

THE LARGER
TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE

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the Editor has introduced some few textual
changes; these have been carefully noted in
each case.*



EFFIGY OF KING JOHN IN WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY
ISRAEL GOLLANCZ

VOLUME FIVE

LIFE AND DEATH
OF KING JOHN
THE TRAGEDY OF



KING RICHARD II.
THE FIRST PART
OF KING HENRY IV.

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS,
ANTIQUARIAN AND TOPOGRAPHICAL

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THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

Preface.

The First Edition. *King John* was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies the first place in the division of 'Histories.' The ten plays belonging to this series form as it were a great national Epic on the crises in English History from the reign of Richard II. to that of Richard III., with *King John* and *Henry VIII.* respectively as the Prologue and Epilogue of the whole. The Editors of the Folio were guided absolutely by chronological sequence in their arrangement of these plays: hence the place of *King John*.

Source of the Play. Shakespeare's *King John* is a recast of an older play entitled '*The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England,*' printed for the first time in 1591, and again in 1611 and 1622. It is significant that the title-page of the 1611 edition states that the play was 'written by W. Sh. ;' in the later edition boldly expanded to '*W. Shakespeare.*'* '*The Troublesome Raigne*' may safely be assigned to about the year 1589, with its pseudo-Marlowan lyrical note and classical frippery so common in the plays of the period, e.g. :—

" *The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees,
Whistle in concert I am Richard's son :
The bubbling murmur of the water's fall,
Records Philippus Regius filius :
Birds in their flight make music with their wings,
Filling the air with glory of my birth :
Birds, bubbles, leaves, and mountains, echo, all
Ring in mine ears, that I am Richard's son.* †

* Cp. *Shakespeare Quarto Facsimiles*, ed. by Dr F. J. Furnivall, Vols. 40, 41 (*Hazlitt's Shakespeare Library*; Nichols' *Six Old Plays*, etc.).

† '*The Troublesome Raigne*' must be carefully distinguished from Bale's '*Kynge Johan*' (about 1548, printed by the Camden Society, ed. by J. P. Collier), which holds an interesting place in the history of Bale's attempt to build a Protestant drama on the ruins of the Catholic Mystery (cp. Herford's *Literary Relations of England and Germany* in the xvi. cent., ch. iii.). Shakespeare had certainly never seen this play.

The old "two-sectioned" play may be described as the work of an imitator of Marlowe clinging to pre-Marlowan versification and diction and clownage.

It has many of the faults of the older Chronicle plays, as opposed to the Historical Dramas; chiefly noteworthy are:—(i.) there is no hero; (ii.) no one in whom one can take interest, except perhaps Faulconbridge; (iii.) its Anti-Romish spirit which is at times harsh in the extreme; (iv.) the doggerel character of much of its dialogue. On the other hand, the old playwright's treatment of his materials shows considerable merit, and to him belongs the invention of Faulconbridge* and his mother, his avoidance of Constance's re-marriages, important modifications in Holinshed's characters of Arthur, of Limoges, etc.; while the comic scene where the Bastard finds the nun locked up in the Prior's chest 'to hide her from lay men,' and then discovers 'Friar Lawrence' locked up in the ancient nun's chest, must, as Dr Furnivall puts it, have been very telling on the Elizabethan stage; "you can fancy the audience's chuckles over it." Finally, it must be mentioned that the patriotic tone of Shakespeare's play re-echoes the sentiment of his original: especially striking are the closing words of '*The Troublesome Raigne*' which have remained almost intact in the recast:—

*Thus England's peace begins in Henry's reign
And bloody wars are closed with happy league,
Let England live but true within itself,
And all the world can never wrong her state.
Lewis thou shalt be bravely shipped to France
For never Frenchman got of English ground
The twentieth part that thou hast conquered.*

*If England's peers and people join in one,
Nor Pope, nor France, nor Spain, can do them wrong."*

'**King John**' and '**The Troublesome Raigne.**' In comparing the two plays we note the following more striking points:—(i.) Shakespeare has compressed the ten acts of his original into five,† though he only omits four entire scenes, and introduces but one new one (at the end of Act IV.): (ii.) there is hardly a single line in the two

* Mr Watkiss Lloyd suggested that some of Faulconbridge's characteristics were got from that *raptarius nequissimus* and bastard, Falco de Brenta,—or Foukes de Brent, as Holinshed calls him,—who though he was one of the Barons who wrested Magna Charta from King John, yet gave him great help in his fight with his Barons, and backed his son against Lewis.

† Much actually takes place in *The Troublesome Raigne* which Shakespeare merely speaks of, e.g. there is a scene in which the *five 'moons'* actually appear.

plays exactly alike; by a mere touch, the re-arrangement of the words, the omission of a monosyllable, and the like, Shakespeare has alchemized mere dross: (iii.) Shakespeare, for the most part, follows the older play in its treatment of historical fact,* but he departs therefrom noticeably in representing Arthur as a child: (iv.) certain characters of the play as well as striking incidents have been elaborated and refined, e.g. Constance,† Hubert, Pandulph, and especially Faulconbridge, whose character Shakespeare has rendered consistent and ennobled; he makes him not merely the central character, but also a sort of Chorus of the play, giving vent to sentiments of truest patriotism, and enunciating the highest national interests,—an embodiment of the typical Englishman, plain, blunt, honest, and loyal: (v.) Shakespeare omits altogether the coarse comic scenes which, in the older play, detract from the dignity of the historical surroundings: (vi.) the two plays have the same fault in having no hero; John is not the hero of *King John*.

On the other hand, there are three points in Shakespeare's play not as clear as in the original:—(i.) Faulconbridge's hatred of Austria: (ii.) his anger at the betrothal of Blanch to the Dauphin: (iii.) the reason why the monk poisoned King John. The old play explains clearly (i.) that Austria had been cruel to Cœur-de-Lion: (ii.) that Blanch had previously been betrothed to Faulconbridge: (iii.) that John 'contemned' the Pope, and never loved a Friar; (*cp. Shakespeare as an adapter*, Edward Rose, Preface to *Troublesome Raigne*, Part i.; *Forewords to Troublesome Raigne*, Part ii., Dr Furnivall; *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare*, Watkiss Lloyd; *Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakespeare*, Courtney; Warner's *English History in Shakespeare* (Longman, 1894), etc.).

Date of Composition. *King John* is mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598). From internal evidence, it belongs to the same

* Surprise is often expressed at the omission of all mention of the *Magna Charta* in Shakespeare's play, but it is due in the first instance to the author of *The Troublesome Raigne*.

† The famous scene of Constance's Lament (Act III. sc. iv.) was evolved from the following crude original:—

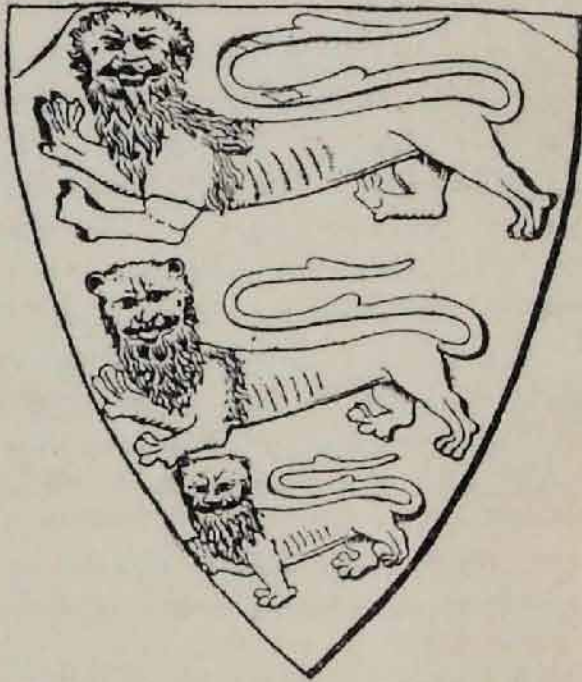
“ My tongue is tuned to story forth mishap:
When did I breathe to tell a pleasing tale?
Must Constance speak? Let tears prevent her talk.
Must I discourse? Let Dido sigh, and say
She weeps again to hear the wrack of Troy:
Two words will serve, and then my tale is done—
Elinor's proud brat hath robbed me of my son.”

Similarly, the scene in which John suggests to Hubert his murderous design is based on a mere hint of the older play.

Preface LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

group as *Richard II.* and *Richard III.*, especially in the characteristic absence of prose. The large amount of rhyme in *Richard II.* makes it, in all probability, anterior to *King John*. The play may safely be dated c. 1595.

Duration of Action. The time of the play occupies seven days, with intervals comprising in all not more than three or four months. The historical time covers the whole of King John's reign.



Royal Arms of England in the time of John.

Hubert My Lord, a subiect dwelling in the land
Is tyed to execute the Kings commaund.

Arthur Yet God commands, whose power reacheth further,
That no commaund should stand in force to murther.

Hubert But that same Essence hath ordaind a law,
A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.

Arthur I plead not guiltie, treasonles and free.

Hubert But that appeale my Lord concernes not me.

Arthur Why, thou art he that maist omit the perill.

Hubert I, if my Soueraigne would remit his quarrell.

Arthur His quarrell is vnhalloved false and wrong.

Hubert Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.

Arthur Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,
Conclude their iudgement with so vile a deede.

Hubert Why then no execution can be lawfull,
If Judges doomes must be reputed doubtfull.

Arthur Yes where in forme of Lawe in place and time,
The offender is conuicted of the crime.

Hubert My Lord, my Lord, this long expostulation,
Heapes vp more grieffe, than promise of redresse ;
For this I know, and so resolute I end,
That subiects liues on Kings commaunds depend.
I must not reason why he is your foe,
But doo his charge since he commaunds it so.

“*The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England,*”
Sc. xii. ; cp. “*King John,*” iv. 1.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING JOHN.

PRINCE HENRY, *son to the king.*

ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, nephew to the king.*

The Earl of PEMBROKE.

The Earl of ESSEX.

The Earl of SALISBURY.

The Lord BIGOT.

HUBERT DE BURGH.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.*

PHILIP the Bastard, *his half-brother.*

JAMES GURNEY, *servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*

PETER of Pomfret, *a prophet*

PHILIP, *king of France.*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

Lymoges, *Duke of AUSTRIA.*

CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's legate.*

MELUN, *a French lord.*

CHATILLON, *ambassador from France to King John.*

QUEEN ELINOR, *mother to King John.*

CONSTANCE, *mother to Arthur.*

BLANCH of Spain, *niece to King John.*

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers,
Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in France.*

The Life and Death of
King John

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

King John's palace.

*Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury,
and others, with Chatillon.*

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with
us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France
In my behaviour to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty, of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning: 'borrowed majesty!'

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories, 10
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment : so answer France. 20

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace :
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France ;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard :
So hence ! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath
And sullen presage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have :
Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon. 30

[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*]

Eli. What now, my son ! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son ?
This might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me : 41
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter a Sheriff.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard : shall I produce the men ?

K. John. Let them approach.

Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip his bastard brother.

What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman 50
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;
That is well known; and, as I think, one father: 60
But for the certain knowledge of that truth
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, a' pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land! 70

K. John. A good blunt fellow. Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;

But that I am as well begot, my liege,—
 Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—
 Compare our faces and be judge yourself.
 If old Sir Robert did beget us both 80
 And were our father and this son like him,
 O, old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
 I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;
 The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
 Do you not read some tokens of my son
 In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts
 And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak, 90
 What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father.
 With half that face would he have all my land:
 A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,
 Your brother did employ my father much,—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:
 Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
 To Germany, there with the emperor 100
 To treat of high affairs touching that time.
 The advantage of his absence took the king
 And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
 Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
 But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
 Between my father and my mother lay,
 As I have heard my father speak himself,
 When this same lusty gentleman was got.

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
 His lands to me, and took it on his death 110
 That this my mother's son was none of his ;
 And if he were, he came into the world
 Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
 Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
 My father's land as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate ;
 Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,
 And if she did play false, the fault was hers ;
 Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
 That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother, 120
 Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
 Had of your father claim'd this son for his ?
 In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
 This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world ;
 In sooth he might ; then, if he were my brother's,
 My brother might not claim him ; nor your father,
 Being none of his, refuse him : this concludes ;
 My mother's son did get your father's heir ;
 Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force 130
 To dispossess that child which is not his ?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
 Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
 And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
 Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
 Lord of thy presence and no land beside ?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
 And I had his, sir Robert's his, like him ;
 And if my legs were two such riding-rods, 140

My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose
Lest men should say 'Look, where three-farthings
goes!'

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?
I am a soldier and now bound to France. 150

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance.
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege, so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou
bear'st: 160

Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great,
Arise sir Richard and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand:
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away!

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance but not by truth; what
though?

Something about, a little from the right, 170
 In at the window, or else o'er the hatch :
 Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,
 And have is have, however men do catch :
 Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
 And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge : now hast thou thy desire ;
 A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.
 Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed
 For France, for France, for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu : good fortune come to thee ! 180
 For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but Bastard.*]

A foot of honour better than I was ;
 But many a many foot of land the worse.
 Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.
 ' Good den, sir Richard ! '—' God-a-mercy, fellow ! '—
 And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter ;
 For new-made honour doth forget men's names ;
 'Tis too respective and too sociable
 For your conversion. Now your traveller,
 He and his toothpick at my worship's mess, 190
 And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
 Why then I suck my teeth and catechize
 My picked man of countries : ' My dear sir,'
 Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,
 ' I shall beseech you '—that is question now ;
 And then comes answer like an Absey book :
 ' O sir,' says answer, ' at your best command ;
 At your employment ; at your service, sir :'
 ' No, sir,' says question, ' I, sweet sir, at yours :'
 And so, ere answer knows what question would, 200

Saving in dialogue of compliment,
 And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean, and the river Po,
 It draws towards supper in conclusion so.
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit like myself;
 For he is but a bastard to the time
 That doth not smack of observation;
 And so am I, whether I smack or no;
 And not alone in habit and device,
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
 But from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
 Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
 But who comes in such haste in riding-ropes?
 What woman-post is this? hath she no husband
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

210

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

O me! it is my mother. How now, good lady?
 What brings you here to court so hastily?

221

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
 That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
 Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
 Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
 Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
 He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give me leave awhile? 230

DEATH OF KING JOHN

Act I. Sc. i.

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip! sparrow: James,

There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit Gurney.*]

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son:

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me

Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast:

Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,

Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:

We know his handiwork: therefore, good mother,

To whom am I beholding for these limbs?

Sir Robert never help to make this leg. 240

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.
What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert and my land:
Legitimation, name and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope: who was it, mother? 250

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father:
By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed:
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge:
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urged past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father. 260

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
 And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
 Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
 Subjected tribute to commanding love,
 Against whose fury and unmatched force
 The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
 Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
 He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
 May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
 With all my heart I thank thee for my father! 270
 Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well
 When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
 Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
 And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
 If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
 Who says it was, he lies; I say 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

France. Before Angiers.

Enter Austria and forces, drums, etc., on one side: on the other King Philip of France and his power: Lewis, Arthur, Constance and attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria,
 Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
 By this brave duke came early to his grave:
 And for amends to his posterity,

At our importance hither is he come,
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John : 10
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death
 The rather that you give his offspring life,
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war :
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
 But with a heart full of unstained love :
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy ! Who would not do thee right ?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
 As seal to this indenture of my love, 20
 That to my home I will no more return,
 Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
 Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
 And coops from other lands her islanders,
 Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,
 Even till that utmost corner of the west
 Salute thee for her king : till then, fair boy, 30
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
 Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
 To make a more requital to your love !

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
 In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work : our cannon shall be bent
 Against the brows of this resisting town.

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
 To cull the plots of best advantages : 40
 We 'll lay before this town our royal bones,
 Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
 But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
 Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood :
 My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
 That right in peace which here we urge in war,
 And then we shall repent each drop of blood
 That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady ! lo, upon thy wish, 50
 Our messenger Chatillon is arrived !
 What England says, say briefly, gentle lord ;
 We coldly pause for thee ; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege
 And stir them up against a mightier task.
 England, impatient of your just commands,
 Hath put himself in arms : the adverse winds,
 Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
 To land his legions all as soon as I ;
 His marches are expedient to this town, 60
 His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
 With him along is come the mother-queen,
 An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife ;
 With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain ;
 With them a bastard of the king's deceased ;
 And all the unsettled humours of the land,
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,

Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs, 70
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here :
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offence and scath in Christendom.

[*Drum beats.*

The interruption of their churlish drums
 Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand,
 To parley or to fight ; therefore prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition !

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much 80
 We must awake endeavour for defence ;
 For courage mounteth with occasion :
 Let them be welcome then ; we are prepared.

*Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, the Bastard, Lords
 and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
 Our just and lineal entrance to our own ;
 If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
 Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
 Their proud contempt that beats His peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
 From France to England, there to live in peace. 90
 England we love ; and for that England's sake
 With burden of our armour here we sweat.
 This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;
 But thou from loving England art so far,
 That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
 Cut off from the sequence of posterity,

Out-faced infant state and done a rape
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
 Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face ;
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his :
 This little abstract doth contain that large 101
 Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
 Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
 That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
 And this his son ; England was Geffrey's right,
 And this is Geffrey's : in the name of God
 How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,
 Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest ?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission,
 France, 110

To draw my answer from thy articles ?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
 In any breast of strong authority,
 To look into the blots and stains of right :
 That judge hath made me guardian to this boy :
 Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
 And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse ; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France ? 120

Const. Let me make answer ; thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be king,
 That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world !

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true
 As thine was to thy husband ; and this boy
 Liker in feature to his father Geffrey
 Than thou and John in manners ; being as like

As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think

His father never was so true begot:

130

It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,

An a' may catch your hide and you alone:

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,

Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard:

I'll smoke your skin-coat, as I catch you right;

Sirrah, look to't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

140

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe

That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him

As great Alcides' shows upon an ass:

But, ass, I'll take that burthen from your back,

Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath?

King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.

K. Phi. Women and fools, break off your conference.

King John, this is the very sum of all;

151

England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,

In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:

Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;

And out of my dear love I'll give thee more

Than e'er the coward hand of France can win :
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child ; 160
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig :
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace !
I would that I were low laid in my grave :
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whether she does or no !
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee ; 170
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth !

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth !
Call not me slanderer ; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties and rights
Of this oppressed boy : this is thy eld'st son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee :
Thy sins are visited in this poor child ;
The canon of the law is laid on him, 180
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her

And with her plague ; her sin his injury,
 Her injury the beadle to her sin,
 All punish'd in the person of this child,
 And all for her ; a plague upon her !

190

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
 A will that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that ? a will ! a wicked will ;
 A woman's will ; a canker'd grandam's will !

K. Phi. Peace, lady ! pause, or be more temperate :
 It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
 To these ill-tuned repetitions.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
 These men of Angiers : let us hear them speak
 Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

200

Trumpet sounds. Enter certain Citizens upon the walls.

First Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls ?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself.

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
 Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle,—

K. John. For our advantage ; therefore hear us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here
 Before the eye and prospect of your town,
 Have hither march'd to your endamagement :

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath, 210

And ready mounted are they to spit forth
 Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :

All preparation for a bloody siege

And merciless proceeding by these French

Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates ;

And but for our approach those sleeping stones,
 That as a waist doth girdle you about,
 By the compulsion of their ordinance
 By this time from their fixed beds of lime
 Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made 220
 For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
 But on the sight of us your lawful king,
 Who painfully with much expedient march
 Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
 To save unscratch'd your city's threatened cheeks,
 Behold, the French amazed vouchsafe a parole;
 And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,
 They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,
 To make a faithless error in your ears : 230
 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
 And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,
 Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
 Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
 Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
 Son to the elder brother of this man,
 And king o'er him and all that he enjoys : 240
 For this down-trodden equity, we tread
 In warlike march these greens before your town.
 Being no further enemy to you
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
 In the relief of this oppressed child
 Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
 To pay that duty which you truly owe

To him that owes it, namely this young prince :
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
 Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up ; 250
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
 Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven ;
 And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
 With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruised,
 We will bear home that lusty blood again
 Which here we came to spout against your town.
 And leave your children, wives and you in peace.
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
 'Tis not the roundure of your old-faced walls
 Can hide you from our messengers of war, 260
 Though all these English and their discipline
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
 Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
 In that behalf which we have challenged it ?
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage
 And stalk in blood to our possession ?

First Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects :
 For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

First Cit. That can we not ; but he that proves the king,
 To him will we prove loyal : till that time 271
 Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king ?
 And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
 Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as those—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim. 280

First Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. Saint George, that swunged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence! [*To Aust.*] Sirrah, were I at
home, 290

At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace! no more.

Bast. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so; and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Here after excursions, enter the Herald of France, with
trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates, 300
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,

Coldly embracing the discoloured earth ;
 And victory, with little loss, doth play
 Upon the dancing banners of the French,
 Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
 To enter conquerors, and to proclaim 310
 Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

Enter English Herald, with trumpet.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells ;
 King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
 Commander of this hot malicious day :
 Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
 Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood ;
 There stuck no plume in any English crest
 That is removed by a staff of France ;
 Our colours do return in those same hands
 That did display them when we first march'd forth ;
 And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come 321
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
 Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes :
 Open your gates and give the victors way.

First Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
 From first to last, the onset and retire
 Of both your armies ; whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censured :
 Blood hath bought blood and blows have answered
 blows ;
 Strength match'd with strength, and power con-
 fronted power : 330
 Both are alike ; and both alike we like.
 One must prove greatest : while they weigh so even,
 We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Re-enter the two Kings, with their powers, severally.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
 Say, shall the current of our right run on?
 Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
 Unless thou let his silver water keep
 A peaceful progress to the ocean. 340

K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,
 In this hot trial, more than we of France;
 Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
 Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we
 bear,
 Or add a royal number to the dead,
 Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers, 350
 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
 O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
 In undetermined differences of kings.
 Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
 Cry 'havoc!' kings; back to the stained field,
 You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits!
 Then let confusion of one part confirm
 The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit? 361

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

DEATH OF KING JOHN

Act II. Sc. i.

First Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Pbi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

First Cit. A greater power than we denies all this ;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates ; 370
King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolved,
Be by some certain king purged and deposed.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be ruled by me :
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town : 380
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city :
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again ;
Turn face to face and bloody point to point ; 390
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory,

How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?
Smacks it not something of the policy ?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers
And lay this Angiers even with the ground ;
Then after fight who shall be king of it ? 400

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls ;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then defy each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so. Say, where will you assault ?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom. 410

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline ! From north to south :
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth :
I'll stir them to it. Come, away, away !

First Cit. Hear us, great kings : vouchsafe awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league ;
Win you this city without stroke or wound ;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field : 420
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on with favour ; we are bent to hear.

First Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is niece to England : look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid :

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
 Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch ?
 If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
 Where should he find it purer than in Blanch ?
 If love ambitious sought a match of birth, 430
 Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch ?
 Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
 Is the young Dauphin every way complete :
 If not complete of, say he is not she ;
 And she again wants nothing, to name want,
 If want it be not that she is not he :
 He is the half part of a blessed man,
 Left to be finished by such as she ;
 And she a fair divided excellence,
 Whose fulness of perfection lies in him. 440
 O, two such silver currents, when they join,
 Do glorify the banks that bound them in ;
 And two such shores to two such streams made one
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
 To these two princes, if you marry them.
 This union shall do more than battery can
 To our fast-closed gates ; for at this match,
 With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
 And give you entrance : but without this match, 450
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
 More free from motion, no, not Death himself
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,
 As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay
 That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death

Out of his rags ! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
 That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,
 Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs ! 460
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?
 He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce ;
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue :
 Our ears are cudgell'd ; not a word of his
 But buffets better than a fist of France :
 Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with words
 Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match ;
 Give with our niece a dowry large enough :
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie 470
 Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
 I see a yielding in the looks of France ;
 Mark, how they whisper : urge them while their souls
 Are capable of this ambition,
 Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
 Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.

First Cit. Why answer not the double majesties 480
 This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
 To speak unto this city : what say you ?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
 Can in this book of beauty read ' I love,'
 Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen :
 For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
 And all that we upon this side the sea,

Except this city now by us besieged,
 Find liable to our crown and dignity, 490
 Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
 In titles, honours and promotions,
 As she in beauty, education, blood,
 Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
 The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
 Which, being but the shadow of your son,
 Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow: 500
 I do protest I never loved myself
 Till now infixed I beheld myself
 Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with Blanch.*]

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
 And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy
 Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
 That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should
 be

In such a love so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine: 510
 If he see aught in you that makes him like,
 That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
 I can with ease translate it to my will;
 Or if you will, to speak more properly,
 I will enforce it easily to my love.
 Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
 That all I see in you is worthy love,
 Than this; that nothing do I see in you,

Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your
judge,

That I can find should merit any hate. 520

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you,
my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this
lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin. 530
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well; young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well assured
That I did so when I was first assured.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop? 540
I know she is not, for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much:
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phil. And, by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her sadness very little cure.
Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all; 550
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp. 560

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who, having no external thing to lose 571
But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of that,
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world,
The world, who of itself is peised well.
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,

This sway of motion, this Commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent : 580
 And this same bias, this Commodity,
 This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
 Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
 Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
 From a resolved and honourable war,
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
 And why rail I on this Commodity ?
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
 When his fair angels would salute my palm ; 590
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
 Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
 And say there is no sin but to be rich ;
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be
 To say there is no vice but beggary.
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,
 Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee. [Exit.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

The French King's Pavilion.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Const. Gone to be married ! gone to swear a peace !
 False blood to false blood join'd ! gone to be friends !
 Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those pro-
 vinces ?

It is not so ; thou hast misspoke, misheard ;
 Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again :
 It cannot be ; thou dost but say 'tis so :
 I trust I may not trust thee ; for thy word
 Is but the vain breath of a common man :
 Believe me, I do not believe thee, man ;
 I have a king's oath to the contrary. 10

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
 For I am sick and capable of fears,
 Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of fears,
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
 A woman, naturally born to fears ;
 And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
 With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ? 20
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine ?
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds ?
 Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words ?
 Then speak again ; not all thy former tale,
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I believe you think them false
 That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die, 30
 And let belief and life encounter so
 As doth the fury of two desperate men
 Which in the very meeting fall and die.
 Lewis marry Blanch ! O boy, then where art thou ?
 France friend with England, what becomes of me ?

Fellow, be gone : I cannot brook thy sight :
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done ?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is 40
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou
Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown. 50

But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great :
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O,
She is corrupted, changed and won from thee ;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.

France is a bawd to Fortune and King John, 60
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John !
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt ; I will not go with thee :
 I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
 For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
 To me and to the state of my great grief 70
 Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth
 Can hold it up : here I and sorrows sit ;
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
 [Seats herself on the ground.

*Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor,
 the Bastard, Austria, and Attendants.*

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this blessed day
 Ever in France shall be kept festival :
 To solemnize this day the glorious sun
 Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
 Turning with splendour of his precious eye
 The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold : 80
 The yearly course that brings this day about
 Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day ! [Rising.
 What hath this day deserved ? what hath it done,
 That it in golden letters should be set
 Among the high tides in the calendar ?
 Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
 Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
 Pray that their burthens may not fall this day, 90
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd :
 But on this day let seamen fear no wreck ;
 No bargains break that are not this day made :
 This day, all things begun come to ill end,

Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause

To curse the fair proceedings of this day:

Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit

Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,

Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn; 101

You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,

But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:

The grappling vigour and rough frown of war

Is cold in amity and painted peace,

And our oppression hath made up this league.

Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings!

A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!

Let not the hours of this ungodly day

Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset, 110

Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!

Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.

O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame

That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou

coward!

Thou little valiant, great in villany!

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!

Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight

But when her humorous ladyship is by

To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too, 120

And soothest up greatness. What a fool art thou,

A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear

Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,

Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,

Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune and thy strength,
 And dost thou now fall over to thy foes?
 Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs. 131

Aust. Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!

To thee, King John, my holy errand is.

I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,

And from Pope Innocent the legate here,

Do in his name religiously demand

140

Why thou against the church, our holy mother,

So wilfully doth spurn; and force perforce

Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop

Of Canterbury, from that holy see:

This, in our foresaid holy father's name,

Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories

Can task the free breath of a sacred king?

Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name

So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,

150

To charge me to an answer, as the pope.

Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England

Add thus much more, that no Italian priest

Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;

But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,
 So under Him that great supremacy,
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
 Without the assistance of a mortal hand :
 So tell the pope, all reverence set apart
 To him and his usurp'd authority.

160

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you and all the kings of Christendom
 Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out ;
 And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
 Who in that sale sells pardon for himself,
 Though you and all the rest so grossly led
 This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
 Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
 Against the pope and count his friends my foes.

170

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
 Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate :
 And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
 From his allegiance to an heretic ;
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
 Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,
 That takes away by any secret course
 Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be
 That I have room with Rome to curse awhile !
 Good father cardinal, cry thou amen
 To my keen curses ; for without my wrong
 There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

180

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too : when law can do no right,

Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong :
 Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
 For he that holds his kingdom holds the law ;
 Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
 How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ? 190

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
 Let go the hand of that arch-heretic ;
 And raise the power of France upon his head,
 Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil ! lest that France repent,
 And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs, 200
 Because—

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal ?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal ?

Lew. Bethink you, father ; for the difference
 Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
 Or the light loss of England for a friend :
 Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast ! the devil tempts thee here
 In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
 But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need, 211
 Which only lives but by the death of faith,
 That need must needs infer this principle,
 That faith would live again by death of need.

O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up ;
 Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down !

K. John. The king is moved, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be removed from him, and answer well !

Aust. Do so, King Philip ; hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say. 221

Pand. What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,
 If thou stand excommunicate and cursed ?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
 And tell me how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Married in league, coupled and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows ;

The latest breath that gave the sound of words 230

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love

Between our kingdoms and our royal selves,

And even before this truce, but new before,

No longer than we well could wash our hands

To clap this royal bargain up of peace,

Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd

With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings :

And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both, 240

Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret ?

Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,

As now again to snatch our palm from palm,

Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,

And make a riot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
 My reverend father, let it not be so!
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose 250
 Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest
 To do your pleasure and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
 Save what is opposite to England's love.
 Therefore to arms! be champion of our church,
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
 A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
 France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
 A fasting tiger safer by the tooth, 260
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So makest thou faith an enemy to faith;
 And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
 First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,
 That is, to be the champion of our church.
 What since thou sworest is sworn against thyself
 And may not be performed by thyself,
 For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss 270
 Is not amiss when it is truly done,
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done not doing it:
 The better act of purposes mistook
 Is to mistake again; though indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
 And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
 Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.

It is religion that doth make vows kept ;
 But thou hast sworn against religion, 280
 By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
 Against an oath : the truth thou art unsure
 To swear, swears only not to be forsworn ;
 Else what a mockery should it be to swear !
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn ;
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
 Therefore thy later vows against thy first
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself ;
 And better conquest never canst thou make 290
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Against these giddy loose suggestions :
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,
 If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
 The peril of our curses light on thee
 So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
 But in despair die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion !

Bast. Will 't not be ?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine ?

Lew. Father, to arms !

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day ? 300

Against the blood that thou hast married ?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men ?

Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,

Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp ?

O husband, hear me ! ay, alack, how new

Is husband in my mouth ! even for that name,

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee, 310
 Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
 Forethought by heaven!

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love: what motive may
 Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
 His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
 When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall from
 thee. 320

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,
 Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
 Which is the side that I must go withal?
 I am with both: each army hath a hand;
 And in their rage, I having hold of both,
 They whirl asunder and dismember me. 330

Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;
 Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;
 Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
 Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
 Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
 Assured loss before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.

[*Exit Bastard.*

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath; 340
A rage whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens. To arms let's
hie! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. Plains near Angiers.

*Alarums, excursions. Enter the Bastard, with
Austria's head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.* 10

Scene III.

*The same.**Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, the Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.*

K. John. [To *Elinor*] So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind

So strongly guarded. [To *Arthur*] Cousin, look not sad: Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief!

K. John. [To *the Bastard*] Cousin, away for England! haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon: 10
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness. Grandam, I will pray,
If ever I remember to be holy,
For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit Bastard.*]

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh 20
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,
 But I will fit it with some better time.
 By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty. 29

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
 But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
 Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
 I had a thing to say, but let it go:
 The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
 To give me audience: if the midnight bell
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound on into the drowsy ear of night;
 If this same were a churchyard where we stand, 40
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had baked thy blood and made it heavy-thick,
 Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
 A passion hateful to my purposes;
 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone, 50
 Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words,
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
 But, ah, I will not! yet I love thee well;
 And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way; 61
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember. Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty. 70

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

The same. The French King's tent.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail

Is scattered and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?

Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?

And bloody England into England gone,

O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified: 10

So hot a speed with such advice disposed,

Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,

Doth want example: who hath read or heard

Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise

So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;

Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,

In the vile prison of afflicted breath.

I prithee, lady, go away with me. 20

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace.

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,

But that which ends all counsel, true redress,

Death, death; O amiable lovely death!

Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!

Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,

Thou hate and terror to prosperity,

And I will kiss thy detestable bones

And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows 30

And ring these fingers with thy household worms

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust

And be a carrion monster like thyself :
 Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest,
 And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,
 O, come to me !

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace !

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry :

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !
 Then with a passion would I shake the world ;
 And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
 Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
 Which scorns a modern invocation.

40

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so ;

I am not mad : this hair I tear is mine ;
 My name is Constance ; I was Geoffrey's wife ;
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :
 I am not mad : I would to heaven I were !
 For then, 'tis like I should forget myself :
 O, if I could, what grief should I forget !
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
 And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal ;
 For, being not mad but sensible of grief,
 My reasonable part produces reason
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself :
 If I were mad, I should forget my son,
 Or madly think a babe of clouts were he :
 I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel
 The different plague of each calamity.

50

60

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O, what love I note
 In the fair multitude of those her hairs !
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,

Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phil.

Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will ; and wherefore will I do it ?

I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud, 70
' O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty !'
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :
If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire, 80
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him : therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief. 90

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
 Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
 Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,
 I could give better comfort than you do. 100
 I will not keep this form upon my head,
 When there is such disorder in my wit.
 O Lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !
 My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !
 My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure ! [Exit.

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [Exit.

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy :
 Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;
 And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
 That it yields nought but shame and bitterness. 111

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
 Even in the instant of repair and health,
 The fit is strongest ; evils that take leave,
 On their departure most of all show evil :
 What have you lost by losing of this day ?

Lew. All days of glory, joy and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
 No, no ; when Fortune means to men most good,
 She looks upon them with a threatening eye. 120
 'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
 In this which he accounts so clearly won :
 Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner ?

Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
 Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit ;

For even the breath of what I mean to speak
 Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
 Out of the path which shall directly lead
 Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
 John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be 131
 That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
 The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
 One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
 A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
 Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
 And he that stands upon a slippery place
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
 That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
 So be it, for it cannot be but so. 140

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
 May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are and fresh in this old world!
 John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
 For he that steeps his safety in true blood
 Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
 This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts
 Of all his people and freeze up their zeal, 150
 That none so small advantage shall step forth
 To check his reign, but they will cherish it;
 No natural exhalation in the sky,
 No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
 No common wind, no custom'd event,
 But they will pluck away his natural cause
 And call them meteors, prodigies and signs,
 Abortives, presages and tongues of heaven,

DEATH OF KING JOHN

Act III. Sc. iv.

Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life, 160
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:
And, O, what better matter breeds for you 170
Than I have named! The bastard Faulconbridge
Is not in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side,
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offence. 180
For England go: I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions: let us go:
If you say ay, the king will not say no. [Exeunt.]

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

*A room in a castle.**Enter Hubert and Executioners.*

Hub. Heat me these irons hot ; and look thou stand
 Within the arras : when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
 And bind the boy which you shall find with me
 Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.

First Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples ! fear not you : look to't.

[Exeunt Executioners.]

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince, having so great a title 10
 To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me !

Methinks no body should be sad but I :

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

Only for wantonness. By my christendom,

So I were out of prison and kept sheep,

I should be as merry as the day is long ;

And so I would be here, but that I doubt

My uncle practises more harm to me :

He is afraid of me and I of him :

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ?

No, indeed, is 't not ; and I would to heaven

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate

He will awake my mercy which lies dead :

Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to-day :

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,

That I might sit all night and watch with you : 30

I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside*] His words do take possession of my bosom.

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper*

[*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum !

Turning despiteous torture out of door !

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.

Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you ?

Hub. And I will. 40

Arth. Have you the heart ? When your head did but ache,

I knit my handkercher about your brows,

The best I had, a princess wrought it me,

And I did never ask it you again ;

And with my hand at midnight held your head,

And like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,

Saying, ' What lack you ? ' and ' Where lies your grief ? '

Or ' What good love may I perform for you ? '

Many a poor man's son would have lien still 50
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
 And call it cunning : do, an if you will :
 If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
 Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes ?
 These eyes that never did nor never shall
 So much as frown on you.

Hub. I have sworn to do it ;
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it ! 60
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
 And quench his fiery indignation
 Even in the matter of mine innocence ;
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron ?
 An if an angel should have come to me
 And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believed him,—no tongue but
 Hubert's. 70

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*]

Re-enter Executioners, with a cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes are out
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough ?
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

DEATH OF KING JOHN

Act IV. Sc. i.

For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !
 Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ; 80
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the iron angrily :
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

First Exec. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Executioners.*]

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend !
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :
 Let him come back, that his compassion may
 Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself. 90

Arth. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
 A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
 Any annoyance in that precious sense !
 Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
 Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise ? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
 Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :
 Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert ;
 Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue, 101
 So I may keep mine eyes : O, spare mine eyes,
 Though to no use but still to look on you !
 Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
 And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief,
 Being create for comfort, to be used
 In undeserved extremes : see else yourself ;
 There is no malice in this burning coal ;
 The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out 110
 And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush
 And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :
 Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes ;
 And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
 Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
 All things that you should use to do me wrong
 Deny their office : only you do lack
 That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends, 120
 Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eye
 For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :
 Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
 With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
 You were disguised.

Hub. Peace ; no more. Adieu.
 Your uncle must not know but you are dead ;
 I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports :
 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure, 130
 That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
 Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven ! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence ; no more : go closely in with me :
 Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.

Scene II.

*King John's palace.**Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This 'once again,' but that your highness pleased,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before, 10
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable. 20

Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
 They do confound their skill in covetousness ;
 And oftentimes excusing of a fault 30
 Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,
 As patches set upon a little breach
 Discredit more in hiding of the fault
 Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd,
 We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your highness
 To overbear it, and we are all well pleased,
 Since all and every part of what we would
 Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation 40
 I have possess'd you with and think them strong ;
 And more, more strong, then lesser is my fear,
 I shall indue you with: meantime but ask
 What you would have reform'd that is not well,
 And well shall you perceive how willingly
 I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
 To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
 Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
 Your safety, for the which myself and them 50
 Bend their best studies, heartily request
 The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
 Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
 To break into this dangerous argument,—
 If what in rest you have in right you hold,
 Why then your fears, which as they say, attend
 The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up
 Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
 With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth

The rich advantage of good exercise. 60
 That the time's enemies may not have this
 To grace occasions, let it be our suit
 That you have bid us ask his liberty;
 Which for our goods we do no further ask
 Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
 Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
 To your direction. Hubert, what news with you?
[Taking him apart.

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
 He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine: 70
 The image of a wicked heinous fault
 Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
 Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;
 And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go
 Between his purpose and his conscience,
 Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
 His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence 80
 The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:
 Good lords, although my will to give is living,
 The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
 He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
 Before the child himself felt he was sick:

This must be answer'd either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?

Think you I bear the shears of destiny?

91

Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame

That greatness should so grossly offer it:

So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,

And find the inheritance of this poor child,

His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle,

Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while!

This must not be thus borne: this will break out

To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

102

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent:

There is no sure foundation set on blood,

No certain life achieved by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood

That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?

So foul a sky clears not without a storm:

Pour down thy weather: how goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England. Never such a power

For any foreign preparation

111

Was levied in the body of a land.

The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;

For when you should be told they do prepare,

The tidings comes that they are all arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,

That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died 120
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or false I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers! What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of France
That thou for truth givest out are landed here? 130

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.

Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will. 140

Bast. How I have sped among the clergy-men,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;

Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
 Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear :
 And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
 From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
 With many hundreds treading on his heels ;
 To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
 That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon, 151
 Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so ?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him ; imprison him ;
 And on that day at noon, whereon he says
 I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
 Deliver him to safety ; and return,
 For I must use thee. [*Exit Hubert with Peter.*]

O my gentle cousin,

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived ? 160

Bast. The French, my lord ; men's mouths are full of it :
 Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
 With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
 And others more, going to seek the grave
 Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
 On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
 And thrust thyself into their companies :
 I have a way to win their loves again ;
 Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste ; the better foot before.

