behind which FALSTAFF hides at the end of the scene. There is a "wainscote bench," or settle and chest combined, on which, says HAL, FALSTAFF grows fat sleeping in the afternoons. On it lies the cushion which FALSTAFF uses for crown when he pretends to be king. There are a few "joint" or folding stools, like very small tables, and a plain oaken bench. At one end of the room is a court cupboard containing drinking vessels of pewter and glass. The floor is strewn with rushes.*

[Enter the PRINCE and POINS.]

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

*Poins.* Where hast been, Hal?

*Prince.* With three or four loggerheads amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though  
 10 I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I am

1. *Fat.* Perhaps thick, used of the atmosphere; or another spelling of "vat," as in the word "wine-fat," which occurs in the Bible.
6. *Base-string.* The string of a musical instrument that gives the lowest note.
- 6, 7. *Sworn brother.* Close friend. In the old days of chivalry, two or three knights going to war would join together as "sworn brothers," sharing fortunes.
9. *Take it upon.* Swear by.
12. *Corinthian.* Gay fellow.

## HENRY IV.

[ACT II, SCENE IV.]

king of England I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry "hem!" and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spoke other English in his life than "Eight shillings and sixpence," and "You are welcome," with this shrill addition, "Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon," or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling "Francis," that his tale to me may be nothing but "Anon." Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

*Poins.* Francis!

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Poins.* Francis!

[Exit POINS.]

[Enter FRANCIS.]

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

*Prince.* Come hither, Francis.

*Fran.* My Lord?

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

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

*Poins.* [Within] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

16. *Watering*, Drinking.

24. *Under-skinker*, Under-tapster.

28. *Bastard*, Sweet Spanish wine.

34. *Precedent*, That which goes before; here a sort of prologue to fun to come.



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

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

*Poins.* [Within] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

*Prince.* How old art thou, Francis?

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

*Poins.* [Within] Francis!

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

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

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

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

*Poins.* [Within] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon.

*Prince.* Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but tomorrow, Francis; or Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But Francis!

*Fran.* My lord?

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

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

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

48. *Indenture*, Contract, agreement of term of service.

70. *This leathern jerkin, etc.*, Hal runs through the items of dress of a respectable citizen such as the vintner, Francis's master.

71. *Not-pated*, With hair cut close to his head; *Puke*, Dark grey; *Caddis*, Worsted.

76. *In Barbary*, Hal is deliberately confusing Francis, "ragging" him.

## HENRY IV

[ACT II, SCENE IV

*Fran.* What, sir ?*Poins.* [Within] Francis !

80 *Prince.* Away, you rogue ! dost thou not hear them  
call ? [Here they both call him ; the drawer stands  
amazed, not knowing which way to go.

[Enter Vinter.]

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

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

[Re-enter POINS.]

*Poins.* Anon, anon, sir.

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

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

*Prince.* I am now of all humours that have showed  
themselves humours since the old days of goodman  
Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock  
at midnight.

[Re-enter FRANCIS.]

What's o'clock, Francis ?

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

[Exit.

100 *Prince.* That ever this fellow should have fewer  
words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman !  
His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs ; his elo-  
quence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of

92. *Match, Device.* Poins feels that all this elaborate fooling must  
lead up to something. 94. *Humours, Whims and fancies.*

96. *Pupil age,* Age before a boy attains manhood, legally before  
fourteen, and a girl womanhood, legally before twelve.

Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says he; and  
 110 answers "Some fourteen," an hour after; "a trifle, a trifle." I prithee, call in Falstaff. I'll play Percy, and that brawn shall play Dame Mortimer, his wife. "Rivo!" says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

[Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO ;  
 FRANCIS following with wine.]

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

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

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

*Fal.* You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack;  
 120 die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say.

109. *Drench*, Medicine for horses.

113. *Rivo*, A drinking cry.

126. *Lime*, Put in Spanish sack to preserve it.

132. *Shotten*, Having shed its roe.

## HENRY IV

[ACT II, SCENE iv

I would I were a weaver ; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

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

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

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

*Fal.* Are not you a coward ? answer me to that : and Poin's there ?

*Poin's.* 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord I'll stab thee.

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

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

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

160 *Prince.* What's the matter ?

*Fal.* What's the matter ! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

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

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

*Prince.* What, a hundred, man ?

135. *Weaver*, Many Flemish weavers who had fled the persecution to which the Spanish under the Duke of Alba subjected them on account of their religious belief settled in London.

139. *Dagger of lath*, Two comic characters, the Vice and the Devil, appear in the old morality plays, and their tricks provide a good deal of rough fun. The Vice is armed with a wooden dagger, which he uses to the same purpose as Punch his stick.

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the 170 doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw—*ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

*Prince.* Speak, sirs; how was it?

~~*Gads.* We four set upon some dozen—~~

*Fal.* Sixteen at least, my lord.

~~*Gads.* And bound them.~~

190 ~~*Bats.* No, no; they were not bound.~~

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

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

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

*Prince.* What, fought you with them all?

*Fal.* All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: 190 if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

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

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay and thus

167. *At half-sword*, Fighting at very close quarters—the distance of half a sword.

172. *Ecce signum*, Behold the sign, see the proof. He produces his sword, which he has hacked with his dagger.

198. *Ward*, The attitude taken up to protect oneself, but, unlike the modern "parry," having something of the offensive as well as the defensive.

## HENRY IV

[ACT II, SCENE iv

I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram<sup>\*</sup> let  
200 drive at me—

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

*Fal.* Four, Hal; I told thee four.

*Poins.* Ay, ay, he said four.

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

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

*Fal.* In buckram?

*Poins.* Ay, four, in buckram suits.

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

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

*Fal.* Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*Prince.* Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

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

*Prince.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken,—

*Poins.* Down fell their hose.

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

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

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

*Prince.* These lies are like their father that begets  
230 them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou knotty-pated fool, thou plaguey, obscene, greasy tallow-keech—

218. *Points*, Tagged laces fastening the trunk-hose to the upper garment.

226. *Kendal green*, Worn by yeomen, foresters, etc.

232. *Tallow-keech*, Lump of fat.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Poins.* Mark, Jack.

*Prince.* We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-  
260 faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried ~~yourself~~ away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. ~~What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then~~

241. *Strappado*, A military punishment. A man was pulled up by his arms, which were strapped behind his back, and suddenly allowed to fall, so that his arms were broken and his bones put out of joint.

249. *Neat*, An ox or a cow; *Stock-fish*, Dried cod.

251. *Tuck*, Rapier.

259, 260. *Out-faced*, Frightened.

## HENRY IV

[ACT II, SCENE IV

say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

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

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

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

*Fal.* Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou loyest me!

[Enter Hostess.]

*Host.* O Jesu, my lord the prince!

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

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

*Prince.* Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

267. *Starting-hole*, refuge.

275. *Hercules*, The Greek hero renowned for his superhuman strength and valour.

284. *Extempore*, On the spur of the moment, without preparation.

285. *Argument*, Subject.

291, 294, 295. *Nobleman* . . . royal man, The "noble" was worth 6s. 8d.; the "royal" 10s.

(2,538)



*Host.* An old man.

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

300 *Prince.* Prithee, do, Jack.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Prince.* I do.

*Bard.* What think you they portend?

*Prince.* Hot livers and cold purses.

*Bard.* Cholera, my lord, if rightly taken.

315. *True men*, The current phrase for honest men, like these encountered in the fight, as distinct from thieves.

324. *Exhalations*, Meteors, shooting stars. The eruptions on Bardolph's unfortunate face.

328. *Cholera*, Anger. The choleric temperament might arise from the physical conditions that produce the "exhalations." There is a pun on "cholera" and "collar."

## HENRY IV

[ACT II, SCENE IV

*Prince.* No, if rightly taken, halter.

[*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*]

*Halt.* comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.  
*Halt.* Now, my sweet creature of bombast! How  
 long 's't ago, Jack, since ~~you~~ sawest thine own  
 knee

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

*Poins.* O, Glendower.

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

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

*Fal.* You have hit it.

*Prince.* So did he never the sparrow.

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

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

*Fal.* O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not  
 budge a foot.

*Prince.* Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

331. *Bombast*, Cotton wool used for padding.

341. *Amamon*, The name of a fiend; *Bastinado*, A beating with a  
 stick, generally on the soles of the feet.

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

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

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

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

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

*Prince.* Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown *and a ragged one*

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

*Prince.* Well, here is my leg.

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

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

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

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

362. *Blue-caps*, Scots, from the blue bonnets they wore.

380. *Joined-stool*, Folding stool. 386. *Passion*, Strong emotion.

387. *King Cambyses' vein*, In the style of *King Cambyses*, an early tragedy.

388. *Here is my leg*, To make a leg is to bow.

## HENRY IV

[ACT II, SCENE IV

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

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

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

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

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

398. *Tickle-brain*, Slang term for strong liquor.

401. *The camomile*, See page 136.

409. *Micher*, Pilferer.

430 there is virtue in that Falstaff : him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month ?

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

*Fal.* Depose me ? no ? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

*Prince.* Well, here I am set.

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

440 *Prince.* Now, Harry, whence come you ?

*Fal.* My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

*Prince.* The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

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

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

460 *Fal.* I would your grace would take me with you : whom means your grace ?

437. *Rabbit-sucker*, A sucking rabbit.

450. *Bolting-hutch*, Hutch in which meal was sifted.

451. *Bombard*, A leathern vessel for liquor.

452. *Manningtree ox*, At the fair in Manningtree, Essex, oxen were roasted whole. The stock allegorical characters, "vice," "iniquity," "ruffian," "vanity," of the older drama were to be seen in the type of play performed at the fair.

## HENRY IV

[ACT II, SCENE IV

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

*Fal.* My lord, the man I know.

*Prince.* I know thou dost.

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

*Prince.* I do, I will.

[A knocking heard.]

[*Exeunt* Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.]

[*Re-enter* BARDOLPH, *running.*]

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

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

[*Re-enter the Hostess.*]

*Host.* O Jesu, my lord, my lord!

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

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

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of

gold a counterfeit : thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

*Prince.* And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

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

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

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

*Prince.* Call in the sheriff.

[*Exeunt all except the PRINCE and PETO.*]

[*Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.*]

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

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

610 *Prince.* What men ?

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

*Car.* As fat as butter.

*Prince.* The man, I do assure you, is not here ; For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee

That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,

Send him to answer thee, or any man,

For any thing he shall be charged withal :

And so let me entreat you leave the house.

620 *Sher.* I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

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

*Sher.* Good night, my noble lord.

496. *Major*, The first statement in the logical form of argument.

501. *Arras*, Tapestry hangings.

## HENRY IV

[ACT II, SCENE IV

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

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

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*

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

*Peto.* Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and  
530 snorting like a horse.

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

*Peto.* Nothing but papers, my lord.

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

*Peto.* [*Reads*] Item, A capon, . . . . . 2s. 2d.  
Item, Sauce, . . . . . 4d.  
Item, Sack, two gallons, . . . . . 5s. 8d.  
Item, Anchovies and sack  
after supper, . . . . . 2s. 6d.  
540 Item, Bread, . . . . . ob.

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

*Peto.* Good morrow, good my lord.

540. *Ob*, obolus, a halfpenny.

549. *With advantage*, With interest.



## ACT III

## SCENE I

*A room in the Archdeacon's house at Bangor. The apartment of a rich dignitary of the church would not differ in essential respects from that of a noble. The floor is rush-strewn (see line 204)*

[Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and  
GLENDOWER.]

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

*Hot.* Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,  
Will you sit down ?

And uncle Worcester : a plague upon it !  
I have forgot the map.

*Glend.* No, here it is.  
Sit, cousin Percy ; sit, good cousin Hotspur,

For by that name as oft as Lancaster  
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with  
10 A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

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

*Glend.* I cannot blame him : at my nativity  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets : and at my birth

2. *Induction*, Beginning (of our plot).

15. *Cressets*, Iron baskets of fire set on walls, or carried on poles to serve as beacons. The word is sometimes used to denote the ordinary torch.

The frame and huge foundation of the earth  
Shaked like a coward.

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

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

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

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

*Hot.* O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on  
fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

*Glend.* Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave  
To tell you once again that at my birth

30 The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.  
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;  
And all the courses of my life do show  
I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea  
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,  
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?

And bring him out that is but woman's son  
40 Can trace me in the tedious ways of art  
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

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

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

*Glend.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

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

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

36. *Clipp'd*, Bounded, enclosed.

40. *Art*, Here used for the black art of the magician.

