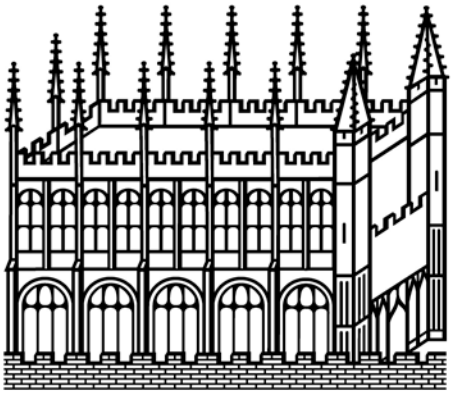


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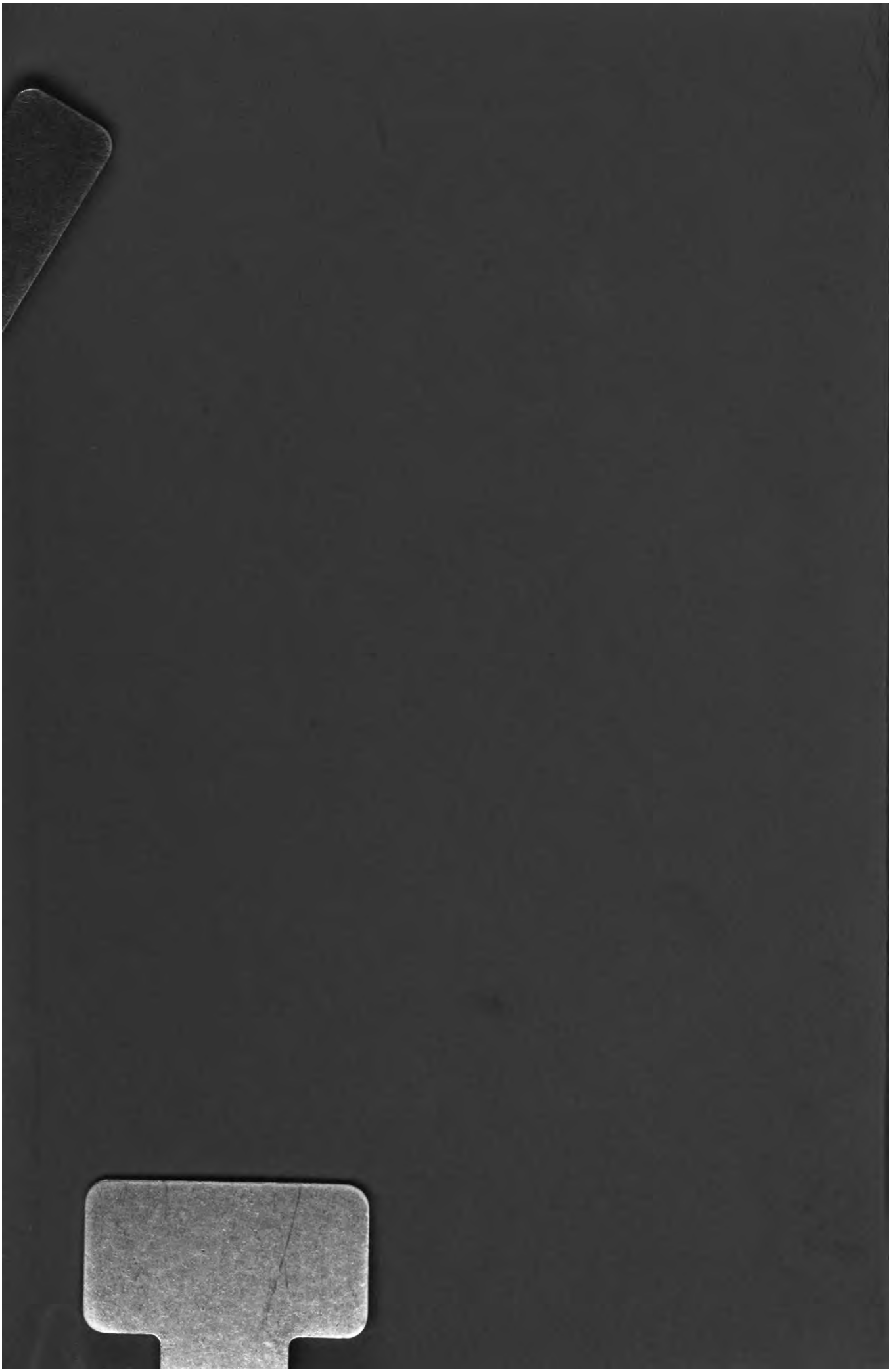
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Malone S. 71.