O, let me have no subject enemies, 171
 When adverse foreigners affright my towns
 With dreadful pomp of stout invasion !

DEATH OF KING JOHN

Act IV. Sc. ii.

Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a sprightful gentleman.

Go after him ; for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers ;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.* 180

K. John. My mother dead !

Re-enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night ;
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons !

Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously :
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths :
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads
And whisper one another in the ear ;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action, 191
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news ;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent : 200
Another lean unwash'd artificer

Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?

Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause

To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended

By slaves that take their humours for a warrant

To break within the bloody house of life, 210

And on the winking of authority

To understand a law, to know the meaning

Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns

More upon humour than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal

Witness against us to damnation!

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds

Make ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been by,

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd, 221

Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,

This murder had not come into my mind:

But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,

Finding thee fit for bloody villany,

Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,

I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;

And thou, to be endeared to a king,

Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,— 230

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause

When I spake darkly what I purposed,

Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,

As bid me tell my tale in express words,
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me :
 But thou didst understand me by my signs
 And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And consequently thy rude hand to act 240
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
 Out of my sight, and never see me more !
 My nobles leave me ; and my state is braved,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns
 Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you. 250
 Young Arthur is alive : this hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet
 The dreadful motion of a murderous thought ;
 And you have slander'd nature in my form,
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
 Throw this report on their incensed rage, 261
 And make them tame to their obedience !
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood

Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 O, answer not, but to my closet bring
 The angry lords with all expedient haste.
 I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast. [Exeunt.

Scene III.

Before the castle.

Enter Arthur, on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down :
 Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not !
 There 's few or none do know me : if they did,
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
 I am afraid ; and yet I 'll venture it.
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
 I 'll find a thousand shifts to get away :
 As good to die and go, as die and stay. [*Leaps down.*
 O me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones :
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones ! 10
 [*Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury :
 It is our safety, and we must embrace
 This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal ?

Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France ;
 Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love
 Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward ; for 'twill be
 Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet. 20

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
The king by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us:
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return and tell him so: we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief; 30
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies here?

[*Seeing Arthur.*

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave. 40

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage

Presented to the tears of soft remorse. 50

Pem. All murders past do stand excused in this :
 And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
 Shall give a holiness, a purity,
 To the yet unbegotten sin of times ;
 And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
 Exemplified by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work ;
 The graceless action of a heavy hand,
 If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand ! 60
 We had a kind of light what would ensue :
 It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;
 The practice and the purpose of the king :
 From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
 Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
 And breathing to his breathless excellence
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
 Never to be infected with delight,
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness, 70
 Till I have set a glory to this hand,
 By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.
Big. }

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :
 Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold and blushes not at death.

Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law ?

[*Drawing his sword.*]

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin. 80

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say ;
By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours :
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence ;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill ! darest thou brave a nobleman ?

Hub. Not for my life : but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so ; 90
Yet I am none : whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury :
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime ;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge ? 101
Second a villain and a murderer ?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince ?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well :
I honour'd him, I loved him, and will weep

My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.

110

Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pem. There tell the king he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

Bast. Here's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

120

Hub. Upon my soul—

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

131

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
 Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
 Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
 Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
 I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.
 I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way
 Among the thorns and dangers of this world. 140
 How easy dost thou take all England up!
 From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
 The life, the right and truth of all this realm
 Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
 To tug and scramble and to part by the teeth
 The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
 Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
 Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace: 150
 Now powers from home and discontents at home
 Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
 As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
 Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
 Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child
 And follow me with speed: I'll to the king:
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

*King John's palace.**Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.*

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. *[Giving the crown.]*

Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the
French,

And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflamed.

Our discontented counties do revolt;

Our people quarrel with obedience,

Swearing allegiance and the love of soul

10

To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.

This inundation of mistempered humour

Rests by you only to be qualified:

Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,

That present medicine must be minister'd,

Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,

Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;

But since you are a gentle convertite,

My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,

20

And make fair weather in your blustering land.

On this Ascension-day, remember well,

Upon your oath of service to the pope,

Go I to make the French lay down their arms. *[Exit.]*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
 Say that before Ascension-day at noon
 My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
 I did suppose it should be on constraint;
 But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
 But Dover Castle: London hath received, 31
 Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
 Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
 To offer service to your enemy,
 And wild amazement hurries up and down
 The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
 After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead and cast into the streets,
 An empty casket, where the jewel of life 40
 By some damn'd hand was robbed and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
 But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
 Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
 Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
 Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
 Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
 Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
 Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes, 50
 That borrow their behaviours from the great,
 Grow great by your example and put on
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.
 Away, and glister like the god of war,

When he intendeth to become the field :
 Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
 What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
 And fright him there ? and make him tremble
 there ?

O, let it not be said : forage, and run
 To meet displeasure farther from the doors, 60
 And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
 And I have made a happy peace with him ;
 And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
 Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league !
 Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
 Send fair-play orders and make compromise,
 Insinuation, parley and base truce
 To arms invasive ? shall a beardless boy,
 A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields, 70
 And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
 Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
 And find no check ? Let us, my liege, to arms :
 Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace ;
 Or if he do, let it at least be said
 They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage ! yet, I know,
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

The Dauphin's camp at St Edmundsbury.

*Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke,
Bigot, and Soldiers.*

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance :
Return the precedent to these lords again ;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and an unurged faith 10
To your proceedings ; yet believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker ! O, and there
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury !
But such is the infection of the time, 20
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this ;
Wherein we step after a stranger, march

Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
 Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and weep
 Upon the spot of this enforced cause,— 30
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,
 And follow unacquainted colours here?
 What, here? O nation, that thou couldst remove!
 That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
 And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
 Where these two Christian armies might combine
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,
 And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this; 40
 And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
 Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
 O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
 Between compulsion and a brave respect!
 Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
 Being an ordinary inundation;
 But this effusion of such manly drops,
 This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul, 50
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
 Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
 Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
 And with a great heart heave away this storm:
 Commend these waters to those baby eyes
 That never saw the giant world enraged;
 Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
 Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.

Come, come ; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
 Into the purse of rich prosperity 61
 As Lewis himself : so, nobles, shall you all,
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.
 And even there, methinks, an angel spake :

Enter Pandulph.

Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
 To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
 And on our actions set the name of right
 With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France !
 The next is this, King John hath reconciled
 Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in, 70
 That so stood out against the holy church,
 The great metropolis and see of Rome :
 Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up ;
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
 That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
 It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
 And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back :
 I am too high-born to be propertied,
 To be a secondary at control, 80
 Or useful serving-man and instrument
 To any sovereign state throughout the world.
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
 Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;
 And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it
 You taught me how to know the face of right,

Acquainted me with interest to this land,
 Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart ; 90
 And come ye now to tell me John hath made
 His peace with Rome? What is that peace to
 me?

I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine ;
 And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
 Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome
 borne,

What men provided, what munition sent,
 To underprop this action? Is't not I
 That undergo this charge? who else but I, 100
 And such as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out
 'Vive le roi!' as I have bank'd their towns?
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
 No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return 110
 Till my attempt so much be glorified
 As to my ample hope was promised
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
 To outlook conquest and to win renown
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

- Bast.* According to the fair-play of the world,
 Let me have audience ; I am sent to speak :
 My holy lord of Milan, from the king 120
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him ;
 And, as you answer, I do know the scope
 And warrant limited unto my tongue.
- Pand.* The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
 And will not temporize with my entreaties ;
 He flatly says he 'll not lay down his arms.
- Bast.* By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
 The youth says well. Now hear our English king ;
 For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
 He is prepared, and reason too he should : 130
 This apish and unmannerly approach,
 This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
 This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
 The king doth smile at ; and is well prepared
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
 From out the circle of his territories.
 That hand which had the strength, even at your door,
 To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,
 To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
 To crouch in litter of your stable planks, 140
 To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,
 To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
 In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
 Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
 Thinking his voice an armed Englishman ;
 Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement ?

No: know the gallant monarch is in arms
 And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,
 To souse annoyance that comes near his nest. 150
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
 For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids
 Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
 Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
 Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
 We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
 We hold our time too precious to be spent 161
 With such a brabblers.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.
 Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
 Plead for our interest and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
 And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
 An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
 And even at hand a drum is ready braced
 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine; 170
 Sound but another, and another shall
 As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear
 And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand,
 Not trusting to this halting legate here,
 Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,
 Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
 A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day

To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. 180

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

The field of battle.

Alarums. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here, 10
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt*]

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with friends.

Pem. Up once again ; put spirit in the French :
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say King John sore sick hath left the field.

Enter Melun, wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold ; 10
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John and fall before his feet ;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads : thus hath he sworn
And I with him, and many moe with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury ;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love. 20

Sal. May this be possible ? may this be true ?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire ?

What in the world should make me now deceive,
 Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
 Why should I then be false, since it is true
 That I must die here and live hence by truth?
 I say again, if Lewis do win the day, 30
 He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
 Behold another day break in the east:
 But even this night, whose black contagious breath
 Already smokes about the burning crest
 Of the old, feeble and day-wearied sun,
 Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
 Paying the fine of rated treachery
 Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
 If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
 Commend me to one Hubert with your king: 40
 The love of him, and this respect besides,
 For that my grandsire was an Englishman,
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field,
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
 In peace, and part this body and my soul
 With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee: and beshrew my soul
 But I do love the favour and the form 50
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of damned flight,
 And like a bated and retired flood,
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
 And calmly run on in obedience
 Even to our ocean, to our great King John.

My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence ;
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death
 Right in thine eye. Away, my friends ! New flight ;
 And happy newness, that intends old right. 61

[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*]

Scene V.

The French camp.

Enter Lewis and his train.

Lew. The sun of heaven methought was loath to set,
 But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,
 When English measure backward their own ground
 In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
 When with a volley of our needless shot,
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night ;
 And wound our tottering colours clearly up,
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin ?

Lew. Here : what news ?

Mess. The Count Melun is slain ; the English lords 10

By his persuasion are again fall'n off,
 And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
 Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news ! beshrew thy very heart !

I did not think to be so sad to-night
 As this hath made me. Who was he that said

King John did fly an hour or two before
 The stumbling night did part our weary powers ?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:
 The day shall not be up so soon as I, 21
 To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.

*An open place in the neighbourhood of
 Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter the Bastard and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? why may not I demand
 Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
 I will upon all hazards well believe
 Thou art my friend, thou know'st my tongue so well.
 Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please,
 Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think 10
 I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
 Have done me shame: brave soldier, pardon me,
 That any accent breaking from thy tongue
 Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,
 To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,

Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible. 20

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news :

I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk :

I left him almost speechless ; and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it ? who did taste to him ?

Hub. A monk, I tell you ; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out : the king 30
Yet speaks and peradventure may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty ?

Hub. Why, know you not ? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company ;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power !
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide ; 40
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them ;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away before : conduct me to the king ;
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

The orchard at Swinstead Abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

P. Hen. It is too late : the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain,

Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,
Doth by the idle comments that it makes
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here. 10
Doth he still rage? [*Exit Bigot.*

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should
sing. 20

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Enter Attendants, and Bigot, carrying King John in a chair.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;

It would not out at windows nor at doors.
 There is so hot a summer in my bosom, 30
 That all my bowels crumble up to dust :
 I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
 Upon a parchment, and against this fire
 Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty ?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast off:
 And none of you will bid the winter come
 To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,
 Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
 Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north
 To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips 40
 And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,
 I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait
 And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my tears,
 That might relieve you !

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
 Within me is a hell ; and there the poison
 Is as a fiend confined to tyrannize
 On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
 And spleen of speed to see your majesty ! 50

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye :
 The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,
 And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
 Are turned to one thread, one little hair :
 My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
 Which holds but till thy news be uttered ;

And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven He knows how we shall answer him ;
For in a night the best part of my power, 61
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.
My liege ! my lord ! but now a king, now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay ?

Bast. Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind 70
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers ? show now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought ;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels. 80

Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we :
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already ;
 For many carriages he hath dispatch'd 90
 To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
 To the disposing of the cardinal :
 With whom yourself, myself and other lords,
 If you think meet, this afternoon will post
 To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so : and you, my noble prince,
 With other princes that may best be spared,
 Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd ;
 For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then : 100
 And happily may your sweet self put on
 The lineal state and glory of the land !
 To whom, with all submission, on my knee
 I do bequeath my faithful services
 And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
 To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks
 And knows not how to do it but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe, 110
 Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.
 This England never did, nor never shall,
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself.
 Now these her princes are come home again,
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
 If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*]

DEATH OF KING JOHN

Glossary.

- A'* = he ; I. i. 68.
Absey book, i.e., A B C book ; a primer, which sometimes included a catechism ; I. i. 196.
Abstract, epitome, summary ; II. i. 101.
Adjunct, consequent ; III. iii. 57.
Advantage, profit, interest ; III. iii. 22.
Adverse, inimicable, hostile ; IV. ii. 172.
Advice, deliberate consideration ; III. iv. 11.
Advised, "well a.," considerate ; III. i. 5.
Aery, eagle's brood ; V. ii. 149.
Affecteth, resembleth ; I. i. 86.
Affections, passions, feelings ; V. ii. 41.
Affliction, afflicted one ; III. iv. 36.
Aim ; "cry a.," an expression borrowed from archery = to encourage the archers by crying out *aim* when they were about to shoot, and then in a general sense to applaud, to encourage with cheers ; II. i. 196.
Airy, dwelling in the air ; III. ii. 2.
Amazed, bewildered ; IV. ii. 137.
An ; "an if" ; *an* used to emphasize *if* ; I. i. 138.
Anatomy, skeleton ; III. iv. 40.
Angel ; a gold coin of the value of ten shillings, with the figure of Michael and the dragon ; II. i. 590 ; III. iii. 8 ; play upon "angel" and "noble" (value six shillings and eightpence) ; V. ii. 64.
Angerly, angrily ; IV. i. 82.
Angiers, Angers, the capital of Anjou ; II. i. 1.
Answer, face ; V. vii. 60.
Answer'd, atoned ; IV. ii. 89.
Apparent, plain, evident ; IV. ii. 93.
Armado, fleet of war-ships ; III. iv. 2.
Arms, heraldic device, IV. iii. 47.
Arms, "in arms," armed ; III. i. 102 ; in embracement ; III. i. 103.
Arras, embroidered hangings which covered the walls ; IV. i. 2.
Articles, particular items in a writing or discourse ; II. i. 111.
Artificer, artisan ; IV. ii. 201.
Aspect, look, air ; IV. ii. 72.
Assured, betrothed ; II. i. 535.
At = by ; V. ii. 75.
Ate (Folios, "Ace"), Goddess of Mischief ; II. i. 63.
Avaunt, exclamation of contempt or abhorrence, away ! begone ! IV. iii. 77.
Aweless, unawed, fearless ; I. i. 266.
Back, go back ; V. ii. 78, 95.
Bank'd, sailed along the river-banks ; V. ii. 104.
Bare-ribb'd, skeleton ; V. ii. 177.
Bastinado, a sound beating ; II. i. 463.
Bated, abated, diminished ; V. iv. 53.

Battles, armies drawn up in battle array; IV. ii. 78.
Beadle; II. i. 188.



The Beadle to the University of Paris.
 From a painted glass window in the Paris National Library (*temp.* Francis I.).

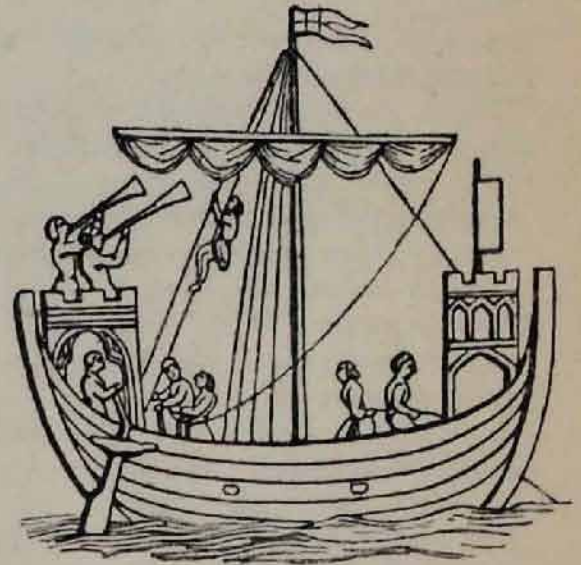
Becks = beckons; III. iii. 13.
Become, adorn, grace; V. i. 55.
Bedlam, lunatic; II. i. 183.
Beguiled, cheated; III. i. 99.
Behalf; "in right and true b.," on behalf of the rightful and true claim; I. i. 7.
Behaviour, "in my b.," *i.e.* "in the tone and character which I here assume"; I. i. 3.
Beholding, beholden; I. i. 239.
Beldams, old women, hags; used contemptuously; IV. ii. 185.
Bent, directed, pointed; II. i. 37.
Bequeath, transfer; V. vii. 104.
Beshrew my soul, a mild oath; V. iv. 49.
Betime, quickly, before it is too late; IV. iii. 98.
Betters, superiors in rank; I. i. 156.
Bias, that which draws in a particular direction; preponderant activity; originally the weight of lead let into one side of a bowl in order to make it turn towards that side; II. i. 574.

Blood, "lusty blood," hasty, impetuous spirit; II. i. 461.
Blood; "true b.," blood of the rightful heir; III. iv. 147.
Bloods, men of mettle; II. i. 278.
Blots, disfigurements; III. i. 45.
Blow a horn, etc.; I. i. 219.



From a tract entitled *A Speedy Post, with a Packet of Letters and Compliments*, n.d.

Boisterous, rude, violent; IV. i. 95.
Borrowed, false, counterfeit; I. i. 4.
Bottoms, ships; II. i. 73. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From an illuminated MS. of XVth cent.
Bought and sold, betrayed; V. iv. 10.
Bounds, boundaries; III. i. 23.
Brabblers, quarreller, noisy fellow; V. ii. 162.
Brave, bravado, defiant speech; V. ii. 159.

- Brave*, defy; V. i. 70.
Breathes, takes breath; III. ii. 4.
Brief, short document; a legal term; II. i. 103.
Brief in hand, speedily to be dispatched; IV. iii. 158.
Broke out, escaped; V. vi. 24.
Broke with, opened my heart, communicated; IV. ii. 227.
Broker, agent; II. i. 568.
Brows, walls (used figuratively); II. i. 38.
Buss, kiss; III. iv. 35.
But, except, III. i. 92; but that, IV. i. 128; "but now" = just now, V. vii. 66.
By this light, a mild oath; I. i. 259.
Calf's-skin, a coat made of calf's-skin; the distinguishing garment of a fool; III. i. 129.
Call, a cry to entice birds to return; III. iv. 174.
Canker, corroding evil; V. ii. 14.
Canker'd, venomous, wicked; II. i. 194.
Capable of, susceptible to; III. i. 12.
Censured, judged; II. i. 328.
Chafed (the Folios, "cased"; Theobald's emendation), enraged; III. i. 259.
'Champion of our Church'; "the King of France was styled the Eldest son of the Church and the Most Christian King"; III. i. 267.
Chaps, jaws, the mouth; II. i. 352.
Chastised, severely punished; V. ii. 84.
Chatillon (Chatillion, in the Folios), quadrisyllabic; I. i. 30.
Check, control; an allusion to the game of chess; "the Queen of the chessboard was, in this country, invested with those remarkable powers that render her by far the most powerful piece in the game, somewhere about the second decade of the 16th century (Staunton); II. i. 123.
Christendom, baptism, Christianity; IV. i. 16.
Churlish, rough, rude; II. i. 76; niggardly; II. i. 519.
Cincture (Pope's reading; Folios, "center," perhaps = French *ceinture*), girdle; IV. iii. 155.
Circumstance, details; II. i. 7.
Clap up, join hands to ratify a compact; III. i. 235.
Clearly, completely; V. v. 7.
Climate, region of the sky; II. i. 344.
Clippeth about, embraceth; V. ii. 34.
Close, secret; IV. ii. 72.
Closely, secretly; IV. i. 133.
Closet, private apartment; IV. ii. 267.
Clouts; "a babe of c.," a doll made of pieces of cloth, a rag-doll; III. iv. 58.
Clutch, shut close; II. i. 589.
Cocker'd, pampered; V. i. 70.
Coil, ado, turmoil; II. i. 165.
Colbrand the Giant; a famous legendary giant, overthrown by Guy of Warwick before King Athelstan at Winchester (*cp.* Ballad of Guy and Colebrande, in Percy's *Reliques*); I. i. 225.
Coldly, calmly, tranquilly; II. i. 53.
Commandment on, command of, over; IV. ii. 92.
Commodity, profit, self-interest; II. i. 573.
Companies = company; IV. ii. 167.
Composition, compact; II. i. 561.
Compound, agree, settle; II. i. 281.
Compulsion, compelling circumstances; V. ii. 44.
Conceit, mental faculty, intelligence; III. iii. 50.
Concludes, settles the matter; I. i. 127.
Conduct, escort, guard; I. i. 29.
Confounded, destroyed; V. vii. 58.
Confusion, ruin, overthrow; II. i. 359.
Conjure, solemnly enjoin; IV. ii. 269.

- Consequently*, accordingly; IV. ii. 240.
Contemn'd, despised; V. ii. 13.
Control, constraint; I. i. 17.
Controlment, compulsion; I. i. 20.
Conversion, change to superior rank; I. i. 189.
Convertite, convert; V. i. 19.
Convicted, defeated, overpowered; III. iv. 2.
Coops, shuts up (for protection); II. i. 25.
Corruptibly, causing corruption; V. vii. 2.
Countries; "man of c.," traveller; I. i. 193.
Cousin, any kinsman or kinswoman not nearly related; III. i. 339.
Covetousness, eagerness, desire; IV. ii. 29.
Cracker, blusterer, braggart; II. i. 147.
Create, created; IV. i. 107.
Cross'd, thwarted; III. i. 91.
Cull, choose out, select; II. i. 40.
Customed, accustomed, customary, common; III. iv. 155.
Dead news, news of death; V. vii. 65.
Deafs = deafens; II. i. 147.
Dealt, acted; V. ii. 121.
Dear; "my d. offence," "the offence which has cost me dear"; I. i. 257.
Defy, despise, denounce; III. iv. 23.
Departed, parted; II. i. 563.
Device, "cut and ornaments of a garment"; I. i. 210.
Dim, "wanting the fresh aspect of life and health"; III. iv. 85.
Disallow of, refuse; I. i. 16.
Discontents, discontented spirits; IV. iii. 151.
Dishabited, dislodged; II. i. 220.
Dispiteous, pitiless; IV. i. 34.
Dispose, disposal; I. i. 263.
Disposed, managed, arranged; III. iv. 11.
Distemper'd, disturbed by the elements, III. iv. 154; angry, ill-humoured; IV. iii. 21.
Doff, take off; III. i. 128.
Dogged, cruel; IV. i. 129; IV. iii. 149.
Dominations, dominion, sovereign power; II. i. 176.
Doubt, suspect, fear; IV. i. 19.
Doubtless, free from fear; IV. i. 130.
Down-trodden, trampled to the ground; II. i. 241.
Draw, draw out, lengthen; II. i. 103.
Drawn, drawn together; IV. ii. 118.
Drew, levied; V. ii. 113.
Dunghill; a term of contempt for a person meanly born (= "dung-hill cur"); IV. iii. 87.
Dust, "a d.," a particle of dust; IV. i. 93.
Eat, eaten; I. i. 234.
Effect, import, tenour; IV. i. 38.
Embassy, message entrusted to an ambassador; I. i. 6, 22.
Embattailed, drawn up in battle order; IV. ii. 200.
Embounded, enclosed; IV. iii. 137.
Endamagement, injury, harm; II. i. 209.
Enforced, compelled; V. ii. 30.
Enfranchisement, release from prison, deliverance; IV. ii. 52.
Equity, justice; II. i. 241.
Even, exactly, just; III. i. 233.
Excommunicate = excommunicated; III. i. 173.
Exercise; "good exercise," education befitting a noble youth; IV. ii. 60.
Exhalation, meteor; III. iv. 153.
Expedient, expeditious, quick; II. i. 60.
Expire, come to an end, cease; V. iv. 36.
Extremes, acts of cruelty; IV. i. 108.
Fair, clearly, distinctly; IV. i. 37.

Fair fall, fair fortune befall; I. i. 78.

Fall from, desert; III. i. 320.

Fall'n off, deserted; V. v. 11.

Fantasied; "strangely f.," filled with strange fancies; IV. ii. 144.

Fashion'd; "so new a f. robe," a robe of so new a fashion; IV. ii. 27.

Fast and loose, a cheating game of gipsies and other vagrants, the drift of which was to encourage wagers, as to whether a knot was fast or loose; III. i. 242.

Fearful; "fearful action," gestures of fear; IV. ii. 191.

Feature, form, external appearance; IV. ii. 264.

Fell, fierce, cruel; III. iv. 40.

Fence, skill in fencing; II. i. 290.

Fetch about, turn, veer round; IV. ii. 24.

Field, battle-field; V. i. 55.

Fine, punishment, V. iv. 37, 38, end; with a play upon the two senses of the word.

Flats, low ground; V. vi. 40.

Fleet, pass away with rapidity; II. i. 285.

Flesh, "make fierce and eager for combat"; V. i. 71.

Fleshy land, land of flesh; IV. ii. 245.

Flood, ocean, sea; III. iv. 1.

Flout, scorn, mock; II. i. 373.

Fondly, foolishly; II. i. 258.

Footing; "upon the f. of our land," standing upon our own soil; V. i. 66.

For, because; II. i. 591.

Forage, prowl about like a lion in search of prey; V. i. 59.

For because = because; II. i. 588.

Forgo, give up, renounce; III. i. 207.

Forwearied, worn out, exhausted; II. i. 233.

Foster'd up, reared; V. ii. 75.

France, the King of France; I. i. 1.

From, away from, foreign; IV. iii. 151.

Fulsome, nauseous, disgusting; III. iv. 32.

Gall, wound, hurt; IV. iii. 94, 95.

Garws, toys, trifling ornaments; III. iii. 36.

Give off, take off, give up; V. i. 27.

Give way, permit to pass before us; I. i. 156.

Glister, glitter, shine; V. i. 54.

Gone, despatched, dead; III. iv. 163.

Good den, good evening; I. i. 185.

Goods, good, advantage; IV. ii. 64.

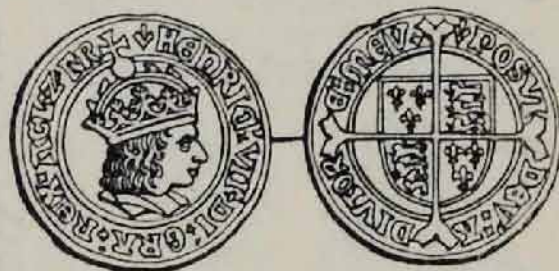
Gracious, full of grace, lovely; III. iv. 81.

Greens, grassy plains, meadows; II. i. 242.

Grossly, stupidly; III. i. 163, 168.

Guard, ornament; IV. ii. 10.

Half-faced groat; groats and half-groats with the profile or half-face of the King, were first struck in 1503; I. i. 94.



From a specimen of the time of Henry VII., who first minted these coins.

Halting, dilatory; V. ii. 174.

Handkercher = handkerchief; IV. i. 42.

Harbourage, shelter; II. i. 234.

Harness'd, dressed in armour; V. ii. 132.

Hatch, half door; "take the h.," jump the half door; V. ii. 138.

Head of war, armed force; V. ii. 113.

Heat = heated; IV. i. 61.

Heinous, odious; III. iv. 90.

Hence, hereafter; V. iv. 29.

His = its; IV. iii. 32.

Hold, restrain ; IV. ii. 82.
Hold hands with, is on terms of equality with ; II. i. 494.
olp, helped ; I. i. 240.
Humorous, capricious ; III. i. 119.
Humours, "unsettled h.," restless spirits ; II. i. 66 ; whims ; IV. ii. 209.
Hurly = hurly-burly, confusion, uproar ; III. iv. 169.

Idly, casually, carelessly ; IV. ii. 124.
Impeach, accuse ; II. i. 116.
Importance, importunity ; II. i. 7.
In = on ; I. i. 99.
Indifferency, impartiality ; II. i. 579.
Indigest, chaos ; V. vii. 26.
Indirect, lawless, wrong ; III. i. 275.
Indirection, wrong, dishonest practice ; III. i. 276.
Indirectly, wrongfully ; II. i. 49.
Industrious, zealous, laborious ; II. i. 376.
Infant state, infant majesty, or, state that belongs to an infant ; II. i. 97.
Infortunate, unfortunate ; II. i. 178.
Ingrate, ungrateful ; V. ii. 151.
Innocency, innocence ; IV. iii. 110.

Interrogatories, a technical law-term ; questions put to a witness which were to be answered with the solemnities of an oath ; III. i. 147.
Invasive, invading ; V. i. 69.
Inveterate, deep-rooted ; V. ii. 14.

Joan, a common name for a woman among rustics ; I. i. 184.
Joy, glad ; III. iv. 107.

Lasting, everlasting, eternal ; III. iv. 27.
Liabile, subject, II. i. 490 ; fit, IV. ii. 226 ; allied, associated, V. ii. 101.
Lien = lain, IV. i. 50.
Lightning ; "as l.," as swift as lightning ; I. i. 24.
Like, likely, probable ; III. iv. 49.
Limited, fixed, appointed ; V. ii. 123.
Line, thicken, strengthen ; IV. iii. 24.
Lineal, hereditary, due by right of birth ; II. i. 85.
List, listen, give ear ; II. i. 468.
Litter, a couch for ladies and sick persons in travelling ; V. iii. 16.

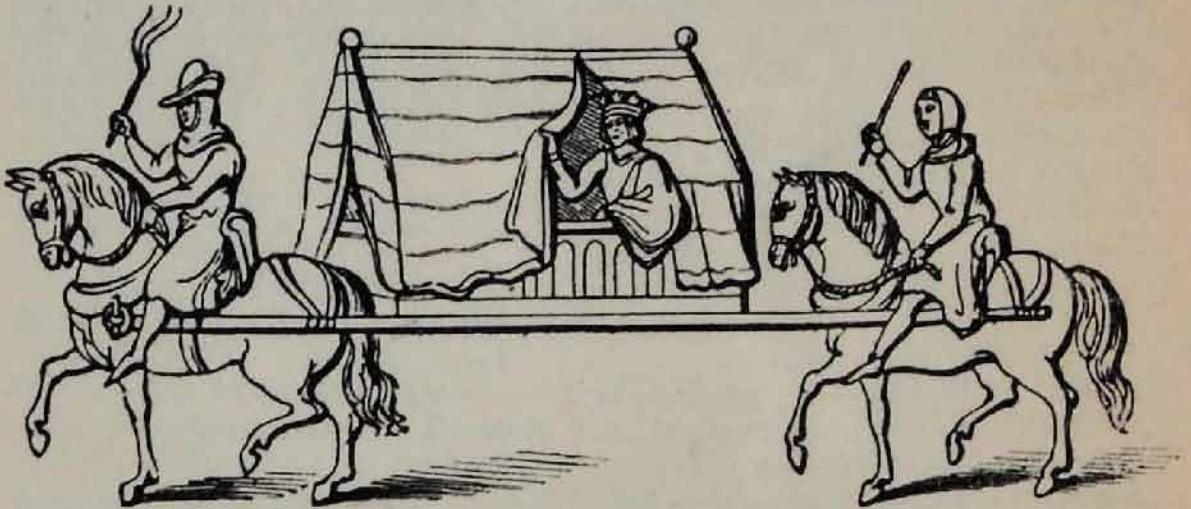
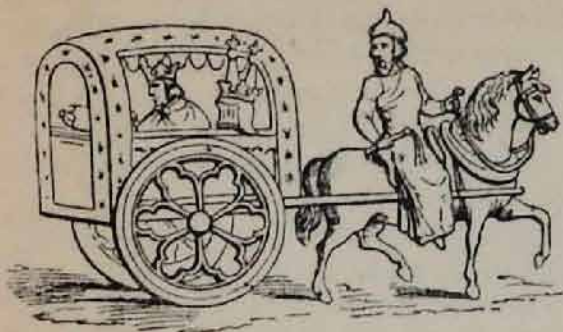


Illustration of a litter, from a drawing in the MS. *History of the Kings of France* (Royal 16 G 6), written early in XIVth century.

Inquire out, seek out ; IV. iii. 115.
Intelligence, spies, informers ; IV. ii. 116.
Interest to, claim to ; V. ii. 89.

Make up, hasten forward ; III. ii. 5.
Manage, taking of measures, administration ; I. i. 37.

Many carriages; V. vii. 90.



A Mediæval Carriage.

From the MS. of *Le Roman du Roy Meliadus* (end of XIVth century), formerly in the Roxburghe Library. The elegant form of the wheel is noteworthy.

Matter, material, fuel; V. ii. 85.

May, can; V. iv. 21.

Meagre, thin, lean; III. iv. 85.

Means, intends, purposes; III. iv. 119.

Measures, stately dances; here used for the music accompanying and regulating the motion of the dance; III. i. 304.

Might, could, were able; II. i. 325.

Minion, favourite; II. i. 392.

Mistempered = distempered, ill-tempered; V. i. 12.

Mistook, mistaken; III. i. 274.

Mocking, deriding, ridiculing; V. i. 72.

Modern, commonplace; III. iv. 42.

Module, mould, image; V. vii. 58.

Moe, more; V. iv. 17.

More, greater; II. i. 34.

Mortal, deadly; III. i. 259.

Motion, impulse; I. i. 212.

Mounting, aspiring; I. i. 206.

Mousing, worrying, tearing (as a cat does a mouse); II. i. 354.

Munition, materials for war; V. ii. 98.

Muse, marvel, wonder; III. i. 317.

Mutines, mutineers; II. i. 378.

New, lately; III. i. 233.

Nice; "makes nice of," is scrupulous about; III. iv. 138.

Nob, contemptuous, diminutive of Robert; I. i. 147.

No had, had I not? IV. ii. 207.

Note; "of note," noted, well known; IV. i. 121.

Noted, known; IV. ii. 21.

Occasion, necessity, cause, II. i. 82; "occasions," opportunities, IV. ii. 62; course of events, IV. ii. 125.

O'erbearing, bearing down, overpowering; III. iv. 9.

Of = from; III. iv. 55.

Offend, harm, hurt; IV. i. 132.

Offer, attempt; IV. ii. 94.

Opposite, contrary; III. i. 254.

Oppression; "our o." = oppression of us, our injury; III. i. 106.

Out-faced, supplanted, put down by arrogance and intimidation; II. i. 97.

Outlook, face down; V. ii. 115.

Outward eye; a metaphor derived from the game of bowls; the "eye of a bowl was the aperture on one side which contained the bias or weight"; II. i. 583.

Overbear, overrule; IV. ii. 37.

Owe, own; II. i. 109.

Painted, artificial, counterfeit; III. i. 105.

Parle, parley; II. i. 205.

Pass, refuse; II. i. 258.

Passionate, full of lamentation; II. i. 544.

Parons, pledges; V. ii. 141.

Peering o'er = overpeering, overflowing; III. i. 23.

Peevish, wayward; II. i. 402.

Peised, poised, balanced; II. i. 575.

Pencil, small brush used to lay on colours; III. i. 237.

Peradventure, perhaps; V. vi. 31.

Peremptory, determined; II. i. 454.

Perfect, right, correct; V. vi. 6.

- Philip! sparrow*; the popular name of the sparrow was Philip, suggested by its peculiar chirp (*cp.* Skelton's "*Boke of Phyllyp Sparrowe*"); I. i. 231.
- Picked*, affected; I. i. 193.
- Plots*, positions; II. i. 40.
- Possess'd with*, informed of; IV. ii. 41.
- Potents*, potentates; II. i. 358.
- Powers*, armed force; III. iii. 70.
- Practises*, plots; IV. i. 20.
- Prate*, prattle; IV. i. 25.
- Precedent*, "original copy of a writing"; V. ii. 3.
- Presages*, prognostications; III. IV. 158.
- Presence*; "lord of thy p.", lord of only your fine person; I. i. 137.
- Presently*, immediately; V. vii. 86.
- Princes* = lords; V. vii. 97.
- Private*, private communication; IV. iii. 16.
- Prodigiously*, by the birth of a monster; III. i. 91.
- Propertied*, made a property or tool of; V. ii. 79.
- Provoke*, incite, instigate; IV. ii. 207.
- Puissance*, armed force; III. i. 339.
- Pure*, clear; V. vii. 2.
- Purpled hands*, hands stained with blood, like those of huntsmen, by cutting up the deer; II. i. 322.
- Purpose*, "had a p.," intention; V. i. 76.
- Put o'er*, refer; I. i. 62.
- Pyrenean*, the Pyrenees; I. i. 203.
- Quantity*, small portion; V. iv. 23.
- Quarter*; "keep good q.," guard carefully your posts; V. v. 20.
- Quoted*, noted, marked; IV. ii. 222.
- Rage* = rave; V. vii. 11.
- Ramping*, rampant; III. i. 122.
- Rankness*, fulness to overflowing; V. iv. 54.
- Reason*, it is reasonable; V. ii. 130.
- Recreant*, cowardly, faithless; III. i. 129.
- Refuse*, reject, disown; I. i. 127.
- Regreet*, greeting; III. i. 241.
- Remembers*, reminds; III. iv. 96.
- Remembrance*, memory (quadri-syllabic), V. ii. 2; V. vi. 12.
- Remorse*, compassion; II. i. 478.
- Resolved*, resolute; V. vi. 29.
- Resolveth*, melteth; V. iv. 25.
- Respect*, consideration, reflection; IV. ii. 214.
- Respective*, showing respect; I. i. 188.
- Rest*, quiet possession; IV. ii. 55.
- Retire themselves* = retire, retreat; V. iii. 13.
- Revolts*, deserters, rebels; V. ii. 151.
- Rheum*, moisture, here used for tears; III. i. 22.
- Ribs*, walls; II. i. 384.
- Ripe*, ripen; II. i. 472.
- Rounded*, whispered; II. i. 566.
- Roundure*, enclosure; II. i. 259.
- Rub*, obstacle, impediment; III. iv. 128.
- Rumour*, din, tumult; IV. ii. 45.
- Safety*, safe custody; IV. ii. 158.
- Savagery*, atrocity; IV. iii. 48.
- Scamble* = scramble, struggle; IV. iii. 146.
- Scath*, injury, damage; II. i. 75.
- Scope of nature*, natural effect (Pope "scape," *i.e.* freak); III. iv. 154.
- Scroyles*, scabby fellows, rascals; II. i. 373.
- Seal to the indenture*; II. i. 20. (*Cp.* the annexed illustration of a seal attached to a deed of conveyance, dated 1613.)



Secondary, subordinate ; V. ii. 80.
Secure, free from care ; IV. i. 130.
Semblance, appearance, disguise ; IV. iii. 4.
Set, a term at cards, as well as at tennis ; V. ii. 107.
Set forward, start on the journey ; IV. iii. 19.
Shadow, reflection ; II. i. 498.
Shadowing, shielding, protecting ; II. i. 14.
Shall, must ; V. ii. 78.
Shrewd, evil, bad ; V. v. 14.
Shrouds, sail-ropes ; V. vii. 53.
Sick service, service in sickness ; IV. i. 52.
Sightless, unsightly, ugly ; III. i. 45.
Sign'd, marked, branded ; IV. ii. 222.
Set, close ; V. vii. 51.
Skin-coat, *i.e.* lion's skin (taken from Richard) ; II. i. 139.
Smacks, savours ; II. i. 396.
Smoke, thrash (a dialect word) ; II. i. 139.
So = if only ; IV. i. 17.
Sole, alone, unique ; IV. iii. 52.
Solemnity, marriage ceremony ; II. i. 555.
Sooth, truth ; IV. i. 29.
Soothest up, dost flatter ("up" used intensively) ; III. i. 121.
Soul-fearing, soul-frightening, terrifying ; II. i. 383.
Sound, give voice to, proclaim ; IV. ii. 48.
Souse, a term in falconry, to pounce upon ; V. ii. 150.
Sped, succeeded ; IV. ii. 141.
Spend, waste ; V. ii. 39.
Spirit, monosyllabic ; II. i. 232 ; V. i. 53.
Spleen, heat, passion ; IV. iii. 97.
Spot, stain, disgrace ; V. ii. 30.
Sprightful, full of spirit, high-spirited ; IV. ii. 177.
Staff, lance ; II. i. 318.
State, power, majesty ; IV. ii. 243.
States, lords of high estate ; II. i. 395.