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

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

*Glend.* Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made  
head

Against my power ; thrice from the banks of Wye  
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him  
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

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

*Glend.* Come, here's the map : shall we divide our  
right

According to our threefold order ta'en ?

*Mort.* The archdeacon hath divided it

Into three limits very equally :

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,

By south and east is to my part assign'd :

All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,

And all the fertile land within that bound,

70 To Owen Glendower : and, dear coz, to you

The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn ;

Which being sealed interchangeably,

A business that this night may execute,

To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I

52. *Power*, Army.

59. *Bootless*, Having gained no profit or plunder ; *Weather-beaten*, As the rhyme had it—

“ The king had never but tempest foule and raine,

As long as he was ay in Wales grounde ;

Rocks and mystes, windes and stormes ever certaine ;

All men trowed that witches it made that stounde.”

Holinshed says that this weather was attributed to the  
“ art magike ” of Owen Glendower.

61. *Agues*, Shivering fits.

72. *And our indentures* . . . Each of our agreements must be signed  
by the three parties concerned.

And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth  
To meet your father and the Scottish power,  
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.

My father Glendower is not ready yet,  
80 Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.

Within that space you may have drawn together  
Your tenants, friends and neighbouring gentlemen.

*Glend.* A shorter time shall send me to you, lords :  
And in my conduct shall your ladies come ;  
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,  
For there will be a world of water shed  
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

*Hot.* Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,  
In quantity equals not one of yours :  
90 See how this river comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me from the best of all my land  
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.  
I'll have the current in this place dammed up ;  
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run  
In a new channel, fair and evenly ;  
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

*Glend.* Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see it doth.

*Mort.* Yea, but  
100 Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up  
With like advantage on the other side ;  
Gelding the opposed continent as much  
As on the other side it takes from you.

*Wor.* Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,  
And on this north side win this cape of land ;  
And then he runs straight and even.

*Hot.* I'll have it so : a little charge will do it.

88. *Moiety*, Part.

92. *Cantle*, Piece.

97. *Bottom*, Valley.

102. *Gelding*, Cutting off ; *Continent*, That which contains—here,  
a bank.

104. *Charge*, Expense—to be incurred in changing the course of  
the river.

90. *Cranking*, Twisting.

94. *Smug*, Neat, spruce.

*Glend.* I'll not have it alter'd.

*Hot.* Will not you ?

*Glend.* No, nor you shall not.

*Hot.* Who shall say me nay ?

110 *Glend.* Why, that will I.

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

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

*Hot.* Marry,

And I am glad of it with all my heart :

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

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

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

*Glend.* The moon shines fair ; you may away by  
night :

I'll haste the writer and withal

Break with your wives of your departure hence :

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,

So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

[*Exit.*

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

*Hot.* I cannot choose : sometime he angers me

122. *Canstick*, Candlestick.

131. *Cavil*, Raise trifling arguments.

140 With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,  
 Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,  
 And of a dragon and a finless fish,  
 A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulted raven,  
 A couching lion and a ramping cat,  
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what ;  
 He held me last night at least nine hours  
 In reckoning up the several devils' names  
 That were his lackeys : I cried " hum," and " well,  
 go to,"

150 But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious  
 As a tired horse, a railing wife ;  
 Worse than a smoky house : I had rather live  
 With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,  
 Than feed on cates and have him talk to me  
 In any summer-house in Christendom.

*Mort.* In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,  
 Exceedingly well read, and profited  
 In strange concealments, valiant as a lion  
 And wondrous affable and as bountiful

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

*Wor.* In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame ;  
 And since your coming hither have done enough  
 170 To put him quite beside his patience.  
 You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault :

140. *Moldwarp*, The mole.

141. *Merlin*, In Celtic legend, the wizard who brought up King Arthur.

154. *Cates*, Dainties.

158. *Concealments*, Secret arts.

161. *Temper*, Temperament.

165. *Tempted*, Tried.

Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—  
 And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—  
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
 Defect of manners, want of government,  
 Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain :  
 The least of which haunting a nobleman  
 Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain  
 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
 180 Beguiling them of commendation.

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

[*Re-enter GLENDOWER with the Ladies.*]

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

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

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

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

*Glend.* She is desperate here ; a peevish self-willed  
 190 one, that no persuasion can do good upon.

[*The Lady speaks in Welsh.*]

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

[*The Lady speaks again in Welsh*  
 I understand thy kisses and thou mine,  
 And that's a feeling disputation :  
 But I will never be a truant, love,  
 Till I have learn'd thy language ; for thy tongue

179. *Parts, Abilities.*  
 194. *Parley, Speech.* If he were not a man, he would weep too.

## HENRY IV

[ACT III, SCENE I

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,  
 200 Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,  
 With ravishing division, to her lute.

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

[*The Lady speaks again in Welsh.*

*Mort.* O, I am ignorance itself in this !

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

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

*Glend.* Do so ;

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

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

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

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

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

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

201. *Division*, Variation.

208. *Heaviness*, Drowsiness.

214. *Book*, Document.

223. *Humorous*, Full of fancies, cranky. The disproportion of the four "humours" or fluids (blood, phlegm, choler, melancholy or black bile) in a man's body was supposed to make a man "humorous" in this sense.

228. *Brach*, A female dog.

(2,588)



236 *Lady P.* Wouldst thou have thy head broken ?

*Hot.* No.

*Lady P.* Then be still.

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

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

*Hot.* Peace ! she sings.

[*Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.*]

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

*Lady P.* Not mine, in good sooth.

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

And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,  
As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,

A good mouth-filling oath, and leave "in sooth,"

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,

To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

*Lady P.* I will not sing.

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

*Glend.* Come, come, Lord Mortimer ; you are as slow  
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book is drawn ; we'll but seal,

And then to horse immediately.

*Mort.*

With all my heart.

[Exit.]

242. *Sarcenet*, A tissue of fine silk, used for women's dresses.

243. *Finsbury*, A favourite pleasure resort with the London citizens and their wives.

246. *Pepper-gingerbread*, Kate's little oaths have the same very mild fieriness.

247. *Velvet-guards*, Trimmings of velvet. Hotspur can't stand the affected little oaths which remind him of the mincing gentility of the citizen's wife in her Sunday best.

250. *Tailor*, The tailor is often spoken of as singing at his work.

## SCENE II

*London. The palace.*

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

*King.* Lords, give us leave ; the Prince of Wales  
and I  
Must have some private conference : but be near at  
hand,  
For we shall presently have need of you.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

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

*Prince.* So please your majesty, I would I could  
Quit all offences with as clear excuse  
20 As well as I am doubtless I can purge  
Myself of many I am charged withal :  
Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
As, in reproof of many tales devised,  
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,

22. *Extenuation*, Weakening, lessening; here, of the charge made against him.

By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,  
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,  
Find pardon on my true submission.

*King.* God pardon thee ! yet let me wonder, Harry,  
30 At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,  
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,  
And art almost an alien to the hearts  
Of all the court and princes of my blood :  
The hope and expectation of thy time  
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man  
Prophetically do forethink thy fall.  
Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
40 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
Had still kept loyal to possession  
And left me in reputeless banishment,  
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.  
By being seldom seen, I could not stir  
But like a comet I was wonder'd at ;  
That men would tell their children " This is he " ;  
Others would say " Where, which is Bolingbroke ? "  
50 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
And dress'd myself in such humility  
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
Even in the presence of the crowned king.  
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new ;  
My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at : and so my state,  
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast  
And won by rareness such solemnity.

25. *Pick-thanks*, Those who try to curry favour by what they say  
and do.

30. *Affections*, Inclinations.

36. *Pontifical*, Belonging to a bishop or the pope.

60 The skipping king, he ambled up and down  
 With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,  
 Soon kindled and soon burnt ; carded his state,  
 Mingled his royalty with capering fools,  
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns  
 And ~~gave~~ gave his countenance, against his name,  
 To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push  
 Of every beardless vain comparative,  
 Grew a companion to the common streets,  
 Encoff'd himself to popularity ;  
 70 That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,  
 They surfeited with honey and began  
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
 More than a little is by much too much. . .  
 So when he had occasion to be seen,  
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
 Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes  
 As, sick and blunted with community,  
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty  
 80 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes ;  
 But rather drowsed and hung their eyelids down,  
 Slept in his face and render'd such aspect  
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries,  
 Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.  
 And in that very line, Harry, standest thou ;  
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege  
 With vile participation : not an eye  
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
 Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more

60. *Skippping*, Flighty.

61. *Bavin*, Brushwood, quick to fire and burn itself out.

62. *Carded*, Mixed. Richard diluted his royalty, as it were, by associating with those unworthy of him.

67. *Comparative*, Ready with comparisons.

69. *Encoff*, To give a fief or estate, to invest with possession : he gave himself over to "popularity" ; *Popularity*, Vulgar approbation.

77. *Community*, The commonness of seeing him.

83. *Cloudy*, Sullen, angry.

90 Which now doth that I would not have it do,  
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

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

*King.* For all the world  
As thou art to this hour was Richard then  
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,  
And even as I was then, is Percy now.  
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state  
Than thou the shadow of succession ;  
100 For of no right, nor colour like to right,  
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,  
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,  
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,  
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on  
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.  
What never-dying honour hath he got  
Against renowned Douglas ! whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms  
Holds from all soldiers chief majority  
110 And military title capital  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ ;  
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes  
This infant warrior in his enterprizes  
Discomfited great Douglas ; ta'en him once,  
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
And what say you to this ? Percy, Northumberland,  
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,  
120 Capitulate against us, and are up.  
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee ?  
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy ?

101. *Harness*, Armour.      112. *Mars*, The god of war.

115. *Enlarged him*, Set him free.

120. *Capitulate against*, Make head against, combine.

Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,  
 Base inclination and the start of spleen,  
 To fight against me under Percy's pay,  
 To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,  
 To show how much thou art degenerate.

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

124. *Vassal*, A slave, a wretched creature.

125. *Start of spleen*, Impulse of malicious passion.

136. *Favours*, Features.

147. *Factor*, Agent.

148. *Engross*, To accumulate.

151. *Worship*, Honour.

And I will die a hundred thousand deaths

Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

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

[*Enter* BLUNT.]

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

*Blunt*. So hath the business that I come to speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word

That Douglas and the English rebels met

The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury :

A mighty and a fearful head they are,

If promises be kept on every hand,

As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

170 *King*. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day :

With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster ;

For this advertisement is five days old :

On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward ;

On Thursday we ourselves will march : our meeting

Is Bridgenorth : and, Harry, you shall march

Through Gloucestershire ; by which account,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence

Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.

Our hands are full of business : let's away ;

180 Advantage feeds him fat while men delay. [*Exeunt*.]

### SCENE III

*Eastcheap. The Boar's-Head Tavern*

[*Enter* FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.]

*Fal*. Bardolph, am I not fallen vilely away since this

159. *Parcel*, Part.

164. *Lord Mortimer of Scotland*, The English Mortimers and the Scottish Dunbars both held the title of the Lords of March ; but a Lord Mortimer of Scotland did not exist. George Dunbar is meant. 172. *Advertisement*, Intelligence.

180. *Advantage*, Favourable opportunity.

## HENRY IV

## [ACT III, SCENE iii]

last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some living; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

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

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

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

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

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

*Fal.* No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a memento  
30 *mori*: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be "By this fire, that's God's angel": but thou art

4. *Apple-john*, A withered apple.

17, 18. *In good compass*, Moderately.

24. *Admiral*, Admiral's ship, flagship.

29, 30. *Memento mori*, Remember death—an ornament devised to recall the fact of death to a man's mind.



altogether given over ; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in  
 40 money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light ! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern : but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years ; God reward me for it !

*Bard.* 'S blood, I would my face were in your belly !

50 *Fal.* God-a-mercy ! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

[*Enter Hostess.*]

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

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

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

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

*Fal.* Go to, I know you well enough.

*Host.* No, Sir John ; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John : you owe me money, Sir John ;

38, 39. *Ignis fatuus* (Foolish fire), the will o' the wisp.

45. *As good cheap*, As good a bargain.

46. *Salamander*, A creature of the newt kind, once supposed to be able to live in fire.

and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it : I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Bard.* Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

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

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

69. *Dowlas*, Coarse linen.

70. *Bolters*, Sieves. 74. *By-drinkings*, Drinkings between meals.

80. *Denier*, An old French coin, worth a tenth of a penny.

81. *Younker*, A youngster, easily tricked, and so a simpleton.

86. *Sneak-cup*, One who shirks his glass, the opposite to a boon companion. *Truncheon*, A short staff.