CHARLES KEMBLE'S

SHAKSPERE READINGS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



CHARLES KEMBLE'S

SHAKSPERE READINGS:

BEING A SELECTION OF

THE PLAYS OF SHAKSPERE,

AS READ BY HIM IN

PUBLIC.

EDITED BY R. J. LANE A.E.R.A.

VOLUME II.



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KING JOHN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King JOHN.
Prince HENRY, *his Son.*
ARTHUR, Duke *of* Bretagne.
Earl of Pembroke.
Earl of Essex.
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Norfolk.
HUBERT, *Chamberlain to the* King.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *Son of* Sir Robert Faulconbridge.
PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, *his Half-brother, Bastard Son to* King Richard the First.

PHILIP, King of France.
LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*
Archduke OF AUSTRIA.
Cardinal PANDULPH, *the Pope's Legate.*
MELUN, *a French Lord.*
CHATILLON, *Ambassador from* France.

ELINOR, *the Mother of* King John.
CONSTANCE, *Mother to* Arthur.
BLANCH, *Niece to* King John.

Citizens *of* Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Soldiers, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in* England, *and sometimes in* France.

KING JOHN.

ACT I.

Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

King JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and others, with* CHATILLON.

King 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 borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning;—bòrrow'd majesty!

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

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceasèd brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
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.
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:
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 it; Farewell, Chatillon.
[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, *who whispers* Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?
K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*
Our abbies and our priories shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff, *with* ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *and* PHILIP, *his bastard Brother.*

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?
Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
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. And what art thòu?
Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the hèir?
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:
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.
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 pròve, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!
K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being yoùnger 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:
Now, whether I be trùe begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as wèll begot, my liege,
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did bèget us bòth,
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,
Do you not read some tokèns of my son
In the large compòsition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examinēd his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.——Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?
Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much;—
And once despatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
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.
Upon his death-bed he, by will, bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,
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. And if my mother's son
Did get your father's heir; then this concludes,
Your father's heir must have your father's land.
Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his?
Bast. Of no more force to dispossèss me, sir,
Than was his will to gèt me, as I think.
Eli. Say, 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 his, like him:

And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
'Would, I might never stir from off this place,
I'd 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 mè?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pounds 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:
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise 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.

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.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

France. *Before the Walls of* Angiers.

Enter, on one side, the Archduke *of* Austria; *on the other,* PHILIP, King *of* France; LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and Attendants.*

Lewis.

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;
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstainēd love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
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.

K. Phi. Well then, to work; our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town,
But we will make it subject to this boy.
Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy.
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peàce, which here we urge in wàr.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord.
Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.
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.

Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, FAULCONBRIDGE, PEMBROKE, *and others.*

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.
K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face:—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; and, in the name of Heav'n,

How comes it then, that thòu art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which own the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commìssion, France,
To draw my answer to 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.
Thàt jùdge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong.

K. John. Alack! thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse it; 'tis to beat usurping down.

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

Const. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

Aust. Peace!

Faul. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Faul. 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, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Arth. 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. His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee

To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

K. Phi. 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.

[*Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the Walls.*

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,—
These flags of France, that are advancèd here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle:
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:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both,
In this right hand stands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys;
For this down-trodden èquity, we tread
In wàrlike march these greens before your town,
Being no further enemy to you,

Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressèd child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleasèd then
To tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

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

K. John. Doth not the cròwn of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,
To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well bòrn bloods as those,
Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, fòr the worthiest, hold the right from bòth.

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! [*Exeunt.*

The same. A Battle:

After which enter, at one side, King JOHN, *with his Power; at the other,* King PHILIP, *and Forces.*

King John.

FRANCE, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thèe down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a ròyal number to the dead.

Faul. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
Why stand these royal fronts amazèd thus?
Cry, havock, kings! back to the stainèd 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?

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

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

K. John. In ùs, that are our own great deputy,
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

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.
Faul. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you kings;
And stand securely on their battlements.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me:
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, chargèd to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
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, afterè, fight who shall be king of it?
K. Phi. Let it be so:—Say, where will you assault?
K. John. We from the west will send destruction on.
Aust. I from the north.
K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

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

Cit. Hear us, great kings! vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings.