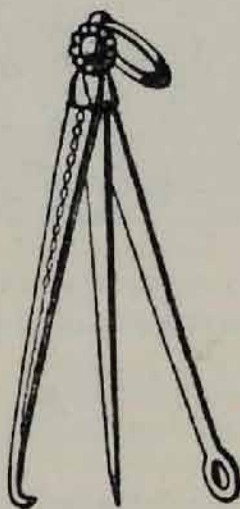
Stay, a peremptory check, a command to stop ; II. i. 455.
Still, continually ; V. vii. 37.
Still and anon, now and again ; IV. i. 47.
Straight, straightway ; II. i. 149.
Strait, parsimonious, niggardly ; V. vii. 42.
Stranger, foreign ; V. i. 111.
Stumbling night, night which causes stumbling ; V. v. 18.
Sudden, quick, hasty, IV. i. 27 ; unprepared, V. vi. 26.
Suggestions, temptations, incitements to evil-doing ; III. i. 292.
Supernal, placed above, heavenly ; II. i. 112.
Suspire, draw breath ; III. iv. 80.
Swinged, thrashed, whipped ; II. i. 288.



'St George that swunged the Dragon.'
 From an old black-letter ballad.

Table, tablet (on which a picture is painted) ; II. i. 503.
Take = make ; III. i. 17.
Tarre on, set on, incite ; IV. i. 117.
Task (Theobald's correction of "tast" of the Folios), challenge, command ; III. i. 148.
Taste, to act the part of taster, an officer whose duty it was to "take the assay" of each dish before it passed to his master ; V. vi. 28.
Temporize, come to terms, compromise ; V. ii. 125.

Territories, (probably) feudal dependencies; I. i. 10.
Then, than; IV. ii. 42.
Threats, threatens; III. i. 347.
Tickling, cajoling, flattering; II. i. 573.
Tides; "high t.," high days; III. i. 86.
Time's enemies, the enemies of the times, *i.e.* of the present state of affairs; IV. ii. 61.
Tithe, take a tithe; III. i. 154.
To, added to; I. i. 144.
Toasting-iron, an iron used for toasting cheese; used contemptuously of a sword; IV. iii. 99.
Toll, take toll, raise a tax; III. i. 154.
Tongue, alluding to the serpent's tongue, in which the venom was supposed to be secreted; III. i. 258.
Took it on his death, swore by the certainty of his death; I. i. 110.
Topful, full to the brim; III. iv. 180.
Tooth-pick; I. i. 190. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From a XVIIth century specimen.

Tottering, tattered; V. v. 7.
Touch'd and tried, tested by the touchstone; III. i. 100.
Towers, rises in circles in flight; V. ii. 149.
Toys, idle fancies, follies; I. i. 232.

Trick, characteristic expression; I. i. 85.
True; "my t. defence," *i.e.* "the defence of my honesty"; IV. iii. 84.
Unadvised, without due thought, consideration, II. i. 45; rash, II. i. 191.
Unconstant = inconstant, unsteady, fickle; III. i. 243.
Under-bear, bear, endure; III. i. 65.
Underprop, support; V. ii. 99.
Underwrought, undermined; II. i. 95.
Undeserved, not merited; IV. i. 108.
Unhair'd, (Theobald's emendation of "vn-heard," the reading of Folio 1) beardless; V. ii. 133.
Unmatchable, not able to be equalled; IV. iii. 52.
Unowned, unowned, left without an owner; IV. iii. 147.
Unreverend, disrespectful; I. i. 227.
Unruly, not submitting to rule; III. iv. 135.
Unsure, unstable, insecure; II. i. 471.
Unthread the rude eye, retrace the hazardous road (Theobald "untread"; but the metaphor is evidently derived from threading a needle); V. iv. 11.
Unurged, unsolicited, voluntary; V. ii. 10.
Unvex'd, not molested, not troubled; II. i. 253.
Up, used with intensive force; IV. iii. 133.
Upon, on the side of, I. i. 34; on account of, II. i. 597.
Vex'd, disquieted; III. i. 17.
Volquessen, the ancient country of the Velocasses, whose capital was Rouen; II. i. 527.
Voluntaries, volunteers; II. i. 67.
Waft—wafted, borne over the sea; II. i. 73.

- Wait upon*, attend; V. vii. 98.
- Walks*; "wildly w.," i.e. goes to confusion; IV. ii. 128.
- Wall-eyed*, glaring-eyed ("having an eye in which the iris is discoloured or wanting in colour"); IV. iii. 49.
- Want*, lack; IV. i. 99.
- Wanton*, one brought up in luxury, an effeminate boy; V. i. 70.
- Wantonness*, sportiveness; IV. i. 16.
- Warn'd*, summoned; II. i. 201.
- Watchful*; "the w. minutes to the hour," the minutes which are watchful to the hour; IV. i. 46.
- Way*, line of descent; V. vi. 11.
- Weal*, common-wealth, IV. ii. 65; welfare, IV. ii. 66.
- Wear out*, let come to an end; III. i. 110.
- Weather*, storm, tempest; IV. ii. 109.
- What!* an ejaculation of impatience; I. i. 245.
- What though*, what does it matter! I. i. 169.
- What on*, incite; III. iv. 181.
- Whether* (Folios "where"), monosyllabic; I. i. 75; II. i. 167.
- Wilful-opposite*, refractory, stubborn; V. ii. 124.
- Wind up*, furl together; V. ii. 73.
- Winking*, closed; II. i. 215.
- With=by*; II. i. 567; III. iv. 135.
- Worship*, honour, dignity; IV. iii. 72.
- Wrested*, taken by violence; IV. iii. 154.
- Yet*, as yet; II. i. 361.
- Yon*, yonder; III. iii. 60.
- You=for you*, in your interests; III. iv. 146.
- Zeal*, ardour, intense endeavour; II. i. 565.
- Zounds*; a corruption of "God's wounds"; a common oath; II. i. 466.

Notes.

I. i. 20. According to the Cambridge editors the line must probably be scanned as an Alexandrine, reading the first 'controlment' in the time of a trisyllable and the second as a quadrisyllable. This seems very doubtful; the irregularity of the line is not remarkable; there is merely an extra syllable before the pause:—

Contról|ment för| contrólment||so áns|wer Fránce.|

I. i. 28. 'sullen presage of your own decay'; there is perhaps an allusion here to the dismal passing-bell, as Steevens suggested; according to Delius, the trumpet of doom is alluded to. There is, however, no difficulty in the thought as it stands, without these references to a secondary idea.

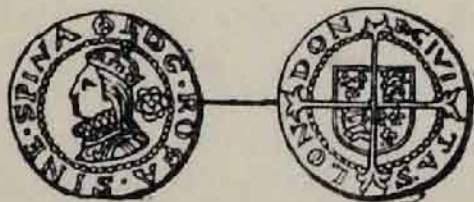
I. i. 49. 'expedition's'; first Folio, *expeditious*; an obvious misprint.

I. i. 54. 'Cœur-de-lion'; 'Cordelion' in the Folios and old play; perhaps the spelling should be kept as the popular form of the name.

'knighted in the field'; in 'The Troublesome Raigne' he is knighted at the siege of Acon or Acre, by the title of Sir Robert Fauconbridge of Montbery.

I. i. 85. 'trick'; it has been suggested that 'trick' is used here in the heraldic sense of 'copy'; it would seem, however, to be used in a less definite sense.

I. i. 139. 'sir Robert's his,' so the Folios; Theobald proposed 'sir Robert his,' regarding 'his' as the old genitive form; Vaughan, 'just sir Robert's shape'; Schmidt takes the 's his' as a reduplicative possessive. Surely 'his' is used substantively with that rollicking effect which is so characteristic of Faulconbridge. There is no need to explain the phrase as equivalent to 'his shape, which is also his father Sir Robert's'; 'sir Robert's his' = 'sir Robert's shape,' 'his' emphasizing substantively the previous pronominal use of the word.



From an engraving by Fairholt.

I. i. 143. 'Look, where three-farthings goes'; three-farthing pieces of silver were coined in 1561 (discontinued in 1582); they were very thin, and were distinguished from the silver pence by an impression of the queen's profile, with a rose behind her ear. (*Cp.* illustration.)

I. i. 147. 'I would not'; Folio 1 reads 'It would not,' probably a misprint, though Delius makes 'it' refer to 'His face.'

I. i. 234-5. 'eat his part upon Good-Friday'; evidently a popular proverb, *cp.* Heywood's *Dialogue upon Proverbs*:

'He may his part on Good Friday eat,
And fast never the wurs, for ought he shall geat' (i.e. get).

I. i. 244. 'Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like'; an allusion to the old play called 'Soliman and Perseda' (printed 1599, written probably some ten years before); Piston the buffoon, representing the old Vice of the Morality Plays, jumps on the back of Basilisco, the bragging coward, and makes him take oath on his dagger:—

BAS. 'I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—knight, good fellow, knight, knight,—
PIST. Knave, good fellow, knave, knave.'

(*cp.* Dodsley's *Old Plays*, ed. Hazlitt, Vol. v. 271-2.)

II. i. 2. 'that great forerunner of thy blood'; Shakespeare, by some oversight, here makes Arthur directly descended from Richard.

II. i. 5. 'by this brave duke,' so the old play. Richard was, however, slain by an arrow at the siege of Chaluz, some years after the Duke's death.

II. i. 64. 'her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain,' i.e. her granddaughter; Blanch was the daughter of John's sister Eleanor and Alphonso VIII. King of Castile.

II. i. 65. 'of the king's deceased,' i.e. 'of the deceased king'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'king'; but Folio 1, 'kings' = 'king's' is idiomatically correct.

II. i. 103. 'huge'; Rowe read 'large,' doubtless a misprint for 'huge' restored by Capell.

II. i. 113. 'breast'; Folio 1, 'beast.'

II. i. 119. 'Excuse; it is,' etc.; Malone's correction of the Folios, 'Excuse it is'; Rowe (ed. 2) 'Excuse it, 'tis.'

II. i. 137. 'of whom the proverb goes,' i.e. 'Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant'; *cp.* Kyd's Spanish Tragedy, 'Hares may pull dead lions by the beard.'

II. i. 144. 'Great Alcides' shows upon an ass'; alluding to the skin of the Nemean lion won by Hercules. The Folios read 'shooes'; the reading of the text was first proposed by Theobald.

II. i. 149. 'King Philip,' etc.; the line is printed in the Folios as part of Austria's speech, with 'King Lewis' instead of 'King Philip'; the error was first corrected by Theobald.

II. i. 152. 'Anjou,' Theobald's correction of 'Angiers' of the Folios.

II. i. 156. 'Bretagne'; Folios 1, 2, 'Britaine'; Folio 3, 'Britain'; Folio 4, 'Brittain.'

II. i. 159. ll. 159 to 197 considered as spurious by Pope.

II. i. 160, 161. 'it,' old form of possessive, so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, 'yt . . . it'; Johnson, 'it' . . . it'; Capell, 'it's . . . it's.' In the Lancashire dialect 'hit' is still common form of the possessive, an archaism used here in imitation of the language of the nursery.

II. i. 167. 'whether,' monosyllabic; Folios 1, 2, 3, 'where'; Folio 4, 'where.'

II. i. 177. 'this is thy eldest'; Capell's emendation of the Folios, 'this is thy eldest'; Fleay proposed 'this' thy eldest'; Ritson, 'thy eldest,' omitting 'this is.'

II. i. 180. 'the canon of the law,' cp. Exodus xx. 5.

II. i. 187. 'And with her plague; her sin his injury,' etc.; the Folios, 'And with her plague her sin: his injury,' etc. The punctuation adopted was first proposed by Mr Roby, who explains the passage thus:—"God hath made her sin and herself to be a plague to this distant child, who is punished for her and with the punishment belonging to her: God has made her sin to be an injury to Arthur, and her injurious deeds to be the executioner to punish her sin: all which (viz., her first sin and her now injurious deeds) are punished in the person of this child."

II. i. 196. 'aim'; Folio 1, 'ayme'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'ay me'; Rowe conjectured 'amen'; Moberley, 'hem'; Jackson, 'shame'; 'Johnson, 'j'aime.'

II. i. 215. 'Confronts your'; Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, 'Comfort yours'; Folios 3, 4, 'Comfort your'; Rowe suggested, 'Confront your'; Collier, 'Come fore your.'

II. i. 217. 'waist'; Folios 1, 2, 3, 'waste'; Folio 4, 'waiste'; 'doth'; the singular by attraction to the preceding word; Rowe, 'do.'

II. i. 234. 'Grave,' so Pope; Folios read 'Graues.'

II. i. 259, 'roundure,' so Capell; Folios read 'rounder'; Singer, 'rondure.'

II. i. 262. 'rude'; Williams conjectured 'wide.'

II. i. 323. 'Dyed'; Folios 1, 2, 3, 'Dide'; Folio 4, 'dy'd.' Pope suggested 'Stain'd'; Vaughan, 'Dipp'd.'

II. i. 325. In the Folios 'the first citizen' is throughout named 'Hubert,' in all probability owing to the fact that the actor of the part of Hubert also took this minor character of the play.

II. i. 335. 'run,' so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, 'rome'; Malone reads, 'roam'; Nicholson conjectured 'foam.'

II. i. 353. 'fangs,' Steevens' spelling for 'phangs' of the Folios.

II. i. 358. 'equal potents'; Collier reads 'equal potent'; Delius, 'equal-potents'; Dyce, 'equal-potent.'

'fiery-kindled,' so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, 'fierie kindled'; Pope, 'fiery-kindled'; Collier (ed. 2), 'fire-ykindled'; Lettsom conjectures 'fire-enkindled.'

II. i. 371. 'King'd of our fears'; the Folios, 'Kings of our fear'; the excellent emendation adopted in the text was first proposed by Tyrwhitt.

II. i. 378. 'the mutines of Jerusalem,' i.e. the mutineers of Jerusalem, evidently alluding to John of Giscala and Simon bar Gioras, the leaders of the opposing factions, who combined in order to resist the Roman attack. Shakespeare probably derived his knowledge from Peter Morwyng's trans-

lation (1558) of the spurious Josephus, the 'Joseppon,' as it is called: Josephus was first Englished in 1602.

II. i. 425. 'Dauphin,' so Rowe; Folios, 'Dolphin' (*passim*).

II. i. 584. 'aid'; Collier (ed. 2, Mason's conjecture), 'aim.'

III. i. 16-17. 'thou didst but jest, With my vex'd spirits,' etc.; Rowe's emendation of the punctuation of the Folios, 'jest . . . spirits.'

III. i. 148. 'task,' Theobald's correction of the Folios; Folios 1, 2, 'tast'; Folios 3, 4, 'taste'; Rowe conjectured 'tax.'

III. i. 209. 'new untrimmed bride'; so the Folios; Theobald, 'new and trimmed,' or 'new untamed,' 'new betrimmed'; Dyce, 'new-uptrimmed.' Staunton was probably right when he suggested that 'untrimmed' is descriptive of the bride with her hair hanging loose.

III. i. 259. 'chafed lion:' Theobald's correction of the Folios, 'cased.'

III. i. 280-4. In the First Folio the reading is:—

*'But thou hast sworn against religion;
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,
Against an oath the truth, thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn.'*

In line 281 a plausible emendation is 'swar'st' (= 'swor'st') for the second 'swear'st.' 'By what' = 'in so far as'; lines 281, 282 are evidently parallel in sense; a slight obscurity may perhaps be cleared away by taking the first 'truth' as used with a suggestion of the secondary meaning 'troth': lines 283, 284 are considered the crux of the passage, but possibly all difficulty is removed by placing a semi-colon after 'unsure,' and rendering 'to swear' with the force of 'if a man swear.'

III. ii. 4. 'Philip'; Theobald, 'Richard'; the error was probably Shakespeare's; 'Philip' was 'Sir Richard.'

III. iii. 12. 'Bell, book and candle.' (*Cp. illustration.*)

III. iii. 26. 'time,' Pope's emendation for 'tune' of the Folios.

III. iii. 39. 'Sound on into the drowsy ear of night'; the Folios, 'race'; Dyce and Staunton, 'ear'; Bulloch, 'face,' etc. Theobald suggested 'sound one unto,' as plausible an emendation as so many of his excellent readings.

III. iii. 52. 'brooded watchful day'; Pope's, 'broad-ey'd,' Mitford's 'broad



'Bell, book and candle.'
From the stone-coffin lid
of a XIIIth century
priest, in the Abbey
Church, Shrewsbury

and,' and various emendations have been proposed, but 'brooded' = 'having a brood to watch over,' hence 'brooding' = 'sitting on brood.'

III. iii. 72. 'attend on you,' so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, 'to attend'; Pope reads 't' attend.'

III. iv. 2. 'convicted,' i.e. 'overcome'; there is perhaps a reference here to the Spanish Armada. Pope proposed 'collected'; other suggestions have been 'convented,' 'connected,' 'combined,' 'convexed,' etc.

III. iv. 6. 'Is not Angiers lost?' etc. Arthur was made prisoner at the capture of Mirabeau in 1202. Angiers was captured by John four years later.

III. iv. 44. 'not holy,' so Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, 3, 'holy'; Delius and Staunton (Steevens' conjecture) 'unholy.'

III. iv. 64. 'friends,' Rowe's emendation of 'fiends' of the Folios.

III. iv. 98. 'Then have I reason to be fond of grief,' Rowe's reading; Folios 1, 2, 3 read 'Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?'; Folio 4, 'Then . . . grief?'

III. iv. 110. 'world's taste,' Pope's emendation of the Folios, 'words taste'; Jackson's conjecture, 'word, state.'

III. iv. 182. 'strong actions,' so Folios 2, 3, 4. Folio 1 misprints 'strange actions.'

IV. i. 92. 'mote,' Steevens' emendation for 'moth' of the Folios, a frequent spelling of the word.

IV. ii. 42. 'then lesser is my fear,' so Folio 1; 'then' a common spelling of 'than' in Elizabethan English; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'then less is my fear'; Pope, 'the lesser is my fear.'

IV. ii. 50. 'myself and them' = (perhaps) 'myself and themselves'; hence the ungrammatical 'them.'

IV. ii. 65. 'than whereupon our weal,' etc. The meaning of the passage seems to be, 'we ask for his liberty only in so far as the commonwealth (i.e. 'our weal, on you depending') counts it your welfare,' etc.

IV. ii. 117. 'care'; it is impossible to determine whether the First Folio reads 'care' or 'care'; the other Folios 'care.' There is considerable doubt as to whether the first letter is Roman or Italic, and taking all the evidence into account it seems possible that 'care' was corrected to 'care' in some copies of the First Folio.

IV. ii. 120. 'first of April'; according to history, Eleanor died in 1204 in the month of July.

IV. ii. 123. 'Three days before'; Constance died in reality three years, and not three days before, in August 1201.

IV. ii. 147. 'a prophet,' i.e. Peter of Pomfret (Pontefract).

IV. ii. 194. '*his iron did on the anvil cool.*' The annexed curious illustration of smiths at work is taken from an illuminated MS. of the XIVth century.

IV. iii. 11. '*him*' = the Dauphin.

V. i. 8. '*counties*'; it is difficult to determine whether '*counties*' = (i.) '*counts*,' i.e. '*the nobility*,' or (ii.) '*the divisions of the country*'; probably the former.

V. ii. 1. '*this*,' i.e. '*this compact with the English Lords.*'

V. ii. 27. '*step after a stranger, march*,' so the Folios; Theobald '*stranger march*,' but the original reading seems preferable.

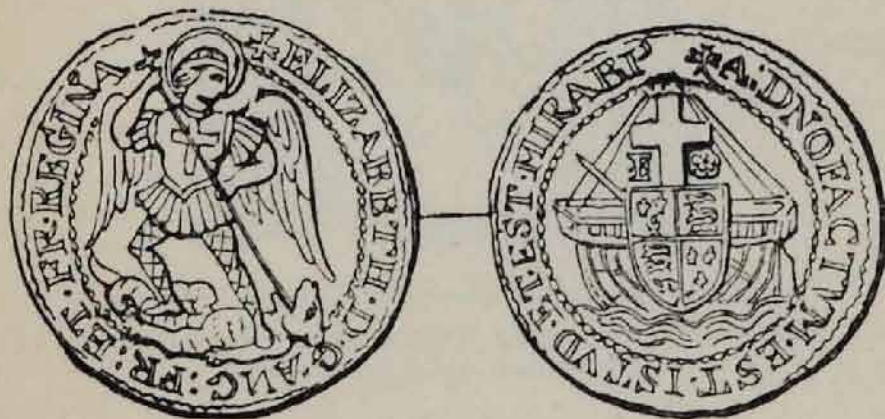
V. ii. 36. '*grapple*,' Pope's emendation of '*cripple*' of the Folios; Steevens conjectured '*grippe*,' Gould '*couple*.'

V. ii. 59. '*Full of warm blood*,' Heath's conjecture for '*Full warm of blood*' of the Folios.

V. ii. 64. '*an angel spake*'; '*angel*' used probably equivocally with a play upon '*angel*' the gold coin, the quibble being suggested by the previous '*purse*,' '*nobles*.'



Mediæval Smiths (see note above).



From a specimen of the time of Elizabeth.

V. ii. 105. (See next page).

V. ii. 133. '*unhair'd*,' Theobald's correction of Folios; Folio 1, '*unheard*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*unheard*'; Keightly proposed '*un-beard*.'

V. iii. 8. '*Swinstead*,' so in '*The Troublesome Raigne*'; '*Swinstead*' = Swineshead, near Spalding, in Lincolnshire.

V. iv. 15. '*He*,' i.e. the Dauphin; perhaps '*lords*' in the previous line is an error for '*lord*.'

V. iv. 24-5. '*even as a form of wax Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the*

fire, alluding to the images of wax used in witchcraft; as the figure melted before the fire, so the person it represented dwindled away.

V. iv. 60. '*Right in thine eye*'; it has been suggested that '*right*' is a misprint for '*riot*'; '*pight*,' '*fight*,' '*fright*,' etc., have been proposed: there is no reason at all for emending the word.

V. vi. 12. '*eyeless night*,' Theobald's emendation of the Folios, '*endles*.'

V. vii. 16. '*Leaves them invisible, and his siege*'; so Folio 1; the other Folios, '*and her siege*'; Pope, '*leaves them; invisible his siege*'; Hanmer, '*leaves them insensible; his siege*'; Steevens, '*invincible*'; etc.

V. vii. 21. '*cygnet*'; Rowe's correction of '*Symet*' of the Folios.



'*Have I not here the best cards for the game*' (V. ii. 105).

From an illuminated MS. of the early XVth century. Perhaps the most ancient representation of the kind known.



Vera Effigies
Iho Middletoni Gent:

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD II.

Preface.

The Early Editions. *Richard II.* was first published, in quarto, in 1597, in which year it was entered on the Register of the Stationers' Company. The title-page of the First Quarto was as follows:—

“The Tragedie of King Richard the Second, *As it hath been publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants.* London. Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church Yard at the Signe of the Angel. 1597.”*

A Second Quarto, with Shakespeare's name on the title-page, was published in 1597.

In the year 1608 a third Quarto appeared, “with new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing of King Richard, as it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Majesties servantes, at the Globe.” The Fourth Quarto, a mere reprint of this, appeared in 1615.

The text of the play in the 1623 Folio was evidently derived from the Fourth Quarto, “corrected with some care, and prepared for stage representation. . . . In the ‘new additions of the Parliament Sceane,’ it would appear that the defective text of the Quarto had been corrected from the author's MS. For this part, therefore, the First Folio is our highest authority; for all the rest of the play the First Quarto affords the best text” (Cambridge Editors).

A Fifth Quarto was published in 1634, based for the most part on the text of the Second Folio (1633); its readings “in a few cases are entirely independent of previous editions.”

The New Additions. The subject of ‘the deposition of Richard II.’ was regarded with considerable suspicion towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign,† and the suppression of lines 154-318 in the first scene of the fourth act in the two editions of the play published during the Queen's lifetime

* *Cp.* Facsimile editions of this and other Quartos by Messrs Griggs and Pratorius.

† In 1596 a Papal Bull was issued against the Queen, inciting her subjects to rebellion.

must be taken in connection with certain well-known incidents:—(i.) in 1599 Sir John Hayward was imprisoned for publishing his *History of the Life and Raigne of Henry the Fourth*, i.e. the story of the deposition of Richard II.; (ii.) in 1601, on the afternoon before the rebellion of Essex, Merrick, one of his adherents, “with a great company of others that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the *play of deposing of King Richard the Second*. Neither was it casual, but a play bespoken by Merrick”; * (iii.) it is recorded how the Queen on one occasion, probably soon after the revolt of Essex, when Lambarde, the Keeper of the Records in the Tower, was showing her his rolls, suddenly exclaimed, on coming to the Reign of Richard II.:—“I am Richard II.; know ye not that,” and she told Lambarde how “this tragedy was played forty times in open streets and houses.” †

Plays on the subject of Richard II. (i.) Merrick’s play was in all probability not Shakespeare’s, though it is singular that the actor who provided the play was a member of the Globe Theatre, Augustine Philipps; the piece in question is described as ‘an obsolete tragedy’ (*exoletam tragoediam de tragica abdicatione regis Ric. II.*, according to Camden), and the players complained that “they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it.” ‡ (ii.) Dr Simon Forman saw a play of Richard II., at the Globe, on 30th April 1611; it dealt with the tumult of Jack Straw and the death of the Duke of Gloucester, i.e., with earlier events of the reign; (i.) and (ii.) were possibly the first and second parts of a chronicle history of the whole reign of Richard II. (iii.) In 1870 Mr T. Halliwell printed, for the first time, from the Egerton MSS. (in the British Museum), “*The Tragedy of Richard II., concluding with the murder of the Duke of Gloster at Calais*”; Mr Halliwell claimed that the play was composed before Shakespeare’s; but this view has been rightly contested (*cp. New Shakespeare Society’s Transactions*, April 10th, 1885), and in all probability the production belongs to the end of the first quarter of the seventeenth century.

The Date of Composition. The publication of the First Quarto in 1597 gives us one hint for the date of composition, which may be safely assigned to about the year 1593. A noticeable piece of external evidence is

* Bacon’s “*Declaration of the practices and treasons attempted and committed by Robert, late Earl of Essex, and his complices against her Majesty and her kingdom.*” *Cp. also State Trials*, p. 1445 (ed. 1809).

† Nichol’s *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*.

‡ Prof. Hales considers it unlikely that there were two plays answering the same description ‘in the field’ of the Globe—two plays dealing with the closing years of Richard II. (*Notes and Essays on Shakespeare*, p. 208).

perhaps to be found in the second edition of Daniel's *Civil Wars*, published in 1595, which contains certain striking parallels with Shakespeare's play not found in the earlier version. The likeness may possibly be purely accidental; on the other hand, we know that Daniel was addicted to the vice of plagiarism.*

The relation of *Richard II.* to Marlowe's *Edward II.* (not earlier than 1590) throws valuable light on the date of composition. As regards versification, it is to be noted that Shakespeare broke away from Marlowe's example, and in place of a rigid use of blank verse, made free use of rhyme: no less than one-fifth of *Richard II.* is in rhymed verse. The proportion of rhyme cannot be taken as an absolute test in placing the piece: it may perhaps be due to an intentional experiment on Shakespeare's part to produce that 'unity of lyrical effect' which is the play's most striking characteristic. In the avoidance of prose, however, the Marlowan precedent is still followed, as in the case of *Richard III.* and *King John*. A general consideration of the metrical tests places *Richard II.* between *Richard III.* and *Henry IV.*, *Romeo and Juliet* and *King John* belonging to nearly the same date. But in dramatic method, no less than in versification, Shakespeare's play shows resistance of Marlowe's influence, though the subject of *Richard II.* may, as is very probable, have been suggested by the similar theme of *Edward II.*† "The reluctant pangs of abdicating royalty in *Edward II.*" may have, in Charles Lamb's famous words, "furnished hints which Shakespeare scarcely improved in his *Richard II.*" Outwardly the two plays have much in common; in tragic pathos, arising from the collision of incident and character, as opposed to tragic horror, Shakespeare had left his predecessor far behind.

The Source of the Play. Shakespeare's main source for the historical facts of *Richard II.* was Holinshed's *Chronicle of Englande, Scotland, and Ireland*; probably the second edition of the work published in 1586, which alone contains the withering of the bay-trees (II. iv. 8). Stowe's *Annals* (1580) seems to have supplied the story of Mowbray's career in Palestine (IV. i. 97). Other sources were used by Shakespeare,

* *Cp.*

"Only let him more sparingly make use
Of others' wit and use his own the more,
That well may scorn base imitation."—

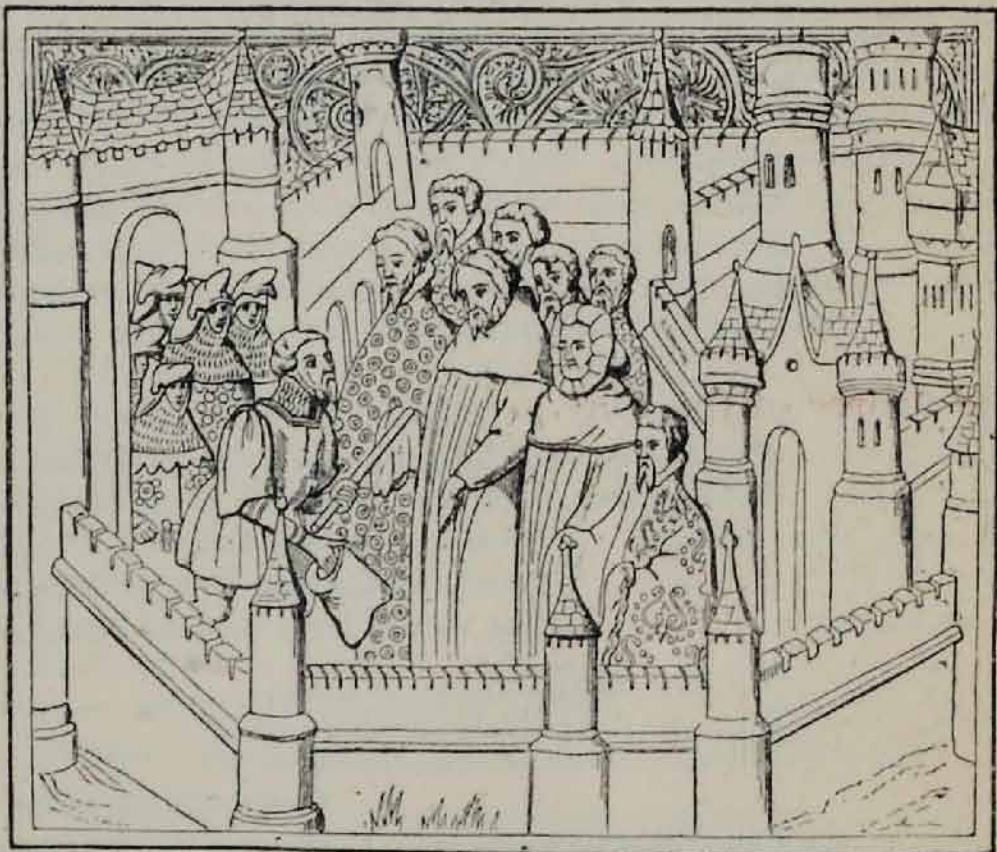
Return from Parnassus.

In the second play of the trilogy the author makes it quite clear that Daniel showed at times too palpably the influence exercised upon him by Shakespeare.

† It is perhaps worth while pointing out that the parallel of Edward and Richard is brought out by Hayward in his *History of Henry the Fourth*, where Richard's last words refer to his great-grandfather, King Edward the Second, "being in this manner deposed, imprisoned, and murdered," &c.

but they are unknown; neither Hall nor Holinshed states that the Bishop of Carlisle was committed to the custody of the Abbot of Westminster. On the whole, Holinshed has been carefully followed by Shakespeare; among the chief divergences are—(i.) the re-creation of characters of the Queen and Gaunt; (ii.) the death-bed scene of Gaunt, and the deposition scene of Richard; (iii.) the introduction of the gardener, the servant, and the groom; (iv.) changes in historic time and place, etc. (*cp.* Riechelman's *Abhandlung zu Richard II. und Holinshed*).

Duration of Action. The time of *Richard II.* covers fourteen days, with intervals; the historic period is from 29th April 1398 to the beginning of March 1400, 'at which time the body of Richard, or what was declared to be such, was brought to London' (*cp.* Daniel's *Time-Analysis*, *Trans. New Shakespeare Society*, 1877-79, p. 269).



The meeting of Richard and Bolingbroke at Conway Castle. (*cp.* Act III. iii.)
From an illumination in the *Metrical History of Richard II.* (MS. Harl. 1319).

“No! Shakespeare’s Kings are not, nor are meant to be, great men: rather, little or quite ordinary humanity, thrust upon greatness, with those pathetic results, the natural self-pity of the weak heightened in them into irresistible appeal to others as the net result of their royal prerogative. One after another, they seem to lie composed in Shakespeare’s embalming pages, with just that touch of nature about them, making the whole world akin, which has infused into their tombs at Westminster a rare poetic grace. It is that irony of Kingship, the sense that it is in its happiness child’s play, in its sorrows, after all, but children’s grief, which gives its finer accent to all the changeful feeling of these wonderful speeches:—the great meekness of the graceful, wild creature, tamed at last,—

‘Give Richard leave to live till Richard die! . . .’

And as sometimes happens with children he attains contentment finally in the merely passive recognition of superior strength, in the naturalness of the result of the great battle as a matter of course, and experiences something of the royal prerogative of poetry to obscure, or at least to attune and soften men’s griefs.”

PATER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING RICHARD *the Second.*

JOHN OF GAUNT, *Duke of Lancaster,* } *uncles to the King.*
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, *Duke of York,* }

HENRY, *surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaunt;*
afterwards KING HENRY IV.

DUKE OF AUMERLE, *son to the Duke of York.*

THOMAS MOWBRAY, *Duke of Norfolk.*

DUKE OF SURREY.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

LORD BERKELEY.

BUSHY, }
BAGOT, } *servants to King Richard.*
GREEN, }

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

HENRY PERCY, *surnamed HOTSPUR, his son.*

LORD ROSS.

LORD WILLOUGHBY.

LORD FITZWATER.

Bishop of Carlisle.

Abbot of Westminster.

Lord Marshal.

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.

SIR PIERCE *of Exton.*

Captain of a band of Welshmen.

QUEEN *to King Richard.*

DUCHESS OF YORK.

DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper,
Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *England and Wales.*

The Tragedy of
King Richard II.

ACT FIRST,

Scene I.

London. King Richard's palace.

*Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other
Nobles and Attendants.*

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should, 10
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused freely speak:
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall 20

My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Mow. Each day still better other's happiness;

Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,

Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come;

Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.

Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object

Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First, heaven be the record to my speech! 30

In the devotion of a subject's love,

Tendering the precious safety of my prince,

And free from other misbegotten hate,

Come I appelland to this princely presence.

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,

And mark my greeting well; for what I speak

My body shall make good upon this earth,

Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,

Too good to be so, and too bad to live, 40

Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,

The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

Once more, the more to aggravate the note,

With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;

And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,

What my tongue speaks my right drawn sword may
prove.

Mow. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,

The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
 Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain ; 50
 The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this :
 Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
 As to be hush'd and nought at all to say :
 First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
 From giving reins and spurs to my free speech ;
 Which else would post until it had return'd
 These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
 Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
 And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
 I do defy him, and I spit at him ; 60
 Call him a slanderous coward and a villain :
 Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
 And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
 Or any other ground inhabitable,
 Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
 Mean time let this defend my loyalty,
 By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
 Disclaiming here the kindred of the king ; 70
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.
 If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop :
 By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Mow. I take it up ; and by that sword I swear,
 Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree, 80

Or chivalrous design of knightly trial :
 And when I mount, alive may I not light,
 If I be traitor or unjustly fight !

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge ?
 It must be great that can inherit us
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true ;
 That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles
 In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
 The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
 Like a false traitor and injurious villain. 91
 Besides I say and will in battle prove,
 Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge
 That ever was survey'd by English eye,
 That all the treasons for these eighteen years
 Complotted and contrived in this land
 Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
 Further I say, and further will maintain
 Upon his bad life to make all this good,
 That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death, 100
 Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
 And consequently, like a traitor coward,
 Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of blood :
 Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
 Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
 To me for justice and rough chastisement ;
 And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
 This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars !
 Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this? 110

Mow. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
 And bid his ears a little while be deaf,

Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears :

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize 120
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul :
He is our subject, Mowbray ; so art thou :
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Mow. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers ;
The other part reserved I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon remainder of a dear account, 130
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen :
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's death,
I slew him not ; but to my own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul ;
But ere I last received the sacrament
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd 140
Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault : as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor :

Which in myself I boldly will defend ;
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray 150
 Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me ;
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood :
 This we prescribe, though no physician ;
 Deep malice makes too deep incision :
 Forget, forgive ; conclude and be agreed ;
 Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;
 We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age : 160
 Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry ? when ?

Obedience bids I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid ; there is no boot.

Mow. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame :

The one my duty owes ; but my fair name,

Despite of death that lives upon my grave,

To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.

I am disgraced, impeach'd and baffled here ; 170

Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,

The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood

Which breathed this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood :

Give me his gage : lions make leopards tame.

Mow. Yea, but not change his spots : take but my shame,
 And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
 The purest treasure mortal times afford
 Is spotless reputation : that away,
 Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
 A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest 180
 Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
 Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;
 Take honour from me, and my life is done :
 Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;
 In that I live and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw up your gage ; do you begin.

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such deep sin !
 Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight ?
 Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
 Before this out-dared dastard ? Ere my tongue 190
 Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
 Or sound so base a parole, my teeth shall tear
 The slavish motive of recanting fear,
 And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
 Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.
 [*Exit Gaunt.*]

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command ;
 Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
 Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
 At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day :
 There shall your swords and lances arbitrate 200
 The swelling difference of your settled hate :
 Since we can not atone you, we shall see
 Justice design the victor's chivalry.
 Lord marshal, command our officers at arms
 Be ready to direct these home alarms. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

The Duke of Lancaster's palace.

Enter John of Gaunt with the Duchess of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclams,
To stir against the butchers of his life!
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire? 10
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded, 20
By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bed, that womb,
That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee
Made him a man; and though thou livest and breathest,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.

Call it not patience, Gaunt ; it is despair :
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd, 30
 Thou showest the naked pathway to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :
 That which in mean men we intitle patience
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel ; for God's substitute,
 His deputy anointed in His sight,
 Hath caused his death : the which if wrongfully,
 Let heaven revenge ; for I may never lift 40
 An angry arm against His minister.

Duch. Where then, alas, may I complain myself ?

Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.

Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold
 Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight :
 O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
 That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast !
 Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
 Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom, 50
 That they may break his foaming courser's back,
 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
 A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford !
 Farewell, old Gaunt : thy sometimes brother's wife
 With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell ; I must to Coventry :

As much good stay with thee as go with me !

Duch. Yet one word more : grief boundeth where it falls,
 Not with the empty hollowness, but weight :
 I take my leave before I have begun, 60

For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
 Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York.
 Lo, this is all :—nay, yet depart not so ;
 Though this be all, do not so quickly go ;
 I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what ?—
 With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
 Alack, and what shall good old York there see
 But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
 Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones ?
 And what hear there for welcome but my groans ?
 Therefore commend me ; let him not come there,
 To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.
 Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die :
 The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

69

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

The lists at Coventry.

Enter the Lord Marshal and the Duke of Aumerle.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd ?

Aum. Yea, at all points ; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
 Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why, then, the champions are prepared, and stay
 For nothing but his majesty's approach.

The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his nobles, Gaunt, Bushby, Bagot, Green, and others. When they are set, enter Mowbray in arms, defendant, with a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
 The cause of his arrival here in arms :

Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause. 10

Mar. In God's name and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou comest thus knightly clad in arms;
Against what man thou comest, and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath;
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!

Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath—
Which God defend a knight should violate!—
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue, 20
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

*The trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke, appellant,
in armour, with a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause. 30

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore comest thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,

In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
 That he is a traitor, foul and dangerous,
 To God of heaven, King Richard and to me ; 40
 And as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold
 Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
 Except the marshal and such officers
 Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
 And bow my knee before his majesty :
 For Mowbray and myself are like two men
 That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;
 Then let us take a ceremonious leave 50
 And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
 And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms.
 Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
 So be thy fortune in this royal fight !
 Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed,
 Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
 For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear : 60
 As confident as is the falcon's flight
 Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
 My loving lord, I take my leave of you ;
 Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle ;
 Not sick, although I have to do with death,
 But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
 Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
 The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet :
 O thou, the earthly author of my blood,

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate, 70
 Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
 To reach at victory above my head,
 Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
 And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
 That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
 And furbish new the name of John a Gaunt,
 Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
 Be swift like lightning in the execution;
 And let thy blows, doubly redoubled, 80
 Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
 Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
 Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive!

Mow. However God or fortune cast my lot,
 There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
 A loyal, just and upright gentleman:
 Never did captive with a freer heart
 Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
 His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement, 90
 More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
 This feast of battle with mine adversary.
 Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
 Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
 As gentle and as jocund as to jest
 Go I to fight; truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
 Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
 Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby, 100
 Receive thy lance; and God defend the right

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.

First Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
 Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
 On pain to be found false and recreant,
 To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
 A traitor to his God, his king and him ;
 And dares him to set forward to the fight.

Sec. Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of
 Norfolk, 110

On pain to be found false and recreant,
 Both to defend himself and to approve
 Henry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
 To God, his sovereign and to him disloyal ;
 Courageously and with a free desire
 Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets ; and set forward, combatants.

[*A charge sounded.*]

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
 And both return back to their chairs again : 120
 Withdraw with us : and let the trumpets sound
 While we return these dukes what we decree.

[*A long flourish.*]

Draw near,

And list what with our council we have done.

For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd

With that dear blood which it hath fostered ;

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect

Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' sword ;

And for we think the eagle-winged pride

Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,

130

With rival-hating envy, set on you
 To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
 Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ;
 Which so roused up with boisterous untuned drums,
 With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
 And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
 Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
 And make us wade even in our kindred's blood ;
 Therefore, we banish you our territories :
 You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life, 140
 Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields
 Shall not regret our fair dominions,
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done : this must my comfort be,
 That sun that warms you here shall shine on me ;
 And those his golden beams to you here lent
 Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :
 The sly slow hours shall not determinate 150
 The dateless limit of thy dear exile ;
 The hopeless word of ' never to return '
 Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mow. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
 And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth :
 A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
 As to be cast forth in the common air,
 Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
 The language I have learn'd these forty years,
 My native English, now I must forego : 160
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more
 Than an unstringed viol or a harp ;

Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
 Or, being open, put into his hands
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony :
 Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
 Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips ;
 And dull unfeeling barren ignorance
 Is made my gaoler to attend on me.

I am too old to fawn upon a nurse, 170
 Too far in years to be a pupil now :
 What is thy sentence then but speechless death,
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate :

After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Mow. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
 To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;

Swear by the duty that you owe to God— 180

Our part therein we banish with yourselves—

To keep the oath that we administer :

You never shall, so help you truth and God !

Embrace each other's love in banishment ;

Nor never look upon each other's face ;

Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile

This louring tempest of your home-bred hate ;

Nor never by advised purpose meet

To plot, contrive, or complot any ill

'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land. 190

Boling. I swear.

Mow. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far, as to mine enemy :—

By this time, had the king permitted us,

One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
 Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
 As now our flesh is banish'd from this land :
 Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm ;
 Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
 The clogging burthen of a guilty soul. 200

Mow. No, Bolingbroke : if ever I were traitor,
 My name be blotted from the book of life,
 And I from heaven banish'd as from hence !
 But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know ;
 And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
 Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray ;
 Save back to England, all the world's my way. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
 I see thy grieved heart : thy sad aspect
 Hath from the number of his banish'd years 210
 Pluck'd four away. [*To Boling.*] Six frozen winters
 spent,

Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word !
 Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
 End in a word : such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of me
 He shortens four years of my son's exile :
 But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;
 For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
 Can change their moons and bring their times about,
 My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light 221
 Shall be extinct with age and endless night ;
 My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
 And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give :
 Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
 And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow ;
 Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
 But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ; 230
 Thy word is current with him for my death,
 But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
 Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave :
 Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour ?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
 You urged me as a judge ; but I had rather
 You would have bid me argue like a father.
 O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
 To smooth his fault I should have been more mild :
 A partial slander sought I to avoid, 241
 And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
 Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
 I was too strict to make mine own away ;
 But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
 Against my will to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell ; and, uncle, bid him so :
 Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King Richard and train.*]

Aum. Cousin, farewell : what presence must not know,
 From where you do remain let paper show. 250

Mar. My lord, no leave take I ; for I will ride,
 As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
 That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
 When the tongue's office should be prodigal

To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone. 260

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou takest for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,

Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps

Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set

The precious jewel of thy home return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make

Will but remember me what a deal of world

I wander from the jewels that I love. 270

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship

To foreign passages, and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else

But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

Teach thy necessity to reason thus;

There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not the king did banish thee,

But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit, 280

Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour

And not the king exiled thee; or suppose

Devouring pestilence hangs in our air

And thou art flying to a fresher clime:

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest:

Suppose the singing birds musicians,

The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
 The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more 290
 Than a delightful measure or a dance ;
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
 The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
 By bare imagination of a feast ?
 Or wallow naked in December snow
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?
 O, no ! the apprehension of the good 300
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
 Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way :
 Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell ; sweet soil,
 adieu ;
 My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !
 Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
 Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

The court.

*Enter the King, with Bagot and Green at one door ;
 and the Duke of Aumerle at another.*

K. Rich. We did observe. Cousin Aumerle,
 How far brought you high Hereford on his way ?
Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,

But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. Faith, none for me ; except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awaked the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin when you parted with
him ?

10

Aum. 'Farewell :'

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word 'farewell' have lengthen'd
hours

And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells ;
But since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin ; but 'tis doubt, 20

When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.

Ourselves and Bushy, Bagot here and Green
Observed his courtship to the common people ;

How he did seem to dive into their hearts

With humble and familiar courtesy,

What reverence he did throw away on slaves,

Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles

And patient underbearing of his fortune,

As 'twere to banish their affects with him. 30

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;

A brace of draymen bid God speed him well

And had the tribute of his supple knee,

With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends ;'
 As were our England in reversion his,
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone ; and with him go these thoughts,
 Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
 Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
 Ere further leisure yield them further means 40
 For their advantage and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war :
 And, for our coffers, with too great a court
 And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
 We are inforced to farm our royal realm ;
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us
 For our affairs in hand : if that come short,
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters ;
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are
 rich,
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold 50
 And send them after to supply our wants ;
 For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Busby.

Busby, what news ?

Busby. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
 Suddenly taken ; and hath sent post haste
 To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he ?

Busby. At Ely House.

K. Rich. Now put it, God, in the physician's mind
 To help him to his grave immediately ! 60
 The lining of his coffers shall make coats
 To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.

Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him :
Pray God we may make haste, and come too late !

All. Amen.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Ely House.

Enter John of Gaunt sick, with the Duke of York, &c.

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaied youth ?

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath ;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony :
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listen'd more 9
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to
glose ;

More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before :

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past :
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No ; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond,
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen ;
Report of fashions in proud Italy,

Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity—
So it be new, there's no respect how vile—
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.

Direct not him whose way himself will choose:

'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspired 31

And thus expiring do foretell of him:

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,

For violent fires soon burn out themselves;

Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;

He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;

With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,

Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle, 40

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,

This other Eden, demi-paradise;

This fortress built by Nature for herself

Against infection and the hand of war;

This happy breed of men, this little world,

This precious stone set in the silver sea,

Which serves it in the office of a wall,

Or as a moat defensive to a house,

Against the envy of less happier lands;

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings, 51

Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,

Renowned for their deeds as far from home,

For Christian service and true chivalry,
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son ;
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
 Like to a tenement or pelting farm : 60
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds :
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
 Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

*Enter King Richard and Queen, Aumerle, Busby, Green,
 Bagot, Ross, and Willoughby.*

York. The king is come : deal mildly with his youth ;
 For young hot colts being raged do rage the more. 70
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?
K. Rich. What comfort, man ? how is 't with aged Gaunt ?
Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition !
 Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old :
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ;
 And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt ?
 For sleeping England long time have I watch'd ;
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt :
 The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,
 Is my strict fast ; I mean, my children's looks ; 80
 And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt :
 Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,

Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,

I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatterest me. 90

Gaunt. O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee:

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown, 100

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,

Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame to let this land by lease; 110

But, for thy world enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame to shame it so?

Landlord of England art thou now, not king:

Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;

And thou—

K. Rich. A lunatic lean-witted fool,
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,
 Darest with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
 With fury from his native residence.
 Now, by my seat's right royal majesty, 120
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
 Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
 For that I was his father Edward's son;
 That blood already, like the pelican,
 Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly caroused:
 My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,
 Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongst happy souls!
 May be a precedent and witness good 130
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
 Join with the present sickness that I have;
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
 To crop at once a too long withered flower.
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be!
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
 Love they to live that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne off by his Attendants.*]

K. Rich. And let them die that age and sullens have;
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave. 140

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
 To wayward sickliness and age in him:
 He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
 As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you say true : as Hereford's love, so his ;
As theirs, so mine ; and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he ?

North. Nay, nothing ; all is said :

His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;

Words, life and all, old Lancaster hath spent. 150

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so !

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he ;

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.

So much for that. Now for our Irish wars :

We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,

Which live like venom where no venom else

But only they have privilege to live.

And for these great affairs do ask some charge,

Towards our assistance we do seize to us 160

The plate, coin, revenues and moveables,

Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient ? ah, how long

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong ?

Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment,

Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke

About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,

Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,

Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face. 170

I am the last of noble Edward's sons,

Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first :

In war was never lion raged more fierce,

In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
 Than was that young and princely gentleman.
 His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
 Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours ;
 But when he frown'd, it was against the French
 And not against his friends ; his noble hand
 Did win what he did spend, and spent not that 180
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won ;
 His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
 O Richard ! York is too far gone with grief,
 Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter ?

York. O my liege,
 Pardon me, if you please ; if not, I, pleased
 Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
 Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
 The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford ? 190
 Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live ?
 Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true ?
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son ?
 Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
 His charters and his customary rights ;
 Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day ;
 Be not thyself ; for how art thou a king
 But by fair sequence and succession ?
 Now, afore God—God forbid I say true !— 200
 If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
 Call in the letters patents that he hath
 By his attorneys-general to sue
 His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,

You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will, we seize into our hands
 His plate, his goods, his money and his lands. 210

York. I'll not be by the while: my liege, farewell:
 What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
 But by bad courses may be understood
 That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight:
 Bid him repair to us to Ely House
 To see this business. To-morrow next
 We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:
 And we create, in absence of ourself,
 Our uncle York lord governor of England; 220
 For he is just and always loved us well.
 Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Aumerle,
 Bushy, Green, and Bagot.*]

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenues.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
 Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak
 more 230

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!

Willo. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of
 Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man ;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him ;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne
In him a royal prince and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining land. 240

The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers ; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts : the nobles hath he fined
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devised,
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what : 250
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this ?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his noble ancestors achieved with blows :
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding, 260
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman : most degenerate king !
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm ;

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering; but I dare not say 271
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus: I have from le Port Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, received intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord Cobham,
. 280

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton and Francis
Quoint,

All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland. 290
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,

Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh;
 But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
 Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. 300

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Windsor Castle.

Enter Queen, Busby, and Bagot.

Busby. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
 You promised, when you parted with the king,
 To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
 And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king I did; to please myself
 I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
 Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
 Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
 As my sweet Richard: yet again, methinks,
 Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb, 10
 Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
 With nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves,
 More than with parting from my lord the king.

Busby. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
 Which shows like grief itself, but is not so;
 For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
 Divides one thing entire to many objects;
 Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,
 Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry,
 Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty, 20
 Looking awry upon your lord's departure.

Find shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail ;
 Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
 Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
 More than your lord's departure weep not : more's
 not seen ;

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
 Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so ; but yet my inward soul
 Persuades me it is otherwise : howe'er it be,
 I cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad, 30
 As, though on thinking on no thought I think,
 Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less : conceit is still derived
 From some forefather grief ; mine is not so,
 For nothing hath begot my something grief ;
 Or something hath the nothing that I grieve :
 'Tis in reversion that I do possess ;
 But what it is, that is not yet known ; what
 I cannot name ; 'tis nameless woe, I wot. 40

Enter Green.

Green. God save your majesty ! and well met, gentlemen :
 I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hopest thou so ? 'tis better hope he is ;
 For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope :
 Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd ?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retired his power,
 And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
 Who strongly hath set footing in this land :
 The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
 And with uplifted arms is safe arrived 50

At Ravenspurgh.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid !

Green. Ah madam, 'tis too true : and that is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry
Percy,

The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And all the rest revolted faction traitors ?

Green. We have : whereupon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him 60
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir :
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me ?

I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope : he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death, 70
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck ;
O, full of careful business are his looks !
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts :

Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
 Where nothing lives but crosses, cares and grief.
 Your husband, he is gone to save far off, 80
 Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
 Here am I left to underprop his land,
 Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:
 Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
 Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was? Why, so! go all which way it will!
 The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
 And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.
 Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester;
 Bid her send me presently a thousand pound: 91
 Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,
 To-day, as I came by, I called there;
 But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is't, knave?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
 Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
 I know not what to do: I would to God, 100
 So my untruth had not provoked him to it,
 The king had cut off my head with my brother's.
 What, are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland?
 How shall we do for money for these wars?
 Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon
 me.

Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts

And bring away the armour that is there.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men?

If I know how or which way to order these affairs

Thus thrust disorderly into my hands, 110

Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:

The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath

And duty bids defend; the other again

Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,

Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.

Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin, I'll

Dispose of you.

Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,

And meet me presently at Berkeley.

I should to Plashy too;

120

But time will not permit: all is uneven,

And everything is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt York and Queen.*]

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,

But none returns. For us to levy power

Proportionable to the enemy

Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love

Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love

Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them 130

By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgement lie in them, then so do we,

Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristol castle:

The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Busby. Thither will I with you : for little office
 The hateful commons will perform for us,
 Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.
 Will you go along with us ?

140

Bagot. No ; I will to Ireland to his majesty.
 Farewell : if heart's presages be not vain,
 We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.

Busby. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke ! the task he undertakes
 Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry :
 Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
 Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.

Busby. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

Wilds in Gloucestershire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland, with Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now ?

North. Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire :
 These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
 Draws out our miles, and makes them wearisome ;
 And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
 Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But I bethink me what a weary way
 From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found
 In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
 Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled
 The tediousness and process of my travel :

11

But theirs is sweetened with the hope to have
 The present benefit which I possess ;
 And hope to joy is little less in joy
 Than hope enjoy'd : by this the weary lords
 Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done
 By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company
 Than your good words. But who comes here? 20

Enter Henry Percy.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
 Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.
 Harry, how fares your uncle ?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health
 of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen ?

Percy. No, my good lord ; he hath forsook the court,
 Broken his staff of office and dispersed
 The household of the king.

North. What was his reason ?
 He was not so resolved when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor. 30
 But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
 To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
 And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover
 What power the Duke of York had levied there ;
 Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy ?

Percy. No, my good lord, for that is not forgot
 Which ne'er I did remember : to my knowledge,
 I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now ; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service, 41
 Such as it is, being tender, raw and young ;
 Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
 To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy ; and be sure
 I count myself in nothing else so happy
 As in a soul remembering my good friends ;
 And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
 It shall be still thy true love's recompense :
 My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkeley ? and what stir 51
 Keeps good old York there with his men of war ?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
 Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard ;
 And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour ;
 None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
 Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues 60
 A banish'd traitor : all my treasury
 Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd
 Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor ;
 Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
 Stands for my bounty. But who comes here ?

Enter Berkeley.

North. It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.

Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster ; 70
And I am come to seek that name in England ;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord ; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out :
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time
And fright our native peace with self-born arms. 80

Enter York attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you ;
Here comes his grace in person.

My noble uncle ! [*Kneels.*

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle !

York. Tut, tut !

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle :
I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word ' grace '
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs 90
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground ?
But then more ' why ? ' why have they dared to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms ?
Comest thou because the anointed king is hence ?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,

And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
 Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
 As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself 100
 Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
 From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
 O, then how quickly should this arm of mine,
 Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee
 And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault :
 On what condition stands it and wherein ?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,
 In gross rebellion and detested treason :
 Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come 110
 Before the expiration of thy time,
 In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford ;
 But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
 And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace
 Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye :
 You are my father, for methinks in you
 I see old Gaunt alive ; O, then, my father,
 Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
 A wandering vagabond ; my rights and royalties 120
 Pluck'd from my arms perforce and given away
 To upstart unthrifths ? Wherefore was I born ?
 If that my cousin king be King of England,
 It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
 You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin ;
 Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
 He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
 To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.
 I am denied to sue my livery here,

And yet my letters-patents give me leave : 130

My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold ;

And these and all are all amiss employ'd.

What would you have me do ? I am a subject,

And I challenge law : attorneys are denied me ;

And therefore personally I lay my claim

To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abused.

Ross. It stands your grace upon to do him right.

Will. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this : 140

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs

And labour'd all I could to do him right ;

But in this kind to come, in braving arms,

Be his own carver and cut out his way,

To find out right with wrong, it may not be ;

And you that do abet him in this kind

Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is

But for his own ; and for the right of that

We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ; 150

And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath !

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms :

I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,

Because my power is weak and all ill left :

But if I could, by Him that gave me life,

I would attach you all and make you stoop

Unto the sovereign mercy of the king ;

But since I cannot, be it known to you

I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ;

Unless you please to enter in the castle 160

And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept :
 But we must win your grace to go with us
 To Bristol castle, which they say is held
 By Bushy, Bagot and their complices,
 The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
 Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go with you : but yet I'll pause ;
 For I am loath to break our country's laws.
 Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are : 170
 Things past redress are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

A camp in Wales.

Enter Salisbury and a Welsh Captain.

Cap. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
 And hardly kept our countrymen together,
 And yet we hear no tidings from the king ;
 Therefore we will disperse ourselves : farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman :
 The king repositeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the king is dead ; we will not stay.
 The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
 And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;
 The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth, 10
 And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change ;
 Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,
 The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
 The other to enjoy by rage and war :
 These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
 Farewell : our countrymen are gone and fled,
 As well assured Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*]

Sal. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind
 I see thy glory like a shooting star
 Fall to the base earth from the firmament. 20
 Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
 Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest:
 Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
 And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*]

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Bristol. Before the castle.

*Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Ross, Percy,
 Willoughby, with Bushy and Green, prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—
 Since presently your souls must part your bodies—
 With too much urging your pernicious lives,
 For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood
 From off my hands, here in the view of men
 I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
 You have misled a prince, a royal king,
 A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
 By you unhappied and disfigured clean; 10
 You have in manner with your sinful hours
 Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
 Broke the possession of a royal bed
 And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
 With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
 Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,

Near to the king in blood, and near in love
 Till you did make him misinterpret me,
 Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
 And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds, 20
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment ;
 Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
 Dispark'd my parks and fell'd my forest woods,
 From my own windows torn my household coat,
 Razed out my impress, leaving me no sign,
 Save men's opinions and my living blood,
 To show the world I am a gentleman.
 This and much more, much more than twice all this,
 Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd over
 To execution and the hand of death. 30

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me
 Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is that heaven will take our souls
 And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.

[*Exeunt Northumberland and others,
 with the prisoners.*]

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house ;
 For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated :
 Tell her I send to her my kind commends ;
 Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd 40
 With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away,
 To fight with Glendower and his complices :
 Awhile to work, and after holiday. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

The coast of Wales. A castle in view.

Drums : flourish and colours. Enter King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call they this at hand ?

Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas ?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well : I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs :
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth, 10
And do thee favours with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense ;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee :

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies ;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder, 20
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords :
This earth shall have a feeling and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Car. Fear not, my lord : that Power that made you king

Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
 The means that heaven yields must be embraced,
 And not neglected ; else, if heaven would, 30
 And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
 The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss ;
 Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
 Grows strong and great in substance and in power.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin ! know'st thou not
 That when the searching eye of heaven is hid,
 Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
 In murders and in outrage, boldly here ; 40
 But when from under this terrestrial ball
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines
 And darts his light through every guilty hole,
 Then murders, treasons and detested sins,
 The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?
 So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
 Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
 Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,
 Shall see us rising in our throne, the east, 50
 His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
 Not able to endure the sight of day,
 But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.
 Not all the water in the rough rude sea
 Can wash the balm off from an anointed king ;
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose
 The deputy elected by the Lord :
 For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
 To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,

God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay 60
 A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,
 Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord : how far off lies your power ?

Sal. Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,
 Than this weak arm : discomfort guides my tongue
 And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
 One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :
 O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men !
 To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late, 71
 O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune and thy state :
 For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
 Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege : why looks your grace so pale ?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;
 And, till so much blood thither come again,
 Have I not reason to look pale and dead ?
 All souls that will be safe, fly from my side, 80
 For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege ; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself : am I not king ?
 Awake, thou coward majesty ! thou sleepest.
 Is not the king's name twenty thousand names ?
 Arm, arm, my name ! a puny subject strikes
 At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
 Ye favourites of a king : are we not high ?
 High be our thoughts : I know my uncle York

Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
comes here? 90

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege
Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open and my heart prepared:
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;

And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve Him too and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend; 100

They break their faith to God as well as us:
Cry woe, destruction, ruin and decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolved to tears,
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land 110
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills

Against thy seat : both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell. 120

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it:
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man! 130
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my
heart!

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you
curse

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, graved in the hollow ground. 140

Aum. Is Bushy, Green and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

Scroop. Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors and talk of wills:

And yet not so, for what can we bequeath
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground? 150
 Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,
 And nothing can we call our own but death,
 And that small model of the barren earth
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
 How some have been deposed; some slain in war
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
 Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd;
 All murder'd: for within the hollow crown 160
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king
 Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,
 Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
 To monarchize, be fear'd and kill with looks,
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
 As if this flesh which walls about our life
 Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus
 Comes at the last and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!
 Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood 171
 With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
 Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while:
 I live with bread like you, feel want,
 Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
 How can you say to me, I am a king?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
 But presently prevent the ways to wail,
 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength, 180

Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.

Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:
And fight and die is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power; inquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chidest me well: proud Bolingbroke, I
come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.

This ague fit of fear is over-blown; 190

An easy task it is to win our own.

Say, Scroop, where lies your uncle with his power?

Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky

The state and inclination of the day:

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

I play the torturer, by small and small

To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:

Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke, 200

And all your northern castles yielded up,

And all your southern gentlemen in arms

Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.

Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth

[*To Aumerle.*

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!

What say you now? what comfort have we now?

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly

That bids me be of comfort any more.

Go to Flint castle: there I'll pine away;

A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey. 210
 That power I have, discharge; and let them go
 To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
 For I have none: let no man speak again
 To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
 Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
 From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

Wales. Before Flint castle.

*Enter, with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York,
 Northumberland, Attendants, and forces.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn
 The Welshmen are dispersed; and Salisbury
 Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
 With some few private friends upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
 Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the Lord Northumberland
 To say 'King Richard': alack the heavy day
 When such a sacred king should hide his head.

North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
 Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been, 10
 Would you have been so brief with him, he would
 Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
 For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads.

Boling. I know it, uncle, and oppose not myself
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield? 20

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,

It doth contain a king; King Richard lies

Within the limits of yon lime and stone:

And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,

Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman

Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

North. O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle. 30

Boling. Noble lords,

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;

Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:

Henry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand

And send allegiance and true faith of heart

To his most royal person; hither come

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,

Provided that my banishment repeal'd 40

And lands restored again be freely granted:

If not, I'll use the advantage of my power

And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen :
 The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
 It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
 The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
 My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
 Go, signify as much, while here we march
 Upon the grassy carpet of this plain. 50
 Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,
 That from this castle's tatter'd battlements
 Our fair appointments may be well perused.
 Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
 With no less terror than the elements
 Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
 Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water :
 The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain
 My waters ; on the earth, and not on him. 60
 March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

Parle without, and answer within. Then a flourish. Enter on the walls, King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
 As doth the blushing discontented sun
 From out the fiery portal of the east,
 When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
 To dim his glory and to stain the track
 Of his bright passage to the occident.

York. Yet looks he like a king : behold, his eye,
 As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
 Controlling majesty : alack, alack, for woe, 70
 That any harm should stain so fair a show !

K. Rich. We are amazed ; and thus long have we stood
 To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [*To North.*
 Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :
 And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
 To pay their awful duty to our presence ?
 If we be not, show us the hand of God
 That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship ;
 For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre, 80
 Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
 And though you think that all, as you have done,
 Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
 And we are barren and bereft of friends ;
 Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
 Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
 Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike
 Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
 That lift your vassal hands against my head,
 And threat the glory of my precious crown. 90
 Tell Bolingbroke—for yond methinks he stands—
 That every stride he makes upon my land
 Is dangerous treason : he is come to open
 The purple testament of bleeding war ;
 But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
 To scarlet indignation, and bedew
 Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood. 100

North. The king of heaven forbid our lord the king
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms
 Be rush'd upon ! Thy thrice noble cousin

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen :
 The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
 It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
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 Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
 And though you think that all, as you have done,
 Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
 And we are barren and bereft of friends ;
 Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
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 To scarlet indignation, and bedew
 Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood. 100
North. The king of heaven forbid our lord the king
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms
 Be rush'd upon ! Thy thrice noble cousin

Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand ;
 And by the honourable tomb he swears,
 That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
 And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
 And by the worth and honour of himself, 110
 Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
 His coming hither hath no further scope
 Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees :
 Which on thy royal party granted once,
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
 His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
 To faithful service of your majesty.

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him. 120

K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the king returns :

His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;
 And all the number of his fair demands
 Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
 We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not,

[*To Aumerle.*

To look so poorly and to speak so fair ?
 Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
 Defiance to the traitor, and so die ? 130

Aum. No, good my lord ; let's fight with gentle words,
 Till time lend friends and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God, O God ! that e'er this tongue of mine,
 That laid the sentence of dread banishment

On yon proud man, should take it off again
 With words of sooth! O that I were as great
 As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
 Or that I could forget what I have been,
 Or not remember what I must be now!
 Swell'st thou, proud heart! I'll give thee scope to
 beat, 140
 Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? must he submit?
 The king shall do it: must he be deposed?
 The king shall be contented: must he lose
 The name of king? o' God's name let it go:
 I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
 My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
 My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
 My figured goblets for a dish of wood, 150
 My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
 My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
 And my large kingdom for a little grave;
 A little little grave, an obscure grave;
 Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
 Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
 For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;
 And buried once, why not upon my head?
 Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin!
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears; 161
 Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears?

As thus, to drop them still upon one place,
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
 Within the earth; and, therein laid,—there lies
 Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.
 Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see 170
 I talk but idly, and you laugh at me.

Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
 What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
 To speak with you; may it please you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down I come; like glistening Phaeton,
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
 In the base court? Base court, where kings grow
 base, 180

To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.
 In the base court? Come down? Down, court!
 down, king!

For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should
 sing. *[Exeunt from above.]*

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
 Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
 Yet he is come.

Enter King Richard and his attendants below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
 And show fair duty to his majesty. *[He kneels down.]*
 My gracious lord,—

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee 190
 To make the base earth proud with kissing it:

Me rather had my heart might feel your love
 Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.
 Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
 Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,

As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve: they well deserve to have,
 That know the strong'st and surest way to get. 201

Uncle give me your hands: nay, dry your eyes;
 Tears show their love, but want their remedies.

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
 Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have I'll give, and willing too;
 For do we must what force will have us do.

Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich.

Then I must not say no.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Langley. The Duke of York's garden.

Enter the Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
 To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
 And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,

When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief :
Therefore, no dancing, girl ; some other sport.

Lady. Madam, we 'll tell tales.

10

Queen. Of sorrow or of joy ?

Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl :

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow ;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy :
For what I have I need not to repeat ;
And what I want it boots not to complain.

Lady. Madam, I 'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause ;

But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.

Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good. 21

Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

But stay, here come the gardeners :
Let 's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They 'll talk of state ; for every one doth so
Against a change ; woe is forerun with woe.

[Queen and Ladies retire.]

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire 30
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,

That look too lofty in our commonwealth :
 All must be even in our government.
 You thus employ'd, I will go root away
 The noisome weeds, which without profit suck
 The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Serv. Why should we in the compass of a pale 40
 Keep law and form and due proportion,
 Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
 When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
 Is full of weeds ; her fairest flowers choked up,
 Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruin'd,
 Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
 Swarming with caterpillars ?

Gard. Hold thy peace :
 He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring
 Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf :
 The weeds which his broad-spreading leaves did 50
 shelter,
 That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
 Are plucked up root and all by Bolingbroke ;
 I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

Serv. What, are they dead ?

Gard. They are ; and Bolingbroke
 Hath seized the wasteful king. O, what pity is it
 That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
 As we this garden ! We at time of year
 Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
 Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
 With too much riches it confound itself : 60
 Had he done so to great and growing men,
 They might have lived to bear and he to taste
 Their fruits of duty : superfluous branches

We lop away, that bearing boughs may live :
 Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
 Which waste of idle hours had quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you then the king shall be deposed ?

Gard. Depress'd he is already, and deposed
 'Tis doubt he will be : letters came last night
 To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's, 70
 That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking !
 [Coming forward.]

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
 How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this un-
 pleasing news ?

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee
 To make a second fall of cursed man ?
 Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed ?
 Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,
 Divine his downfall ? Say, where, when, and how,
 Camest thou by this ill tidings ? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam : little joy have I 81

To breathe this news ; yet what I say is true.
 King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
 Of Bolingbroke : their fortunes both are weigh'd :
 In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
 And some few vanities that make him light ;
 But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
 Besides himself, are all the English peers,
 And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.

Post you to London, and you will find it so ; 90
 I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
 Doth not thy embassage belong to me,

And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
 To serve me last, that I may longest keep
 Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
 To meet at London London's king in woe.
 What, was I born to this, that my sad look
 Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
 Gardener, for telling me these news of woe, 100
 Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
 I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
 Here did she fall a tear; here in this place
 I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
 Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
 In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Westminster Hall.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and another Lord, Herald, Officers, and Bagot.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
 What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death;
 Who wrought it with the king, and who performed
 The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.

In that dead time when Gloucester's death was
plotted, 10

I heard you say, 'Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court

As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?'

Amongst much other talk, that very time,

I heard you say that you had rather refuse

The offer of an hundred thousand crowns

Than Bolingbroke's return to England;

Adding withal, how blest this land would be

In this your cousin's death.

Aum.

Princes and noble lords,

What answer shall I make to this base man? 20

Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,

On equal terms to give him chastisement?

Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd

With the attainder of his slanderous lips.

There is my gage, the manual seal of death,

That marks thee out for hell; I say, thou liest,

And will maintain what thou hast said is false

In thy heart-blood, though being all too base

To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up. 30

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best

In all this presence that hath moved me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathy,

There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:

By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,

I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakest it,

That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.
 If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest ;
 And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
 Where it was forged, with my rapier's point. 40

Aum. Thou darest not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest ; his honour is as true
 In this appeal as thou art all unjust ;
 And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
 To prove it on thee to the extremest point
 Of mortal breathing : seize it, if thou darest.

Aum. An if I do not, may my hands rot off,
 And never brandish more revengeful steel 50
 Over the glittering helmet of my foe !

Another Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn
 Aumerle ;

And spur thee on with full as many lies
 As may be holloa'd in thy treacherous ear
 From sun to sun : there is my honour's pawn ;
 Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

Aum. Who sets me else ? by heaven, I'll throw at all :
 I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
 To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well 60
 The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true : you were in presence then ;
 And you can witness with me this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy !
 That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,

That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
 Till thou, the lie-giver, and that lie do lie
 In earth as quiet as thy father's skull :
 In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn ; 70
 Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse !
 If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
 I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
 And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
 And lies, and lies : there is my bond of faith,
 To tie thee to my strong correction.
 As I intend to thrive in this new world,
 Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal :
 Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say, 80
 That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
 To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
 That Norfolk lies : here do I throw down this,
 If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage
 Till Norfolk be repeal'd : repeal'd he shall be,
 And, though mine enemy, restored again
 To all his lands and signories : when he's return'd,
 Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial. 90

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
 Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
 For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
 Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
 Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens ;
 And toil'd with works of war, retired himself
 To Italy ; and there at Venice gave
 His body to that pleasant country's earth,

And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long. 100

Boling. Why, Bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As surely as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham! Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter York, attended.

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand: 110
Ascend his throne, descending now from him;
And long live Henry, fourth of that name!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid!

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard! then true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong. 120
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,

And he himself not present? O, forfend it, God,
 That in a Christian climate souls refined 130
 Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
 Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.
 My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
 Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
 And if you crown him, let me prophesy;
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,
 And future ages groan for this foul act;
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
 And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars 140
 Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
 Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
 The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.
 O, if you raise this house against this house,
 It will the woefullest division prove
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
 Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
 Lest child, child's children, cry against you 'woe!'

North. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,
 Of capital treason we arrest you here. 151
 My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
 To keep him safely till his day of trial.
 May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
 He may surrender; so we shall proceed
 Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [Exit.

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
 Procure your sureties for your days of answer.

Little are we beholding to your love, 160
 And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter York, with Richard, and Officers bearing
 the regalia.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
 Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
 To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:
 Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
 To this submission. Yet I well remember
 The favours of these men: were they not mine?
 Did they not sometime cry 'all hail!' to me?
 So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve, 170
 Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand,
 none.

God save the king! Will no man say amen?
 Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
 God save the king! although I be not he;
 And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
 To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
 The resignation of thy state and crown
 To Henry Bolingbroke. 180

K. Rich. Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the
 crown;
 Here cousin;
 On this side my hand, and on that side yours.
 Now is this golden crown like a deep well
 That owes two buckets, filling one another,
 The emptier ever dancing in the air,

The other down, unseen and full of water :
 That bucket down and full of tears am I,
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign. 190

K. Rich. My crown I am ; but still my griefs are mine :
 You may my glories and my state depose,
 But not my griefs ; still am I a king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.

My care is loss of care, by old care done ;
 Your care is gain of care, by new care won :
 The care I give, I have, though given away ;
 They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown ? 200

K. Rich. Ay, no ; no, ay ; for I must nothing be ;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me, how I will undo myself :

I give this heavy weight from off my head

And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,

The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;

With mine own tears I wash away my balm,

With mine own hands I give away my crown,

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,

With mine own breath release all duty's rites : 210

All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;

My manors, rents, revenues I forgo ;

My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny :

God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !

God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee !

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,

And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved !

Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,

And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
 God save King Harry, unking'd Richard says, 220
 And send him many years of sunshine days!
 What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read
 These accusations and these grievous crimes,
 Committed by your person and your followers
 Against the state and profit of this land;
 That, by confessing them, the souls of men
 May deem that you are worthily deposed.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
 My weaved-up folly? Gentle Northumberland,
 If thy offences were upon record, 230
 Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
 To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
 There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
 Containing the deposing of a king
 And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
 Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:
 Nay, all of you that stand and look upon,
 Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
 Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands,
 Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates 240
 Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
 And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
 And yet salt water blinds them not so much
 But they can see a sort of traitors here.
 Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
 I find myself a traitor with the rest;
 For I have given here my soul's consent

To undeck the pompous body of a king ; 250
 Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
 Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
 Nor no man's lord ; I have no name, no title,
 No, not that name was given to me at the font,
 But 'tis usurp'd : alack the heavy day,
 That I have worn so many winters out,
 And know not now what name to call myself !
 O that I were a mockery king of snow, 260
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
 To melt myself away in water-drops !
 Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,
 An if my word be sterling yet in England,
 Let it command a mirror hither straight,
 That it may show me what a face I have,
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an attendant.*]

North. Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell !

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland. 271

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied : I'll read enough,
 When I do see the very book indeed
 Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Re-enter Attendant with a glass.

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.
 No deeper wrinkles yet ? hath sorrow struck
 So many blows upon this face of mine,

And made no deeper wounds? O flattering glass,
 Like to my followers in prosperity, 280
 Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face
 That every day under his household roof
 Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face
 That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
 Was this the face that faced so many follies,
 And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?
 A brittle glory shineth in this face:
 As brittle as the glory is the face;

[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*]

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.
 Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport, 290
 How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
 The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow! ha! let's see:
 'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
 And these external manners of laments
 Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
 That swells with silence in the tortured soul;
 There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
 For thy great bounty, that not only givest 300
 Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
 How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
 And then be gone and trouble you no more.
 Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. 'Fair cousin'? I am greater than a king:
 For when I was a king, my flatterers
 Were then but subjects; being now a subject,

I have a king here to my flatterer.

Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

310

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Convey? conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt King Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.*]

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down

Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves. 320

[*Exeunt all except the Bishop of Carlisle, the
Abbot of Westminster, and Aumerle.*]

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. My lord,

Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise. 330

I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper; and I'll lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

London. A street leading to the Tower.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come ; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke :
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter Richard and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither : yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears. 10
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard ; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest ?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden : learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream ;
From which awaked, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this : I am sworn brother, sweet, 20
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France
And cloister thee in some religious house :
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,

Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd? hath Bolingbroke deposed
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage 30
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead, and that even here thou takest,
As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire 40
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid;
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king. 50

Enter Northumberland and others.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower,
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. 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, 60
 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.
 The love of wicked men converts to fear;
 That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both
 To worthy danger and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
 Take leave and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorced! Bad men, you violate 71
 A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,
 And then betwixt me and my married wife.
 Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
 And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
 Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
 Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
 My wife to France: from whence, set forth in pomp,
 She came adorned hither like sweet May,
 Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day. 80

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from
 heart.

Queen. Banish us both and send the king with me.

North. That were some love but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
 Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
 Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.
 Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans. 90

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
 And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
 Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
 Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief:
 One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
 Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part
 To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
 That I may strive to kill it with a groan. 100

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
 Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

The Duke of York's palace.

Enter York and his Duchess.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
 When weeping made you break the story off
 Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
 Where rude misgovern'd hands from windows' tops
 Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
 Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
 Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,

With slow but stately pace kept on his course, 10
 Whilst all tongues cried 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!'
 You would have thought the very windows spake,
 So many greedy looks of young and old
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes
 Upon his visage, and that all the walls
 With painted imagery had said at once
 'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!'
 Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,
 Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
 Bespake them thus; 'I thank you, countrymen': 20
 And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
 Did scowl on gentle Richard; no man cried 'God
 save him!'

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head; 30
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience,
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.
 But heaven hath a hand in these events,
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow. 40

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was ;
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now :
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new made king.

Enter Aumerle.

Duch. Welcome, my son : who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new come spring ?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not :
God knows I had as lief be none as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time, 50
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford ? hold those justs and
triumphs ?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom ?
Yea, look'st thou pale ? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter, then, who see it :
I will be satisfied ; let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me : 60
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—

Duch. What should you fear ?
'Tis nothing but some band, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say. 71

[*He plucks it out of his bosom and reads it.*]

Treason! foul treason! Villain! traitor! slave!

Duch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy, what treachery is here!

Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Now, by mine honour, by my life, by my troth,
I will appeach the villain.

Duch. What is the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman. 80

Duch. I will not peace. What is the matter, Aumerle?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer!

York. Bring me my boots: I will unto the king.

Re-enter Servant with boots.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amazed.
Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons? or are we like to have? 90
 Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
 And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
 And rob me of a happy mother's name?
 Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,
 Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
 A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
 And interchangeably set down their hands,
 To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none;
 We'll keep him here: then what is that to him? 100

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my son,
 I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him
 As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.
 But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
 That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
 And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
 Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
 He is as like thee as a man may be,
 Not like to me, or any of my kin,
 And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman! [*Exit.*

Duch. After, Aumerle! mount thee upon his horse; 111
 Spur post, and get before him to the king,
 And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
 I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
 I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
 And never will I rise up from the ground
 Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away, be gone!
 [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

*Windsor Castle.**Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other Lords.*

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?
 'Tis full three months since I did see him last:
 If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
 I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
 Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
 For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
 With unrestrained loose companions,
 Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
 And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
 Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy,
 Takes on the point of honour to support
 So dissolute a crew.