*Host.* Good my lord, hear me.

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

*Prince.* What sayest thou, Jack ?

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

*Prince.* What didst thou lose, Jack ?

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

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

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

110 *Prince.* What ! he did not ?

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

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

*Host.* Say, what thing ? what thing ?

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

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

*Fal.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a  
beast to say otherwise.

*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knave, thou ?

*Fal.* What beast ! why, an otter.

*Prince.* An otter, Sir John ! why an otter ?

114. *Fox, Sword.*

115. *Maid Marian*, Robin Hood's sweetheart, who appeared as  
a character in the morris dances given at the May Day  
games, and on other festive occasions. Her personator was  
often of doubtful respectability, while the reputation of the  
wife of the police officer of the town ward would probably  
be blameless.

## HENRY IV

[ACT III, SCENE iii]

*Fal.* Why, she's neither fish nor flesh ; a man knows not where to have her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Fal.* Did I, Bardolph ?

*Bard.* Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

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

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

*Fal.* Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare : but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

150 *Prince.* And why not as the lion ?

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

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

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal ? thou knowest in the

157. Embossed, Swollen up.

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

170 *Prince.* It appears so by the story.

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

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

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

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

*Fal.* Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

*Bard.* Do, my lord.

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

*Fal.* I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well ? O for a fine thief, 190 of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts ! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous : I laud them, I praise them.

*Prince.* Bardolph !

*Bard.* My lord ?

*Prince.* Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John ; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*] Go, Peto, to horse, to horse ; for thou and I have thirty miles to 200 ride yet ere dinner time. [*Exit PETO.*] Jack, meet

185. *With unwashed hands,* Without waiting to wash—immediately.

191. *Heinously,* Atrociously.

HENRY IV

[ACT III, SCENE iii

me to-morrow in the temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.

There shalt thou know thy charge ; and there receive Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning ; Percy stands on high ;

And either we or they must lower lie. [Exit.

*Fal.* Rare words ! brave world ! Hostess, my breakfast, come !

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum ! [Exit.

201: *The temple hall*, The hall of the Temple, one of the Inns of Court.

## ACT IV

## SCENE I

*The rebel camp near Shrewsbury. Hotspur has encamped on the wide open space of Hayteley Field, on a slope above the king. His army is sheltered by a thick field of peas, and, at the foot of the slope, are a number of small pools, which also serve as protection.*

[Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.]

*Hot.* Well said, my noble Scot : if speaking truth  
In this fine age were not thought flattery,  
Such attribution should the Douglas have,  
As not a soldier of this season's stamp  
Should go so general current through the world.  
By God, I cannot flatter ; I do defy  
The tongues of soothers ; but a braver place  
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself :  
Nay, task me to my word ; approve me, lord.

<sup>10</sup> *Doug.* Thou art the king of honour :  
No man so potent breathes upon the ground  
But I will beard him.

*Hot.* Do so, and 'tis well.

[Enter a Messenger with letters.]

What letters hast thou there ?—I can but thank you.  
*Mess.* These letters come from your father.

3. *Attribution*, Commendation.  
7. *Soothers*, Flatterers ; *Braver*, Finer, more splendid.

## HENRY IV

[ACT IV, SCENE I]

*Hot.* Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

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

*Hot.* 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick  
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?  
Under whose government come they along?

<sup>20</sup> *Mess.* His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

*Wor.* I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

*Mess.* He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;  
And at the time of my departure thence  
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first been whole

Ere he by sickness had been visited:  
His health was never better worth than now.

*Hot.* Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise;  
<sup>30</sup> 'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.  
He writes me here, that inward sickness—  
And that his friends by deputation could not  
So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet  
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust  
On any soul removed but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,  
That with our small conjunction we should on,  
To see how fortune is disposed to us;  
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,  
<sup>40</sup> Because the king is certainly possess'd  
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

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

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:  
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want  
Seems more than we shall find it: were it good  
To set the exact wealth of all our states

<sup>36.</sup> *Advertisement, Advice.*

<sup>37.</sup> *Conjunction, Joined forces.*

<sup>40.</sup> *Possess'd, Informed.*



All at one cast ? to set so rich a main  
 On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?  
 It were not good ; for therein should we read  
 60 The very bottom and the soul of hope,  
 The very list, the very utmost bound  
 Of all our fortunes.

*Doug.* 'Faith, and so we should ;  
 Where now remains a sweet reversion :  
 We may boldly spend upon the hope of what  
 Is to come in :  
 A comfort of retirement lives in this.

*Hot.* A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,  
 If that the devil and mischance look big  
 Upon our affairs.

60 *Wor.* But yet I would your father had been here.  
 The quality and hair of our attempt  
 Brooks no division : it will be thought  
 By some, that know not why he is away,  
 That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike  
 Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence :  
 And think how such an apprehension  
 May turn the tide of fearful faction  
 And breed a kind of question in our cause ;  
 For well you know we of the offering side  
 70 Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,  
 And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence  
 The eye of reason may pry in upon us :  
 This absence of your father's draws a curtain,  
 That shows the ignorant a kind of fear

47, 48. *Cast—main—hazard*, Dicing terms. *Setting a main* is calling the number of the dice before the throw. *Hazard*, the name of a dicing game, is also used in the sense of *risk*. One of the many old meanings of the word *nice* is delicately fine. The argument is "Shall we stake so much on so tricky a chance?"

54. *Reversion*, A hope in store.

61. *Hair*, Character, quality.

67. *Fearful*, Full of fears; *Faction*, Party associated for purposes of rebellion.

70. *Strict arbitrement*, Careful unbiassed judgment of what we are doing.

## HENRY IV

[ACT IV, SCENE I

Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You strain too far.

I rather of his absence make this use :

It lends a lustre and more great opinion,

A larger dare to our great enterprise,

Than if the earl were here ; for men must think,

80 If we without his help can make a head

To push against a kingdom, with his help

We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.

Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

*Doug.* As heart can think : there is not such a word  
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

[Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.]

*Hot.* My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

*Ver.* Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,

Is marching hitherwards ; with him Prince John.

90 *Hot.* No harm : what more ?

*Ver.* And further, I have learn'd,

The king himself in person is set forth,

Or hitherwards intended speedily,

With strong and mighty preparation.

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,

The nimble-footed, madcap Prince of Wales,

And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,

And bid it pass ?

*Ver.* All furnish'd, all in arms ;

All plumed like estridges that with the wind

Bated, like eagles having lately bathed ;

100 Glittering in golden coats, like images ;

As full of spirit as the month of May,

And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;

Sportive as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.

78. *A larger dare*, Greater boldness.

97. *Furnish'd*, Ready for war, equipped. 98. *Estridges*, Ostriches.

99. *Bated*, Beat their wings against the wind.

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,  
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus  
 110 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

*Hot.* No more, no more : worse than the sun in  
 March,

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

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

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

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

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

130 *Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be :

104. *Beaver*, The lower part of the face-guard of the helmet.

105. *Cuisses*, Armour, for the thighs.

106. *Mercury*, The messenger of the gods, whose heels were winged to give him swiftness.

109. *Pegasus*, The winged horse that Minerva gave to Bellerophon that he might ride through the air to find and fight the monster Chimæra.

118. *Reprisal*, Prize.

119. *Taste*, Test.

126. *Draw his power*, Assemble his army.

## HENRY IV

[ACT IV, SCENE II]

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II

*A public road near Coventry. The three tall spires  
 of the city are conspicuous.*

[*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*]

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

*Bard.* Will you give me money, captain ?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bard.* This bottle makes an angel.

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

<sup>10</sup> *Bard.* I will, captain : farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Fal.* If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a  
 soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damn-  
 ably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty  
 soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me  
 none but good householders, yeomen's sons ; inquire  
 me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked  
 twice on the banns ; such as fear the report of a caliver  
 worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed  
 me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in  
<sup>20</sup> their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have

6. *Angel*, A gold coin stamped with the figure of St George.

12. *Soused gurnet*, A kind of fish pickled in vinegar.

17. *Caliver*, Musket.

bought out their services ; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores ; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient : and  
 30 such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat : nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on ; for indeed I had the most of them out of  
 40 prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company ; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves ; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one ; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

[*Enter the PRINCE and WESTMORELAND.*]

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

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

22. *Ancients*, Ensigns, standard-bearers.

23, 24. *Painted cloth*, Canvas painted with scenes from well-known stories, and embellished with mottoes, used as wall-hangings.

29. *Ancient*, The ensign or flag itself.

39. *Gyves*, Fetters.

47. *Quilt*, A flock-bed.

## HENRY IV

[ACT IV, SCENE iii]

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

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

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

*Fal.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*Prince.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.

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

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

*Fal.* 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that ; and for their bareness, I am sure they  
70 never learned that of me.

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

*Fal.* What, is the king encamped ?

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

*Fal.* Well,

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

## SCENE III

*The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

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

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

*Wor.*

It may not be.

*Doug.* You give him then advantage.

*Ver.*

Not a whit.

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

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certain, ours is doubtful.

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

*Ver.* Do not, my lord.

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

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

*Doug.* Yea, or to-night.

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To-night, say I.

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

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

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

*[The trumpet sounds a parley.]*

*[Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.]*

30 *Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the king,

17. *Leading*, Generalship.

26. *Journey-bated*, Weakened by the journey.

*Parley*, Conference.

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

*Hot.* Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt ; and would to God  
You were of our determination !

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

*Blunt.* And God defend but still I should stand so,  
So long as out of limit and true rule  
40 You stand against anointed majesty.

But to my charge. The king hath sent to know  
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon  
You conjure from the breast of civil peace  
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land  
Audacious cruelty. If that the king  
Have any way your good deserts forgot,  
Which he confesseth to be manifold,  
He bids you name your griefs ; and with all speed  
You shall have your desires with interest  
50 And pardon absolute for yourself and these  
Herein misled by your suggestion.

*Hot.* The king is kind ; and well we know the king  
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.  
My father and my uncle and myself  
Did give him that same royalty he wears ;  
And when he was not six and twenty strong,  
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,  
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,  
My father gave him welcome to the shore ;  
60 And when he heard him swear and vow to God  
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his livery and beg his peace,  
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,  
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,  
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.  
Now when the lords and barons of the realm

51. *Suggestion*, Temptation.

62. *Livery*, Delivery of the property inherited from his father.



Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,  
 The more and less came in with cap and knee ;  
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,  
 70 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
 Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him  
 Even at the heels in golden multitudes.  
 He presently, as greatness knows itself,  
 Steps me a little higher than his vow  
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,  
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh ;  
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
 Some certain edicts and some strait decrees  
 80 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,  
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
 Over his country's wrongs ; and by this face,  
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
 The hearts of all that he did angle for ;  
 Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads  
 Of all the favourites that the absent king  
 In deputation left behind him here.  
 When he was personal in the Irish war.

*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to hear this.

*Hot.*

Then to the point.

90 In short time after, he deposed the king ;  
 Soon after that, deprived him of his life ;  
 And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state ;  
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,  
 Who is, if every owner were well placed,  
 Indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales,  
 There without ransom to lie forfeited ;  
 Disgraced me in my happy victories,  
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;  
 95 Rated mine uncle from the council-board ;  
 100 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court ;  
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,  
 And in conclusion drove us to seek out

95. *Engaged, Left as a hostage.*

98. *Intelligence, Spies.*

## HENRY IV

## [ACT IV, SCENE iv

This head of safety ; and withal to pry  
 Into his title, the which we find  
 Too indirect for long continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I return this answer to the king ?

*Hot.* Not so, Sir Walter : we'll withdraw awhile.

Go to the king ; and let there be impawn'd  
 Some surety for a safe return again,

110 And in the morning early shall my uncle  
 Bring him our purposes ; and so farewell.

*Blunt.* I would you would accept of grace and love.

*Hot.* And may be so we shall.

*Blunt.* Pray God you do. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV

*York.* *The Archbishop's palace. The building of this palace is in the Early English style, with pointed arches to doorways and windows, and the capitals of the pillars carved with beautiful and intricate designs of foliage.*

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

*Arch.* Hie, good Sir Michael ; bear this sealed brief  
 With winged haste to the lord marshal ;  
 This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest  
 To whom they are directed. If you knew  
 How much they do import, you would make haste.

*Sir M.* My good lord,  
 I guess their tenour.

*Arch.* Like enough you do.  
 To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day  
 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
 10 Must bide the touch ; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,

108. *Impawn'd*, Pledged, given.

1. *Brief*, Short statement in writing.

