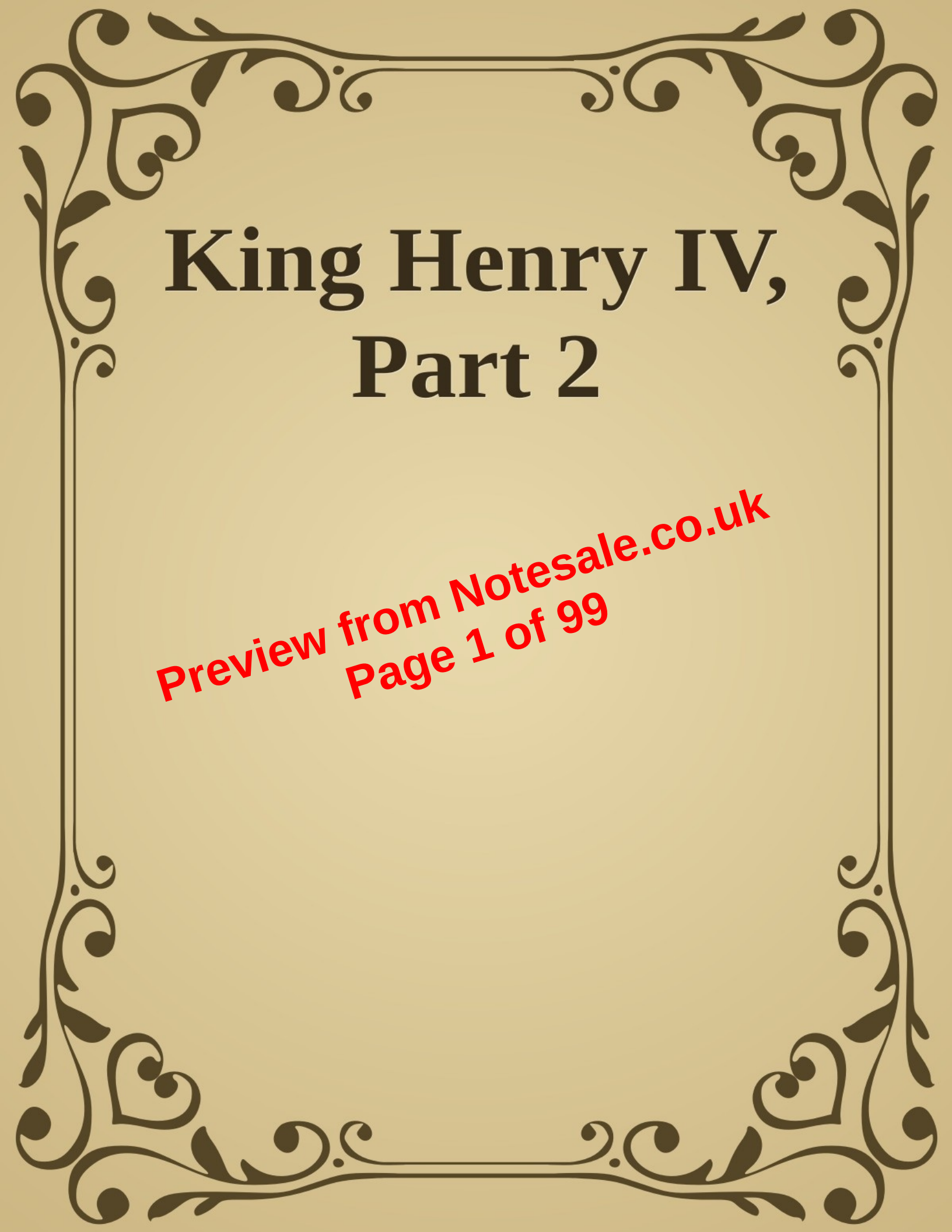


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King Henry IV, Part 2

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Dramatis Personae

RUMOUR, the Presenter. KING HENRY the Fourth.

His sons HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, afterwards King Henry V. THOMAS, DUKE OF CLARENCE. PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER. PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER.

EARL OF WARWICK. EARL OF WESTMORELAND. EARL OF SURREY. GOWER. HARCOURT. BLUNT. Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. A Servant of the Chief-Justice. EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND. SCROOP, Archbishop of York. LORD MOWBRAY. LORD HASTINGS. LORD BARDOLPH. SIR JOHN COLEVILLE. TRAVERS and MORTON, retainers of Northumberland. SIR JOHN FALSTAFF. His Page. BARDOLPH. PISTOL. POINS. PETO. SHALLOW and SILENCE, country justices. DAVY, Servant to Shallow. MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCULLEN, recruits. FANG and SNARE, sheriff's officers.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND. LADY PERCY. MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap. BOAT FEARSHOOT.