10

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
 And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was, he would unto the stews,
 And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
 And wear it as a favour; and with that
 He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desperate; yet through both
 I see some sparks of better hope, which elder years
 May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

20

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares and looks
 So wildly?

Aum. God save your grace! I do beseech your majesty,
 To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Percy and Lords.*]

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth 30
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

Boling. Intended or committed was this fault?

If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire.

York. [*Within*] My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there. 40

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*]

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [*Within*] Open the door, secure, foolhardy king:
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show. 50

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd:
I do repent me; read not my name there;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:

Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treacherous son! 60

Thou sheer, immaculate and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current and defiled himself!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies, 70

Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [*Within*] What ho, my liege! for God's sake, let
me in.

Boling. What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager
cry?

Duch. A woman, and thy aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now changed to 'The Beggar and the King.'
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in: 81
I know she is come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound;
This let alone will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man!
Love loving not itself none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear? 90

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege.
[*Kneels.*

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.
[*Kneels.*

York. Against them both my true joints bended be.
[*Kneels.*

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face; 100
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly and would be denied;
We pray with heart and soul and all beside;
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayer ought to have. 110

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say, 'stand up';

Say 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up.'
 An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
 'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.
 I never long'd to hear a word till now;
 Say 'pardon,' king; let pity teach thee how:
 The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
 No word like 'pardon' for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; say, 'pardonne moi.'

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy? 120

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
 That set'st the word itself against the word!
 Speak 'pardon' as 'tis current in our land;
 The chopping French we do not understand.
 Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:
 Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
 That hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,
 Pity may move thee 'pardon' to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand;
 Pardon is all the suit I have in hand. 130

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
 Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
 Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain,
 But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
 I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the abbot,
 With all the rest of that consorted crew,
 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.
 Good uncle, help to order several powers 140

To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are :
 They shall not live within this world, I swear,
 But I will have them, if I once know where.
 Uncle, farewell : and, cousin too, adieu :
 Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son : I pray God make thee new.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

The same.

Enter Exton and Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake,
 'Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear ?'
 Was it not so ?

Serv. These were his very words.

Exton. 'Have I no friend ?' quoth he : he spake it twice,
 And urged it twice together, did he not ?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me ;
 As who should say, 'I would thou wert the man
 That would divorce this terror from my heart' ;
 Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go : 10
 I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.

Pomfret Castle.

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
 This prison where I live unto the world :
 And for because the world is populous,

And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world, 10
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:
As thus, 'Come, little ones,' and then again,
'It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.'
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs 20
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars
Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,
That many have and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endured the like. 30
Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;

Then am I king'd again : and by and by
 Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
 And straight am nothing : but whate'er I be,
 Nor I nor any man that but man is
 With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased 40
 With being nothing. Music do I hear? [*Music*
 Ha, ha! keep time : how sour sweet music is,
 When time is broke and no proportion kept!
 So is it in the music of men's lives.
 And here have I the daintiness of ear
 To check time broke in a disorder'd string ;
 But for the concord of my state and time
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me ;
 For now hath time made me his numbering clock : 50
 My thoughts are minutes ; and with sighs they jar
 Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward
 watch,
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
 Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
 Are clamorous groans, which strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell : so sighs and tears and groans
 Show minutes, times, and hours : but my time
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock. 60
 This music mads me ; let it sound no more ;
 For though it have help madmen to their wits,
 In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me !
 For 'tis a sign of love ; and love to Richard
 Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter a Groom of the Stable.

Groom. Hail, royal prince !

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer ;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou ? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that sad dog 70
That brings me food to make misfortune live ?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king ; who, travelling towards
York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd ! 80

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary ? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him ?

Groom. So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back !
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand ;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble ? would he not fall down,
Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back ?
Forgiveness, horse ! why do I rail on thee, 90
Since thou, created to be awed by man,
Wast born to bear ? I was not made a horse ;
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
Spurr'd, gall'd, and tired by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*]

Keep. My lord, will 't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who 100 lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee! Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[*Beats the Keeper.*]

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault? Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatching an axe from a servant and killing him.*]

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[*He kills another. Then Exton strikes him down.*]

That hand shall burn in never-quickning fire
That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high; III
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

[*Dies.*]

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:

Both have I spill'd; O would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me I did well,

Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear:

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.

*Windsor castle.**Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke, York, with other Lords,
and Attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consumed with fire
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire ;
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord : what is the news ?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is, I have to London sent
The heads of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent :
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here. 10

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains ;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot ;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, and the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy 20
Hath yielded up his body to the grave ;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide

Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom :

Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;
So as thou livest in peace, die free from strife :
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton, with persons bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present 30
Thy buried fear : herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee : though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered. 40
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour :
With Cain go wander thorough shades of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow :
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent :
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand : 50
March sadly after ; grace my mournings here ;
In weeping after this untimely bier. [Exeunt.]

Glossary.

Abide, undergo; V. vi. 22.
Absent time, time of absence; II. iii. 79.
Accomplish'd, equipped; II. i. 177.
Advice; "upon good a.," after due consideration; I. iii. 233.
Advised, deliberate; I. iii. 188.
Affects, affections; I. iv. 30.
Against, in anticipation; III. iv. 28.
Alloro, acknowledge; V. ii. 40.
Amazed, confused; V. ii. 85.
Amazing, causing fear; I. iii. 81.
Antic, buffoon; III. ii. 162.
Apparent, evident, I. i. 13; IV. i. 124.
Appeach, impeach; V. ii. 79.
Appeal, formal challenge; I. i. 4.
Appeal'd, charged against me; I. i. 142.
Appellant, accuser, impeacher; I. i. 34.
Apprehension, imagination; I. iii. 300.
Apprenticehood, apprenticeship; I. iii. 271.
Approve, prove; I. iii. 112.
Apricocks (Quarto 1, "Aphricokes"; Quarto 2, "Aphricocks," Johnson "apricots") the common early English form of "apricot" (the "precocious" or early-ripe fruit); III. iv. 29.
Argument, subject; I. i. 12.
Ask, require; II. i. 159.
Atone, reconcile; I. i. 202.
Attach, arrest; II. iii. 156.
Attainder, staining, disgrace; IV. i. 24.
Attending, awaiting; I. iii. 116.
Awful, full of awe; III. iii. 76.
Ay (regularly written as "I"), used with a play upon "I" IV. i. 201.

Baffled, "originally a punishment of infamy, inflicted on recreant knights, one part of which was hanging them up by the heels" (Nares); hence to use contemptuously; I. i. 170.
Balm, consecrated oil used in anointing a King; III. ii. 55.
Band, bond, formerly used in both senses; I. i. 2.
Barbed, armed and harnessed; III. iii. 117.
Barely, merely; II. i. 226.
Base court, outer or lower courtyard of a castle; III. iii. 176.
Bay; "to the bay," i.e. "to the last extremity" (a metaphor from hunting); II. iii. 128.
Beadsmen, almsmen whose duty it was to pray for their patrons; III. ii. 116. (Cp. illustration.)



From the drawing of the Funeral of Abbot Islip, in Westminster Abbey, 1522 (Cp. 'Vetusta Monumenta').

Beguile, deceive; IV. i. 281.
Beholding, beholden; IV. i. 160.
Benevolences, taxes; nominally, gratuities (pronounced "benevolence"); II. i. 250.

- Beshrew thee*, a mild form of imprecation; III. ii. 204.
- Betid*, happened; V. i. 42.
- Bias* (technical term in bowls), "applied alike to the construction or form of the bowl imparting an oblique motion, the oblique line in which it runs, and the kind of impetus given to cause it to run obliquely"; III. iv. 5.
- Bills*, "a kind of pike or halbert, formerly carried by the English infantry, and afterwards the usual weapon of watchmen; III. ii. 118.
- Blank charters*, "carte blanche"; I. iv. 48.
- Blanks*, blank charters; II. i. 250.
- Bleed*, to let blood; alluding to the old practice of bleeding a patient in cases of fever; spring and summer were supposed to be the only proper time for doing so; I. i. 157.
- Bold*, boldly; I. iii. 3.
- Bonnet*, covering for the head, hat; I. iv. 31.
- Boot*; "there is no b.," profit, advantage; I. i. 164.
- Boots*, avails; III. iv. 18.
- Boundeth*, reboundeth; I. ii. 58.
- Boy*, used contemptuously; IV. i. 65.
- Brands*, burning logs of wood; V. i. 46.
- Braving*, defying; II. iii. 112.
- Breath*, breathing space, a little time; III. ii. 164.
- Bring*, conduct, accompany; I. iii. 304.
- Broking pawn*, the state of being pawned (almost equivalent to "pawnbroker"); II. i. 293.
- Brooch*, ornament (worn in the hat); V. v. 66.
- Brooks*, likes; III. ii. 2.
- But*, except; IV. i. 123.
- But now*, just now, a moment ago; III. ii. 76.
- Buzz'd*, whispered; II. i. 26.
- By*, by reason of, II. i. 52; concerning, II. i. 213.
- By this*, by this time; II. iii. 16.
- Call in*, revoke; II. i. 202.
- Career*, onset, the horse's charge in a tournament or combat; I. ii. 49.
- Careful*, full of care and sorrow; II. ii. 75.
- Care-tuned*, tuned by cares; III. ii. 92.
- Charge*, expense; II. i. 159.
- Check*, reprove (Folio 2, and Quarto 5, "heare"); V. v. 46.
- Cheerly*, cheerfully, gladly; I. iii. 66.
- Chopping*, changing (*i.e.* the senses of words); V. iii. 124.
- Clap*, hastily thrust; III. ii. 114.
- Clean*, completely; III. i. 10.
- Climate*, country, region; IV. i. 130.
- Cloister thee*, shut thyself up in a cloister; V. i. 23.
- Close*, "at the close" (so Quarto 1; Quartos 2, 3, 4, "at the glose"; Folios, Quarto 5, "is the close"), the harmonious chords which end a piece of music; II. i. 12.
- Coat*, coat of arms; III. i. 24.
- Come*; "the cause you c." = the c. on which you c.; I. i. 26.
- Comfortable*, affording comfort; II. ii. 76.
- Commend*, give over; III. iii. 116.
- Commends*, greetings; III. i. 38.
- Companion*, fellow; I. iii. 93.
- Compare between*, draw comparisons; II. i. 185.
- Compassionate*, full of pity for oneself; I. iii. 174.
- Complain*, bewail; III. iv. 18.
- Complices*, accomplices; II. iii. 165.
- Composition*, constitution; II. i. 73.
- Conceit*, fancy, conception; II. ii. 33.
- Conclude*, come to a final arrangement; I. i. 156.
- Conduct*, escort; IV. i. 157.
- Conjuration*, adjuration; III. ii. 23.
- Consorted*, confederate; V. iii. 138.
- Converts*, turns, changes; V. i. 66.
- Convey*, a cant term for "steal"; IV. i. 316.
- Conveyers*, thieves; IV. i. 317.
- Cormorant*, glutton; II. i. 38.
- Correction*, chastisement; IV. i. 77.

- Cousin*, nephew ; I. ii. 46.
Grossly, adversely ; II. iv. 24.
Cunning, devised with skill ; I. iii. 163.
Current, sterling, has currency ; I. iii. 231.
Dead, death-like, deadly ; IV. i. 10.
Dear ; "d. account," heavy debt, I. i. 130 ; "d. exile," exile grieving the heart, I. iii. 151.
Dearer, better, more worthy ; I. iii. 156.
Deceivable, deceptive ; II. iii. 84.
Defend, forbid ; I. iii. 18.
Degenerate, false to his noble rank ; I. i. 144.
Deliver, utter, speak ; III. ii. 92.
Depose, put under oath, take a deposition ; I. iii. 30.
Design, point out ; I. i. 203.
Despised, despicable ; II. iii. 95.
Determinate, limit ; I. iii. 150.
Difference, quarrel, contention ; I. i. 201.
Digressing, transgressing ; V. iii. 66.
Discomfortable, giving no comfort, discouraging ; III. ii. 36.
Dispark'd, divested of its enclosures ; III. i. 23.
Dissolve, loose, undo ; II. ii. 71.
Distaff-women, spinners ; III. ii. 118.
Divine, prophesy, foretell ; III. iv. 79.
Double-fatal, doubly fatal (bows were made of the wood of the yew, while its berries were used as poison) ; III. ii. 117.
Double tongue, forked tongue ; III. ii. 21.
Doubt, doubtful ; I. iv. 20.
Dress'd, dug up, tilled ; III. iv. 56.
Dust ; "a dust," a particle of dust (Quarto 5, "the dust") ; II. iii. 91.
Eager, sharp, biting ; I. i. 49.
Ear, plough ; III. ii. 212.
Embassage, message ; III. iv. 93.
Enfranchisement, restoration to his rights as a free subject ; III. iii. 114.

- Engaol'd*, imprisoned ; I. iii. 166.
England, trisyllabic ; IV. i. 17.
Entertain, harbour, feel ; II. ii. 4.
Entreated, treated ; III. i. 37.
Envy, malicious enmity ; II. i. 49.
Events, results ; II. i. 214.
Exactly, expressly, in exact and distinct terms ; I. i. 140.
Except, object to ; I. i. 72.
Exclaims, exclamations ; I. ii. 2.
Expedience, expedition ; II. i. 287.
Expedient, expeditious ; I. iv. 39.
Extinct, extinguished ; I. iii. 222.
Extremity, extreme misery ; II. ii. 72.
Fair, clear, fine, I. i. 41 ; becoming, I. i. 54.
Fall, let fall ; III. iv. 104.
Fantastic, imaginary ; I. iii. 299.
Favours, countenances, faces ; IV. i. 168.
Fearful, full of fear ; III. ii. 110.
Fell, fierce, cruel ; I. iii. 302.
Female, small and delicate ; III. ii. 114.
Figured goblet ; III. iii. 150.



From a (XVIth century) specimen in Lord Londesborough's collection.

Glossary

THE TRAGEDY OF

- Foil*, gold or silver leaf used as a background for setting transparent gems to set off their lustre; I. iii. 266.
- Fondly*, foolishly; IV. i. 72.
- For*, as; II. iii. 114.
- Foreign passages*, a pilgrimage in foreign countries; I. iii. 272.
- Forfend*, forbid (Folios and Quarto 5, "forbid"); IV. i. 129.
- For me*, by me, on my part; I. iv. 6.
- Free*, direct; II. iii. 136.
- Gage*, pledge; IV. i. 25.
- Gallant*, young fellow; V. iii. 15.
- Gelded*, cruelly deprived; II. i. 237.
- Glistening*, glistening, shining; III. iii. 178.
- Glose*, speak insincerely; II. i. 10.
- Gnarling*, snarling, growling; I. iii. 292.
- "*God for His mercy*," I pray God for His mercy; II. ii. 98; V. ii. 75.
- Graved*, buried; III. ii. 140.
- Great*, swelling with emotion; II. i. 228.
- Griefs*, sad tales; V. i. 43.
- "*Hallowmas or shortest of day*," November 1st, the beginning of winter; in Shakespeare's time ten days nearer to the winter solstice than now; V. i. 80.
- Happily*, haply, perhaps; V. iii. 22.
- Happy*, fortunate; III. i. 9.
- Hard-favour'd*, ugly; V. i. 14.
- Hardly*, with difficulty; II. iv. 2.
- Haste*, 'in h. whereof,' "to do so speedily"; I. i. 150.
- Hateful*, full of hate; II. ii. 138.
- Haught*, haughty, proud; IV. i. 254.
- Haviour*, carriage, deportment; I. iii. 77.
- Heart-blood*, heart's blood (the reading of Quarto 5); IV. i. 28.
- Height*, high degree; I. i. 189.
- High-stomach'd*, haughty, warlike; I. i. 18.
- His*, its; IV. i. 267.
- Hold out*, "h.o. my horse," i.e. if my horse hold out; II. i. 300.
- Holp* = holpen, helped; V. v. 61.
- Hours*, dissyllabic; I. ii. 7.
- Humours*, dispositions or moods (due to the four essential fluids of the body, which, according as each predominated, produced severally the *sanguine*, *choleric*, *melancholy*, or *phlegmatic* temperament); V. v. 10.
- Idly*, indifferently; V. ii. 25.
- Ill-erected*, built under bad auspices, or to an evil end; V. i. 2.
- Immortal title*, title of immortality; I. i. 24.
- Imp*, piece out; technically, "to supply new feathers to a maimed wing" (a term of falconry); II. i. 292.
- Impeach*, detract from; I. i. 189.
- Imprese*, impress, heraldic device; III. i. 25.
- Incontinent*, immediately; V. vi. 48.
- Indifferent*, indulgent; II. iii. 116.
- Infection*, pollution; II. i. 44.
- Inhabitable*, not habitable, not affording an habitation; I. i. 65.
- Inherit*, put in possession; I. i. 85.
- Inherits*, possesses; II. i. 83.
- Injurious*, pernicious, hurtful; I. i. 91.
- Interchangeably*, in return, I. i. 146; mutually, V. ii. 98.

Jack o' the Clock, a figure striking the bell in the old clocks; V. v. 60.



From the specimen formerly at St Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, E.C.

Jade, a worthless horse; III. iii. 179.

Jauncing, riding hard, "fretting the horse to make him prance"; V. v. 94.

Jest, to take part in a game, or play; I. iii. 95.

Journeyman, a workman hired by the day; I. iii. 274.

Kerns, Irish foot-soldiers; II. i. 156. (See illustration in next column.)

Kin, relatives by blood; IV. i. 141.

Kind, manner, II. iii. 143; relatives by race, IV. i. 141.

Knots, flower-beds laid out in intricate patterns; III. iv. 46. (See illustration on next page.)

Large; "at large," in detail, diffusely; III. i. 41.

Lean-look'd, lean looking; II. iv. 11.

Learn, teach; IV. i. 120.

Leave, leave off; V. ii. 4.

Lecture, lesson for the instruction of others; IV. i. 232.

Lendings, money held in trust; I. i. 89.

Length, "of l.," long; IV. i. 11.

Less; "less happier," an emphatic form of "less happy" (*cp.* "more happier"); II. i. 49.

Lewd, base, vile; I. i. 90.

Liberal, free, unrestrained; II. i. 229.

Lief, gladly; V. ii. 49.

Lies; "full as many lies," giving you the lie as many times; IV. i. 53.

Light, alight; I. i. 82.

Light, lightly; I. iii. 293.

Like, likely; V. ii. 90.



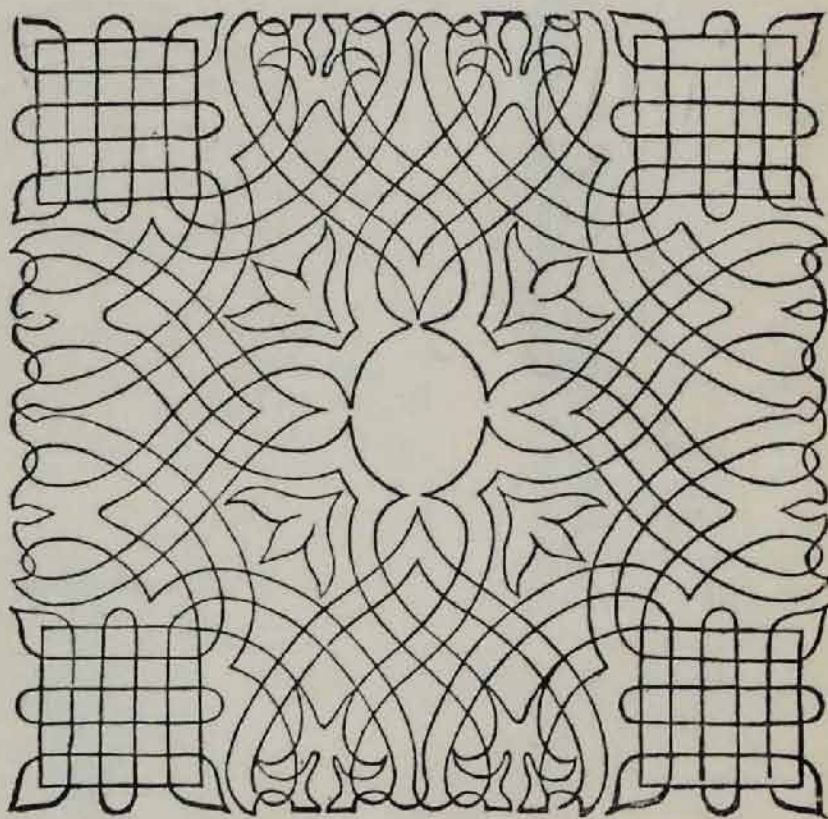
Kern.

From the Chapter House Liber A, in the Public Record Office.

Lingers, causes to linger, lengthens; II. ii. 72.

Listen'd, listened to; II. i. 9.
Livery; "sue livery" = to apply for the delivery of a freehold into the possession of its heir; II. i. 203.
Lodge, lay low; III. iii. 162.
Lodgings, chambers; I. ii. 68.
 'Long-parted mother with,' mother long parted from; III. ii. 8.
 'Love and labour's' = love's and labour's; II. iii. 62.

Map, picture, image; V. i. 12.
Marry, an expletive = "by Mary"; I. iv. 16.
Measure, a courtly dance; I. iii. 291.
Merit, reward, recompense; I. iii. 156.
Misbegotten, "of a bad origin"; I. i. 33.
Mistook, mistaken; III. ii. 174.
Mock, ridicule; II. i. 85.
Mockery, counterfeit; IV. i. 260.



Pattern of an Elizabethan flower-bed. (See S. v. *Knots*.)

Maid-pale, virgin-white; III. iii. 98.
Maim, deep injury; I. iii. 156.
Manage, measures of control; I. iv. 39; "wanting m. of," lacking ability to control; III. iii. 179.
Manage, handle; III. ii. 118.
Manors, estates (Quarto 3, "man-ners"); IV. i. 212.
 'Manual seal of death,' death warrant; IV. i. 25.
Model, copy, image, I. ii. 28; "small m. of the barren earth," the grave; III. ii. 153.
Moer, more; II. i. 239.
Mortal, deadly; III. ii. 21.
Motive, instrument; I. i. 193.
Moving, moving others to pity; V. i. 47.
Mysself, my own person; I. i. 145.
Native, hereditary; III. ii. 25.
Near = nearer; III. ii. 64.

Neighbour nearness, near kinship; I. i. 119.
Neuter, neutral; II. iii. 159.
New world, new state of things; IV. i. 78.
Nicely, subtly, delicately, fantastically; II. i. 84.
Noble, gold coin worth 6s. 8d., twenty groats (a groat=4d.); with play upon "royal"; I. i. 88, V. v. 67.

Part, part from; III. i. 3.
Part forthwith, depart at once, immediately; V. i. 70.
Partialize, make partial; I. i. 120.
Partial slander, the slander of partiality; I. iii. 241.
Party, side (Folios and Quarto 5, "faction"), III. ii. 203; part, III. iii. 115.
Party-verdict, assent; I. iii. 234.



A Noble.

From an original specimen of Edward III's reign.

Noisome, noxious; III. iv. 38.
None, not one of them; V. ii. 99.
Obscene, odious, repulsive; IV. i. 131.
Occident, west; III. iii. 67.
Office, service; II. ii. 137.
Offices, domestic offices, i.e. kitchens, pantries, cellars; I. ii. 69.
Order ta'en, arrangements made; V. i. 53.
Others=the other's; I. i. 22.
Out-dared, defied, cowed; I. i. 190.
Overweening, overbearing, presumptuous; I. i. 147.
Owes, owns; IV. i. 185.
Oyster-wench, a woman who sells oysters; I. iv. 31.
Pale, enclosure; III. iv. 40.
Paper, letters; I. iii. 250.
'Pardonne moi' = excuse me; a polite way of declining a request; V. iii. 119.
Parle, parley; I. i. 192

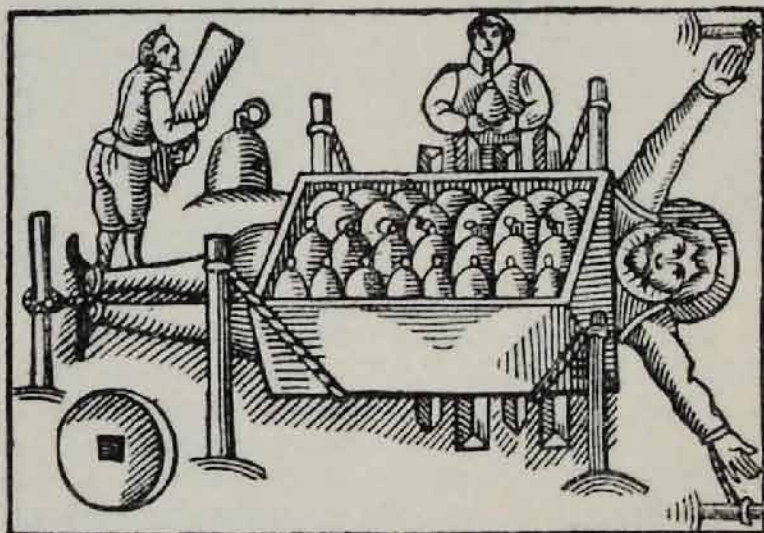
Passengers, passers-by; V. iii. 9.
Peaceful, undisturbed; III. ii. 125.
Pelican, an allusion to the medieval belief that the bird Pelecanus fed its young with its own blood; II. i. 126.



From a bronze seal of the XIIIth century, discovered near Wimborne.

Pelting, petty; II. i. 60.
Perused, scanned; III. iii. 53.
Perspectives, v. Note; II. ii. 18.
Pill'd, pillaged, plundered; II. i. 246.
Pines, afflicts; V. i. 77.
Pitiful, compassionate; V. ii. 103.
Plaining, complaining; I. iii. 175.
Plated, clothed in armour; I. iii. 28.
Plume-pluck'd, humbled; IV. i. 108.
Points; "at all p.," fully, completely; I. iii. 2.
Pomfret, the common pronunciation of Pontefract Castle; V. i. 52.
Pompous, magnificent; IV. i. 250.

Press'd, forced into military service; III. ii. 58.
Press'd to death; referring to the old custom of putting to death by piling weights upon the chest; III. iv. 72. (See illustration.)
Process; "tediousness and p." = "tedious process"; II. iii. 12.
Profane, be profaned by, I. iii. 59; commit sacrilege, III. iii. 81.
Profit, material advantage; prosperity; IV. i. 225.
Proof, impenetrability; "a term particularly applied to defensive



Pressing to death (=peine forte et dure).
 From *The Life and Death of Griffin Hood . . .* (1623).

Poorly, dejectedly; III. iii. 128.
Possessed, seized with madness; II. i. 108.
Post, go with speed; I. i. 56.
Post; "in post," in haste; II. i. 296.
Postern (Quartos 3, 4, "small posterne"), small gate; V. v. 17.
Power, army, forces; II. ii. 46.
Precedent, proof; II. i. 130.
Presages, forebodings; II. ii. 142.
Presence, presence-chamber, I. iii. 289; IV. i. 62.
Presently, at once, immediately; II. ii. 91.

arms tried and found impenetrable"; I. iii. 73.
Property, "his p.," its specific quality; III. ii. 135.
Proportionable, proportionate; II. ii. 125.
Purchase, acquire, win; I. iii. 282.
Quit, requite; "to q. their griefs" = "to requite their tragic tales" (to pay back, to cap); V. i. 43.
Raged, enraged; II. i. 70.
Ragged, rugged, rough (Clark MS. "rugged"); V. v. 21.

- Rapier*, a small sword used in thrusting; IV. i. 40.
- Ravenspurgh*, a seaport in Yorkshire, situated between Hull and Bridlington, gradually destroyed by the sea in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; II. i. 296.
- Raw*, untutored; II. iii. 42.
- Razed out*, erased; III. i. 25.
- Receipt*; "that receipt I had," *i.e.* that money which I received; I. i. 126.
- Recreant*, false to his faith; I. i. 144.
- Redoubled*, quadrisyllabic; I. iii. 80.
- Redoubted*, formidable; III. iii. 198.
- Refuge*, find comfort for (Quarto 5, "refuse that"); V. v. 26.
- Regard*, approval; "with wit's r." = against that which understanding approves; II. i. 28.
- Regenerate*, born anew; I. iii. 70.
- Regreet*, address, salute, I. iii. 67; greet again, I. iii. 186.
- Religious house*, house of a religious order, a convent; V. i. 23.
- Remain*, stay; I. iii. 250.
- Remainder*; "upon r.," on account of the balance; I. i. 130.
- Remember*, remind; I. iii. 269.
- Repeals*, recalls from exile; II. ii. 49.
- Respect*, thought, matter; II. i. 25.
- Respect'st*, carest, dost mind; II. i. 131.
- Retired*, withdrawn; II. ii. 46.
- Return*, announce to, make answer; I. iii. 122.
- Reversion*, right of future possession; I. iv. 35.
- Ribs*, walls; III. iii. 32.
- Rid*, destroy; V. iv. 11.
- Rounds*, encircles; III. ii. 161.
- Roundly*, unceremoniously; II. i. 122.
- Royal*, gold coin worth 10 shillings; with play upon "noble"; V. v. 67.
- Rub*, technical term in the game of bowls; an impediment that might divert the ball from its course; III. iv. 4.
- Rue*, the herb of grace, standing proverbially for "ruth"; III. iv. 105.
- Rug-headed*, having shaggy hair; II. i. 156.
- Sacrament*, "take the s.," take an oath; IV. i. 328.
- Sad*, grave; V. v. 70.
- Safeguard*, guard, protect; I. ii. 35.
- Scoffing*; "s. his state," *i.e.* scoffing at his state; III. ii. 163.
- Scruples*, doubts; V. v. 13.
- Seal*, attached to a document by a loop of parchment; V. ii. 56.
- Secure*, unsuspecting, over-confident; V. iii. 43.
- Securely*, carelessly; II. i. 266.
- Security*, carelessness; III. ii. 34.
- See*, see to, attend to; II. i. 217.
- Self and vain conceit*, vain self-conceit; III. ii. 166.
- '*Self-born*' (the reading of Folios 3, 4; otherwise "borne"; Vaughan conjectured "*stiff-borne*") = "native, home-sprung," or (perhaps) "borne for oneself," *i.e.* "borne selfishly"; II. iii. 80.
- Self-mould*, self-same m.; I. ii. 23.
- Senseless*, addressed to a senseless object; III. ii. 23.
- Sets*, "who sets me else?" who else sets me a stake; a term used in playing dice; IV. i. 57.
- Several*, separate; V. iii. 140.
- Shall*, will; III. iv. 67.
- Sheer*, clear, pure; V. iii. 61.
- Shook off*, shaken off; IV. i. 163.
- Shrewd*, evil, mischievous; III. ii. 59.
- Signories*, estates, manors; III. i. 22.
- Signs of war*, armour; II. ii. 74.
- Silly*, simple; V. v. 25.
- Sit*, press, weigh; II. i. 265.
- Six and seven*, used proverbially for confusion; II. ii. 122.
- Slander* (so Quarto 1; all rest, "slaughter"), that will cause reproach; V. vi. 35.
- So*, providing; II. ii. 101.
- So it be*, if it only be; II. i. 25.

- Solicit*, move, stir; I. ii. 2.
Sometime, once; IV. i. 169.
Sometimes = sometime, formerly; I. ii. 54.
Soon-believing, easily, readily, believing; I. i. 101.
Sore, heavily; II. i. 265.
Sort, company, set; IV. i. 246.
Sour, bitter; IV. i. 241.
Spent, passed, gone; I. iii. 211.
Spirit, monosyllabic; I. iii. 70.
Sprightly, with great spirit; I. iii. 3.
Spy, espy; II. i. 271.
Staggers, causes to stagger, strikes to the earth; V. v. 110.
State, constitution; IV. i. 225.
State of law, legal status; II. i. 114.
Stay, wait for; II. i. 289.
Still, always; II. i. 22.
Still-breeding, ever breeding; V. v. 8.
Straight, straightway; IV. i. 265.
Stranger, strange, foreign; I. iii. 143.
Strew'd, strewn, according to the custom of the time, with rushes. Queen Elizabeth was the last sovereign whose presence-chamber was strewn in this fashion; I. iii. 289.
Strike, *i.e.* furl our sails; II. i. 266.
Subject, inferior (Quarto 5, "subjects"); IV. i. 128.
Subjected, made a subject; III. ii. 176.
Suggest, prompt, incite; I. i. 101.
Suggested, tempted; III. iv. 75.
Sullen, gloomy; V. vi. 48.
Sullens, moroseness; II. i. 139.
Supple, pliant, bending; I. iv. 33.
Supportance, support; III. iv. 32.
'Swear on our sword,' i.e. swear by the cross, the hilt of the sword being in the form of a cross; I. iii. 180.
Sworn, bound by oath ("sworn brother," an allusion to the *fratres jurati* of chivalry); V. i. 20.
Sympathize, enter into, share the feeling of; V. i. 46.
Sympathy, "stand on s.," insist on equality of rank and blood; IV. i. 33.
Tall, large, strong; II. i. 286.
Tend, attend; IV. i. 199.
Tender, young; II. iii. 42.
Tendering, holding dear, taking care of; I. i. 32.
Thin, thin-haired; III. ii. 112.
Tied, obliged; I. i. 63.
Timeless, untimely; IV. i. 5.
To be, at being; V. i. 31.
Toil'd, worn out, wearied; IV. i. 96.
Too much, much too; II. ii. 1.
'Turn their souls,' perjured themselves by treason; III. iii. 83.
Trade, traffic, intercourse (Theobald conjectures "tread," unnecessarily; "trade" is ultimately from the same word); III. iii. 156.
Tradition, old custom; III. ii. 173.
Travel, journey; I. iii. 262.
Triumph day, day of the tournament; V. ii. 66.
Triumphs, tournaments; V. ii. 52.
Troop, company; IV. i. 231.
Troth, faith; V. ii. 78.
Turn me, turn (reflexive); I. iii. 176.
Unavoided, unavoidable; II. i. 268.
Undeaf, free from deafness; II. i. 16.
Underbearing, enduring, bearing; I. iv. 29.
Unfelt, expressed only by words; II. iii. 61.
Unfurnish'd, bare, untapestried; I. ii. 68.
Ungracious, graceless, wicked; II. iii. 89.
Unhappied, made wretched, depraved; III. i. 10.
Impossible (the reading of Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4; Folios and Quarto 5, "impossible"), impossible; II. ii. 126.
Unreverent, irreverent; II. i. 123.

- Unstaid*, thoughtless, giddy-headed; II. i. 2.
- Unthrifts*, spendthrifts, good - for-nothings; II. iii. 122.
- Unthrifty*, good for nothing; V. iii. 1.
- Untuned*, untuneful, harsh; I. iii. 134.
- Urging*, enforcing by way of argument; III. i. 4.
- Vantage*, advantage; V. iii. 132.
- Venge*, avenge; I. ii. 36.
- Verge*, "compass about the king's court, which extended for twelve miles round"; II. i. 102.
- Wail*, bewail; III. ii. 178.
- Wantons*, "play the w.," trifle, dally; III. iii. 164.
- Warder*, staff borne by the King as presiding over the combat; I. iii. 118.
- Was*, had become; I. iii. 274.
- Waste*, "destruction of houses, wood, or other produce of land, done by the tenant to the prejudice of the freeholder"; II. i. 103.
- Waxen*, soft, penetrable (used proleptically); I. iii. 75.
- What*, whatever; II. i. 242.
- When . . . when?* an ejaculation of impatience; I. i. 162.
- Where*, whereas; III. ii. 185.
- While*, until; I. iii. 122.
- White-beards*, white - bearded men (Folios and Quarto 5 read, "white-beares"); III. ii. 112.
- Who*, used as an indefinite pronoun; V. iv. 8.
- '*Why, so!*' an expression of unwilling acquiescence; II. ii. 87.
- Wisly* (Quartos 1, 2, "wishtly"), attentively, fixedly, perhaps influenced in its usage by a supposed connection with *wish* (cp. "wistful"); V. iv. 7.
- Without*, from out; V. ii. 56.
- Worth*, worthiness, excellence; I. i. 107.
- Worthy*, well-merited, deserved; V. i. 68.
- Wrought with*, joined with in effecting; IV. i. 4.
- Yearn'd*, grieved (Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4, "ernd"; Folios and Quarto 5, "yern'd"; "ernd" or "ermd" = grieved, confused with "yearn'd" = desired); V. v. 76.

Notes.

I. i. 1. '*Old John of Gaunt*'; Gaunt was only fifty-eight years old at the time when the play opens, but Shakespeare refers to him throughout as an old man.

I. i. 20. '*Many years of happy days befall*'; Pope suggested '*May many*'; Tate, '*Now many*'; Collier, '*Full many*'; others suggest that '*years*' is to be read as a dissyllable. No change is necessary; the emphatic monosyllabic foot at the beginning of the speech is not very remarkable, and may easily be paralleled.

I. i. 65. '*inhabitable*'; Theobald suggested '*unhabitable*.'

I. i. 77. '*What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise*'; this is the reading of Quarto 1; Quarto 2, '*spoke, or thou canst devise*'; Quartos 3, 4, '*spoke, or what thou canst devise*'; Folios and Quarto 5, '*spoken, or thou canst devise*'; Hanmer conjectured, '*spoke, as what thou hast devised*.'

I. i. 95. '*for these eighteen years*'; since the insurrection of Wat Tyler, in 1381.

I. i. 189. '*beggar-fear*'; so Quartos 1, 5, and Folios 1, 2; Quartos 2, 3, 4, '*beggar-face*'; Folios 3, 4, '*beggar'd fear*'; Hanmer proposed '*haggard fear*'; others have suggested, '*bug-bear fear*'; '*bugbear face*'; '*stagger'd fear*.'

I. i. 199. '*Saint Lambert's Day*'; thus Quartos 1, 5, and Folios; Quartos 2, 3, 4, '*St Lambards Day*.' This was September 17th.

I. i. 204. '*Lord marshal*'; Norfolk was himself Earl Marshal of England; this was therefore a deputy appointed for the occasion; Holinshed tells us that he was Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey. Capell suggested '*Marshal*' for '*Lord Marshal*' in order to normalise the scansion of the line; otherwise '*marshal*' must be taken as equivalent to a monosyllable, or a monosyllable with an unessential extra syllable before a pause.

I. ii. 1. '*Woodstock's blood*'; thus Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, 3, read '*Glousters*'; Folio 4 and Quarto 5, '*Glosters*.' The Duke of Gloucester was also called Thomas of Woodstock.