7. *Tenour*, Significance, what they are about.

10. *Touch*, Test.

As I am truly given to understand,  
 The king with mighty and quick-raised power  
 Meets with Lord Harry : and, I fear, Sir Michael,  
 What with the sickness of Northumberland,  
 Whose power was in the first proportion,  
 And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,  
 Who with them was a rated sinew too  
 And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,  
 I fear the power of Percy is too weak  
 20 To wage an instant trial with the king.

*Sir M.* Why, my good lord, you need not fear ;  
 There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

*Arch.* No, Mortimer is not there.

*Sir M.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry  
 Percy,  
 And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head  
 Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is : but yet the king hath drawn  
 The special head of all the land together :  
 The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,  
 30 The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt ;  
 And many moe corrivals and dear men  
 Of estimation and command in arms.

*Sir M.* Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well  
 opposed.

*Arch.* I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear ;  
 And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed :  
 For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king  
 Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,  
 For he hath heard of our confederacy,  
 And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him :  
 40 Therefore make haste. I must go write again  
 To other friends ; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*

15. *In the first proportion*, Of the first magnitude.

31. *Moe*, More ; *Corrivals*, Rivals in prowess ; *Dear men*, Valuable men, first-rate knights and warriors.

## ACT V

## SCENE I

*The king's camp near Shrewsbury. The eve of Mary Magdalen. Henry has taken up his position at the foot of the hill occupied by the Percys, in the field still known as "King's Croft." Over the slope of Haughmond Hill, shaggy with trees, the sun rises, blood-red. A storm seems to be gathering.*

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

*King.* How bloodily the sun begins to peer  
Above yon busky hill ! the day looks pale  
At his distemperature.

*Prince.* The southern wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,  
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves  
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

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

[*The trumpet sounds.*]

[Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.]

How now, my lord of Worcester ! 'tis not well  
10 That you and I should meet upon such terms

2. *Busky*, Bosky, woody.
3. *Distemperature*, Strange disturbed appearance.

As now we meet. You have deceived our trust  
 And made us doff our easy robes of peace,  
 To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel :  
 This is not well, my lord, this is not well.  
 What say you to it ? will you again unknit  
 This churlish knot of all-abhorred war ?  
 And move in that obedient orb again  
 Where you did give a fair and natural light,  
 And be no more an exhaled meteor,

20 A prodigy of fear and a portent  
 Of broached mischief to the unborn times ?

*Wor.* Hear me, my liege :

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

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

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

*Prince.* Peace, chewet, peace !

30 *Wor.* It pleased your majesty to turn your looks  
 Of favour from myself and all our house ;  
 And yet I must remember you, my lord,  
 We were the first and dearest of your friends.  
 For you my staff of office did I break  
 In Richard's time ; and posted day and night  
 To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,  
 When yet you were in place and in account  
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.  
 It was myself, my brother and his son,  
 40 That brought you home and boldly did outdare  
 The dangers of the time. You swore to us,  
 And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,

17. *Orb*, Orbit, the path of the planet.

19. *Exhaled meteor*, The shooting star which is drawn out of its proper course.

20. *Prodigy*, A sign or omen.

21. *Broached*, Opened up, pierced and set running, as a cask is.

29. *Chewet*, (i) A jackdaw, a chattering, or (ii) a round pie.

35. *Posted*, Rode swiftly.

That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;  
 Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,  
 The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :  
 To this we swore our aid. But in short space  
 It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;  
 And such a flood of greatness fell on you,  
 What with our help, what with the absent king,  
 60 What with the injuries of a wanton time,  
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne,  
 And the contrarious winds that held the king  
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars  
 That all in England did repute him dead :  
 And from this swarm of fair advantages  
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd  
 To gripe the general sway into your hand ;  
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;  
 And being fed by us you used us so  
 60 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,  
 Useth the sparrow ; did oppress our nest ;  
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk  
 That even our love durst not come near your sight  
 For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing  
 We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly  
 Out of your sight and raise this present head ;  
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means  
 As you yourself have forged against yourself  
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
 70 And violation of all faith and troth  
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

*King.* These things indeed you have articulate,  
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,  
 To face the garment of rebellion  
 With some fine colour that may please the eye  
 Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,

50. *Wanton*, Without proper control, unrestrained.

60. *Gull*, In reference to the size and greed of the young cuckoo.

69. *Dangerous countenance*, Threatening demeanour.

72. *Articulate*, Set forth in articles.

Which gape and rub the elbow at the news  
 Of hurly-burly innovation :  
 And never yet did insurrection want  
 80 Such water-colours to impaint his cause ;  
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time  
 Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

*Prince.* In both your armies there is many a soul  
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,  
 The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
 In praise of Henry Percy : by my hopes,  
 This present enterprise set off his head,  
 I do not think a braver gentleman,  
 90 More active-valiant or more valiant-young,  
 More daring or more bold, is now alive  
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
 I have a truant been to chivalry ;  
 And so I hear he doth account me too ;  
 Yet this before my father's majesty—  
 I am content that he shall take the odds  
 Of his great name and estimation,  
 And will, to save the blood on either side,  
 100 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

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

We will not now be troubled with reply :  
We offer fair ; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON.*

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

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

[*Exeunt all but the PRINCE OF WALES and FALSTAFF.*

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

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

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

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

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

114. *Advisedly*, With all due consideration.

123. *Colossus*, The huge statue set astride the entrance of the  
harbour at Rhodes.

130. *Pricks*, Spurs.

139, 140. *Detraction*, Slander.

141. *Scutcheon*, Device on a shield.



## SCENE II

*The rebel camp.*[*Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*]

*Wor.* O, no, my nephew must now know, Sir Richard,  
The liberal and kind offer of the king.

*Ver.* 'Twere best he did.

*Wor.* Then are we all undone.

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

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

6. *Still*, Always.19. *Spleen*, Rash fit of anger.21. *Train*, Decoy, entice.

[Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS.]

- Hot.* My uncle is return'd :  
 Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.
- 30 *Uncle,* what news ?
- Wor.* The king will bid you battle presently.\*
- Doug.* Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.
- Hot.* Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so
- Doug.* Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [Exit.]
- Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the king.
- Hot.* Did you beg any ? God forbid !
- Wor.* I told him gently of our grievances,  
 Of his oath-breaking ; which he mended thus,  
 By now forswearing that he is forsworn :
- 40 *He calls us rebels, traitors ; and will scourge*  
*With haughty arms this hateful name in us.*

[Re-enter DOUGLAS.]

- Doug.* Arm, gentlemen ; to arms ! for I have thrown  
 A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,  
 And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it ;  
 Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
- Wor.* The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the  
 king,  
 And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.
- Hot.* O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,  
 And that no man might draw short breath to-day
- 50 *But I and Harry Monmouth ! Tell me, tell me,*  
*How show'd his tasking ? seem'd it in contempt ?*
- Ver.* No, by my soul ; I never in my life  
 Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,  
 Unless a brother should a brother dare  
 To gentle exercise and proof of arms.

31. *Presently,* Instantly.

39. *By now forswearing . . . ,* Denying on a false oath that he swore falsely.

44. *Engaged,* Left as a hostage.

51. *Tasking,* Challenging.

He gave you all the duties of a man :  
 Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,  
 Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,  
 Making you ever better than his praise  
 60 By still dispraising praise valued with you ;  
 And, which became him like a prince indeed,  
 He made a blushing cital of himself ;  
 And chid his truant youth with such a grace  
 As if he master'd there a double spirit  
 Of teaching and of learning instantly.  
 There did he pause : but let me tell the world,  
 If he outlive the envy of this day,  
 England did never owe so sweet a hope,  
 So much misconstrued in his wantonness.  
 70 *Hot.* Cousin, I think thou art enamoured  
 On his follies : never did I hear  
 Of any prince so wild a libertine.  
 But be he as he will, yet once ere night  
 I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,  
 That he shall shrink under my courtesy.  
 Arm, arm with speed : and, fellows, soldiers, friends,  
 Better consider what you have to do  
 Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,  
 Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

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

62. *Cital*, Account.

67. *Envy*, Malice.

68. *Owe*, Own.

69. *Misconstrued in his wantonness*, Misunderstood for his careless  
frivolous days.

## HENRY IV

[ACT V, SCENE III]

Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,  
When the intent of bearing them is just.

[Enter another Messenger.]

90 *Mess.* My lord, prepare ; the king comes on apace.

*Hot.* I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,

For I profess not talking ; only this—

Let each man do his best : and here draw I

A sword, whose temper I intend to stain

With the best blood that I can meet withal

In the adventure of this perilous day.

Now, Esperance ! Percy ! and set on.

Sound all the lofty instruments of war,

And by that music let us all embrace ;

100 For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall

A second time do such a courtesy.

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

## SCENE III

*Plain between the camps. The battle is now well under way. The archers went first into action, and Hotspur's men overpowered the king's, but the king's men-at-arms are now advancing. In the near distance are heard alarms to battle, the rush of charging horses, and cries of "St. George !" and "Espérance Percy !"*

[The KING enters with his power. Then enter DOUGLAS and SIR WALTER BLUNT.]

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

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

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

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

*Blunt.* I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot,  
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge  
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight.* DOUGLAS kills BLUNT.]

[*Enter* HOTSPUR.]

*Hot.* O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon  
thus,  
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

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

*Hot.* Where ?

*Doug.* Here.

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

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

*Hot.* The king hath many marching in his coats.

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

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

[*Alarum.* *Enter* FALSTAFF, *solus.*]

30 *Fal.* Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I  
fear the shot here ; here's no scoring but upon the  
pate. Soft ! who are you ? Sir Walter Blunt :

21. *Semblably furnish'd*, Similarly equipped.

30. *Shot-free*, Without paying my "shot" or reckoning. The  
more usual form is "scot-free."

## HENRY IV

[ACT V, SCENE iii]

there's honour for you ! here's no vanity ! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too : God keep lead out of me ! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered : there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive ; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here ?

[Enter the PRINCE.]

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

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

*Fal.* O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile.

Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

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

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

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

*Fal.* Ay, Hal ; 'tis hot, 'tis hot ; there's that will sack a city.

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

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

[He throws the bottle at him. Exit.

*Fal.* Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so : if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not

45. *Turk Gregory*, Pope Gregory VII., the famous Hildebrand, distinguished for the severity with which he maintained the claim of Papal power to absolute supremacy in Europe.

58. *Carbonado*, Piece of meat cut ready for broiling on coals.

such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath : give me life :  
 60 which if I can save, so ; if not, honour comes unlooked  
 for, and there's an end. [Exit.

## SCENE IV

*Another part of the field.*

[*Alarum. Excursions. Enter the KING, the PRINCE,  
 LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, and EARL OF WEST-  
 MORELAND.*]

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

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

*Prince.* I beseech your majesty, make up,  
 Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

*King.* I will do so.

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

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

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

*Lan.* We breathe too long : come, cousin West-  
 moreland,  
 Our duty this way lies ; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt PRINCE JOHN and WESTMORELAND.*]

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

*Alarum.* The call to arms.

6. *Amaze*, Confound, used in a much stronger sense than the  
 modern one.

15. *Breathe*, They are resting for a breathing-space.

## HENRY IV

[ACT V, SCENE iv]

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

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

*[Enter DOUGLAS.]*

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

*King.* The king himself ; who, Douglas, grieves at  
heart

30 So many of his shadows thou hast met  
And not the very king. I have two boys  
Seek Percy and thyself about the field :  
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,  
I will assay thee : so, defend thyself.

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

*Prince.* Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like  
40 Never to hold it up again ! the spirits  
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms :  
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee ;  
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

*[They fight ; DOUGLAS flies.]*  
Cheerly, my lord : how fares your grace ?  
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,  
And so hath Clifton : I'll to Clifton straight.

*King.* Stay, and breathe awhile :  
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,

25. *Hydra.* If a man succeeded in striking off one of the eight  
mortal heads of this nine-headed serpent, two more would  
grow in its place.

34. *Assay,* Make trial of.

48. *Opinion,* Reputation.



And show'd thou ~~make~~ some tender of my life,  
 60 In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

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

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

[*Enter* HOTSPUR.]

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

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

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.

*Prince.* Why, then I see

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

*Hot.* Nor shall it, Harry ; for the hour is come  
 To end the one of us ; and would to God

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

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

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

[*Enter* FALSTAFF.]

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

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

49. *Makest some tender of, Hast some regard for.*

## HENRY IV

[ACT V, SCENE IV

*Hot.* O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth !  
I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;

80 They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my  
flesh ;

But thought 's the slave of life, and life time's fool ;

And time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death

Lies on my tongue : no, Percy, thou art dust,

And food for—

[Dies.