Lords and Attendants; Porter, Trainers, Beadles, Grooms, *etc.*

A Dancer, speaker of the epilogue.

SCENE: England.

and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

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

SERVANT. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

CHIEF JUSTICE. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

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

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

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

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

FALSTAFF. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fall'n into this same whoreson apoplexy.

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

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

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

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

CHIEF JUSTICE. I think you are fallen into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you.

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

PRINCE. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

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

PRINCE. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper and I know not what!

FALSTAFF. No abuse, Hal.

POINS. No abuse!

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

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

POINS. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

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

PRINCE. For the women?

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

HOSTESS. No, I warrant you.

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

HOSTESS. All victuallers do so: what 's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

PRINCE. You, gentlewoman,—

DOLL. What says your grace?

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

[Knocking within.]

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

[Enter Peto.]

PRINCE. Peto, how now! what news?

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

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

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

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

[Re-enter Bardolph.]

How now! what's the matter?

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

FALSTAFF. [To the Page]. Pay the musicians, sirrah. Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the

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

SILENCE. We shall all follow, cousin.

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

SILENCE. By my troth, I was not there.

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

SILENCE. Dead, sir.

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

SILENCE. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

SHALLOW. And is old Double dead?

SILENCE. Here come two of Sir John Falstaffs men, as I think.

[Enter Bardolph, and one with him.]

BARDOLPH. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

SHALLOW. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

BARDOLPH. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John

Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

SHALLOW. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

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

SHALLOW. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of “accommodo:” very good; a good phrase.

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

SHALLOW. It is very just.

[Enter Falstaff.]

Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship’s good hand: by my troth, you like well and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

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

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

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

SILENCE. Your good worship is welcome.

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

SHALLOW. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

substance of my speech. If that rebellion Came like itself, in base and abject routs, Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags, And countenanced by boys and beggary, I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd, In his true, native, and most proper shape, You, reverend father, and these noble lords Had not been here, to dress the ugly form Of base and bloody insurrection With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop, Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd, Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd, Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd, Whose white investments figure innocence, The dove and very blessed spirit of peace, Wherefore you do so ill translate yourself Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace, Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war; Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood, Your pens to lances and your tongue divine To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

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

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

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

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

MOWBRAY. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

WESTMORELAND. That argues but the shame of your offence: A rotten case abides no handling.

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

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

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

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

ARCHBISHOP. My lord, we will do so.

[Exit Westmoreland.]

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

GLOUCESTER. Comfort, your majesty!

CLARENCE. O my royal father!

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

WARWICK. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits Are with his highness very ordinary. Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

CLARENCE. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs: The incessant care and labour of his mind Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in So thin that life looks through and will break out.

GLOUCESTER. The people fear me; for they do observe Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature: The seasons change their manners, as the year Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

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

WARWICK. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

GLOUCESTER. This apoplexy will certain be his end.

KING. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Another chamber.

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

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

WARWICK. Call for the music in the other room.

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

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

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

CHIEF JUSTICE. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

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

LANCASTER. Though no man be assured what grace to find, You stand in coldest expectation: I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.

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

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

WARWICK. Here comes the prince.

[Enter King Henry the Fifth, attended.]

CHIEF JUSTICE. Good morrow; and God save your majesty!

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

[Exit Davy.]

FALSTAFF. Why, now you have done me right.

[To Silence, seeing him take off a bumper.]

SILENCE. Do me right,

[Singing.]

And dub me knight: Samingo. Is't not so?

FALSTAFF. 'Tis so.

SILENCE. Is't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

[Re-enter Davy.]

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

FALSTAFF. From the court? Let him come in.

[Enter Pistol.]

How now, Pistol!

PISTOL. Sir John, God save you!

FALSTAFF. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

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

SILENCE. By'r lady, I think a' be, but Goodman Puff of Barson.

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

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

PISTOL. What! I do bring good news.

FALSTAFF. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow,—be what thou wilt; I am fortune's steward—get on thy boots: we'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph!

[Exit Bardolph.]

Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow: I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief-justice!

PISTOL. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also! "Where is the life that late I led?" say they: Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. London. A street.

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

HOSTESS. No, thou arrant knave; I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

FIRST BEADLE. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

DOLL. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

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

FIRST BEADLE. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that