I. ii. 47. '*sit*'; so the Folios and Quarto 5; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4, '*set*.'

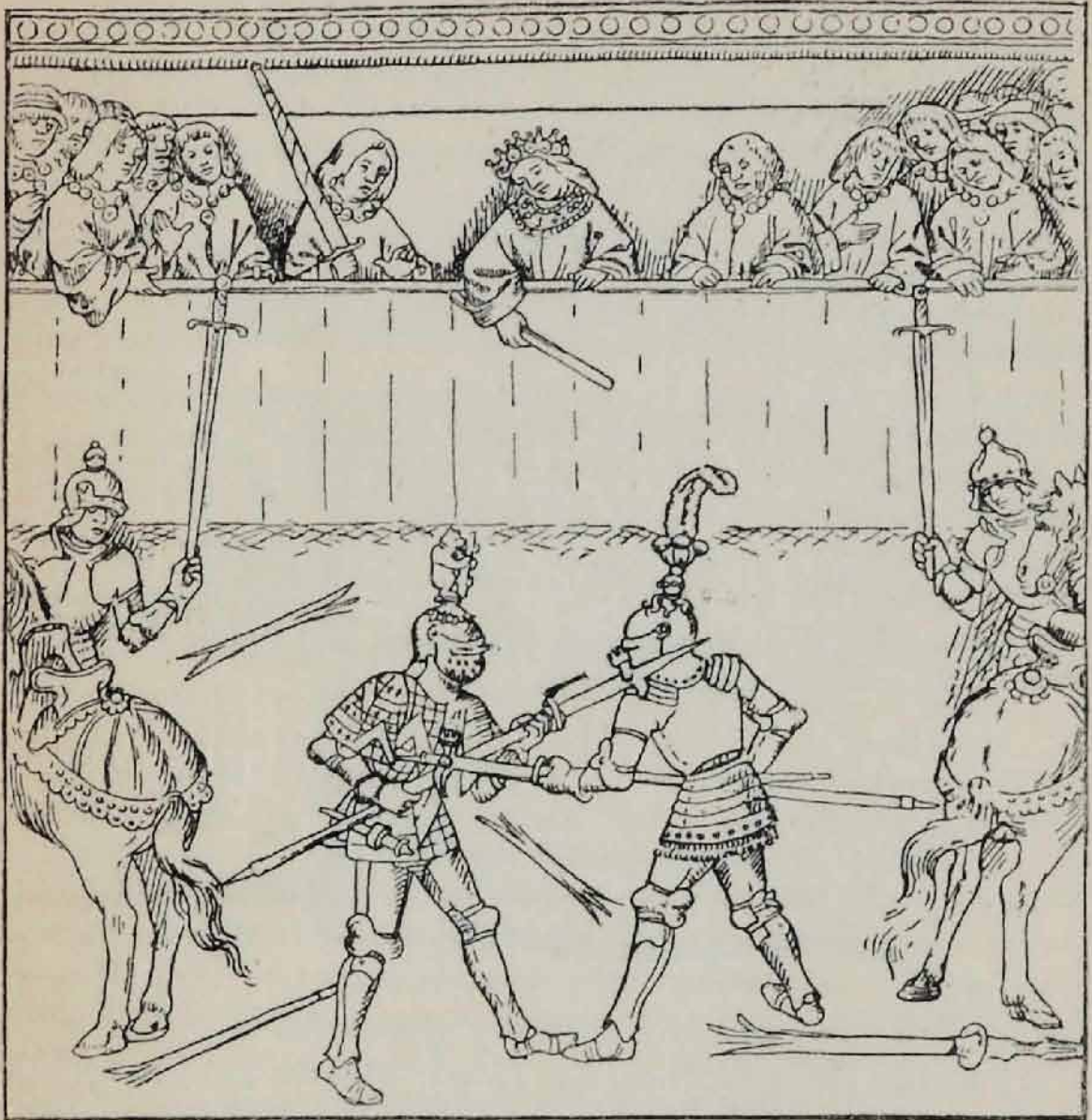
I. ii. 66. '*Plashy*'; the seat of Thomas of Woodstock, as Lord High Constable, near Dunmow, in Essex.

I. ii. 70. '*hear there*'; so Quarto 2; Quarto 1 reads '*cheere there*.'

I. iii. 20. '*and my succeeding issue*'; so Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4; the Folios and Quarto 5, '*and his succeeding issue*.'

I. iii. 43. '*daring-hardy*'; Theobald's emendation of the Quartos and

Folios; Quarto 1, 'daring, hardy'; Quartos 2, 3, 4, 'daring, hardie'; Folios 1, 2, 'daring hardie'; Quarto 5 and Folios 3, 4, 'daring hardy.'



A fight in the lists with poleaxes.

From the drawing by John Rous (c. 1485) in Cott. MS., Julius E., iv. ff. 4 and 7.

I. iii. 58. 'thee dead'; Quartos 1, 2, 'the dead.'

I. iii. 67, 68. 'at English feasts, . . . The daintiest last'; referring to the English custom of having sweets as the last course at a dinner.

I. iii. 84. 'innocency'; the Quartos and Folios 'innocence,' changed by Capell to 'innocency.'

I. iii. 128. 'Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' sword'; Quarto 1, 'cruell' for 'civil'; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4, 'sword'; the Folios and Quarto 5, 'swords'; Theobald conjectured 'neighbour' for 'neighbours.'

I. iii. 136. '*wrathful iron arms*'; Quarto 1 reads '*harsh resounding arms.*'

I. iii. 138. '*kindred's*'; Quartos 1, 2, read '*kinreds.*'

I. iii. 140. '*upon pain of life*'; the reading of Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4; the Folios and Quarto 5, '*upon pain of death.*'

I. iii. 193. '*so far*'; the Quartos and Folio 1, '*so fare*'; Folios 2, 3, and Quarto 5, '*so farre*'; Folio 4, '*so far.*'

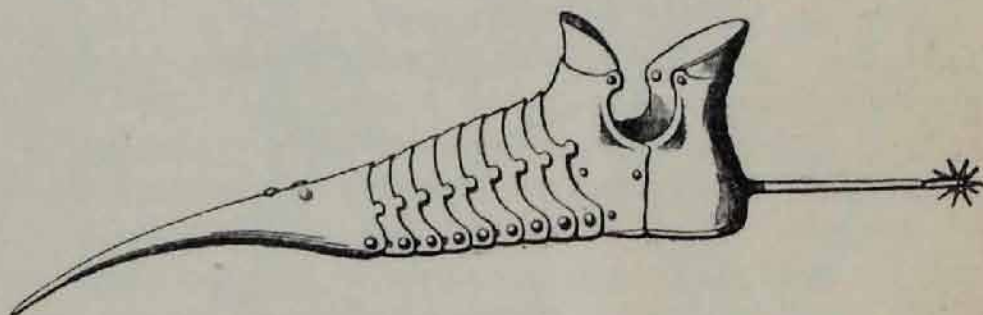
I. iii. 276. '*wise man*'; written as one word in the First two Quartos, and evidently pronounced with the accent on the first syllable.

I. iv. 23. '*Bagot here and Green*'; omitted in Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4; inserted in the Folios and Quarto 5.

I. iv. 58. '*Ely House*'; the Bishop of Ely's palace in Holborn. '*Ely-Place*' marks its site.

II. i. 18. '*of whose taste the wise are fond*'; Quarto 1 reads '*of whose taste the wise are found*'; Quarto 2, '*of whose state the wise are found*'; Quartos 3, 4, 5 and Folios read '*of his state: then there are found*'; Folio 1, '*sound*'; the reading in the text was first suggested by Collier.

II. i. 21. '*Report of fashions in proud Italy.*' In Shakespeare's time Italy was the chief place whence England derived and copied the refinements of fashion. *Cp.* the accompanying illustration of a long-toed solleret from Lord Londesborough's collection.



II. i. 40-55. '*This royal throne . . . Jewry*'; with the exception of line 50, this passage is quoted more or less correctly in *England's Parnassus* (1600), but is attributed by mistake to Michael Drayton.

II. i. 73-93. These famous lines suggest comparison with the word play of Ajax upon his name in Sophocles' drama.

II. i. 102. '*incaged*'; the reading of Folios 1, 2; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4 read '*inraged*'; Quarto 5 reads '*encaged*'; Folios 3, 4 read '*ingaged.*'

II. i. 113. '*thou now, not king*'; Theobald's emendation of the Quartos and Folios; Quartos 1, 2, 3 read '*thou now not, not king*'; Quarto 4 reads '*thou now not, nor king*'; the Folios and Quarto 5 read '*thou and not king.*'

II. i. 115. '*And thou— King Richard. A lunatic,*' etc. Quarto 1, '*And thou. King. A lunatike*'; Quarto 2, '*And thou. King. A lunatick*'; Quartos 3, 4 read

'*And thou. King. Ah lunaticke*'; the Folios and Quarto 5, '*And— Rich. And thou, a lunaticke*'; Warburton, '*And thou— K. Rich. And thou, a lunatick.*'

II. i. 245. '*Gainst us, our lives*'; Vaughan conjectured '*Against ourselves*'; Collier MS., '*Gainst us, our wives.*'

II. i. 247. Pope proposed the omission of '*quite*' in order to improve the scansion of the line. It has been suggested that Shakespeare may have written '*The gentlemen and nobles hath he fined.*' Sidney Walker re-arranged the passage thus:—

*'The commons hath he pill'd
With grievous taxes, and quite lost their hearts;
The nobles hath he fined for ancient quarrels.'*

The text as it stands is better than the readings which result from these emendations.

II. i. 252. '*Wars have,*' etc.; Rowe's emendation; Quartos 1, 2 and the Folios read '*Wars hath,*' etc.; Capell conjectured '*War hath,*' etc.

II. i. 253. "The allusion here is to the treaty which Richard made with Charles VI. of France in the year 1393."

II. i. 254. The Folios omit '*noble*'; but there are many similar quasi-Alexandrines in the play.

II. i. 277. '*Then thus: I have from le Port Blanc.*' The first Quarto reads:—

*'Then thus, I have from le Port Blan
A Bay in Brittain,' etc.*

Dr Wright notes that as the Quartos have '*le Port Blan,*' and Holinshed '*le Porte Blanc,*' he adopts the reading '*le Port Blanc,*' which is the name of a small port in the department of Côtes du Nord, near Tréguier.

II. i. 279. Malone, having Holinshed before him, assumed that a line has been lost, and introduced the following words after '*Cobham*';—

'The son of Richard Earl of Arundel.'

II. i. 283. '*Sir John Ramston*'; according to Holinshed '*Sir Thomas,*' not '*Sir John.*'

II. i. 284. '*Quoint*'; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4 read '*Coines.*'

II. ii. 18. '*perspectives*'; "at the right Honourable the Lord Gerards at Gerards Bromley, there are the pictures of Henry the Great of France and his Queen, both upon the same indented board, which if beheld directly, you only perceive a confused piece of work; but, if obliquely, of one side you see the King's, and on the other the Queen's picture"; Plot's *Natural History of Staffordshire* (quoted by Staunton). Holbein's famous picture, known as '*The Two Ambassadors,*' affords a better illustration of these lines. A mysterious looking object, resembling a shadow, is simply the *anamorphosis*, i.e. the distorted projection of a human skull, drawn from the reflection in a cylindrical mirror. The solution of the problem was due to Dr Woodward

in 1873 (*cp. Athenæum*; *Mill Hill Magazine*, 1876, by Dr J. A. H. Murray; *Pall Mall Gazette*, 1890; *New Shakespere Society*, P. A. Daniel, 1890.)

II. ii. 31. 'though'; Quarto 1 reads 'thought'; 'on thinking on'; Folios 3, 4 read 'one thinking, on'; Collier MS., 'unthinking, on'; 'no thought'; Lettsom conjectured 'nothing.'

II. ii. 57. 'all the rest'; the reading of Quarto 1; Quartos 2, 3, 4, 5 and Folios 1, 2 read 'the rest of the'; Folios 3, 4, 'the rest of that'; Pope, 'all of that,' 'revolted'; Quartos 3, 4 read 'revolting'; 'faction'; Daniel conjectured 'factious.'

II. ii. 58. 'The Earl of Worcester'; Thomas Percy, Steward of the King's household: he was brother to the Earl of Northumberland.

II. iii. 9. 'Cotswoold'; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4 read 'Cotshall'; the Folios and Quarto 5 read 'Coltshold.'

II. iii. 100. The Clarendon Press editors suggest that this passage bears considerable resemblance to the speech of Nestor (*Iliad*, vii. 157). (Hall's translation of Homer was published in 1581.)

II. iii. 164. 'Bristol'; the reading of Quarto 5; all the rest Quartos and Folios, 'Bristow.'

III. ii. 1. 'Barkloughly'; the name was derived from Holinshed, where it was undoubtedly a copyist's or printer's error for 'Hertlowli,' *i.e.* Harlech.

III. ii. 14. Alluding to the old idea that spiders were venomous.

III. ii. 40. 'boldly'; Collier's conjecture; Quarto 1, 'bouldy'; Quarto 2, 'bloudy'; Quartos 3, 4, 5, and Folios, 'bloody.'

III. ii. 156. 'sad stories of the death of kings'; Shakespeare was probably thinking of the *Mirror for Magistrates* with its 'tragedies' of English princes, Richard among the earliest of them.

III. ii. 160-163, Douce plausibly suggested that this image was suggested to Shakespeare by the seventh print (here reproduced) in the *Imagines Mortis*, where "a King is represented sitting on his throne, sword in hand, with courtiers round him, while from his crown rises a grinning skeleton."



III. iii. 105. 'the honourable tomb'; the tomb of Edward III. in Westminster Abbey.

III. iv. 11. 'joy'; Rowe's emendation; Quartos and Folios, 'griefe.'

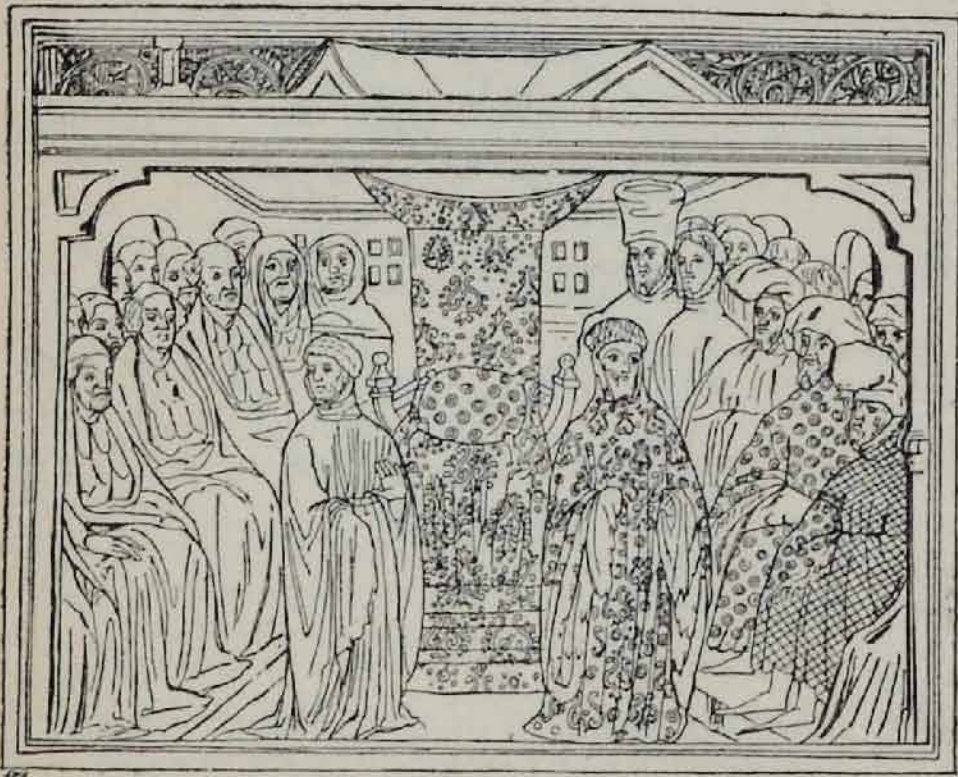
III. iv. 22. 'And I could sing'; Pope's emendation; 'weep,' has been generally adopted, but the Cambridge editors adhere to the reading of the Quartos and Folios. They explain that "the Queen speaks with an emphasis on 'sing,' 'And I could even sing for joy if thy troubles were only such as weeping could alleviate, and then I could not ask you to weep for me.'

IV. i. 55. 'sun to sun'; Capell's emendation of 'sinne to sinne' of the Quartos.

IV. i. 148. 'Prevent it, resist it'; Pope proposed 'prevent, resist it'; others scan 'resist' by apocope ('sist); the natural movement of the line suggests:—

'prevént it, | resíst it, | —lét | it nó | be so.'

IV. i. 154-318. This part of the 'deposition scene' appeared for the first



From an illumination in the *Metrical History of Richard II.* (MS. Harl. 1319).

time in the Quarto of 1608. In the earlier editions line 319 reads: 'Let it be so, and lo on Wednesday next We solemnly proclaim.'

IV. i. 215. 'that swear'; i.e. 'of those that swear'; Folios and Quarto 5, 'are made.'

IV. i. 270. 'torment'st'; Rowe's emendation of Quartos 3, 4, 5 and Folios, 'torments.'

Notes

TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD II.

IV. i. 281-288. A reminiscence of Marlowe's famous lines in *Faustus*:
'*Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,*' etc.

V. i. 88. '*Better far off than near, be ne'er the near,*' i.e. 'better to be far apart than to be near, and yet never the nearer.'

V. iii. 43. '*secure, foolhardy king*'; Quartos '*secure foole, hardy king*'; Folio 4, '*secure foul-hardy king.*'

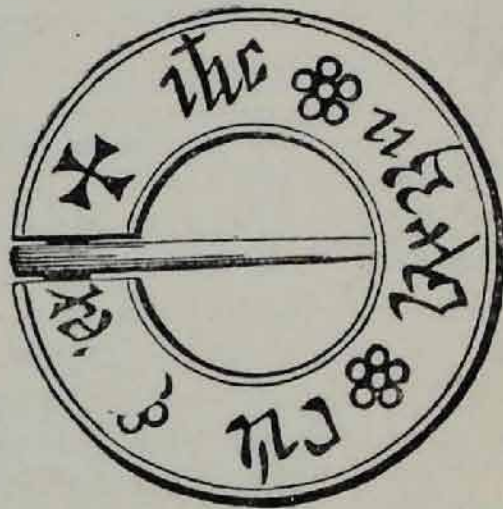
V. iii. 88. '*Love loving not itself,*' etc.; i.e. 'love which is indifferent to the claims of kindred can be loving to none.'

V. iii. 144. 'The reading of Quarto 5; the other editions omit '*too.*'

V. v. 9. '*this little world*'; alluding to the conception of man as '*microcosm,*' i.e. an abstract or model of the world.'

V. v. 31. '*person*'; so Quarto 1; the rest '*prison.*'

V. v. 66. '*strange brooch.*' (Cp. the accompanying illustration of a XVth century specimen.)



HENRY IV.—Parts I. and II.

Preface.

The Early Editions. (I.) *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth*, entered on the Stationers' Registers, under date of February 25, 1597-8, appeared for the first time in a Quarto edition, with the following title-page:—"The History of Henrie the Fourth; with the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstaffe. At London. Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598." (*Cp.* Grigg's Facsimile edition.)

No less than five subsequent Quarto editions appeared before the publication of the play in the first Folio; they were issued in 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, 1622. Other Quartos belong to the years 1632 and 1639. Each edition seems to have been derived from its predecessor

The title of the play in the Folio is, "The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of Henry Surnamed Hotspurre." The Cambridge editors refer the Folio text to a partially corrected copy of the fifth Quarto. The earlier Quartos were, however, probably consulted by the corrector.

(II.) *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth* was first published in Quarto in 1600, with the following title-page:—"The Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henry the fifth. With the humours of Sir John Falstaffe, and swaggering Pistoll. As it hath been sundry times publikely acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London. Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley. 1600." (*Cp.* Grigg's Facsimile edition.) The play was entered by the publishers upon the Stationers' Registers on August 23rd of the same year.

By some accident the first scene of Act III. had been omitted in some copies of the Quarto. The error was rectified by inserting two new leaves, the type of some of the preceding and following leaves being used; hence there are two different impressions of the latter part of Act II. and the beginning of Act III. ii.

The text of this Part in the first Folio was probably ultimately derived from a transcript of the original MS. It contains passages which had evidently been originally omitted in order to shorten the play for the stage "Some of these are among the finest in the play, and are too closely connected with the context to allow of the supposition that they were later additions, inserted by the author after the publication of the Quarto" (Cambridge editors). Similarly, the Quarto contains passages not found in the Folio, and for the most part "the Quarto is to be regarded as having the higher critical value."

Date of Composition. There is almost unanimity among scholars in assigning 1 *Henry IV.* to the year 1596-1597. (i.) According to Chalmers, the opening lines of the play "plainly allude" to the expedition against Spain in 1596. Similarly the expression 'the poor fellow never joyed since the price of oats rose' (II. i.) may be connected with the *Proclamation for the Dearth of Corn*, etc., issued in the same year. The introduction of the word 'valiant,' detrimental to the metre of the line, in Act V. iv. 41,

"The spirits
Of (valiant) Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms,"

may perhaps also point to 1596-7 as the original date of composition: the Shirleys were knighted by the Queen in 1597.

(ii.) The earliest reference to the play occurs in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, 1598; while Ben Jonson ends his *Every Man Out of His Humour* with the words, "You may in time make lean Macilente as fat as Sir John Falstaff." In the *Pilgrimage to Parnassus*, acted at St John's College, Cambridge, Christmas 1598, there are what seem to be obvious reminiscences of the tapster's 'Anon, Anon, Sir.'* The point is of special interest in view of Mr H. P. Stokes' suggestion that 1 *Henry IV.* was itself originally a Christmas play of the previous year, 1597.

(iii.) General considerations of style corroborate these pieces of external evidence; its subtle characterisation, "its reckless ease and full creative

* *Cp.* "I shall no sooner open this pint pot but the word like a knave-tapster will cry 'Anon, Anon, Sir,'" etc.

power," its commingling of the serious and the comic, its free use of verse and prose, make the play "a splendid and varied historic tragi-comedy" rather than a mere "history,"—"historic in its personages and its spirit, yet blending the high heroic poetry of chivalry with the most original inventions of broad humour" (Verplanck). *Henry IV.* bears, in fact, the same relationship to *Richard III.*, *King John*, and *Richard II.* that *The Merchant of Venice* does to such early comedies as *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Two Gentlemen*, *Comedy of Errors*, etc. The simple plots of the earlier histories gave place to the more complex *Henry IV.*, much in the same way as the simple love-comedies were succeeded by the polymythic method of *The Merchant of Venice*. As far as the introduction of prose is concerned, the case of the present play is specially remarkable; * the earlier historical pieces, following the example of Marlowe's *Edward II.*, contained practically no prose at all. Similarly, in his avoidance of rhyme as a trick of dramatic rhetoric, Shakespeare shows, in *Henry IV.*, that he has learnt to differentiate between his lyrical and dramatic gifts. His earlier work in the department of history was indeed largely experimental, and bore many marks of Shakespeare's apprentice hand; none of these previous efforts produced a typically Shakespearian drama; in *Henry IV.* Shakespeare, as it were, discovered himself.

The *Second Part of Henry IV.*, "at once the supplement and epilogue of the first part, and the preparation for the ensuing dramatic history of Henry V.," may with certainty be dated 1598-9. Ben Jonson's *Every Man Out of His Humour*, acted in 1599, contains an early allusion to Justice Silence.† It was probably not written, as has been maintained on insufficient ground, before the Stationers' entry of 1 *Henry IV.* in 1598, the title-page of the first Quarto of Part I., as well as the entry, imply that no second part was then in existence. 'Christmas 1598' may perhaps be the actual date of its first production.

The Sources of the Plot. The materials of both parts of *Henry IV.* were derived from (I.) Hall's and Holinshed's *Chronicles*, and (II.) from the old play of *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, which was acted before 1588, and of which editions appeared in 1594 and 1597 (Hazlitt, *Shakespeare Library*, Pt. II. i. 323).

(I.) On the whole, Shakespeare has followed history closely in this play; among the most striking deviations is, perhaps, Shakespeare's

* 1464 lines of prose occur in 1 *Henry IV.*, and 1860 lines in 2 *Henry IV.*, out of a total 3170 and 3437 lines respectively.

† *Savi.* What's he, gentle Mons. Brisk? Not that gentleman?

Fasl. No, lady; this is a kinsman to Justice Silence.

intentional change in making Hotspur and the Prince of the same age, in order to heighten the contrast between them. The characters of Glendower, Northumberland, Mowbray, the Archbishop, and Prince John, as well as that of Hotspur, have all undergone slight changes at Shakespeare's hands. Noteworthy errors (due to the original *Chronicles*) are:—(i.) calling the Earl of Fife son to the beaten Douglas—an error due to the omission of a comma in Holinshed; (ii.) confounding the Edward Mortimer, prisoner, and afterwards son-in-law of Glendower, and second son of the first Earl of March, with his nephew the Earl of March, entitled to the throne by legitimate succession, at this time a child in close keeping at Windsor Castle. Hence, in one place, Lady Percy is correctly styled Mortimer's sister, in another she is referred to as his aunt (Lloyd, *Critical Essays*, p. 228; Courtenay's *Commentaries on the Historical Plays*, I. pp. 75-159).

(II.) The old Chronicle of *The Famous Victories* certainly provided Shakespeare with substantial hints for the comic element of his play,—“Ned, Gadshill, the old tavern in Eastcheap, the hostess, the recognition of Sir John Oldcastle, or at least his horse, down even to the ‘race of ginger,’ that was to be delivered as far as Charing Cross, meet our eyes as we turn over the pages,” but, in the words of the same critic, “never before did genius ever transmute so base a *caput mortuum* into ore so precious.”

Falstaff. Sir John Oldcastle, one of the Prince's wild companions in the old play, appears to have been the original of the character subsequently called Sir John Falstaff. A trace of the old name is still to be found in 1 *Henry IV.*, where the Prince addresses the knight as ‘my old lad of the castle’ (I. ii. 45): in 2 *Henry IV.* (Quarto 1), the prefix *Old.* is found before one of Falstaff's speeches. The fact that “Falstaff” was substituted for “Oldcastle” throughout the plays perhaps explains the metrical imperfections of such a line as ‘*Away, good Ned, Falstaff sweats to death*’ (II. ii. 112). In the final Epilogue the change is still further emphasised (*vide* Note on the passage, 2 *Henry IV.*). The tradition, however, remained, and in the Prologue to the play of *Sir John Oldcastle* (printed in 1600, with Shakespeare's name on the title-page of some copies) direct reference is made to the degradation the Lollard martyr had suffered at the hands of the dramatist:—

“*It is no pampered glutton we present,
Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin,
But one whose virtue shone above the rest.
. . . . Let fair truth be graced,
Since forged invention former times defaced.*”

As late as 1618, Nathaniel Field, in his *Amends for Ladies*, referred to "the fat Knight, hight Oldcastle," and not to Falstaff, as he who "truly told what honour was." This single passage, in Mr Halliwell's opinion, would alone render it highly probable that some of the theatres in acting *Henry IV.* retained the name after the author had altered it to that of Falstaff. (Hence it is inferring too much to argue from the prefix 'Old.' in a single passage, 2 *Henry IV.* I. ii. 137, that the Second Part of the play was written previously to the date of entry of the First Part in February 1598.)

There is in this case abundance of evidence to confirm the ancient tradition handed down to us by Rowe, that "this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of Oldcastle; some of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleased to command him to alter it." Many Protestant writers protested against the degradation of the famous Lollard. "It is easily known," wrote Fuller in his *Worthies of England* (ed. 1811, ii. p. 131-2), "out of what purse this black penny came; the Papists railing on him for a heretic, and therefore he must also be a coward, though indeed he was a man of arms, every inch of him, and as valiant as any in his age."*

"Now," continued old Fuller, "as I am glad that Sir John Oldcastle is put out, so I am sorry that Sir John Fastolfe is put in. . . . Nor is our comedian excusable by some alteration of his name; . . . few do heed the inconsiderable difference in spelling of their name." Falstaff seems indeed to owe something more than his mere name to the famous Sir John Fastolf (c. 1378-1459), the degradation of whose character comes out so strongly in 1 *Henry VI.* (III. ii. 104-9; iv. 19-47), "where Fastolf (spelt Falstaff) is portrayed as a contemptible craven in the presence of Joan of Arc's forces; and as publicly stripped of his garter by Talbot."

Perhaps Fastolf's reputed sympathy with Lollardism may, as Mr Gairdner suggests, have encouraged Shakespeare to bestow his name on a character bearing the appellation of an acknowledged Lollard like Oldcastle. Both characters suffered at the hands of their enemies; but the historical Sir John Fastolf, even as the historical Sir John Oldcastle, found many enthusiasts ready to defend his memory.

"To avouch him by many arguments valiant is to maintain that the sun is bright," wrote Fuller in the noteworthy passage already quoted, though the stage hath been overbold with his memory, making him a

* Cp. Tennyson's *Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham*, with its noble vindication of the martyr's character:—

"Faint-hearted? tut! faint-stomached! faint as I am,
God-willing, I will burn for Him."

thrasonical puff, and emblem of mock valour."* (*The Character of Sir John Falstaff*, by J. O. Halliwell, 1841; Gairdner and Spedding's *Studies*, pp. 54-77, "On the Historical Elements in Shakespeare's Falstaff;" vide "Sir John Fastolf" in *Dictionary of National Biography*, by Sidney Lee, etc.); cp. Preface to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Duration of Action. (I.) The time of 1 *Henry IV.*, as analysed by Mr P. A. Daniel, covers ten 'historic' days, with three *extra Falstaffian* days, and intervals. Total dramatic time, three months at the outside (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.*, 477-79):—

- Day 1.* Act I. i. London. News of the battle of Holmedon, etc.
Interval: a week (?). Hotspur comes to Court.
 [*Day 1a.* Act I. ii. London. Falstaff, Prince Hal, etc. The robbery at Gadshill planned.]
- Day 2.* Act I. iii. Rebellion of the Percys planned. *Interval*: some three or four weeks.
- Day 3.* Act II. iii. Hotspur resolves to join the confederates at Bangor.
Interval: a week. Hotspur and Worcester reach Bangor.
 [*Days 2a, 3a.* Act II. i. ii. iv.; (Act III. ii.)]
- Day 4.* Act III. i. Bangor. *Interval*: about a fortnight.
- Day 5.* Act III. ii. Prince Hal and his father. *Interval*: about a week.
- Day 6.* Act III. iii. Prince Hal informs Falstaff of his appointment to a charge of foot for the wars. *Interval*: a week.
- Day 7.* Act IV. i. Rebel camp near Shrewsbury. *Interval*.
- Day 8.* Act IV. ii. Near Coventry.
- Day 9.* Act IV. iii. The rebel camp. Act IV. iv. York.
- Day 10.* Act V. i. to v. The battle of Shrewsbury.

The historic period represented ranges from the defeat of Mortimer by Glendower, 12th June 1402, to the Battle of Shrewsbury, 21st July 1403.

(II.) The time of 2 *Henry IV.* occupies nine days as represented on the stage, with three *extra Falstaffian* days, comprising altogether a period of about two months:—

- Day 1.* Act I. i. *Interval*.
- Day 2.* Act I. iii.; Act II. iii. *Interval* (within which fall *Day 1a*: Act I. ii. and *Day 2a*: Act II. i. ii. iv.).

* "The magnificent knight, Sir John Fastolf, bequeathed estates to Magdalen College, Oxford, part of which were appropriated to buy liveries for some of the senior scholars; but the benefactions in time yielding no more than a penny a week to the scholars who received the liveries, they were called, by way of contempt, *Falstaff's buckram-men*" (Warton).

KING HENRY IV.

Preface

- Day 3* (the morrow of *Day 2a*): Act III. i. *Interval*.
Day 4. Act III. ii. *Interval*.
Day 5. Act IV. i.-iii. *Interval*.
Day 6. Act IV. iv. v.
Day 7. Act V. ii. *Interval* (including *Day 3a*: Act V. i. iii.)
Day 8. Act V. iv.
Day 9. Act V. v.

The historic period covers from 21st July 1403, to 9th April 1413.



The Battle of Shrewsbury.

From a drawing by John Rous (c. 1485) in the *Life of Richard Beauchamp Earl of Warwick* (MS. Cott. Jul. E. iv.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY *the Fourth.*

HENRY, *Prince of Wales,* } *sons to the King.*
JOHN *of Lancaster,* }

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester.*

HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland.*

HENRY PERCY, *surnamed HOTSPUR, his son*

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

RICHARD SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*

ARCHIBALD, *Earl of DOUGLAS.*

OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

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

POINS.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

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

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

MISTRESS QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*

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

SCENE: *England.*

The First Part of
King Henry IV.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

London. The palace.

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

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for 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,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven, 10
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies :
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross 20

We are impressed and engaged to fight,
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy ;
 Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb
 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 month 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, 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 ;
 As 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
 Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son 71
 To beaten Douglas ; and the Earl of Athol,
 Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith :
 And is not this an honourable spoil ?
 A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

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

King. Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest me sin
 In envy that my Lord Northumberland
 Should be the father to so blest a son, 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 surprised,
 To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
 I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

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

King. But I have sent for him to answer this; 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.

London. An apartment of the Prince's.

Enter the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.

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

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old
 sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and

sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, 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,— 20

Prince. What, none?

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

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

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal. 30

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed,

as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by' and spent with crying 'Bring in'; now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

40

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

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

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

50

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

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

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

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

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

60

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

Prince. No; thou shalt.

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

70

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

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

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

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

80

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

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

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

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

90

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

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it!

Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing ; and 100
 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.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee ; from
 praying to purse-taking. 110

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

Enter Poins.

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

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur
 Remorse ? what says Sir John Sack and Sugar ? 120
 Jack ! how agrees the devil and thee about thy
 soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last
 for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg ?

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

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

Prince. Else he had been damned for cozening the 130
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 East-
cheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you
will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; 140
if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

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

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

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

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good
fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the
blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten
shillings. 150

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

Fal. Why, that's well said.

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

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

Prince. I care not.

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

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and 160
him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest

may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

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

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders. 170

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. 180

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. 190

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

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for

the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason,
 I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will
 be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat
 rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how
 thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards,
 what blows, what extremities he endured; and
 in the reproof of this lies the jest. 200

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

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

Prince. I know you all, and will a while 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, 210
 Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
 By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
 Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
 If all the year were playing holidays,
 To sport would be as tedious as to work;
 But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off
 And pay the debt I never promised,
 By how much better than my word I am, 220
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
 And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

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

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

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves 10
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
 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.
 You have good leave to leave us : when we need 20
 Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

[*Exit Wor.*

You were about to speak.

[*To North.*

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

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
 But I remember, when the fight was done, 30
 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
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;
 He was perfumed like a milliner ;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose and took 't away again ;
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there, 40
 Took it in snuff ; and still he smiled and talk'd,
 And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me ; amongst the rest, demanded
 My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay, 50
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
 He should, or he should not ; for he made me mad

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
 Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the
 mark!—

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd 60
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
 And I beseech you, let not his report
 Come current for an accusation
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord, 70
 Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
 To such a person and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
 May reasonably die and never rise
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
 But with proviso and exception,
 That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
 His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer; 80
 Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 The lives of those that he did lead to fight
 Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March

Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
 Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
 Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
 For I shall never hold that man my friend 90
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
 But by the chance of war: to prove that true
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
 When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
 In single opposition, hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an hour 100
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
 Three times they breathed and three times did they
 drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
 Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.
 Never did base and rotten policy
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer 110
 Receive so many, and all willingly:
 Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

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

He durst as well have met the devil alone
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
 Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me 121
 As will displease you. My lord Northumberland,
 We license your departure with your son.
 Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train.*]

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

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

Re-enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer ! 130

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

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

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

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

Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

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

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

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

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

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown 160
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king;
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days, 170
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?
 No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem 180
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again,
 Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
 Of this proud king, who studies day and night
 To answer all the debt he owes to you
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
 Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:

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

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

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

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

So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities :

But out upon this half-faced fellowship !

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

Hot. I cry you mercy.

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

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

Wor. You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.

Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will ; that 's flat :

He said he would not ransom Mortimer ;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ; 220
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla ' Mortimer ! '

Nay,

I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but ' Mortimer,' and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin ; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke :
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not 231
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman : I'll talk to you

When you are better temper'd to attend.

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

Art thou to break into this woman's mood,

Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own !

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

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear 240

Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—what do you call the place ?—

A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire ;

'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,

His uncle York ; where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—

'Sblood !—

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley-castle.

Hot. You say true :

250

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !

Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,'

And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin' ;

O, the devil take such cozeners ! God forgive me !

Good uncle, tell your tale ; I have done.

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

We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

Deliver them up without their ransom straight, 260

And make the Douglas' son your only mean

For powers in Scotland ; which, for divers reasons

Which I shall send you written, be assured,

Will easily be granted. You, my lord,
[To Northumberland.]

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

Hot. Of York, is it not?

Wor. True; who bears hard 270
 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 a-foot, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:
 And then the power of Scotland and of York, 280
 To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

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

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
 To save our heads by raising of a head;
 For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
 The king will always think him in our debt,
 And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
 Till he hath found a time to pay us home:
 And see already how he doth begin
 To make us strangers to his looks of love. 290

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

Wor. Cousin, farewell: no further go in this
 Than I by letters shall direct your course.

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

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

Hot. Uncle, adieu: O, let the hours be short 301
 Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Rochester. An inn yard.

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

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

Ost. [*Within*] Anon, anon.

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

Enter another Carrier.

Sec. Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog,
 and that is the next way to give poor jades the
 bots: this house is turned upside down since 10
 Robin Ostler died.

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

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

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

Sec. Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney ; and your chamberlie breeds fleas like a loach. 20

First Car. What, ostler ! come away and be hanged ! come away.

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

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 ? 30

Enter Gadshill.

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

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

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

First Car. Nay, by God, soft ; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith. 40

Gads. I pray thee, lend me thine.

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

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

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

50

[*Exeunt Carriers.*]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

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

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

Enter Chamberlain.

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

60

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

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

70

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if

I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-
rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgo-masters and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, 'zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots. 80

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way? 90

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 behold-
ing to the night than to fern-seed for your walk-
ing invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man. 100

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 Gadshill.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

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

Prince. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

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

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

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

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

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: 10
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 be-
witched 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 20
have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague up-
on you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere
I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good
a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave
these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever
chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven

ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew! 30
A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

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

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

Prince. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted. 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. 50

Fal. So I do, against my will.

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

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

Fal. You lie, ye 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.

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.

70

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! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

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

90

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

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

Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins disguised.

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.

100

Enter the Thieves again.

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

Prince. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

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

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are all scatter'd and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other ; 110
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along :
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd !

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Warkworth Castle.

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.

Hot. 'But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be
well contented to be there, in respect of the love
I bear your house.' He could be contented :
why is he not, then ? In respect of the love he
bears our house : he shows in this, he loves his
own barn better than he loves our house. Let
me see some more. 'The purpose you undertake
is dangerous ;'—why, that's certain : 'tis danger-
ous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink ; but I tell
you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we 10
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 excel- 20

lent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not
30
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? 40
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'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, 50
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
 Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd
 Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
 And all the currents of a heady fight.
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep, 60
 That beads of sweat hath stood upon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath
 On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are
 these?

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

Hot. What, ho!

Enter Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago. 69

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

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

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

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O esperance!

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

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

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

80

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with. In faith,

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

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title, and hath sent for you

To line his enterprize: but if you go—

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

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

Directly unto this question that I ask:

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

90

Hot. Away,

Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world

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 wouldst thou have with
me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?

Well, do not then; for since you love me not, 100

I will not love myself. Do you not love me?

Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am o' horseback, I will swear

I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;

I must not have you henceforth question me

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

Lady. How ! so far ?

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

Lady. It must of force. [*Exeunt.* 120

Scene IV.

The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter the Prince, and Poins.

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

Poins. Where hast been, Hal ?

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

thian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry 'hem!' and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake 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.* 40

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.

Prince. Five year! by'r lady, a long lease for
the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest 50
thou be so valiant as to play the coward with
thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels
and run from it?

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

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall
be— 60

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

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

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

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

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

Poins. [*Within*] Francis! 70

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-
morrow, Francis; or Francis, o' Thursday; or
indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

Fran. My lord?

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

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard is your 80
only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

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

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, standest thou still, and hearest such
a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit
Francis.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half- 90
a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let
them in?

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

Re-enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

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

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye;
what cunning match have you made with this
jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue? 100

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.*

Prince. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. 110
I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.' I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame 120
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 cowards! Give me a cup of sack,
rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of 130
butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the
sweet tale of the sun's! if thou didst, then
behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there
is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous
man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack
with lime in it. A villanous coward! Go thy
ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood,
good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of
the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There 140
lives 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. 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 150
Prince of Wales!

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

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

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

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 160
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.

Prince. What's the matter? 170

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

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

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

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with
a dozen of them two hours together. I have
'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust
through the doublet, four through the hose; my 180
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

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

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

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

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

Prince. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of 200 radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

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

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let 210 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.

220

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. 230

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

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

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

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch,— 240

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? 250

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

Fal. What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenti-

ful 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 bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,— 260

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

Prince. Well, breathe a while, 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 270 them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! 280 What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

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

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it

for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore? 300

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

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

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the prince!

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

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

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother. 310

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

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

Prince. Prithee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing.

[*Exit.*

Prince. Now, sirs : by 'r lady, you fought fair ; so did you, Peto ; so did you, Bardolph : you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not 320 touch the true prince ; no, fie !

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

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

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

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our 330 garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

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

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors ? do you behold these exhalations ? 340

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend ?

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.
How now, my sweet creature of bombast

How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, 350
Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh 360
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. 370

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

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

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

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps

more : Worcester is stolen away to-night ; thy 380
 father's beard is turned white with the news :
 you may buy land now as cheap as stinking
 mackerel.