*Prince.* For worms, brave Percy ; fare thee well,

    " great heart !

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk !

When that this body did contain a spirit,

90 A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;

But now two paces of the vilest earth

Is room enough : this earth that bears thee dead

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so dear a show of zeal :

But let my favours hide thy mangled face ;

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !

100 Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,

But not remember'd in thy epitaph !

[He spieth FALSTAFF on the ground.

What, old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !

I could have better spared a better man ;

95 *G.* I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity !

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.

95. *Dear*, Heart-felt.

96. *Let my favours*, The colours he wears on his helmet (see page 18).

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by :

110 Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit.

*Fal.* [Rising up] Embowelled ! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me to-morrow. 'S blood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit ? I lie, I am no counterfeit : to die, is to be a counterfeit ; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man ; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The  
120 better part of valour is discretion ; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead : how, if he should counterfeit too and rise ? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure ; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I ? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [stabbing him], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[Takes up HOTSPUR on his back.

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

130 *Prince.* Come, brother John ; full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

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

*Prince.* I did ; I saw him dead,

111. *Embowelled*, In order to preserve the body until it might be embalmed.

114. *Termagant*, Fierce brawling creature, from a character supposed to represent a Mohammedan deity in the old morality plays ; *Scot and lot*, Completely ; the old legal phrase was used to include all assessments for the expenses of a parish.

118. *Counterfeit*, Pretence.

127. *Confutes*, Proves to be false.

130. *Fleshed*, Used it upon flesh for the first time.

## HENRY IV

[ACT V, SCENE IV

Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive ?

Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight ?

I prithee, speak ; we will not trust our eyes

Without our ears : thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fal.* No, that's certain ; I am not a double man : but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There <sup>140</sup>is Percy [*throwing the body down*] : if your father will do me any honour, so ; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

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

*Fal.* Didst thou ? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying ! I grant you I was down and out of breath ; and so was he : but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may <sup>150</sup>be believed, so ; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh : if the man were alive and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

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

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

[*A retreat is sounded.*

<sup>160</sup>The trumpet sounds retreat ; the day is ours.

Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,  
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt PRINCE OF WALES and LANCASTER.*

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

135. *Fantasy.* Imagination.

139. *Jack,* A rogue.

## SCENE V

*Another part of the field.*

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

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

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

*King.* Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too :  
 Other offenders we will pause upon.

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON guarded.*  
 How goes the field ?

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

2. *Ill-spirited*, Evil-spirited.

5. *Tenour*, The general run of, the nature of.

10. *Intelligence*, Information.

## HENRY IV

[ACT V, SCENE V

I may dispose of him.

*King.* With all my heart.

*Prince.* Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you  
This honourable bounty shall belong :

Go to the Douglas, and deliver him

Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free :

His valour shown upon our crests to-day

30 Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds

Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

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

*King.* Then this remains, that we divide our power.

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland

Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,

To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,

Who, as we hear, are busily in arms :

Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,

40 To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,

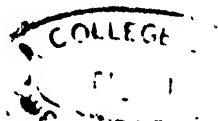
Meeting the check of such another day :

And since this business so fair is done,

Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*

36. *Dearest, Best.*



## HENRY IV

### HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY

#### I. SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE AND ENVIRONMENT

(To 1597)

SHAKESPEARE'S was not the lot of the genius unrecognized in his lifetime and lauded after his death. When *Henry IV.* was written, probably in 1597, he had been just over ten years in London, and his position was assured. Not only was he fairly well off as far as money goes, but his supremacy, both as playwright and poet, was established.

It is uncertain which company of players he had joined when, "a youth unknown to fame," he had left his wife and children in his little native town of Stratford-on-Avon and come to London, but, in the 'nineties of the sixteenth century, he was one of the "Lord Chamberlain's men." The two playhouses in Shoreditch with which he was probably first associated, the *Theatre* and the *Curtain*, might seem bare and uncomfortable places to a modern audience, but in this age they excited great wonder and enthusiasm for their "beauty" and "gorgeousness." In design the Elizabethan theatre resembled the inn-yards where, in older days, movable stages had accommodated players. The names given to the parts of the house reserved for spectators acknowledged their origin: the "boxes" were known as "rooms," the "pit,"

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which was unseated, as the "yard," and the theatre, like the inn, was distinguished by a painted signboard. It was more convenient for the proprietor that the "yard" should be merely a standing-place, strewn with rushes, for the earliest theatres were not used for plays alone, but for such spectacles as bear-baiting, when the ground space would become the ring, in the middle of which was driven the stake to which the animal was chained. The theatre was only partially roofed, and the spectators standing in the yard were exposed to the weather.

The stage, unlike the modern "picture stage," projected into the auditorium, and was thus surrounded on three sides by spectators. This "apron stage" gives more scope for the movement and grouping of actors than does the picture stage, and it is quite likely that it may be generally readopted in the modern theatre, which is beginning to realize its possibilities. At the back of the stage was a balcony, or "upper stage," which served many useful purposes—the walls of Harfleur from which the citizens parley with Henry V., Juliet's balcony, the window in Shylock's house from which Jessica throws the caskets to her lover, anywhere for which the direction "aloft" is given. A musicians' gallery was in the rear of the stage, but its exact position is unknown.

There were no actresses in the company, all women's parts being played by boys whose voices were still unbroken. Little or no attempt was made to suggest the period of the play by the costume of the actors, who appeared in Elizabethan fashions. There was no scenery. But there were plenty of stage properties—benches, thrones, tables, altars, cauldrons, arbours, and so on, to be used at will, and the dresses were magnificent. Of realistic noise there was no lack—storms, the galloping of horses' feet, alarms to battle, flourishes of trumpets, firing of cannon, are common stage directions, and there was much music.



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For such a stage Shakespeare wrote, and on such a stage he played. He was praised as an actor, called "excellent in the quality he professes," and although he played small parts, such as the Ghost in *Hamlet* and old Adam in *As You Like It*, they are parts that demand imaginative rendering. In 1594 he was among those of his company summoned to play at Greenwich Palace before the queen, whose patronage of the arts was not a mere pose sustained by flattery, but the result of genuine taste and learning. Tradition declares him to have been singled out for royal favour, and this is substantiated by Ben Jonson's praise "in the memory of my beloved Master William Shakespeare"—

"Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were  
To see thee in our waters yet appear,  
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,  
That so did take Eliza and our James."

His sonnets, at this time, were not published, but known among his friends, and his two poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, had won him "golden opinions from all sorts of people."

In 1596 he was living in Southwark, then famous for its fine inns, at one of which, the *Tabard*, Chaucer and his fellow-pilgrims had spent the night before setting out for Canterbury. It was in Southwark that, soon after this time, the famous *Globe* theatre was to be built. Shakespeare's lodging was near the building known as the *Bear Garden*, devoted to bear-baiting, and apparently the scene of much rowdy behaviour. He would look over the river—not the fouled river of modern times, but "sweet Thames," clear and silver, the great "silent highway" of London, gay with sailing ships, private barges, and the boats of the watermen—to St. Paul's Church, with its square central

*Quality*, The technical term for the actor's profession.

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tower, and to pleasant gabled houses, with stairs leading to the water. His plays show that he loved order, comfort, and elegance, and most probably he lived and dressed well, as a successful actor could.

“ England affords those glorious vagabonds,  
That carried erst their fardles on their backs,  
Coursers to ride on through the gazing streets,  
Sweeping it in their glaring satin suits,  
And pages to attend their masterships.”

From his plays and his salary as an actor he had a good income, later to be augmented by shares in the *Globe* theatre.

While the young man from the Midlands prospered thus in London, fortune had been against his family at home. In the summer of 1596, his little boy Hamnet died, and was buried in Stratford parish church. The two remaining children of Shakespeare's boyhood marriage with Anne Hathaway were both girls—Susannah was now thirteen, and Judith, Hamnet's twin, eleven. During the year of his son's death Shakespeare returned to his native town. His father, John Shakespeare, a dealer in various sorts of agricultural produce, had once known prosperity, holding high civic offices (burgess or town councillor, chamberlain of the borough, with the duty of auditing municipal accounts, alderman, bailiff or mayor) and playing an important part in the affairs of the town, but before Shakespeare left Stratford this prosperity was on the decline ; he owed various sums of money, had been forced to mortgage one property of Mary Arden, his wife, and sell another, and, failing to attend council meetings regularly, was deprived of the dignity of alderman. For years things had gone from bad to worse, but his son's return marked a change in his fortunes. No more is heard of the importunity of

*England, etc.*, So complains a character in the university play, *The Return from Parnassus*.

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creditors. In the autumn of 1596 John Shakespeare made application to the College of Heralds for a coat of arms, finally obtained, though not until three years later. And in the following year his son bought for himself the Great House which had been built by Sir Hugh Clopton in Henry VII.'s reign, and set about improving it as a residence, repairing the parts that had fallen into ruin, and planning to convert the "great garden" into an orchard.

During Shakespeare's absence his wife as well as his father had apparently been in difficulties, for she had borrowed money from a Thomas Whittington, who had been her father's shepherd. When this man died, at the beginning of the next century, his executor was directed to claim the money from Shakespeare and give it to the poor.

What we know of Shakespeare contradicts the popular notion that genius is essentially unpractical in business matters. He knew how to make money, how to manage and spend it, and provided for the common needs of a decent and comely life as strength and sanity will. What were the adventures, the delights, and the sufferings of his spirit his work alone can tell us—the plays indirectly, the sonnets, perhaps, directly. It has been supposed that their story of broken friendship and unhappy love is Shakespeare's own story, and that the "dark lady" whom he addresses with the passion of mingled love and hate was Mary Fitton, maid of honour to the queen. Certainly it is very difficult to believe that they do not express some poignant personal experience. Wordsworth declares, "With this key Shakespeare unlocked his heart," but many of the poet's biographers agree with Browning's retort, "Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he!"

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### II. THE INN AND THE HIGHWAY

Elizabethan inns varied in excellence, as places for the accommodation of travellers always must do. The carriers complain of the deterioration of the house at Rochester since Robin Ostler died, but on the whole England seems to have had a good reputation for hospitality. A certain Fynes Moryson, who had travelled a good deal in Europe, declares "The world affords not such inns as England hath." Judging from those of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods that still stand, and preserve some of their original furnishings, this was no idly patriotic boast.

Most old inns were built round a courtyard, with stairs leading up to a gallery, or balcony, without the first story windows. (The *George*, in Southwark, is the last of these galleried inns in London.) It is in such a yard that the carriers yawn and grumble at four o'clock in the morning at Rochester. Both the painted signboard and the wrought metal of its support were of fine workmanship, as if to advertise to patrons the beauty and comfort within. The pretty custom of naming rooms is shown in the play of *Henry IV.*, where Ralph is told to "look down into the Pomgarnet," and another boy to "score a pint in the Half-moon." The walls were panelled, and the rooms where guests ate and drank and took their ease were hung with tapestry, and well furnished with settles, benches, stools, tables, and dressers. Falstaff's room at the *Garter* at Windsor is hung with "painted cloth," used as a substitute for tapestry, "painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new." The floors were generally strewn with rushes. The attendance, says Moryson, was excellent. The only point on which he is doubtful is the baiting (or feeding) of the horses, about which the "second

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carrier " has a grievance. " As soon as a passenger comes to an Inn the servants run to him, and one takes his horse and walks him till he be cold, then rubs him and gives him meat, yet I must say they are not much to be trusted in this last point without the eye of the master or his servant to oversee them. Another servant gives the passenger his private chamber and kindles his fire, the third pulls off his boots and makes them clean. . . . While he eats, if he have company especially, he shall be offered music, which he may freely take or refuse, and if he be solitary, the Musicians will give him the good day with music in the morning." The table was well furnished with plate, pewter, and glass. Enormous meals were cooked over the open fires and in the brick ovens of the great kitchens. The English were renowned as eaters of meat, " which they roast in perfection," and they liked highly-spiced sauces and elaborately confected sweetmeats. Capon, or fowl, and anchovies figure on the bill Hal finds in Falstaff's pocket, but the staple fare of the fat knight is an " intolerable deal of sack."

For all the hospitality he might enjoy at his inn, the lot of the Elizabethan traveller was not an enviable one. The bad condition of the roads often made the journey wearisome, and he lived in constant dread of being attacked by highwaymen. These robbers ran a big risk—if they were taken, their punishment was loss of life, and, to remind them of what was in store for them, the bodies of those who had been captured and " strangled with a halter " hung in chains from gibbets on the wayside. But they were sure of plunder. All merchandise was conveyed by the road, along which passed carriers on their pack-horses, carts laden with the baggage of travellers, government servants speeding along on their post-horses, private persons riding at a more leisurely rate, and rich travellers in those splendidly

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carved and upholstered coaches which, being springless, were as uncomfortable as they were fine. A gang well masked and armed, mounted on good horses, might cry "Stand and deliver!" rob their victims, and be off without much risk of being taken. The unfortunate traveller, too, had the uneasy knowledge that, even if his host were above suspicion, the inn servants were as likely as not in touch with the highwaymen. The "chamberlain" at Rochester tells Gadshill about the franklin with three hundred marks, and is to have his share of the plunder as a reward. Behind the fireplace of the parlour of the *Green Man* at Hatton is a "highwayman's hole," a convenient if uncomfortably warm hiding-place; and, in 1903, an old staircase, leading right up into the rafters of the house, was discovered at the *Bush* at Farnham, and is supposed by experts in the ways of the gentlemen of the road to have been designed for their use. A wise man would forbear to speak at night of what he carried in his pouch, and, in the morning, before taking the road, would ascertain if his weapons had been tampered with while he lay at the inn. Canny suspicion was the mark of the old traveller—not one of the carriers will lend Gadshill a lantern that he may inspect that horse of his in the stable; they "know a trick worth two of that," they tell him.

The highwayman, like the sneak-thief, used all sorts of cant terms, or slang phrases, to describe himself and his occupation. "Saint Nicholas's clerks" is a sardonic phrase, as Nicholas was supposedly the patron saint of the victims of robbery, the travellers. Stealing is "purchasing"; the plunder "purchase," or "garbage." A "Trojan" is a "lad of mettle" whose methods of making a living are, to put it mildly, irregular; a "malt-worm" is extremely partial to a tankard of ale. Falstaff, of course, has his own phrases for himself and his disreputable companions:

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they go "by the moon and seven stars"; they are "Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon." Not Claude Duval himself, prince of those who posed as gallant villains, could have wished for more poetic titles.

All lonely places on the highways leading out of London were dangerous, but Gadshill, on the Dover road, had perhaps the most unenviable reputation for robbery and deeds of violence. While the episode in the second act of this play is true to the times, it must be remembered that the presence of the prince makes the whole thing a jest. Gadshill, a professional rogue, hints as much to that "muddy knave," the chamberlain. "Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which *for sport's sake* are content to do the profession some grace; *that would, if matters were looked into, make all whole.*" And, after the sheriff has departed, Hal declares, "The money shall be paid back again with advantage." It is, for him, a "rag," though a wild, expensive, and dangerous one. That the "oily rascal," Falstaff, well knows, or he would not have boasted quite so debonairly when the knocking of the sheriff's men is heard at the door "if I become not a cart as well as any man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another," nor would he have snored quite so comfortably behind the arras while Hal pacifies the sheriff.

### III. LYLTY'S "EUPHUES"

This prose romance, published in 1579, was extraordinarily popular during one period of Elizabeth's reign. It tells of the friendship of the youth Euphues with a rich fellow-student at Naples, and his love for the fickle Lucilla, who forsakes him for his friend, rejected in turn for a newer lover. Its chief attrac-

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tion for the Elizabethans was not the plot, but the curious style, which it became fashionable to imitate, in conversation as well as in writing. This style is remarkable for its wealth of illustration from fabulous natural history, its rhetorical questions, and its constant use of alliteration and of antithesis, or the balanced sentence. "Dost thou not know that a perfect friend should be like the glazeworm, which shineth most bright in the dark? or like the pure frankincense, which smelleth most sweet when it is in the fire? or at the least not unlike to the damask rose, which is sweeter in the still than on the stalk?" . . . "Too much study doth intoxicate their brains, for (say they) . . . though the camomile the more it is trodden and pressed down, the more it spreadeth, yet the violet the oftener it is handled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth."

The fashionable "pained themselves" to emulate this.

"Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,  
Playing with words and idle similes,

So imitating his ridiculous tricks,  
'They spake and writ, all like mere lunatics—"

says the poet Drayton, when the style begins to lose its novelty and charm. Shakespeare was always amused by affectation in words, and nearly every comedy he wrote has some deliberate or implied mockery of it. Falstaff, acting the king, begins in the manner of the early Elizabethan drama, which so quickly grew old-fashioned, and then abandons this for a parody of Euphuism.

## IV. DATE AND SOURCES OF THE PLAY

*Henry VI.* was certainly written and played before 1598. In this year "A booke intituled the Historie



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of Henry iiiijth, with his battaile at Shrewsburye against Henry Hotspurre of the Northe, with the conceipted Mirth of Sir John Falstaffe " was entered on the *Stationers' Register*. In the same year a Quarto edition (see page 139) of the play was published, and Francis Meres, praising Shakespeare in his book, *Palladis Tamia* (Treasury of Wit), mentions it as one of his tragedies. The carrier's allusion to the price of oats, which was the death of poor Robin Ostler, would have been a pointed one in 1596. It is generally agreed that the play belongs to 1596 or 1597.

Shakespeare took his historical theme from Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, and the idea of Hal's wild youth from a popular old play called *The Famous Victories of Henry V*. In this play one of the prince's boon companions is a Sir John Oldcastle. This knight appears in history as a famous Lollard, or supporter of John Wyclif, the "morning star of the Reformation." During the reign of Henry V. he boldly expressed his religious views, perhaps relying upon the support of the king, with whom he had once been intimate, but he was condemned for heresy and burned at the stake. With no idea of casting any reflection on the character of this "Lollard martyr," Shakespeare borrowed the name from the old play, and called his fat knight Oldcastle. At once a noble descendant took offence, and the name was changed to that of Falstaff, which, with a slight alteration in spelling, Shakespeare took from the play of *Henry VI.*, where Sir John Fastolfe flees before Rouen, willing to leave "all the Talbots in the world to save my life." The cowardice sug-

*Stationers' Register*, Stationers originally sold books from "stations" or stands at various public places. The occupations of bookselling and publishing were not distinct in earlier times, and so it was naturally at the gild-hall of the stationers in London that the register of new publications was kept.

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gested by this episode is unsupported by historical evidence, and the injustice done to the memory of a "great warrior" in making him an "emblem of mock-valour" did not escape comment; but the descendants of Sir John, if the matter came to their notice, apparently had wisdom and humour enough to realize that whether the name were Falstaff or Oldcastle, Shakespeare chose it merely as a name, and had no intention of casting a slur on the honour or dignity of any member of any noble family.

### V. QUARTO AND FOLIO EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

In Shakespeare's time it was not fashionable for a dramatist to publish his own works, and it was not until seven years after his death that two of his fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell, collected his plays into one volume, and published what is known—from the size of the paper on which it is printed—as the First Folio edition (1623). During his life, however, booksellers had piratically published single editions of some of the plays. These Quartos, as they are called, were sold in St. Paul's Churchyard for sixpence each.

These old editions of Shakespeare's plays differ in certain ways from the more modern ones. Stage directions occur, but there are no lists of *dramatis personæ*, and no headings to indicate where the various scenes are supposed to take place. Occasionally a passage of blank verse is printed as prose; a passage of prose as verse. In both Folio and Quarto the Prince's speech "Got with much ease," at the end of Act II., Scene ii., appears as prose, while Lady Percy's "Then you should be nothing but musical" in Act III., Scene i., is arranged as if it were in metrical lines. Sometimes a more or less obvious misprint makes the meaning of a passage obscure.

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If you compared a copy of the First Folio with a First Quarto or a modern reprint of *Henry IV.*, you would at once notice that the Folio cuts out all such expressions as "i' faith," "by the mass," "zounds," and so on. Even the "christen" in "christen names" is omitted. This is in observance of an Act passed in the reign of James I. (the Quartos were published earlier) forbidding the use of the Holy Name of God in stage plays. The very careful avoidance by the Folio editors of any term connected with the established faith shows that the influence of the Puritans must have been very strong at this time.

Other Quarto and Folio editions of Shakespeare were published during the seventeenth century. In the eighteenth century the work of editing the plays with emendations began. Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Dr. Johnson, Hanmer; Capell, brought out editions which contain lists of *dramatis personæ*, indications at the head of the scenes as to where they are supposed to take place, additional stage directions, and new readings of words and phrases which seem corrupt. Some of these emendations have been found unnecessary; others have been generally accepted by modern scholars and critics. For the chief ones made in the play of *Henry IV.* see page 156.

The advanced student will find a chapter on the achievements of these editors in Sir Sidney Leigh's *Life of Shakespeare*, and all variant readings are given in the *Cambridge Variorum Shakespeare*. An examination of copies of the original Folio and Quarto should be made at first hand where possible.

## VI. THE HISTORICAL PLAY

During the Elizabethan period a number of plays were produced dramatizing the outstanding events of the reign of some English king—*The Troublesome*

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*Reign of King John, A True Tragedy of Richard III., The Famous Victories of Henry V.*, and so on. These "chronicle plays" have not much literary and dramatic value. Their popularity in their own time may be accounted for by the growing patriotism of Tudor England, the increase of her consciousness of and her pride in herself as England. Heywood, a contemporary of Shakespeare's, praises "our English chronicles," both as a method of giving instruction, enabling men even of "weak capacity" to "discourse of any notable thing recorded even from William the Conqueror—nay, from the landing of Brute, untill this day," and as an incentive to patriotism—"What English blood, seeing the person of any bold Englishman presented, and doth not hugge his fame, and hunnye at his valour?"

It was Christopher Marlowe, the greatest of English dramatists before Shakespeare, who, in his *Edward II.*, first gave this sort of drama form and beauty, and the interest that comes from a vivid conception of character. Shakespeare's early historical plays clearly show his influence.

In writing his "histories," Shakespeare utilized older plays, some of which are still extant, and Holinshed's *Chronicles*, well known to the Elizabethans, thoroughly out of fashion by the next century, which had no patience with "tedious tales of Hollingshed."

Although it has its complete independent interest, the play of *Henry IV.* is closely connected with those of *Richard II.* and *Henry V.* The main theme of these three plays is the rise of the House of Lancaster, from which the Tudors were descended. In *Richard II.* Bolingbroke, son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, energetic, astute, a born leader of men, dethrones the king who cannot rule. As *Henry IV.* he struggles against the rebellion of the nobles, unlikely to tolerate for long the sway of the usurper

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who is one of themselves, and, worn out but triumphant, dies, leaving the crown to his son, who, as Henry V., justifies the Lancastrian kingship by the glorious victory of Agincourt.

### VII. STAGE HISTORY OF THE PLAY

The play of *Henry IV.* has always been popular. As surely as the tragic actor essays Hamlet, the great comedian must interpret Falstaff. Seldom does his interpretation please many critics of the stage and lovers of Shakespeare. The contrast between "plump Jack's" great unwieldy body and his nimble wit is delightful to the reader who sees the play in "the theatre of his mind"; in the real theatre the make-up of physical grossness, which entertains some and disgusts others, often distracts the attention from the enjoyment of the extraordinarily rich and many-sided humour of the part. The actor must be big enough for his bulk, as it were; he must carry it as a jest, as Falstaff can generally do. And he must not forget that Falstaff is a man of some breeding, that he has certain qualities of the old English gentleman. He never "rags" with the drawers of the inn as Hal does, and they think of him as a "proud Jack"; he's up in arms at once at the prince's "Shall I be your ostler?" with "Go hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters." He fights only as long as he sees reason, but he has been trained in swordsmanship; he misuses the king's press, but he knows what soldiers should be; he drinks an intolerable deal of sack, but he is never drunk. He chooses to let the world go by while he takes his ease in his inn, but he knows how to bear himself in the world, and the rendering of him merely as a vulgar old sycophantic toper, however genial, will never be a satisfactory one.