Prince. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot
 June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy
 maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the
 hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true ; it is like we
 shall have good trading that way. But tell
 me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard ? thou 390
 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. 400

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 !

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of
 thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup 410
 of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may

be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

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

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

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

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

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen; 420
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

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

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my 430
own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many 440
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.

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

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent ; 450
of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage ; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by 'r lady, inclining to three score ; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff : if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me ; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff : him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, 460
tell me, where hast thou been this month ?

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

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

Prince. Well, here I am set.

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

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you ?

470

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

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

Prince. 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 480 beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in 490 nothing?

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

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

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do 500 witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, 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 Poins : but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, 510
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 !—

520

Prince. Heigh, heigh ! the devil rides upon a fiddle-
stick : 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, with-
out seeming so.

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major : if you will deny the sheriff, 530
so ; if not, let him enter : if I become not a cart
as well as another man, a plague on my bringing
up ! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a
halter as another.

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

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

Prince. Call in the sheriff.

540

[*Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.*]

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

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

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

Prince. What men ?

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

Car. As fat as butter.

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

550

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

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

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

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

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

560

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.

Go, call him forth.

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

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

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

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

<i>Peto.</i> [<i>reads</i>]	Item, A capon,	. 2s. 2d.	570
	Item, Sauce,	. 4d.	
	Item, Sack, two gallons,	5s. 8d.	
	Item, Anchovies and		
	sack after supper,	. 2s. 6d.	
	Item, Bread,	ob.	

Prince. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to 580 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; and so, good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Bangor. The Archdeacon's house.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower.

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

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

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven. 10

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

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

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

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born. 20

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

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

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
 In strange eruptions ; oft the teeming earth
 Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
 By the imprisoning of unruly wind 30
 Within her womb ; which, for enlargement striving,
 Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down
 Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth
 Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
 In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
 I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
 To tell you once again that at my birth
 The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
 The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
 Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields. 40
 These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;
 And all the courses of my life do show
 I am not in the roll of common men.
 Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea
 That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
 Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?
 And bring him out that is but woman's son
 Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
 And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh. 50
 I'll to dinner.

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

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man ;

But will they come when you do call for them ?

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

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
 By telling truth : tell truth, and shame the devil.
 If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither, 60
 And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him
 hence.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil !

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

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

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

Glend. Come, here 's the map : shall we divide our right 70
 According to our threefold order ta'en ?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
 Into three limits very equally :
 England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
 By south and east is to my part assign'd :
 All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
 And all the fertile land within that bound,
 To Owen Glendower : and, dear coz, to you
 The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
 And our indentures tripartite are drawn ; 80
 Which being sealed interchangeably,
 A business that this night may execute,
 To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
 And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
 To meet your father and the Scottish power,
 As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
 My father Glendower is not ready yet,
 Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.

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

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords: 91

And in my conduct shall your ladies come;
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:

See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out. 100

I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

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

Mort. Yea, but

Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much 110
As on the other side it takes from you.

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

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

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

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you, then; speak it in
Welsh. 120

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

Hot. Marry,
And I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers; 130
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

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

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. 140
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

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

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

Hot. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies, 150

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,'

But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
 As a tired horse, a railing wife; 160
 Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
 With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
 Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
 In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
 Exceedingly well read, and profited
 In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
 And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
 As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
 He holds your temper in a high respect, 170
 And curbs himself even of his natural scope
 When you come 'cross his humour; faith, he does:
 I warrant you, that man is not alive
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,
 Without the taste of danger and reproof:
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
 And since your coming hither have done enough
 To put him quite beside his patience,
 You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault: 180
 Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—

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

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!
 Here come our wives, and let us take our leave. 191

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-will'd
 harlotry, one that no persuasion can do good
 upon. *[The lady speaks in Welsh. 200]*

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

[The lady speaks again in Welsh.]

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
 And that's a feeling disputation.
 But I will never be a truant, love,
 Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower, 210
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 wanton rushes lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night 220
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

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

Glend. Do so;

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

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:
come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in 230
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. 240

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!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

[*Here the lady sings a Welsh song.*

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too. 250

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

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

And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,

As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.

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

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

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread, 260

To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

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

[*Exit.*

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

By this our book is drawn; we'll but seal, 270

And then to horse immediately.

Mort.

With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

London. The palace.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

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

For we shall presently have need of you.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

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

Prince. So please your majesty, I would I could

Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge 20
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised,

Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
 By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
 I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
 Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
 Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing 30
 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 doth forethink thy fall.
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men, 40
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession,
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir
 But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
 That men would tell their children 'This is he';
 Others would say, 'Where, which is Bolingbroke?'
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven, 50
 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 wan by rareness such solemnity.
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down, 60
 With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
 Soon kindled and soon burnt ; carded his state,
 Mingled his royalty with capering fools,
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns,
 And gave his countenance, against his name,
 To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
 Of every beardless vain comparative,
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity ;
 That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes, 70
 They surfeited with honey and began
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
 Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes
 As, sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes ; 80
 But rather drowzed and hung their eyelids down,
 Slept in his face and render'd such aspect
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
 Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.
 And in that very line, Harry, standest thou ;
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
 With vile participation : not an eye

But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more ;
 Which now doth that I would not have it do, 90
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

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

King. For all the world
 As thou art to this hour was Richard then
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
 And even as I was then is Percy now.
 Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy interest to the state
 Than thou the shadow of succession ;
 For of no right, nor colour like to right, 100
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
 To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
 What never-dying honour hath he got
 Against renowned Douglas ! whose high deeds,
 Whose hot incursions and great name in arms
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority
 And military title capital 110
 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,
Capitulate against us and are up. 120

But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?

Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?

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

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

And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me! 131

I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight, 140
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.

For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.

Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;

And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up, 150

Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of God, I promise here :
 The which if he be pleased I shall perform,
 I do beseech your majesty may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

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

Enter Blunt.

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

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

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

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

With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster ;
 For this advertisement is five days old :
 On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward ;
 On Thursday we ourselves will march : our meeting
 Is Bridgenorth : and, Harry, you shall march
 Through Gloucestershire ; by which account,
 Our business valued, some twelve days hence
 Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
 Our hands are full of business : let's away ; 179
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! 10
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 bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three 20
or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

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

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in

the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art
the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

30

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

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

40

50

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

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

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you in-
quired 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 60
 have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

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

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

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough. 70

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen 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, 80
 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 him coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grand- 90
 father's worth forty mark.

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

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

*Enter the Prince and Peto, marching, and Falstaff meets
them playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

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

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion. 100

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.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

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

Prince. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the
arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is
turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets. 110

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.

Prince. What! he did not? 120

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 130
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?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows
not where to have her. 140

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. 150

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. 160

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, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if 170 there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou 180 seest I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket?

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, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court : for the robbery, 190
lad, how is that answered ?

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

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

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. 200

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

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

Prince. Bardolph !

Bard. My lord ?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, 210
to my brother John ; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Go, Peto, to horse, to horse ; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. [*Exit Peto.*] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.

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

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either we or they must lower lie. [Exit. 220

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

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

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

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

Doug. Thou art the king of honour: 10
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 here?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

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

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

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

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord. 20

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

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

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

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp. 30

He writes me here, that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd 40
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

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

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

All at one cast ? to set so rich a main
 On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?
 It were not good ; for therein should we read
 The very bottom and the soul of hope, 50
 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 the maidenhead of our affairs.

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

Hot. You strain too far.
 I rather of his absence make this use :

It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
 A larger dare to our great enterprise,
 Than if the earl were here ; for men must think,
 If we without his help can make a head 80
 To push against a kingdom, with his help
 We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down,
 Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think : there is not such a word
 Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
 The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
 Is marching hitherwards ; with him Prince John.

Hot. No harm : what more ?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd, 90
 The king himself in person is set forth,
 Or hitherwards intended speedily,
 With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
 The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
 And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside
 And bid it pass ?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms ;
 All plumed like estridges that wing the wind ;
 Baited like eagles having lately bathed ;
 Glittering in golden coats, like images ; 100
 As full of spirit as the month of May,
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
 I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,

His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship. 110

Hot. No more, no more : worse than the sun in March,
 This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come ;
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war
 All hot and bleeding will we offer them :
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh
 And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,
 Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt 120
 Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales :
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
 Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
 O that Glendower were come !

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

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

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

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

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be : 130
 My father and Glendower being both away,
 The powers of us may serve so great a day.
 Come, let us take a muster speedily :
 Doomsday is near ; die all, die merrily.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

A public road near Coventry.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry ; fill me a bottle of sack : our soldiers shall march through ; we'll to Sutton Co'fil' 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 ; an if it make twenty, take them all ; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

Bard. I will, captain : farewell. [Exit. 10

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons ; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns ; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum ; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt 20
wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their services ; and now my whole charge consists of

ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers 30
trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll 40
not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; 50
they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter the Prince and Westmoreland.

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

Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of

Westmoreland, I cry you mercy : I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too ; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all : we must away all night. 60

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

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

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut ; good enough to toss ; food for powder, food for powder ; they'll fill a pit as well as better : tush, man, mortal men, mortal men. 70

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

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that ; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

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

Fal. What, is the king encamped ?

West. He is, Sir John : I fear we shall stay too long. 80

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast

Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

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

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

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

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

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

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well:

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,

And I dare well maintain it with my life,

If well-respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle

Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,

Being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition: certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:

Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

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

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

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king, 30
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

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

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty. 40
But to my charge. The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs ; and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself and these 50
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind ; and well we know the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay ;
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears ;
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore ;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God 60
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee ;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes, 70
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh ;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth, 80
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs ; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win

The hearts of all that he did angle for ;
 Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites that the absent king
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.

In short time after, he deposed the king ; 90
 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 ;
 Rated mine uncle from the council-board ;
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court ; 100
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
 And in conclusion drove us to seek out
 This head of safety, and withal to pry
 Into his title, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king ?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter : we'll withdraw a while.

Go to the king ; and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again,
 And in the morning early shall mine uncle 110
 Bring him our purposes : and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And may be so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you do. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

York. The Archbishop's palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York and Sir Michael.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief
With winged haste to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenour.

Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury, 10
As I am truly given to understand,
The king with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king. 20

Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn

The special head of all the land together :
 The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
 The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt ; 30
 And many mo corrivals and dear men
 Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear ;
 And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed :
 For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
 Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
 For he hath heard of our confederacy,
 And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him :
 Therefore make haste. I must go write again 40
 To other friends ; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The King's camp near Shrewsbury.

*Enter the King, the Prince of Wales, Lord John of
 Lancaster, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.*

King. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
 Above yon busky hill ! the day looks pale
 At his distemperature.

Prince. The southern wind
 Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
 And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
 Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathise,
 For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

[*The trumpet sounds.*]

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
 That you and I should meet upon such terms 10
 As now we meet. You have deceived our trust,
 And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
 To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
 This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
 What say you to it? will you again unknit
 This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
 And move in that obedient orb again
 Where you did give a fair and natural light,
 And be no more an exhaled meteor,
 A prodigy of fear, and a portent 20
 Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:

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

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

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

Prince. Peace, chewet, peace!

Wor. It pleased your majesty to turn your looks 30
 Of favour from myself and all our house;
 And yet I must remember you, my lord,
 We were the first and dearest of your friends.
 For you my staff of office did I break
 In Richard's time; and posted day and night
 To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
 When yet you were in place and in account
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.

It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare 40
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time, 50
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead :
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand ;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;
And being fed by us you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird, 60
Useth the sparrow ; did oppress our nest ;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head ;
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth 70

Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

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

80

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

90

100

King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
 Albeit considerations infinite

Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,
 We love our people well ; even those we love
 That are misled upon your cousin's part ;
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,
 Both he and they and you, yea, every man
 Shall be my friend again and I'll be his :
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word
 What he will do : but if he will not yield, 110
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone ;
 We will not now be troubled with reply :
 We offer fair ; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.*]

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life :

The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
 Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge ;

For, on their answer, will we set on them :

And God befriend us, as our cause is just ! 120

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

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

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

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

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

Fal. 'Tis not due yet ; I would be loathe to pay him
 before his day. What need I be so forward
 with him that calls not on me ? Well, 'tis no
 matter ; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how 130
 if honour prick me off when I come on ? how
 then ? Can honour set to a leg ? no : or an arm ?

no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is in that word honour? what is that honour? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'Tis insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? 140 no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism. [Exit.

Scene II.

The rebel camp.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

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

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up, 10
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.

My nephew's trespass may be well forgot ;
 It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood ;
 And an adopted name of privilege,
 A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen :
 All his offences live upon my head 20
 And on his father's ; we did train him on,
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
 In any case, the offer of the king.

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

Enter Hotspur and Douglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd :
 Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.
 Uncle, what news ? 30

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

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

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

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any ? God forbid !

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
 Of his oath-breaking ; which he mended thus,
 By now forswearing that he is forsworn :
 He calls us rebels, traitors ; and will scourge 40
 With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen ; to arms ! for I have thrown
 A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,

And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it ;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

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

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me, 50
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise
By still dispraising praise valued with you; 60
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured 70
On his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.

Arm, arm with speed: and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
 Better consider what you have to do
 Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
 Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

80

Hot. I cannot read them now.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
 To spend that shortness basely were too long,
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
 An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
 If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
 Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
 When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

90

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,

For I profess not talking; only this—
 Let each man do his best: and here draw I
 A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
 With the best blood that I can meet withal
 In the adventure of this perilous day.
 Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
 And by that music let us all embrace;
 For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
 A second time do such a courtesy.

100

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

Scene III.

Plain between the camps.

The King enters with his power. Alarum to the battle.

Then enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt.

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

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

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner. 10

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

[They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.]

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

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

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no: I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself. 20

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear:

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king ?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

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

Hot. Up, and away !

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter Falstaff, solus.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, 30
I fear the shot here ; here's no scoring but
upon the pate. Soft ! who are you ? Sir Walter
Blunt : there's honour for you ! here's no
vanity ! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy
too : God keep lead out of me ! I need no more
weight than mine own bowels. I have led my
ragamuffins where they are peppered : there's
not three of my hundred and fifty left alive ; and
they are for the town's end, to beg during life.
But who comes here ? 40

Enter the Prince.

Prince. What, stand'st thou idle here ? lend me thy sword :
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unrevenged : I prithee, lend me
thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe a
while. 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. 50

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. 60
I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [Exit.]

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

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

King. I prithee,

Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

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

Prince. I beseech your majesty, make up,

Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so.

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

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

Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help: 10

And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

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

[*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.*]

Prince. By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul. 20

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?

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at
heart

So many of his shadows thou hast met 30
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, who'er thou be,

And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the King being in danger,
re-enter Prince of Wales.*]

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits 40
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[*They fight: Douglas flies.*]

Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breathe awhile:

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me. 50

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

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

[*Exit.*]

Enter Hotspur.

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

Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name. 60

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prince. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

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

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry ; for the hour is come
 To end the one of us ; and would to God
 Thy name in arms were now as great as mine ! 70

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

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

Enter Falstaff.

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

*Re-enter Douglas ; he fights with Falstaff, who falls
 down as if he were dead, and exit Douglas.*

Hotspur is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth !
 I better brook the loss of brittle life
 Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;
 They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my
 flesh : 80

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool ;
 And time, that takes survey of all the world,
 Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
 But that the earthy and cold hand of death
 Lies on my tongue : no, Percy, thou art dust,
 And food for— [*Dies.*]

Prince. For worms, brave Percy ; fare thee well, great
 heart !

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
 When that this body did contain a spirit,
 A kingdom for it was too small a bound ; 90
 But now two paces of the vilest earth
 Is room enough : this earth that bears thee dead
 Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
 If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
 I should not make so dear a show of zeal :
 But let my favours hide thy mangled face ;
 And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
 For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !
 Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave, 100
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph !

[He spieth Falstaff on the ground.]

What, old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh
 Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !
 I could have better spared a better man :
 O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
 If I were much in love with vanity !
 Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
 Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
 Embowell'd will I see thee by and by :
 Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. *[Exit. 110*

Fal. *[Rising up]* Embowelled ! if thou embowel me
 to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and
 eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood '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 he not rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your 130 thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes up Hotspur on his back.*]

Re-enter the Prince of Wales and Lord John of Lancaster.

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

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

Prince. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou
alive?

Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?

I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes

Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but 141
if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There
is Percy [*throwing the body down*]: if your father
will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill
the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl
or duke, I can assure you.

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

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both 150 at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

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: 160 For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]

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

[*Exeunt Prince of Wales and Lancaster.*]

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

[*Exit.*]

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

The trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.

Ill-spirited Worcester! did 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

Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

10

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

Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;

20

And falling from a hill, he was so bruised

That the pursuers took him. At my tent

The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace

I may dispose of him.

King.

With all my heart.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong :
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free :
His valour shown upon our crests to-day
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds 30
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

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

King. Then this remains, that we divide our power.
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms :
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March. 40
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.*

Glossary.

- Admiral*, admiral's ship with a lantern in the stern; III. iii. 28.
- Advantage*, leisure, II. iv. 594; interest, II. iv. 585; favourable opportunity, III. ii. 180.
- Advertisement*, information, news, III. ii. 172; counsel, IV. i. 36.
- Advised*, guided by advice; IV. iii. 5.
- Affections*, inclinations; III. ii. 30.
- Against*; "against his name," contrary to the dignity of his royal name; III. ii. 65.
- Allhallown summer*, *i.e.* summer weather at the beginning of winter; "spring at Michaelmas" ("Allhallowmas" is on the first of November) in ridicule of Falstaff's youthful frivolity at his advanced age; I. ii. 168.
- Amamon*, the name of a demon; II. iv. 358.
- Amaze*, throw into disorder; V. iv. 6.
- Ancients*, ensigns, IV. ii. 25; "ancient" standard; IV. ii. 33.
- Angel*, a coin with the figure of the archangel Michael piercing the dragon with his spear; its value varied from six shillings and eight pence to ten shillings; IV. ii. 6.
- Anon, anon!* coming! II. i. 5.
- Answer*, repay; I. iii. 185.
- Any way*, either way, on either side; I. i. 61.
- Apace*, quickly, at a quick pace; V. ii. 90.
- Apple-john*, a variety of apple that shrivels with keeping; III. iii. 5.
- Appointment*, equipment; I. ii. 185.
- Apprehends*, imagines, conceives; I. iii. 209.
- Approve me*, prove me, try me; IV. i. 9.
- Arbitrement*, judicial inquiry; IV. i. 70.
- Argument*, subject for conversation; II. ii. 98.
- Arras*, hangings of tapestry; II. iv. 535.
- Articulate* = articulated, specified, enumerated (Folios, "articulated"); V. i. 72.
- Aspects*, an astrological term; influence of a planet for good or ill; I. i. 97.
- Assay thee*, try thee, cross swords with thee; V. iv. 34.
- '*At hand, quoth pick-purse,*' a proverbial expression; II. i. 52.
- Athwart*, adversely, as though to thwart one's purpose; I. i. 36.
- Attempts*, pursuits; III. ii. 13.
- Attended*, waited for; IV. iii. 70.
- Attribution*, praise; IV. i. 3.
- Auditor*, an officer of the Exchequer; II. i. 62.
- Away*; "a. all night" (so the Quartos)? = march all night; (Folios, "a. all to-night"); IV. ii. 60.
- '*Ay, when? canst tell?*' proverbial phrase expressing scorn; II. i. 42.
- Back*; "turned back," *i.e.* turned their back, fled; I. ii. 193.
- Back*, mount; II. iii. 74.
- Baffle*, "originally a punishment of infamy, inflicted on recreant knights, one part of which was hanging them up by the heels" (Nares); I. ii. 108.

Bagpipe; "the Lincolnshire b." a favourite instrument in Lincolnshire; a proverbial expression; I. ii. 82.

Baited, v. Note; IV. i. 99.

Balk'd, heaped, piled up ("balk" = "ridge," common in Warwickshire); I. i. 69.

Ballad-mongers, contemptuous name for "ballad-makers"; III. i. 130.

Bands, bonds; III. ii. 157.

Banish'd, lost, exiled (Collier MS. "tarnish'd"); I. iii. 181.

Base, wicked, treacherous (Quartos, "bare"); I. iii. 108.

Basilisks, a kind of large cannon; originally a fabulous animal whose look was supposed to be fatal; II. iii. 56. (Illustration in *Cymbeline*.)

Bastard, sweet Spanish wine; II. iv. 30.

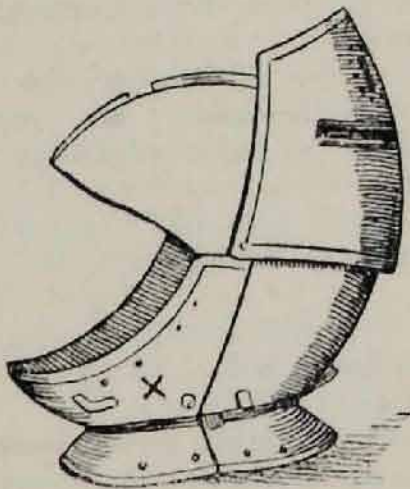
Bate, fall off, grow thinner; III. iii. 2.

Battle, armed force, army; IV. i. 129.

Bavin, brushwood, soon burning out; III. ii. 61.

Bears hard, feels deeply; I. iii. 270.

Beaver, properly the lower part of the helmet (marked X in accompanying illustration), as distin-



Helmet with visor thrown up and beaver down, i.e. in its natural position. From Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*.

guished from the visor or upper part. Often used of the whole helmet; IV. i. 104.

Become, adorn, do credit to; II. iv. 531.

Beguiling, cheating, robbing; III. i. 189.

Beldam, aged grandmother III. i. 32.

Beside, beyond; III. i. 179.

Bestride me, defend me by standing over my body; V. i. 122.

Bide, abide, endure; IV. iv. 10.

Blue-caps, "a name of ridicule given to the Scots from their blue bonnets"; II. iv. 379.

Bolters, sieves for meal; III. iii. 77.

Bolting-hutch; a bin into which meal is bolted; II. iv. 480.

Bombard, a large leathern vessel for holding liquors; II. iv. 482. (Illustration in *The Tempest*.)

Bombast; originally cotton used as stuffing for clothes; II. iv. 347.

Bonfire-light, fire kindled in the open air (originally, a bone-fire: Quarto 1, "bonefire light"; Quarto 2, "bonfire light"; Quartos 3, 4, "bone-fire light"; the rest "Bone-fire-light"); III. iii. 46.

Book, indentures; III. i. 224.

Bootless, without profit or advantage; III. i. 67.

Boots, booty; with play upon the literal sense of "boots"; II. i. 90.

Bosom, secret thoughts, confidence; I. iii. 266.

Bots, small worms; II. i. 10.

Bottom, low-lying land, valley; III. i. 105.

Brach, a female hound; III. i. 240.

Brave, fine; I. ii. 69.

Brawn, mass of flesh; II. iv. 120.

Break with, broach the subject to; III. i. 144.

Breathe, take breath (Folios 2, 3, 4, "break"); II. iv. 17.

- Breathed*, paused to take breath; I. iii. 102.
- '*Brewer's horse*'; a disputed point probably equivalent to *malt-horse*, a term of contempt for a dull heavy beast; III. iii. 10.
- Brief*, letter, short writing; IV. iv. 1.
- '*Bring in*,' the call for more wine; I. ii. 40.
- Briske*, smart; I. iii. 54.
- Bruising*; "b. arms," probably arms cramping and bruising the wearers; III. ii. 105.
- Buckram*, coarse linen stiffened with glue; I. ii. 189.
- Buffets*; "go to b." = come to blows; II. iii. 35.
- Buff jerkin*, a jacket of buff-leather, worn by sheriffs' officers; I. ii. 46.
- Burning*, alight with war; III. iii. 219.
- Busky*, bosky (Quarto 1, "bulky"); V. i. 2.
- By-drinkings*, drinks at odd times, between meals; III. iii. 81.
- "*By God, soft*"; an exclamation (Folios, "soft, I pray ye"); II. i. 39.
- Caddis-garter*, garter made of worsted ribbon; II. iv. 78.
- Caliver*, corruption of *caliber*, a light kind of musket; IV. ii. 20.
- Candy*, sugared, sweet; I. iii. 251.
- Canker*, dog-rose, wild rose; I. iii. 176.
- Canker'd*, venomous, malignant; I. iii. 137.
- Cankers*, canker-worms; IV. ii. 31.
- Canstick*, old spelling and pronunciation of *candlestick* (Folios, "candlestick"); III. i. 131.
- Cantle*, piece (Quartos, "scantle"); III. i. 100.
- '*Cap and knee*,' doffing of cap and bending of knee; IV. iii. 68.
- Capering*, leaping, skipping (Quarto 1, "capring"; the rest "carping"); III. ii. 63.
- Capital*, principal; III. ii. 110.
- Capitulate*, form a league; III. ii. 120.
- Carbonado*, meat cut across to be broiled; V. iii. 60.
- Carded*, *v.* Note; III. ii. 62.
- Cart*, vehicle in which a criminal was borne to execution; II. iv. 531.
- Case ye*, mask your faces; II. ii. 54.
- Caterpillars*, men who feed upon the wealth of the country; II. ii. 86.
- Gates*, delicacies; III. i. 163.
- Cavil*, quarrel, find fault; III. i. 140.
- Cess*, measure; II. i. 7.
- Changing*, exchanging; I. iii. 101.
- Charge*, cost, expense, I. i. 35, III. i. 112; baggage, II. i. 50; command, II. iv. 582.
- Charles' wain*, the Great Bear; II. i. 2.
- Chat*, chatter; I. iii. 65.
- Cheap*; "as good c.," as good a bargain; III. iii. 50.
- Chewet*, chough, probably jackdaw; (used generally in sense of mincepie); V. i. 29.
- Chops*, mass of flesh resembling meat; a term of contempt; I. ii. 144.
- Christen*, Christian (Quartos 5, 6, 7, 8, "Christian"; omitted in Folios); II. iv. 8.
- Chuffs*, churlish misers, II. ii. 92.
- Cital*, mention, citation; V. ii. 62.
- Clap to*, shut; II. iv. 296.
- Clipp'd in*, enclosed, encircled; III. i. 44.
- Close*, grapple, hand to hand fight; I. i. 13.
- Cloudy men*, men with cloudy looks; III. ii. 83.
- Cock*, cockcrow; II. i. 19.
- Colour*, give a specious appearance to; I. iii. 109.

Colt, befool; II. ii. 39.
Come near me, hit me; I. ii. 14.
Comfit-maker, confectioner; III. i. 253.
Commodity, supply; I. ii. 89.
Common-hackney'd, vulgarised; III. ii. 40.
Commonwealth, used quibblingly; II. i. 88.
Community, commonness, frequency; III. ii. 77.
Comparative, "a dealer in comparisons, one who affects wit"; III. ii. 67.
Comparative, full of comparisons; I. ii. 86.
Compass, "in good c.," within reasonable limits; III. iii. 22.
Concealments, secrets of nature; III. i. 167.
Condition, natural disposition; I. iii. 6.
Conduct, escort; III. i. 92.
Confound, spend, wear away; I. iii. 100.
Conjunction, assembled force; IV. i. 37.
Contagious, baneful; I. ii. 208.
Contracted, engaged to be married; IV. ii. 16.
Corinthian, spirited fellow; II. iv. 12.
Corpse, corpses (Quarto 1 and Folios 1, 2, "corpes"); I. i. 43.
Correction, punishment; V. i. 111.
Corrival, rival, competitor; I. iii. 207.
Couching, couchant, lying down, (the heraldic term); III. i. 153.
Countenance, patronage, with play upon literal sense of word, I. ii. 32; sanction, III. ii. 65; bearing, V. i. 69.
Cousin, kinsman; I. iii. 292
Cozeners, deceivers (used quibblingly); I. iii. 255.
Cranking, winding, bending; III. i. 98.

Cressets, open lamps or burners, set up as beacons, or carried on poles; III. i. 15.



From a specimen preserved in the Tower of London.

Crisp, curled, rippled; I. iii. 106.
Crossings, contradictions; III. i. 36.
Crown, enthrone; III. i. 217.
Crystal button, generally worn upon the jerkin of vintners; II. iv. 76.
Cuckoo's bird, the young of the cuckoo; V. i. 60.
Guisses, armour for the thighs (Quartos and Folios, "cushes"); IV. i. 105.
Culverin, a kind of cannon; II. iii. 56.
Curbs, restrains, holds in check; III. i. 171.
Cut, the name of a horse; II. i. 5.
Daff'd, put aside, doffed (Quartos and Folios "daft"); IV. i. 96.
Damm'd, stopped up, enclosed (Quartos 1, 2, 6 and Folios, "damnd"); III. i. 101.
Dangerous, indicating danger; V. i. 69.
Dank, damp; II. i. 8.

- Dare*, daring; IV. i. 78.
- Daventry*, a town in Northamptonshire; commonly pronounced "Dahntry" (Quartos 1-5, "Dauintry"; Quartos 6, 7, 8, "Daintry," etc.); IV. ii. 50.
- Dear*, eagerly desired, urgent, I. i. 33; worthy, valued, IV. iv. 31.
- Dearest*, best; III. i. 182.
- Defend*, forbid; IV. iii. 38.
- Defy*, renounce, abjure, I. iii. 228; despise, IV. i. 6.
- Deliver*, report; V. ii. 26.
- Deliver'd*, related, reported; I. iii. 26.
- Denier*, the smallest coin, the tenth part of a penny; III. iii. 87.
- Deny*, refuse; I. iii. 29.
- Deputation*, "in d.," as deputies; IV. iii. 87.
- Deputy of the ward*, local police officer; III. iii. 126
- Devil rides upon a fiddle-stick*, a proverbial expression, probably derived from the puritanic denunciation of music, and meaning, "here's much ado about nothing"; II. iv. 521. (See Notes.)
- Devised*, untrue, forged; III. ii. 23.
- Discarded*, dismissed; IV. ii. 28.
- Discontents*, malcontents; V. I. 76.
- Disdain'd*, disdainful; I. iii. 183.
- Dislike*, discord, dissension; V. i. 26.
- Disputation*, conversation; III. i. 206.
- Distemperature*, disorder; III. i. 34.
- Divide myself*, cut myself in half; II. iii. 35.
- Division*, modulation; III. i. 211.
- Do off*, put off; V. i. 12.
- Doubt*, suspect, fear; I. ii. 191.
- Dowlas*, a kind of coarse linen; III. iii. 76.
- Draff*, refuse of food, given to swine; IV. ii. 37.
- Drawn*, gathered together, collected; IV. i. 33.
- Drawn Fox*, "a fox scented and driven from cover; such a one being supposed to be full of tricks"; III. iii. 125.
- Draws*, draws back; IV. i. 73.
- Dread*, awful, terrible; V. i. 111.
- Drench*, mixture of bran and water; II. iv. 117.
- Drone*, "the largest tube of the bagpipe, which emits a hoarse sound resembling that of the drone bee"; I. ii. 82.
- Drowzed*, looked sleepily; III. ii. 81.
- Drum*, an allusion probably to the enlisting of soldiers by the beating of the drum; hence, perhaps, rallying point; III. iii. 223.
- Durance*, a strong material of which prisoners' clothes were made; called also "everlasting"; used quibblingly; I. ii. 47.
- Duties*, (?) dues, (?) homage; V. ii. 56.
- Eastcheap*, a "cheap" or market, in the east of London, noted for its eating-houses and taverns; I. ii. 138.
- Ecce signum*, here's the proof; II. iv. 182.
- Embossed*, swollen; III. iii. 170.
- Embowell'd*, i.e. for embalming; V. iv. 109.
- Enfeoff'd himself*, gave himself up entirely (Quartos 6, 7, 8, "enforc't"); III. ii. 69.
- Engaged*, detained as hostage (Pope, "encaged"); IV. iii. 95.
- Engross up*, amass (*up*, intensive) (Quartos 1, 2, and Folios, "up"; the rest, "my"); III. ii. 148.
- Enlarged*, set free; III. ii. 115.
- Enlargement*, escape; III. i. 31.
- Entertain*, pass peaceably; V. i. 24.
- Envy*, malice, enmity; V. ii. 67.
- Equity*, justice, fairness; II. ii. 103.
- Esperance*, the motto of the Percy family, and their battle-cry; II. iii. 74.
- Estimation*, conjecture; I. iii. 272.
- Estridges*, ostriches; IV. i. 98.
- Even*, modestly, prudently; I. iii. 285.

Glossary

THE FIRST PART OF

- Exhalations*, meteors; II. iv. 340.
Expectation, promise; II. iii. 20.
Expedience, expedition; I. i. 33.
Eye of death, look of deadly terror; I. iii. 143.
- Face*, trim, set off; V. i. 74.
Factor, agent; III. ii. 147.
Fall off, prove faithless; I. iii. 94.
Father, father-in-law; III. i. 87.
Fathom-line, lead line; I. iii. 204.
Fat room, probably "vat-room"; II. iv. i.
Fat-witted, heavy witted, dull; I. ii. 2.
Favours, a scarf or glove given by a lady to her knight, V. iv. 96; features (Hanmer "favour" = face); perhaps "decorations usually worn by knights in their helmets," III. ii. 136.
Fear'd, feared for; IV. i. 24.
Fearfully, in fear; I. iii. 105.
Fears, the objects of our fears; I. iii. 87.
Feeds; "f. him," i.e. feeds himself; III. ii. 180.
Feeling, carried on by touch, with play upon the word (Folios 2, 3, 4, "feeble"); III. i. 206.
Fellow, neighbour, companion; II. ii. 111.
Fern-seed; "the receipt of f.," i.e. the receipt for gathering fern-seed; according to popular superstition these seeds were invisible, and anyone who could gather them was himself rendered invisible; II. i. 95.
Figures, shapes created by the imagination; I. iii. 209.
Finsbury, the common resort of citizens, just outside the walls; III. i. 257.
Fleece, plunder them; II. ii. 88.
Flesh'd, stained with blood; V. iv. 133.
Flocks, tufts of wool; II. i. 6.
Fobbed, cheated, tricked (Quartos 7, 8, "snub'd"); I. ii. 65.
- Foil*, tinsel on which a jewel is set to enhance its brilliancy (Quartos 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and Folios, "soile"); I. ii. 225.
Foot, foot-soldiers, infantry; II. iv. 582.
Foot land-rakers, foot-pads (Quartos "footland rakers"; Folios, "Footland-Rakers"); II. i. 80.
Forced, compelled by whip and spur; III. i. 135.
Foul, bad (Folio 2, "sour"; Folios 3, 4, "sowre"); V. i. 8.
Found; "f. me," found me out, discovered my weakness; I. iii. 3.
Four by the day, four o'clock in the morning; II. i. 1.
Framed, planned, composed; III. i. 123.
Franklin, freeholder or yeoman; II. i. 59.
Frets, used equivocally for (i.) chafes, and (ii.) wears out; II. ii. 2.
From, away from; III. ii. 31.
Front, confront; II. ii. 61.
Frontier, forehead, brow; I. iii. 19.
Frontiers, outworks; II. iii. 55.
Full of rest, thoroughly rested; IV. iii. 27.
Furniture, furnishing, equipment; III. iii. 218.
- Gadshill*; a hill two miles north-west of Rochester on the Canterbury Road; a well-known resort of highwaymen; I. ii. 133.
Gage, engage, pledge; I. iii. 173.
Gait, walk, pace; III. i. 135.
Gall, annoy; I. iii. 229
Garters, an allusion to the Order of the Garter; "He may hang himself in his own garters," was an old proverbial saying; II. ii. 46.
Gelding, horse; II. i. 38
Gelding, taking away from; III. i. 110.
Gib cat, old tom cat; I. ii. 80.
Gilliams, another form of Williams; II. iii. 68.
Given, inclined, disposed; III. iii. 16.

- 'God save the mark!' a deprecatory exclamation; I. iii. 56.
Goodman, grandfather; II. iv. 102.
Good morrow, good morning; II. iv. 559.
 'Good night,' an exclamation expressing desperate resignation (*cp.* the use of *buona notte* among the Italians to this day); I. iii. 194.
Gorbellied, big-bellied; II. ii. 91.
Government; "good g.," self-control, used quibblingly, I. ii. 31; command, IV. i. 19.
Grace, service, honour, III. i. 182.
Grace; "the Archbishop's grace, of York," *i.e.* his Grace the Archbishop of York; III. ii. 119.
Grandam, grandmother; III. i. 34.
Grapple, wrestle, struggle; I. iii. 197.
Grief, physical pain; I. iii. 51; V. i. 133.
Griefs, grievances; IV. iii. 42.
Gull, unfledged bird; V. i. 60.
Gummed; "g. velvet," *i.e.* stiffened with gum; II. ii. 2.
Gyves, fetters; IV. ii. 43.
Habits, garments; I. ii. 184.
Hair, peculiar quality, nature, character; IV. i. 61.
Half-fac'd, half-hearted; I. iii. 208.
Half-moon, the name of a room in the tavern; II. iv. 30.
Half-sword, close fight; II. iv. 179.
 'Happy man be his dole,' happiness be his portion; a proverbial expression; II. ii. 78.
Hardiment, bravery, bold encounter; I. iii. 101.
Hare, "flesh of hare was supposed to generate melancholy"; I. ii. 83.
Harlotry, vixen; III. i. 199.
Harlotry players, vagabond (or strolling) players; II. iv. 422.
Harness, armour, armed men; III. ii. 101.
Head, armed force (used quibblingly); I. iii. 284.
Head; "made head," raised an armed force; III. i. 64.
Head of safety, protection in an armed force; IV. iii. 103.
Hearken'd for, longed for; V. iv. 52.
Heavenly-harness'd team, the car and horses of Phœbus, the sun-god; III. i. 221.
Hem, an exclamation of encouragement; II. iv. 18.
Herald's coat, tabard, or sleeveless coat, still worn by heralds; IV. ii. 47.
Hest, behest, command; II. iii. 65.
Hind, boor; II. iii. 17.
Hitherto, to this spot; III. i. 74.
Hold in, restrain themselves; II. i. 84.
Hold me pace, keep pace with me; III. i. 49.
Holy-rood day, fourteenth of September; I. i. 52.
Home, "to pay home," *i.e.* thoroughly, fully; I. iii. 288.
Homo; "'homo' is a common name to all men," a quotation from the Latin grammars of the time; II. i. 103.
Hopes, anticipations; I. ii. 221.
Horse, horses; II. i. 3.
Hot in question, earnestly discussed; I. i. 34.
Hue and cry, a clamour in pursuit of a thief; II. iv. 542.
Humorous, capricious; III. i. 234.
Humours, caprices; II. iv. 101; II. iv. 480.
Hurlyburly, tumultuous; V. i. 78.
Hybla; "honey of H." (so Quartos, but Folios, "honey," omitting "of H."); three towns of Sicily bore this name, and one of them was famed for its honey; I. ii. 45.
Hydra, the many-headed serpent killed by Hercules; V. iv. 25.
 'Ignis fatuus,' Will o' the wisp; III. iii. 43.