It was a certain John Lowin, whose name is given

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on the list of actors prefaced to the First Folio, who first created the part of Falstaff. In private life he was an innkeeper, and tradition says that occasionally he would delight patrons of the *Three Pigeons* at Brentford with his rendering of some of Falstaff's speeches. In his famous *Diary*, Samuel Pepys notes having seen the play five times after the Restoration. At first he was disappointed in it. "In Paul's Churchyard I bought the play of *Henry the Fourth*, and so went to the new Theatre (Killigrew's) and saw it acted; but my expectation being too great, it did not please me, as otherwise I believe it would; and my having a book I believe did spoil it a little." But later he seems to have enjoyed it. In 1700 Betterton's revival drew the town "more than any new play that has been produced of late." This actor, who played Hotspur as a young man, took the part of Falstaff when he became older, and was acclaimed for it, but the very greatest Falstaff the stage has known seems to have been Quin. "Quin with a bottle of claret and a full house, the instant he was on the stage, was Sir John Falstaff himself." It is said that the physical appearance of the nineteenth century actor Phelps made it impossible for his presentation of Falstaff to be successful: Quin's evidently served him well. "In person he was tall and bulky; his voice strong and pleasing; his countenance manly, and his eye piercing and expressive." Shuter, another actor of the eighteenth century, was fortunate in his power of jovial expression. "He enjoyed the effects of his roguery with a chuckle of his own compounding, and rolled his full eye when detected with a most laughable effect." Among recent Falstaffs Sir Herbert Tree and Sir Arthur Bourchier "made up" well: big men, who could carry the extra bulk imposed on them. As is inevitable with so rich a part, one actor has been praised for one scene, one another. Pepys was "pleased in nothing more than in Cartwright's speaking of Falstaff's speech about 'What is

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Honour ? ' ' ' Quin excelled in scenes " where satire and sarcasm were poignant, particularly in the Witty Triumph over Bardolph's carbuncles, and the fooleries of the hostess," and in " impudent dignity " ; Henderson in " frolicsome, gay, and humorous situations."

Falstaff is, of course, the supreme character, but the play has many good parts. An interesting Henry IV. was the seventeenth century actor Kynaston. In his youth he had been very beautiful, and had acted women's parts ; in manhood he was remarkable for " a piercing eye and a quick impetuous vivacity in his voice, which painted the tyrant truly terribly . . . in *Henry IV.*, when he whispered to Hotspur, ' Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it,' he conveyed a more terrible menace than the loudest intemperance of voice could swell to." Hotspur is extraordinarily vivid. Shakespeare gives the " tone of voice " of nearly all characters, but the manner of this one's talk is almost startlingly clear. Hal gains much by presentation on the stage ; the part of Hotspur acts itself as one reads. Both these characters must be undertaken by young men. A few years before his death Lewis Waller acted Hotspur at one of the Stratford festivals, and, for all his handsome gallantry, could not realize him. The most attractive and significant quality of the young Percy and the young Plantagenet is their boyishness, and no interpretation of youth is able to convey this as the possession of youth can do.

## ON THINKING IT OVER

### ON THINKING IT OVER

1. (a) DURING the production of Shakespeare's historical plays at the "Old Vic," a dramatic critic in one of our leading weeklies wrote of the folly of reviving them, saying that, after school days, the quarrels of the nobles and kings of the middle ages are forgotten by every one, and have no significance and interest. How does this criticism strike you? If you do not agree with it, in what respects do you think that such a subject as the rebellion of the Percys against the usurper Bolingbroke might be of interest to any age? What else makes *Henry IV.* an interesting play? During the last few years a good deal of attention has been excited by the historical "chronicles" of Mr. John Drinkwater. If possible, read or see one of these; notice what attracts this modern dramatist in the past history of a nation, and compare it with what interested Shakespeare.

(b) A great modern historical play is Bernard Shaw's *St. Joan*. In the preface to this he says that "there is not a breath of mediaeval atmosphere in Shakespeare's histories." If you are interested in the attitude of two different ages—the sixteenth and the twentieth centuries—towards what is past history for both of them, you should study and comment on this preface, and the working out of its ideas in the play.

2. Shakespeare, the greatest dramatist of the world, was also a popular playwright: he wrote for his audience, and his "histories" pleased a recognized public taste. From your knowledge of Elizabethan



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England can you suggest any reasons for the delight of English audiences, during the last twenty years of the sixteenth century, in seeing and hearing the drama of their past history?

3. As Richard II. is led captive to Pomfret he prophesies to Northumberland :—

“ Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal  
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,  
The time shall not be many hours of age  
More than it is ere foul sin gathering head  
Shall break into corruption : thou shalt think,  
Though he divide the realm and give thee half,  
It is too little, helping him to all ;  
And he shall think that thou, which know’st the way  
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
Being ne’er so little urged, another way  
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.”

Henry IV. (“ the mounting Bolingbroke ”) was not present when Richard spoke these words, but he seems to have heard of them and to have been deeply impressed by them. (See 2 *Henry IV.*, III. i.) Show how far this prophecy is fulfilled in 1 *Henry IV.*

4. The plays of *Richard II.*, *Henry IV.*, and *Henry V.* have been described as one trilogy. If you have read *Richard II.* and *Henry V.* show what central idea links the three together into one. If you do not know these two plays, show where, in *Henry IV.*, there are reminiscences of former dramatic events, and hints of others to come.

5. As in many of Shakespeare’s plays there are two main themes in *Henry IV.*—the rebellion of the Percys against the king, and the episodes of Hal’s friendship with Falstaff. These are distinguished on the title-page of the first Quarto. Show how the two are connected.

6. The business of the dramatist in the exposition or opening of a play is to introduce the chief persons, to give some idea of the relation in which they stand

## ON THINKING IT OVER

to one another, and their characters, and to suggest the coming conflict. Show how Shakespeare does this in the first scenes of *Henry IV.*

7. What particular phase of the rise of the House of Lancaster is described in *Henry IV.*? Where should you say the climax of the play occurs? In what position are the fortunes of King Henry and his son Hal at the end of Act V.?

8. Consider the following:—

“ Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;  
Nor can one England brook a double sign,  
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.”

Trace the rivalry between Hal and Hotspur from the beginning to the end of the play. (The king almost at once suggests the contrast between them (I. i.). Each young man has the image of the other constantly in his mind—for what Hotspur thinks of Hal look at I. iii. and IV. ii. ; for Hal's humorous description of Hotspur, I. iv., his desire to emulate him, III. ii., his chivalrous message to him, V. i.. Notice their attitude towards life—compare Hotspur's impatience with types of men different from himself (I. iii. ; III. i.) with the good-humoured tolerance of Hal (II. iv.). Study the drama and the chivalry of their meeting and fight to the death on the field of Shrewsbury.)

9. Shakespeare has made other character studies of the successful man ; none are more prominent than Henry IV. and his son. If you have read the play of *Richard II.*, or know from history the story of this king's failure and downfall, you will know that the usurper Bolingbroke is eminently successful. He thinks of himself as the successful man does ; read again his own description of his diplomacy in III. ii., and compare it with what the former king says of him in *Richard II.*, I. iv. Later, in the second part of the play, such doubts and fears as are hinted at in the

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opening lines of III. ii. assail him. The theory of the divine right of kings was too strong to be lightly set aside, and he does not quite certainly believe that he has done well in deposing Richard. Even his son is to remember at a crisis in his life "the fault my father made in compassing the crown." (See *Henry V.*, IV. i.) Henry had not only compassed the crown, he had been responsible for the death of Richard, though he was not actually his murderer. (A comparison of Henry IV. with Macbeth reveals the strange differences of the ambitious human spirit, and its reactions to life and death.) But he never suffers the agony of remorse. He feels, as all Shakespeare's kings do, the irony of kingship. (Read his soliloquy at the beginning of Act III. in Part II. of this play.) But he keeps his grip on what he has gained from life; he is "successful." What are his difficulties and dangers? Re-read the scenes in which he deals with them, and notice his skill. He is not only a "politician" in the Elizabethan sense of the word, a "vile politician," as Hotspur calls him, he has the moderation of the man who can deal successfully with other men (describe his treatment of the rebels after Shrewsbury), and he has great personal courage (notice his behaviour on the battle-field).

10. At the opening of the play of *Henry V.* the Archbishop of Canterbury marvels at the sudden reformation of the young king. But no man ever changed all at once. Is the prince Shakespeare shows in *Henry IV.*, I. ii., entirely enamoured of his surroundings and associates? Read the scene again and notice how irritable and moody he is, and how Falstaff exerts himself to charm him into good temper without much success until he begins to repent having allowed himself to be led astray.—"Thou hast done much harm on me, Hal. God forgive thee for it!" which is for the minute too much for the prince's sense of humour. But even after this Hal relapses again into a half-sulky mood. Study

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the soliloquy at the end of this scene. Of this Dr. Furnivall says, "Surely this is a great mistake of Shakespeare's; surely in so far as the prince acted from this motive, he was a charlatan and a snob." How does this criticism strike you? Trace Henry's fluctuations of mood throughout the scenes in which he and Falstaff appear.

II. Falstaff hoped for great fortune when Hal became king, but was doomed to worse than disappointment. (Read 2 *Henry IV.*, V. v.) This rejection of Falstaff has excited much discussion among critics and lovers of Shakespeare. How could Shakespeare bear to represent the young man who is his ideal king as treating Falstaff in this way? But is there any indication anywhere that Henry would act otherwise? All that he promises is in I. ii.—and it is hardly a great state office. Hal certainly enjoys himself in the company of the fat knight. Dickens says that Kit's face was the comedy of Nell's existence; Falstaff's bulk is part of the comedy of Hal's—he hardly ever speaks to him without some reference to it. He likes the fun of the practical joke of the robbery, and the acting of himself and his father. But does he ever show any affection for Falstaff comparable with that the old rogue does appear to have felt for him? Certainly, when he imagines that Falstaff is dead, he owns "I could have better spared a better man"; but is there much real regret in his hasty farewell oration? It seems that Hal has once felt the fascination of Falstaff; that, at the time of this play, he still enjoys making a butt of him (with all due encouragement from "plump Jack," who likes to think, "I am not only witty myself, but the cause that wit is in other men"), but that he is really tired of him and impatient to break away. The "cruelty" with which he rejects him is not incompatible with youth, to whom the too eagerly and tightly forged chains of friendship may become so unendurable that they are broken with excessive violence

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and completeness. How far do you think this explains Henry's attitude at the end of Part II. of the play ?

12. Many critics, following Maurice Morgann, who in the eighteenth century wrote a character study of Falstaff, maintain that the fat knight is not a coward, and that the very enormity of the lies he tells about the encounter on Gadshill proves that he never meant them to be believed. It has been suggested that he *did* know the prince, and let him play his practical joke for his own pleasure, that he might believe himself a much cleverer fellow than he really was. What is there to be said for and against this point of view, and how far is it possible to develop it on the stage ?

13. Dr. Johnson says that " Falstaff recommends himself by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety, by an unfailing power of exciting laughter." Read the Falstaff scenes again and notice the vitality of his humour in every situation in which he finds himself. Is he ever out of temper for a minute ? Does his power of exciting laughter ever fail ?

14. There are many different kinds of humour. There is the elementary humour of the practical joke, the humour of parody and mimicry which tickles the understanding, the comical disproportion of the human form which delighted Dickens and his first illustrators. You laugh *at* some characters, such as Dogberry and Bottom the Weaver ; you laugh *with* Mercutio and Benedick and Beatrice and Rosalind. Falstaff prides himself on the scope of the entertainment he affords— " I am not only witty myself, but the cause that wit is in other men." Illustrate these different kinds of humour from the play. Notice what makes you laugh out loud and what amuses you. If you see *Henry IV.* acted, notice if any scene is more entertaining on the stage than in the schoolroom, and if, on the other hand, you enjoyed something better when you read and pictured it than when you saw it actually represented.

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15. Exasperation, jealousy, a sense of fun, all lead to close observation and vivid pithy description. Where is this shown in the play of *Henry IV.* ?

16. Describe the characters of Owen Glendower, the Douglas, Lady Percy, Sir Richard Vernon, Mistress Quickly, as far as you know them from this play.

17. If you have read the play of *Richard II.*, show how the character of Henry IV. is developed from that of Bolingbroke. Does Prince Hal resemble his father in any way ? What qualities in the prince suggest the ideal king Shakespeare represents in *Henry V.* ?

18. Contrast—

Falstaff and Hotspur on honour. (Read also what Henry V. says of it before Agincourt in *Henry V.*, IV. iii.)

Hal's tribute to the dead Hotspur and to the (supposedly) dead Falstaff.

The two sides of life represented by Henry IV. and Falstaff.

The temperaments of Hotspur and Owen Glendower as shown in III. i.

If you know the play of *Julius Cæsar*, the scene between Hotspur and Lady Percy (II. iii.) with that between Brutus and his wife Portia (*Julius Cæsar*, II. i.)

19. Setting aside Falstaff, with which of his associates is Hal most familiar ? How does Falstaff regard this youth ? (See also 2 *Henry IV.*, II. i. and iv.)

20. As a rule characters in drama reveal themselves in action. On what occasions does a person in the play of *Henry IV.* describe himself or some one else ? Is there any particular significance in the description ? Do you think that the information conveyed by these descriptions would have been given in the same way or differently in narrative ?

21. Read an account of the events from 1400 to 1403 in an English history book, and notice any changes made by Shakespeare in dramatizing this

## HENRY IV

period in 1 *Henry IV*. Can you suggest any reason for these changes?

22. According to the prophecy, Henry IV. should be brought in thrall

“ By a wolf, a dragon, and a lion strong,  
Which should divide his kingdom them among.”

Whom do these three beasts symbolize, and where is this three-fold division of the kingdom planned?

23. Make a map of England, and mark the various places mentioned in the play as you come across them in reading. (*Note.*—Ravenspurgh was swept away soon after Bolingbroke's landing there; it was situated at the mouth of the Humber, close to Spurn Head. Holmedon, or Homildon, is the modern Humbleton in Northumberland.)

24. If you are interested in the tactics of warfare, study the Battle of Shrewsbury as you will find it, probably with a plan, in any good history of England, and notice exactly what Shakespeare has taken and left, and what he has invented, in his representation of the battle. What episodes (using both your history book and your Shakespeare) do you think would appeal to the painter, the ballad writer, the composer of the film scenario?

25. There are very few things the cinema can do better than the theatre—one is the representation of a battle scene. Why is this? What are the special difficulties of such representation on the stage? Shakespeare was very conscious of them (see Prologues to Act I. and Act IV. of *Henry V.*). He does not attempt to give the main action of a battle, but shows various little episodes—a parley, a hand-to-hand fight, a heroic incident, a comic one. Study Act V., and notice the variety and movement of its scenes. If you know *Henry V.* or *Macbeth*, or any other play in which a battle is represented, compare the “fighting act” with that of *Henry IV.*

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26. According to Holinshed, Henry IV. was a man of thirty-seven at the time of Shrewsbury; Hotspur was about the same age as the king; Glendower studied law in England, and became a barrister. According to Shakespeare, Henry IV. was an oldish man at this time; Hal and Hotspur young men in the early twenties; Glendower, during his sojourn in England, seems to have been trained in music. Holinshed merely tells of Worcester's treachery; Shakespeare, in V. ii., suggests motives for it. The scene between Hotspur and his wife (II. iii.) is of Shakespeare's invention. So are the episodes of the prince rescuing his father at Shrewsbury, and his victory over Hotspur. Shakespeare says little of Henry IV.'s personal prowess on the field, though he does not altogether pass it over. What is the significance of these various changes and innovations?

27. Here is a passage from Holinshed's *Chronicles*: "Heerewith, they by their deputies in the house of the archdeacon of Bangor, divided the realme amongst them, causing a tripartite indenture to be made and sealed with their seales, by the covenants whereof, all England from Severne and Trent, south and eastward, was assigned to the earle of March: all Wales and the lands beyond Severne westward, were appointed to Owen Glendouer: and all the remnant from Trent northward to the lord Persie.

"This was done (as some have said) through a foolish credit given to a vaine prophesie, as though King Henrie was the moldwarpe, curssed of Gods owne mouth, and they three were the dragon, the lion, and the wolfe, which should divide this realme betweene them. Such is the deviation (saith Hall) and not the divination of those blind and fantastickall dreames of the Welsh prophesiers."

Compare this account with Shakespeare's treatment of it in III. i.

28. In beginning to read Shakespeare the scansion



## HENRY IV

of blank verse should be studied, at first in its simplest form, then with its variations. This should be done gradually—on one day a few perfectly regular lines, on the next lines with the trochaic first foot, and so on. From time to time a verse passage set down as prose should be re-written in its blank verse lines. Those who have a good ear for poetry read at once with observance of the harmony of blank verse; a slight over-emphasis of the rhythm will help those who do not easily detect it. From the earliest stages lines in which the sound echoes the sense with particular distinctness should be noticed, and attention called to the effect of long and short vowel sounds, guttural, explosive, and sibilant consonants. Later, such a scene as the first of Act III. is a good illustration of the dramatic variety of Shakespeare's blank verse, and nearly every one will be able to recognize that, just as characters in opera have their own music, Hotspur and Glendower have theirs.

29. In what scenes of this play is prose used? Look again at any other comedies of Shakespeare you have read, and notice if there is any similarity between their prose scenes and those of *Henry IV*. Where does Shakespeare use rhyme in this play?

30. The following are variant readings of the same passages in Folio I and Quarto I. Which seem to you the better? (The context of the passages should be taken into consideration.)

### FOLIO

### QUARTO

I. ii. 30.

Now shall we know if Gads-  
hill have set a *watch*.

. . . set a *match*.

I. iii. 36.

*Whatever* Harry Percy then  
had said.

*What'er* Lord Harry  
Percy then had said.

I. iii. 37.

*You'll* hear of it.

*You will* hear of it.

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### FOLIO

### QUARTO

I. iii. 38, 41.

Hotspur's phrases shortened—  
i' th' air, i' the dust, what  
d'ye call the place?

in the air, in the  
dust, what do you  
call the place?

III. ii. 85.

The king . . . mingled his  
royalty with *carping* fools.

. . . with *capering*  
fools.

IV. i. 99.

This *dream* of fear.

This *term* of fear.

IV. i. 100.

Come, let me *take* my horse.

Come, let me *taste* my  
horse.

V. iii. 118.

I was not born *to yield*, thou  
*haughty* Scot.

I was not born *a*  
*yielder*, thou *proud*  
Scot.

V. iv. 125.

If I do grow great *again*,  
I'll grow less.

Omit *again*.

31. The following are emendations of various pas-  
sage by Shakespearian editors. Suggest why these  
have been made. (The context of the passages  
should be consulted in every case.)

### FOLIO AND QUARTO

### EMENDATIONS

I. i. 26.

*King*. A gallant prize? ha,  
cousin, is it not? In faith,  
it is.

*King*. A . . . not?  
*Westmoreland*. In  
faith, it is. (Cam-  
bridge edition.)

I. ii. 32.

Farewell, *the* latter spring!

Farewell, *thou* latter  
spring! (Pope.)

I. iii. 32.

And you have found me, *for*  
accordingly  
You tread upon my patience.

And you have found  
me *so*; accordingly  
. . . (Littledale.)

## HENRY IV

### FOLIO AND QUARTO

I. ii. 34.  
Falstaff, *Harvey*, *Rossill*, and  
Gadshill shall rob these men.

II. iv. 63.  
Thou greasy *tallow-catch*.

II. iv. 69.  
My *trustful* queen.

IV. i. 97.  
He writes me here, that in-  
ward sickness,

And that his friends . . .

IV. i. 99.  
All plumed like estridges that  
with the wind ;  
*Baited* like eagles having lately  
bathed. (Quarto 1.)  
All plumed like estridges, that  
with the wind  
*Baited* like eagles, having  
lately bathed. (Folio.)

IV. ii. 101.  
We'll to *Sutton Cophill* to-  
night.

IV. ii. 102.  
There's *not* a shirt and a half  
in all my company.

V. ii. 114.  
*Supposition* all our lives shall  
be stuck full of eyes.

### EMENDATIONS

Falstaff, *Bardolph*,  
*Peto*, and Gadshill.  
. . . (Theobald.)

Thou greasy *tallow-  
ketch* (vessel of fat.)  
(Hanmer.)  
(Others have sug-  
gested *tallow-keech*  
—lump of fat.)

My *tristful* queen.  
(Rowe.)

He writes me here,  
that inward sick-  
ness—

And that his friends.  
. . . (Rowe.)

All plumed like est-  
ridges that with the  
wind  
*Bated*, like eagles hav-  
ing lately bathed.  
(Douce.)

We'll to *Sutton Co'fil*  
to-night (local pro-  
nunciation of Sutton  
Coldfield.) (Cam-  
bridge edition.)

There's *but* a shirt  
and a half. . . .  
(Rowe.)

*Suspicion* . . .  
(Rowe.)

## ON THINKING IT OVER

### FOLIO AND QUARTO

### EMENDATIONS

V. iii. 117.

What is thy name, that in . . . that in *the*  
battle thus . . . battle thus. . . .

(Hanmer.)

V. iii. 118.

*Ah fool*, go with thy soul. *A fool* go with thy  
soul. (Capell.)

V. iii. 119.

There's *not* three of my hun- There's *but* three. . . .  
dred and fifty left alive. . . . (Capell.)

32. If you are studying the history of language—

(a) Distinguish between the Shakespearean and modern uses of these words: articulate, alarum, amaze, advantage, antic, affections, argument, advertisement, brief, brave, baffle, bombast, cheap, continent, dangerous, dearest, delivered, envy, enlarge, exhalation, favours, grief, harness, heaviness, humours, innovation, line, milliner, nice, owe, presently, possessed, power, parcel, popularity, politician, peremptory, skipping, smug, suggestion, sad, train.

(b) Look up the exact meaning and derivation of: scot and lot, for the nonce, pell-mell, ague, arras, culverin, basilisk, milliner, dowlas, cheap, foil, pouncet-box, rascal.

(c) Carefully note the meaning of these words and phrases, which are often used by Shakespeare: impeach, take it in snuff, quips and quiddities, minion, moiety, cates, tuck, hind, manage (noun), squier, varlet, cozener, gage.

33. What "scientific" theories of older times explain the following:—

(a) *Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.*

(b) 'Tis no marvel he is so *humorous*.

(c) The day looks pale  
At his *distemperature*.

34. The idea of representing a Shakespearean play in the costume and with the setting of its period is

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a comparatively modern one. In Shakespeare's own time the actors generally appeared as Elizabethans (see page 129). Eighteenth century illustrations show Romeo in periwig and ruffles wooing a powdered and patched Juliet, and Macbeth wearing a full-bottomed wig, sword, and three-cornered hat. But in the nineteenth century an attempt to suggest the period of the play was generally made. Sir Henry Irving writes wisely of this: "The stage has become not only a mirror of the passions, but also a nursery of the arts, for here students of the past learn the form and colour of the costumes and decorations of distant ages. To all this there are clear limits. It is not always possible to reproduce an historic period with exactness. Macbeth and Lear and Hamlet belong to history too remote for fidelity of costume, but a period has, in such cases, to be chosen and followed with conscientious thoroughness, tempered by discrimination. Above all, the resources of the picturesque must be wholly subordinate to the play. Mere pageant apart from the stage has no place in Shakespeare." Some Shakespeare lovers think it better to act the plays as they were done in their original theatre. Others would produce them with a very simple backcloth, or on the arras or curtain stage, trusting to imaginative suggestion of colour and design rather than to detailed realistic representation for the right atmosphere. (Miss Neilson Terry recently told a reviewer that this simple staging was almost as expensive as all the elaboration of realism—that Tree played Shakespeare with scenery and with curtains, and the difference in expense was only £200.) Discuss these different theories of staging. (For what Shakespeare thought of his stage see the Prologues to Act I. and Act IV. of *Henry V.* Those who are interested in the modern way of staging should read Gordon Craig's *Art of the Theatre.*)

35. Most of the music in *Henry IV.* is martial—the

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alarum to battle, the trumpet sounding parley or retreat. The various trumpet-calls are given in Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music*. There is music of another kind in III. i. The lovely speech "She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down" has been made into a song in four parts, for mixed voices (Rogers, published by Schirmer). Those who are interested in music should try to hear Verdi's opera, *Falstaff*, and see what is made of the humour of the fat knight in another art.

36. It is said that a prophet had foretold that Hotspur should die at Berwick, but he, supposing it to be Berwick-on-Tweed, gave no heed to the saying while he was in the west of England. Before the Battle of Shrewsbury he asked for his favourite sword, but it was not to be found. His armour-bearer told him that he had left it at Berwick near Shrewsbury, where, not knowing the name of the place, he had slept the night before. Hotspur turned pale. "Then has my plough reached its last furrow," he said.

Develop this episode, which Shakespeare does not use, into a little dramatic scene of your own. Is it in any way incompatible with the Hotspur of Shakespeare?

37. Tradition says that a notorious highwayman, Gamaliel Ratsey, once held up a company of players, among whom was Shakespeare, and, before he would let them go on their way, forced them to act a scene to him there on the road. Make a little play of this episode. (The names of some of Shakespeare's fellow-actors in 1603 were Lawrence Fletcher, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillips, John Heminge, Henry Condell, William Sly, Robert Armin, Richard Cowly, John Lowin.)

THE END

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