- Ignomy*, dishonour (Quartos 1, 2, 3, 8, Folios 3, 4, "ignominy," so Cambridge Ed., the rest "ignomy"); V. iv. 100.
- Immask*, mask, conceal; I. ii. 189.
- Imparw'd*, pledged, left as hostage; IV. iii. 108.
- Impeach*, accuse, reproach; I. iii. 75.
- Impressed*, pressed, compelled to fight; I. i. 21.
- Indent*, indentation; III. i. 104.
- Indent*, bargain, compound with, make an indenture; I. iii. 87.
- Indentures tripartite*, triple agreement, i.e. "drawn up in three corresponding copies"; III. i. 80.
- Indirect*, wrong, out of the direct course, wrongful; IV. iii. 105.
- Induction*, beginning; III. i. 2.
- Injuries*, wrongs; V. i. 50.
- Intelligence*, intelligencers, informers; IV. iii. 98.
- Intemperance*, excesses, want of moderation (Folios, "intemperature"); III. ii. 156.
- Intended*, intending to march (Collier MS., "intendeth"); IV. i. 92.
- Interchangeably*, mutually (each person signing all the documents); III. i. 81.
- Interest to*, claim to; III. ii. 98.
- Irrregular*, lawless; I. i. 40.
- Item*, "a separate article, or particular, used in enumeration," originally meant "likewise, also"; II. iv. 570.
- Iteration*, "damnable iteration," "a wicked trick of repeating and applying holy texts" (Johnson); I. ii. 97.
- Jack*, frequently used as a term of contempt; II. iv. 12.
- Joined-stool*, a sort of folding chair; II. iv. 406.
- Journey-bated*, exhausted by their long march; IV. iii. 26.
- Jumps*, agrees; I. ii. 74.
- Justling*, busy; IV. i. 18.
- Kendal green*, a woollen cloth made at Kendal, Westmoreland; II. iv. 237.
- Kept*, dwelt; I. iii. 244.
- King Christen*, Christian king (Folios, "in Christendome"); II. i. 18.
- Knows*, becomes conscious of; IV. iii. 74.
- Lack-brain*, empty-headed fellow; II. iii. 17.
- Lag-end*, latter end; V. i. 24.
- Lay by*, the words used by highwaymen to their victims; properly a nautical term, "slacken sail"; I. ii. 39.
- Leaden*, having a leaden sheath; II. iv. 407.
- Leading*, "great l.," well-known generalship; IV. iii. 17.
- Lean*, scanty; I. ii. 79.
- Leaping-houses*, brothels; I. ii. 10.
- Leash*, three in a string; II. iv. 7.
- Leathern jerkin*, a garment generally worn by tapsters; II. iv. 76.
- Leave*; "good leave," full permission, I. iii. 20; "give us leave," a courteous form of dismissal, III. ii. 1.
- Leg*, obeisance; II. iv. 414.
- Lend me thy hand*, help me; II. iv. 2.
- Let him*, let him go; I. i. 91.
- Let'st slip*, let'st loose (the greyhound); I. iii. 278.
- Libertine* (Capell's emendation of Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4, "a libertie"; Quarto 5, &c., "at libertie"; Collier MS., "of liberty"); V. ii. 72.
- Lies*, lodges; I. ii. 137.
- Lieve*, lief, willingly; IV. ii. 18.
- Lighted*, alighted; I. i. 63.
- Liking*; "in some l.," in good condition; III. iii. 6.
- Line*, rank; III. ii. 85.
- Line*, strengthen; II. iii. 86.
- Links*, torches carried in the streets before lamps were introduced; III. iii. 47.

Liquored, made waterproof; II. i. 93.

List, limit; IV. i. 51.

Loggerheads, blockheads; II. iv. 4.

Longstaff; "long-staff sixpenny strikers," fellows who infested the roads with long-staffs, and knocked men down for sixpence; II. i. 81.

Look big, look threateningly; IV. i. 58.

Lugged bear, a bear led through the streets by a rope tied round its head; I. ii. 80.

Mad, madcap, merry; IV. ii. 38.

"*Maid Marian*," a character in the Morris Dances, originally Robin Hood's mistress, often personated by a man dressed as a woman; III. iii. 125. (Cp. illustration.)



From a black-letter ballad of the XVIIth century.

Main, a stake at gaming; IV. i. 47.

Maintenance, carriage; V. iv. 22.

Major, probably used for "major premiss," with a play upon "major" = "mayor"; II. iv. 530.

Majority, pre-eminence; III. ii. 109.

Make against, oppose; V. i. 103.

Makest tender of, hast regard for; V. iv. 49.

Make up, go forward, advance; V. iv. 5.

Malevolent, hostile (an astrological term; I. i. 97.

Malt-worms, "mustachio purple-hued malt-worms," *i.e.* ale-topers; those who dip their mustachios so deeply and perpetually in liquor as to stain them purple-red; II. i. 82.

Mammets, puppets; II. iii. 95.

Manage, direction; II. iii. 52.

Manner; "taken with the m.," *i.e.* taken in the act; a law term (*captus cum manuopere*); II. iv. 335.

Manningtree, a place in Essex where the "Moralities" were acted; during the fair held there an ox was roasted whole; II. iv. 483.

Mark, a coin worth thirteen shillings and fourpence; II. i. 60.

Marked, heeded, observed; I. ii. 92.

Master'd, possessed, owned; V. ii. 64.

Masters, "my m.," a familiar title of courtesy used even to inferiors; II. iv. 536.

Mean, means; I. iii. 261.

Medicines, alluding to the common belief in love-potions; II. ii. 19.

Melancholy as a cat, an old proverbial expression; I. ii. 80.

Memento mori, a ring upon the stone of which a skull and cross-bones were engraved, commonly worn as a reminder of man's mortality; III. iii. 35.

Mercy, "I cry you mercy," I beg your pardon; I. iii. 212.

Merlin, the old magician of the Arthurian legends; III. i. 150.

Micher, truant, thief ("moocher, a truant; a blackberry moucher, a boy who plays truant to pick blackberries," Akerman's *Glossary of Provincial Words*); II. iv. 436.

Milliner; "perfumed like a milliner"; a man who dealt in fancy articles, especially articles of personal adornment, which he was in the habit of constantly perfuming; I. iii. 36.

- Mincing*, affected; III. i. 134
Minion, darling, favourite; I. i. 83.
Misprision, misapprehension; I. iii. 27.
Misquote, misinterpret; V. ii. 13.
Mistreadings, sins, transgressions; III. ii. 11.
Misuse, ill-treatment; I. i. 43.
Mo, more; IV. iv. 31.
Moiety, share; III. i. 96.
Moldwarp, mole; III. i. 149.
Moody, discontented, angry; I. iii. 19.
Moor-ditch, part of the stagnant ditch surrounding London, between Bishopsgate and Cripple-gate; I. ii. 84.
More; "the more and less," high and low; IV. iii. 68.
Moulten, moulting; III. i. 152.
Mouthed, gaping; I. iii. 97.
Muddy, dirty, rascally; II. i. 105.
Mutual, having common interests (Quarto 8, "naturall"); I. i. 14.

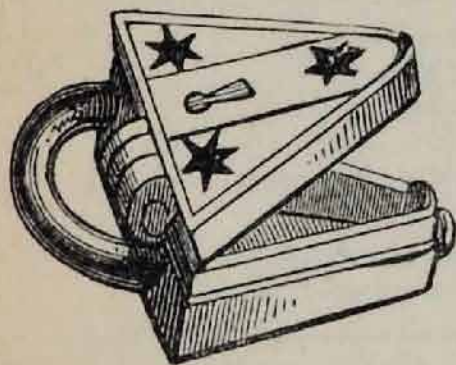
Natural scope, natural temperament; III. i. 171.
Neat's tongue, ox tongue; II. iv. 262.
Neck; "in the n. of that," immediately after; IV. iii. 92.
Neglectingly, slightingly, carelessly; I. iii. 52.
Nether stocks, stockings; II. iv. 126.
Newgate fashion, "as prisoners are conveyed to Newgate, fastened two and two together"; III. iii. 100.
New reap'd, trimmed in the newest style; I. iii. 34.
Next, nearest, surest; II. i. 9; III. i. 264.
Nice, precarious; IV. i. 48
Noted, well known, familiar; I. ii. 189.
Nothing, not at all; III. i. 133.
Not-pated, close cropped; II. iv. 77.

Ob, abbreviation of obolus (properly a small Greek coin), halfpenny; II. iv. 575.

Offering, challenging, assailing; IV. i. 69.
Old faced, old patched; IV. ii. 33.
Oneyers; "great o.," probably a jocose term for "great ones" (v. Note); II. i. 84.
Opinion, self-conceit, III. i. 185; public opinion, reputation, III. ii. 42.
Opposed, standing opposite, confronting, I. i. 9; opposite, III. i. 110.
Orb, sphere; V. i. 17.
Order ta'en, arrangement made; III. i. 71.
O, the father, i.e. by God the Father; II. iv. 419.
Ought, owed; III. iii. 147.
Outdare, out-brave, defy; V. i. 40.
Outfaced, frightened; II. iv. 274.

Pacified, appeased, III. iii. 188.
Painted cloth, tapestry worked or painted with figures and scenes, with which the walls of rooms were hung; IV. ii. 26.
Palisadoes, pallsades; II. iii. 55.
Paraquito, little parrot, term of endearment; II. iii. 88.
Parcel, item, II. iv. 110; small part, III. ii. 159.
Parley, conversation (of looks); III. i. 204.
Parmaceti, spermaceti, the sperm of the whale; I. iii. 58.
Part; "on his p.," on his behalf (Folios, "in his behalfe"), I. iii. 133; share, III. i. 75.
Participation, "vile p.," low companions; III. ii. 87.
Partlet; "Dame P.," the name of the hen in the old story of "Reynard the Fox" (cp. Chaucer's *Nonnes Preestes Tale*); III. iii. 57.
Passages; "thy p. of life," the actions of thy life; III. ii. 8.
Passion, sorrow, II. iv. 413; suffering, III. i. 35.
Patience, composure of mind; I. iii. 200.

Paul's, St Paul's Cathedral ; "a constant place of resort for business and amusement" ; II. iv. 561.
Peach, betray you, turn King's evidence ; II. ii. 46.
Peremptory, bold, unawed ; I. iii. 17.
Personal, in person ; IV. iii. 88.
Pick-thanks, officious parasites ; III. ii. 25.
Pierce, with play on *Percy* (probably pronounced *perce*) ; V. iii. 58.
Pinch, vex, torment ; I. iii. 229.
Pismires, ants ; I. iii. 240.
Play off, toss off at a draught ; II. iv. 18.
Point, head of the saddle ; II. i. 6.
Pomgarnet, Pomegranate, the name of a room in the tavern ; II. iv. 42.
Popinjay, parrot ; I. iii. 50.
Possess'd, informed ; IV. i. 40.
Possession, the possessor ; III. ii. 43.
Post, messenger ; I. i. 37.
Poulter, poulterer ; II. iv. 466.
Pouncet-box, a small smelling box perforated with holes for musk or other perfumes ; I. iii. 38.



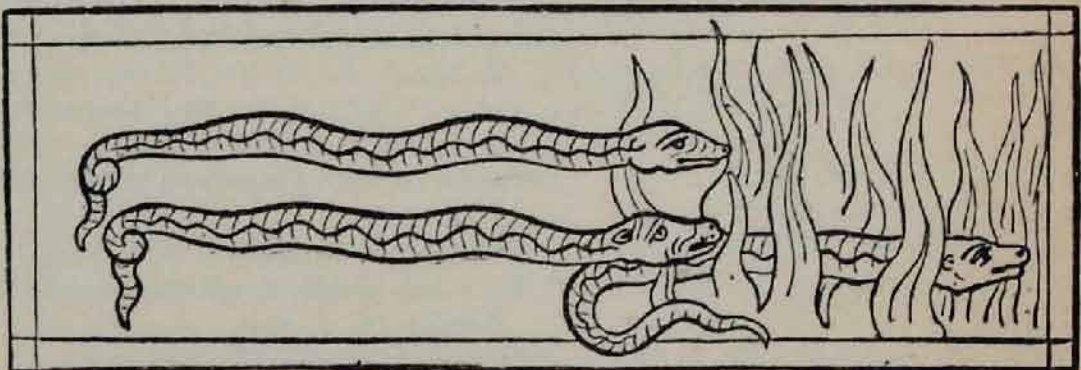
From a XIVth century specimen, formerly in the possession of W. Chaffers, Esq., F.S.A.

Powder, salt ; V. iv. 112.
Power, army, force ; I. i. 22.
Precedent, sample ; II. iv. 37.
Predicament, condition, category ; I. iii. 168.
Presently, immediately ; II. i. 65.
Profited, skilled, attained to great proficiency ; III. i. 166.

Prologue to an egg and butter, grace before an ordinary sort of breakfast ; I. ii. 23.
Prosperous hope, hope of prospering ; III. i. 2.
Protest, a word used of petty and affected oaths ; III. i. 260.
Prune, applied to birds, to trim ; to pick out damaged feathers and arrange the plumage with the bill ; I. i. 98.
Puke-stocking, (probably) dark-coloured stocking ; II. iv. 77.
Purchase, gain, plunder (*Folios*, "purpose") ; II. i. 100.
Push ; "stand the p. of," expose himself to ; III. ii. 66.
Quality, party ; IV. iii. 36.
Question, doubt, misgiving ; IV. i. 68.
Quiddities, equivocations ; I. ii. 51.
Quilt, a quilted coverlet ; IV. ii. 52.
Quips, sharp jests ; I. ii. 49.
Quit, acquit, excuse ; III. ii. 19.

Rabbit-sucker, sucking rabbit ; II. iv. 466.
Ramping, rampant, rearing to spring ; the heraldic term ; III. i. 153.
Rare, excellent, used perhaps quibblingly ; I. ii. 69.
Rash, quick, easily excited ; III. ii. 61.
Rated, chid, scolded ; IV. iii. 99.
Rated, reckoned upon, relied upon ; IV. iv. 17.
Razes, roots, (?) packages, bales ; II. i. 25.
Read ; "hath r. to me," instructed me ; III. i. 46.
Reasons, with a play upon "raisins" ; II. iv. 255.
Rebuke, chastisement ; V. i. 111.
Red-breast teacher, teacher of music to birds ; III. i. 264.
Regard, opinion ; IV. iii. 57.
Remember you, remind you ; V. i. 32.
Reprisal, prize ; IV. i. 118.

- Reproof*, confutation, refutation, I. ii. 200, III. ii. 23; angry retorts, III. i. 175.
- Respect*, attention; IV. iii. 31.
- Retires*, retreats; II. iii. 54.
- Revenge*, revenge; III. ii. 7.
- Reversion*, hope of future possession; IV. i. 53.
- Rich*, fertile; III. i. 105.
- Rivo*, a common exclamation of toppers; II. iv. 121.
- Roan*, roan-coloured horse; II. iii. 72.
- Roundly*, roundly, speak out plainly; I. ii. 24.
- Royal*, a quibbling allusion to the "royal" coin (= 10 shillings; a "noble" = 6s. 8d.); II. iv. 310.
- Rub the elbow* (in token of enjoyment); V. i. 77.
- Rudely*, "by thy violent conduct"; III. ii. 32.
- Sack*, Spanish and Canary wines; I. ii. 3.
- Sack and sugar*, alluding to the then custom of putting sugar into wines; I. ii. 120.
- Saint Nicholas' clerks*, thieves, highwaymen (? due to a confusion of (1) Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of scholars, and (2) the familiar use of "Old Nick"); II. i. 66.
- Salamander*, an animal supposed to be able to live in fire; III. iii. 51.
- Salt-petre*, nitre; I. iii. 60.
- Salvation*; "upon their s.," i.e. by their hopes of salvation (Folios, "confidence"); II. iv. 10.
- Sarcenet*, a thin kind of silk, originally made by the Saracens, whence its name; here used contemptuously for soft, delicate; III. i. 256.
- Scandalized*, disgraced (Folios 2, 3, 4, "so scandalized"); I. iii. 154.
- Scot and lot*, taxes; V. iv. 115.
- Seat*, estates; V. i. 45.
- Seldom*, rarely seen; III. ii. 58.
- Semblably*, similarly; V. iii. 21.
- Servant*, used adjectivally, subject; I. iii. 19.
- Service*, action; III. ii. 5.
- Set a match*, made an appointment; in thieves' slang, "planned a robbery" (Folios, "watch"); I. ii. 114.
- Set off*; "s. o. his head," "taken from his account"; V. i. 88.
- Setter*, the one who set the match; II. ii. 52.
- Seven stars*, the Pleiades; I. ii. 15.
- Shallow*, silly, stupid; II. iii. 16.
- Shape of likelihood*, probability; I. i. 58.
- "*Shelter, shelter*," conceal yourself quickly; II. ii. 1.
- Shot-free*, scot-free, free from charge; with play upon the word; V. iii. 30.
- Shotten herring*, a herring that has cast its roe; II. iv. 140.



Salamanders.

From an illuminated MS. of the XIVth century.

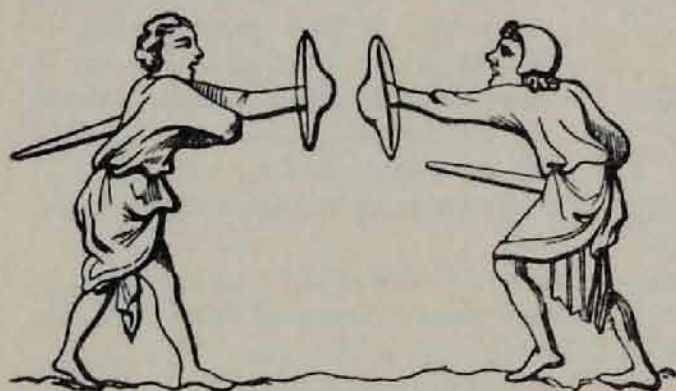
- Similes*, comparisons (Quartos 1-4 and Folio 1, "smiles"); I. ii. 85.
- Sinew*, strength; IV. iv. 17.
- Sink or swim*, "an old English proverbial expression implying to run the chance of success or failure"; I. iii. 194.
- Sirrah*, generally used to an inferior; here an instance of unbecoming familiarity; I. ii. 188.
- Skill*, wisdom, good policy; I. ii. 226.
- Skimble-skamble*, wild, confused; III. i. 154.
- Skipping*, flighty, thoughtless; III. ii. 60.
- Slovenly*, battle-stained; I. iii. 44.
- Smug*, trim, smooth; III. i. 102.
- Sneak-cup*, (probably) one who sneaks from his cup; III. iii. 95.
- Snuff*; "took it in snuff," i.e. took it as an offence; with a play upon "snuff" in the ordinary sense; I. iii. 41.
- So*, howsoever; IV. i. 11.
- Solemnity*, awful grandeur, dignity; III. ii. 59.
- Soothers*, flatterers; IV. i. 7.
- Soused gurnet*, a fish pickled in vinegar, a term of contempt; IV. ii. 12.
- Spanish-pouch*, evidently a contemptuous term = drunkard; II. iv. 78.
- Speed*; "be your s.," stand you in good stead; III. i. 190.
- Spite*, vexation; III. i. 192.
- Spleen*, waywardness; II. iii. 81.
- Spoil*, ruin, corruption; III. iii. 12.
- Squier*, square (Quarto 8, "squire"; Folios 3, 4, "square"; the rest "squire"); II. ii. 13.
- Squire*; "s. of the night's body," a play upon "squire of the body," i.e. attendant upon a knight; I. ii. 26.
- Stain'd*, soiled, bespattered (Folio 1, "strained"); I. i. 64.
- Standing-tuck*, rapier set on end; II. iv. 265.
- Start*; "s. of spleen," impulse of caprice; III. ii. 125.
- Starting-hole*, subterfuge, evasion; II. iv. 281.
- Starve*, to starve (Folios "staru'a"); I. iii. 159.
- Starveling*, a starved, lean person; II. i. 75.
- Starving*, longing; V. i. 81.
- State*, chair of state, throne; II. iv. 403.
- Stay*, linger; "we shall stay" = we shall have stayed; IV. ii. 80.
- Steal*, steal yourselves away; III. i. 93.
- Stock-fish*, dried cod; II. iv. 262.
- Stomach*, appetite; II. iii. 44.
- Strait*, strict; IV. iii. 79.
- Strappado*; "the strappado is when a person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly to let him fall half way with a jerk, which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but also shaketh all his joints out of joint, which punishment is better to be hanged, than for a man to undergo" (Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Arms and Blazon*); II. iv. 253.
- Strength*, strong words, terms; I. iii. 25.
- Stronds*, strands; I. i. 4.
- Struck fowl*, wounded fowl; IV. ii. 20.
- Subornation*; "murderous s.," procuring murder by underhand means; I. iii. 163.
- Suddenly*, very soon; I. iii. 294.
- "*Sue his livery*," to lay legal claim to his estates, a law term; IV. iii. 62.
- Sufferances*, sufferings; V. i. 51.
- Suggestion*, temptation; IV. iii. 51.
- Suits*, used with a quibbling allusion to the fact that the clothes of the criminal belonged to the hangman; I. ii. 77.
- Sullen*, dark; I. ii. 222.
- Summer-house*, pleasant retreat, country house; III. i. 164.
- Sunday-citizens*, citizens in their "Sunday best"; III. i. 261.

Supply, reinforcements; IV. iii. 3.

"*Sutton Co'fil*," a contraction of Sutton Coldfield, a town twenty-four miles from Coventry (Quarto 2, "*Sutton cophill*"; Folios and Quartos 5, 6, 8, "*Sutton-cop-hill*"); IV. ii. 3.

Swathling clothes, swaddling clothes (Quartos 1, 2, 3, "*swathling*"; the rest, "*swathing*"); III. ii. 112.

Sword-and-buckler, the distinctive weapons of serving-men and riotous fellows; Hotspur seems to despise this exercise, an interesting parody of which is to be seen in the accompanying cut (b) of Shakespeare's time; I. iii. 193.



Sword and buckler.

(a) From an illuminated MS. of XVth century. (b) From a XVIth century woodcut.

Taffeta, a glossy silken stuff; I. ii. 11.

Take it, swear; II. iv. 9.

Take me with you, tell me what you mean; II. iv. 492.

Tall, strong, able; I. iii. 62.

Tallow-catch = "*tallow-ketch*," i.e. a tallow-tub, or perhaps "*tallow-keech*" (Steeven's conjecture), i.e. a round lump of fat rolled up by the butcher to be carried to the chandler; II. iv. 243.

Target, shield; II. iv. 217.

Tarry, remain, stay; I. ii. 153.

Task'd, taxed; IV. iii. 92.

Tasking, challenge (Quarto 1, "*tasking*"; the rest, "*talking*"); V. ii. 51.

Task me, test me; IV. i. 9.

Taste, test, try the temper (Quarto 2, "*taste*"; Quarto 1, "*tast*"; the rest, "*take*"); IV. i. 119.

Temper, disposition, temperament; III. i. 170.

Tench; "*stung like a t.*"; possibly there is an allusion to the old belief that fishes were supposed to be infested with fleas; or perhaps the simile is intentionally meaningless; II. i. 16.



Term, word (Folios and Quartos 7, 8, "*dreame*"; Quartos 5, 6, "*deame*"); IV. i. 85.

Termagant, an imaginary god of the Mahomedans, represented as a most violent character in the old Miracle-plays and Moralities; V. iv. 114.

Therefore, for that purpose; I. i. 30.

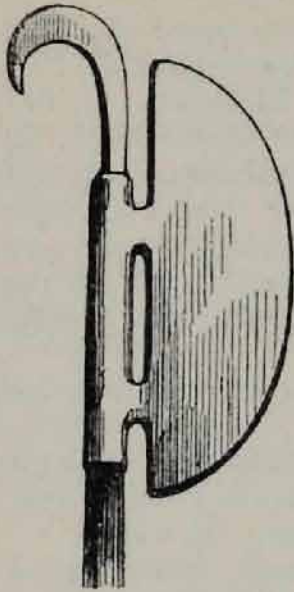
Thick-eyed, dull-eyed; II. iii. 49.

Thief, used as a term of endearment; III. i. 238.

- Tickle-brain*, some kind of strong liquor; II. iv. 424.
- Tinkers*, proverbial tipplers and gamblers; II. iv. 20.
- Toasts-and-butter*, effeminate fellows, Cockneys; IV. ii. 20.
- Tongue*; "the tongue," *i.e.* the English language; III. i. 125.
- Topples*, throws down; III. i. 32.
- Toss*, "to toss upon a pike"; IV. ii. 68.
- Touch*, touchstone, by which gold was tested; IV. iv. 10.
- Trace*, track, follow; III. i. 48.
- Trade-faller*, fallen out of service; IV. ii. 32.
- Train*, allure, entice; V. ii. 21.
- Tranquillity*, people who live at ease (Collier MS., "sanguinity"); II. i. 83.
- Transformation*, change of appearance; I. i. 44.
- Treasures*; "my t.," *i.e.* tokens of love due to me from you; II. iii. 48.
- Trench*, turn into another channel; III. i. 112.
- Trenching*, entrenching, making furrows; I. i. 7.
- Trick*, peculiarity; II. iv. 431.
- Trim*, ornamental dress, gallant array; IV. i. 113.
- Tristful*, sorrowful (Quartos, Folios, "trustful"; Rowe's correction); II. iv. 420.
- Triumph*, public festivity; III. iii. 45.
- Trojans*, cant name for thieves; II. i. 76.
- True*, honest; I. ii. 117.
- Trumpet*, trumpeter; "play the t.," act the herald; V. i. 4.
- "*Turk Gregory*"; Pope Gregory VII.; V. iii. 46.
- Turn'd*, being shaped in the turning-lathe; III. i. 131.
- Twelve-score*, twelve score yards (in the phraseology of archery); II. iv. 583.
- Under-sinker*, under tapster; II. iv. 26.
- Uneven*, embarrassing; I. i. 50.
- Unhandsome*, indecent; I. iii. 44.
- Unjointed*, disjointed, incoherent; I. iii. 65.
- Unjust*, dishonest; IV. ii. 29.
- Unminded*, unregarded; IV. iii. 58.
- Unsorted*, ill-chosen; II. iii. 13.
- Unsteadfast*, unsteady; I. iii. 193.
- Untaught*, ill-mannered; I. iii. 43.
- Unwashed*; "with u. hands," without waiting to wash your hands, immediately; III. iii. 199.
- Unyoked*, uncurbed, reckless; I. ii. 206.
- Up*, up in arms; III. ii. 120.
- Valued*, being considered; III. ii. 177.
- Vassal*, servile; III. ii. 124.
- Vasty*, vast; III. i. 53.
- Velvet-guards*, trimmings of velvet; hence, the wearers of such finery; III. i. 261.
- Virtue*, valour; II. iv. 129.
- Vizards*, visors, masks; I. ii. 136.
- Waiting*; "w. in the court," *i.e.* "dancing attendance in the hope of preferment"; I. ii. 75.
- Wake*, waking; III. i. 219.
- Want*; "his present w.," the present want of him; IV. i. 44.
- Wanton*, soft, luxurious; III. i. 214.
- Ward*, posture when on guard; II. iv. 209.
- Wards*, guards in fencing, postures of defence; I. ii. 198.
- Warm*, ease-loving; IV. ii. 18.
- Wasp-stung*, (so Quarto 1; Quartos and Folios, "wasp-tongue" or "wasp-tongued") irritable as though stung by a wasp; I. iii. 236.
- Watering*, drinking; II. iv. 17.
- Wear*, carry, bear (Folios, "wore"); I. iii. 162.
- Well*, rightly; IV. iii. 94.
- Well-beseeming*, well becoming; I. i. 14.

Well-respected, ruled by reasonable considerations; IV. iii. 10.

Welsh hook; II. iv. 372. (Cp. the accompanying drawing.)



From a specimen preserved in Carnarvon Castle.

What! an exclamation of impatience; II. i. 3.

Whereupon, wherefore; IV. iii. 42.

Which, who; III. i. 46.

Wild of Kent, weald of K.; II. i. 59.

Wilful-blame, wilfully blameable; III. i. 177.

Wind, turn in this or that direction; IV. i. 109.

Witch, bewitch; IV. i. 110.

Withal, with; II. iv. 552.

Worship, honour, homage; III. ii. 151.

Wrung in the withers, pressed in the shoulders; II. i. 6.

Yedward, a familiar corruption of Edward, still used in some counties; I. ii. 142.

Yet, even now; I. iii. 77.

Younker, greenhorn; III. iii. 88.

Zeal, earnestness; IV. iii. 63.



'Hostess, I forgive thee' (III. iii. 192.)

From the frontispiece to *Wits, or Sport upon Sport*, printed for Henry Marsh, 1662.

Notes.

I. i. 5. 'No more the thirsty entrance of this soil,' etc. ; Folio 4, 'entrails' for 'entrance' ; Steevens, 'entrants' ; Mason 'Erinnys' ; Malone compares Genesis iv. 11 : "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened *her mouth* to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand" : 'entrance' probably = 'the mouth of the earth or soil.'

I. i. 28. 'now is twelve month old,' so Quartos 1, 2 ; Folios, 'is a twelve-month old' ; Quartos 7, 8, 'is but twelve months old.'

I. i. 71. 'Mordake the Earl of Fife' ; this was Murdach Stewart, *not* the son of Douglas, but the eldest son of Robert, Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland, third son of King Robert II." ('the' first supplied by Pope).

I. ii. 16. 'that wandering knight so fair,' an allusion to 'El Donzel del Febo,' the 'Knight of the Sun,' whose adventures were translated from the Spanish :—"The First Part of the Mirrour of Princely deeds and Knight-hood : Wherein is shewed the Worthiness of the Knight of the Sunne and his brother Rosicleer. . . . Now newly translated out of Spanish into our vulgar English tongue, by M(argaret) T(iler)"; eight parts of the book were published between 1579 and 1601. Shirley alludes to the Knight in the *Gamester* (iii. 1) :—

*"He has knocked the flower of chivalry, the very
Donzel del Phebo of the time."*

I. ii. 45. 'Of Hybla,' reading of Quartos, omitted in Folios ; 'my old lad of the castle' ; probably a pun on the original name of Falstaff (*cp.* Preface).

I. ii. 95, 96. 'For wisdom cries out in the street, and no man regards it' ; an adaptation of *Proverbs* i. 20, omitted in Folios.

I. iii. 128. 'Albeit I make a hazard of my head' ; the reading of Quartos ; Folios, 'Although it be with hazard of my head.'

I. iii. 193. 'The unsteadfast footing of a spear,' probably an allusion to the



From an ivory casket of the XIVth century.

practice of ancient heroes, e.g. Lancelot as in the annexed cut, to make a bridge by means of a sword or spear.

I. iii. 201, etc. This rant of Hotspur has been compared with the similar sentiment put into the mouth of Eteocles by Euripides—"I will not disguise my thoughts; I would scale heaven; I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom."

In *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (Induction), Beaumont and Fletcher put these lines into the mouth of Ralph, the apprentice, "apparently with the design of raising a good-natured laugh at Shakespeare's expense" (Johnson).

I. iii. 253. 'when his . . . age,' cp. *Richard II.* Act II. iii. 48, 9, 'as my fortune ripens with thy love, It shall be still thy true love's recompense.'

II. i. 84. 'great oneyers,' probably a jocose term for 'great ones,' with perhaps a pun on 'owners'; various emendations have been proposed, e.g. 'oneraires,' 'moneyers,' 'seignors,' 'owners,' 'mynheers,' 'overseers,' etc.

II. iii. 90. 'I'll break thy little finger,' an ancient token of amorous dalliance, as Steevens has shown by quotations.

II. iv. 'Boar's-Head Tavern,' the original tavern in Eastcheap was burnt down in the great fire, but was subsequently rebuilt, and stood until 1757, when it was demolished. Goldsmith visited the tavern, and wrote of it enthusiastically in his *Essays*.

II. iv. 131. 'pitiful-hearted Titan,' so the early editions: Theobald suggested 'butter' for 'Titan,' and the emendation has been generally adopted.

II. iv. 134. 'here's lime in this sack,' cp. Sir Richard Hawkins' statement in his *Voyages*, that the Spanish sacks "for conservation are mingled with the lime in the making," and hence give rise to "the stone, the dropsy, and infinite other distempers, not heard of before this wine came into frequent use."

II. iv. 144. 'I would I were a weaver'; weavers were good singers, especially of psalms, most of them being Calvinists who had fled from Flanders, to escape persecution.

II. iv. 148. 'dagger of lath,' like that carried by the Vice in the old Morality plays.

II. iv. 261. 'you elf-skin'; so the Quartos and Folios; Hanmer, 'eel-skin' (cp. 2 Henry IV. III. ii. 345); Johnson, 'elfkin.'

II. iv. 362. 'O, Glendower,' (?) perhaps we should read, 'Owen Glendower.'

II. iv. 413. 'King Cambyses' vein'; an allusion to a ranting play called 'A Lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the Life of Cambyses, King of Persia' (1570).

II. iv. 427. *The camomile*, etc., cp. Lyly's *Euphues* (quoted by Farmer):

'*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.*'

II. iv. 484. '*that reverend vice,*' etc., alluding to the *Vice* of the Morality plays; 'Iniquity' and 'Vanity' were among the names given to the character, according to the particular '*Vice*' held up to ridicule.

II. iv. 527. '*mad,*' Folios 3, 4; the rest '*made.*'

II. iv. 534. '*The devil on a fiddle stick,*' a proverbial expression denoting anything new and strange, which may have originated in the Puritan dislike to music and dancing. Hence perhaps the common notion of fiends and witches riding on brooms as in accompanying illustration from an old chap-book.



II. iv. 563. '*Peto*'; probably 'Poins,' according to Johnson; perhaps, the prefix in the MS. was simply 'P.' The Cambridge editors, however, remark that the formal address is appropriate to Peto rather than to Poins.

III. i. 150, etc. '*telling me of the moldwarp,*' cp. *Legend of Glendour* (stanza 23) in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1559:—

"*And for it to set us hereon more agog,
A prophet came (a vengeance take them all!)
Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,
Whom Merlin doth a mouldwarp ever call,
Accurst of God, that must be brought in thrall
By a wolf, a dragon, and a lion strong,
Which should divide his kingdom them among."*

III. i. 160, 161. Compare Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, 5860:—

"*Thou saist, that dropping houses, and eek smoke,
And chiding wives maken men to flee
Out of her owen hous"*;

Vaughan adds the following:—"It is singular that Shakespeare should have combined two annoyances commemorated together by an old Welsh proverb, which I would translate:

"*Three things will drive a man from home:
A roof that leaks,
A house that reeks,
A wife who scolds when'er she speaks."*

III. ii. 32. 'Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,' i.e. 'by thy rude or violent conduct'; there is an anachronism here, as the Prince was removed from the council for striking the Chief-Justice in 1403, some years after the battle of Shrewsbury.

III. ii. 38. 'doth'; Quartos and Folios, 'do,' which may be explained as due to the plural implied in 'every man'; Rowe, 'does'; Collier MS., 'doth.'

III. ii. 62. 'carded his state'; 'to card' is often used in Elizabethan English in the sense of 'to mix, or debase by mixing' (e.g. "You card your beer if you see your guests begin to get drunk, half small, half strong," Green's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*); Warburton suggested 'carded' = "'scarded,'" i.e. "discarded"; but the former explanation is undoubtedly correct. 'To stir and mix with cards, to stir together, to mix'; the meaning is brought out by a quotation from Topsell's *Four-footed Beasts* (1607), "As for his diet, let it be warm mashs, sodden wheat and hay, thoroughly carded with wool-cards."

III. ii. 154. 'if He be pleased I shall perform'; the reading of Quartos; Folio 1, 'if I performe, and doe survive'; Folios 2, 3, 4, "if I promise, and doe survive," etc.

III. ii. 164. 'Lord Mortimer of Scotland,' a mistake for Lord March of Scotland, George Dunbar, who took sides with the English.

III. iii. 29. 'lantern in poop.' (Cp illustration.)

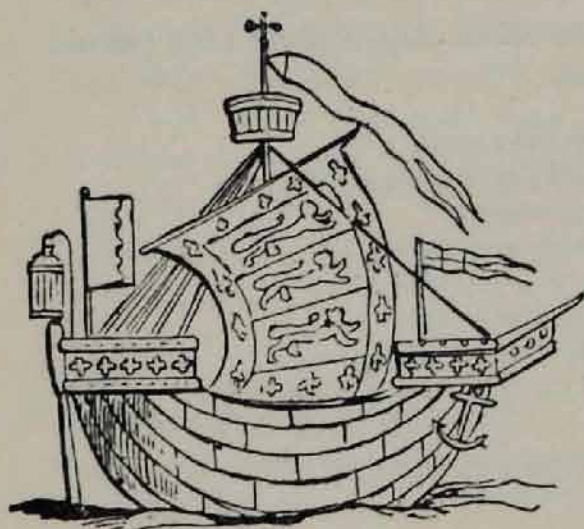
III. iii. 38. 'By this fire, that's God's angel'; the latter words omitted in Folios and Quartos after Quarto 2; evidently a familiar expression. Vaughan thinks the allusion is to Hebrews i. 7; but it is more probably to Exodus iii. 2.

III. iii. 139. 'neither fish nor flesh,' alluding to the old proverb, "Neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring."

III. iii. 164. 'I pray God my girdle break'; an allusion to the old adage, "ungirt, unblessed"; the breaking of the girdle was formerly a serious

matter, as the purse generally hung on to the girdle, and would, in the event of the girdle breaking, probably be lost.

IV. i. 31. 'that inward sickness—'; Rowe first suggested the dash in place of the comma of the early editions; the sentence is suddenly broken off.



A vessel of the early XVth century. From the seal of John Holland, Lord Admiral of England, 1417.

IV. i. 85. 'term of fear'; the Folios and later Quartos (7 and 8) 'dream' for 'term.'

IV. i. 98. 'All plumed . . . wing the wind'; the Camb. ed. read:—

*All plumed like estridges that with the wind
Baited like eagles having lately bathed*;

this, the reading of the early editions, has been variously emended; Steevens and Malone suggested that a line has dropt out after *wind*, and the former (too boldly) proposed as the missing line:—

"Run on, in gallant trim they now advance";

on the other hand, Rowe's proposal to read 'wing the wind' for 'with' has had many supporters, though it is said that 'wing the wind' applies to ostriches less than to any other birds; Dyce, however, quotes a passage from Claudian (*In Eutropium II.*, 310-313) to justify it:—

*Vasta velut Libyæ venantum vocibus ales
Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittet arenas,
Inque modum veli sinuatis flamina pennis
Pulverulenta volat*";

the Cambridge editors maintain that this means that the bird spreads its wings like a sail bellying with the wind—a different thing from 'winging the wind.' "But the Cambridge editors," Dyce replies, "take no notice of the important word *volat*, by which Claudian means, of course, that the ostrich, when once her wings are filled with the wind, flies along the ground (though she does not mount into the air)"; he adds the following apt quotation from Rogers:—

"Such to their grateful ear the gush of springs
Who course the ostrich, as away she wings."

COLUMBUS, Canto VIII.

baited=*baiting*; to *bait* or *bate*= "to flap the wings, as the hawk did when unhooded and ready to fly."

'having lately bathed'; "writers on falconry," says Steevens, "often mention the bathing of hawks and eagles as highly necessary for their health and spirits. All birds, after bathing, spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them in order to dry themselves. This, in the falconer's language, is called *bating*."

IV. ii. 29. 'younger sons to younger brothers,' *i.e.* 'men of desperate fortune and wild adventure'; the phrase, as Johnson pointed out, occurs in Raleigh's *Discourse on War*.

V. i. *Stage direction*. The Quartos and Folios make the Earl of Westmoreland one of the characters; but, as Malone pointed out, he was in the rebel camp as a pledge for Worcester's safe conduct.

V. i. 13. 'old limbs'; Henry was, in reality, only thirty years old at this time.

V. ii. 8. 'suspicion'; Rowe's emendation for 'supposition' of the early editions. Johnson points out that the same image of 'suspicion' is exhibited in a Latin tragedy, called *Roxana*, written about the same time by Dr William Alabaster.

V. ii. 18. 'adopted name of privilege,' i.e. the name of *Hotspur* will suggest that his temperament must be his excuse.

V. ii. 33. 'Douglas' must here be read as a trisyllable.

V. ii. 60. 'By still dispraising praise valued with you'; omitted by Pope and others as 'foolish,' but defended by Johnson—"to vilify praise, compared or valued with merit, superior to praise, is no harsh expression."

V. ii. 72. 'so wild a libertine'; Capell's emendation for the reading of the Folios, 'at libertie,' and Quartos 1-4, 'a libertie'; Theobald punctuated the line thus: 'of any prince, so wild, at liberty'; others proposed 'wild o' liberty,' which Collier erroneously declared to be the reading of the three oldest Quartos.

V. iii. 46, 47. 'Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms'; Warburton observes:—"Fox, in his *History*, hath made Gregory (i.e. Pope Gregory VII., called Hildebrand) so odious that I don't doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one."

V. iv. 81. 'But thought's the slave of life,' etc.; Dyce and others prefer the reading of Quarto 1. :—

*'But thoughts the slaves of life, and life time's fool,
And time that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop.'*

i.e. "Thoughts, which are the slaves of life, aye, and life itself, which is but the fool of Time, aye, and Time itself, which measures the existence of the whole world, must come to an end" (Vaughan).

V. iv. 167. 'Grow great,' so Quartos; Folios, 'grow great again.'

V. v. 41. 'sway'; Folios and later Quartos 'way.'

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