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

1 *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;
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
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: without this match,
The sea enragèd 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.

Faul. Here's a say.
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

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

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 shall vouchsafe to sày.

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

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

K. John. Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well;—Young princes, close your hands.
Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady?

K. John. We will heal up all;
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Brétagne,
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.

[*Exeunt all but Faulconbridge.—The Citizens retire from the Walls.*

Faul. 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 smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity;—

This shameless broker, this all-changing word,
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aim,
From a resolv'd 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 mè yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm:
But that 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 III.

The French King's Tent.

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

Constance.

GONE to be married! gone to swear a peace!
It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, misheard;
Believe me, I do not believe thèe, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not àll thy former tale,

But this one word, whether thy tale be true.
Sal. As true as, I believe, you think thèm false,
That give you cause to pròve my saying true.
Const. O! if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
Lewis wed Blanch! O, boy, then where art thòu?
France friend with England! what becomes of mè?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight.
Arth. I do beseech you, madam, bè content.
Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grìm,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
But thou art fàir; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose. But fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty.—
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 may'st, thòu shàlt, I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud.
To mè, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[*She throws herself on the ground.*

Enter King JOHN, King PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, FAULCONBRIDGE, AUSTRIA, *and Attendants.*

K. Phi. [*To Blanch*] 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
The yearly course, that brings the day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holyday!—— [*Rising.*
What hath this day deserv'd? 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:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have nò càuse
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, touch'd, and tried,
Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn!
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
Arm, arm, you heàvens, against these perjur'd kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heaven!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armèd discord 'twixt these perjur'd 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 villainy!
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 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 my 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 would speak those words to me!

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

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Faul. 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,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?

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,
To charge me to an answer, as the pòpe.
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 heav'n are supreme head,
So under heav'n, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphòld,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand.
So tell the pope: all reverence set apart,
To him and his usurp'd authority.

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 mèddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dròss, dùst,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a màn,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon fròm himself:
Though you, and all the rest, so gròssly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revènue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alòne do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful pòwer that I have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Be canonized, and worship'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 a while!

Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath pòwer to curse him right.
Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretick.
Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
Faul. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.
Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because ——
Faul. Your breeches best may carry them.
K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?
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:
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gèntle order; then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.
Pand. France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion;
Then 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 cùrses light on thee
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off.
Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!
Faul. Will't not be?
Will not a calf-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!
Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
O husband, hear me! and go not to arms
Against mine uncle; on my knee I beg:
Now shall I see thy love; What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
Const. That which upholdeth him that thèe upholds,
His hònour. 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'll fall from thee.
K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour withìn this hour.
Cousin, go draw our puissance now together,—
[*Exit Faul.*
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest blood of France. To arms!
[*Exeunt.*

The same.

Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, FAULCONBRIDGE, HUBERT, *and* Lords.

King John.

SO shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,
[*To Elinor.*
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:
[*To Arthur.*
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy fàther was.

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

K. John. Cousin, away for England; haste before:
[*To Faulconbridge.*
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Faul. 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, my gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell.
[*Exit Faul.*

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
[*She takes Arthur aside.*

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,

And with advàntage means to pày thy love.
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 asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.
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 heav'n, 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 *one* unto the drowsy ear of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd 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;
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone;
Then, in despite of broad-ey'd watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.
But, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I'd do't.
K. John. Do not I knòw, thou would'st,

Good Hubert? Hubert, Hùbert, throw thine eye
On yond' young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very sèrpent in my way;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. I will keèp him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.
K. John. Deàth.
Hub. My lord?
K. John. A gràve.
Hub. He shall not live.
K. John. Enough.
I could be mèrry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intènd for thee.
For England, cousin: [*to Arth.*] Hubert shall attend you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*

The French King's Tent.

Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, *and* Attendants.

Pandulph.

COURAGE and comfort! all shall yet go well.

Enter CONSTANCE.

K. Phi. Look! who comes here? a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your pèace!
K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!
Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!
K. Phi. Thou fair affliction, peace!
Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
O! that my tongue were in the thunder's mòuth!
Then with a passion would I shake the wòrld;
And rouse fròm sleèp that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hèar a lady's feeble voice,
And scorns a common invocation.
Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.
Const. Thou art not hòly to belie me so;
I am nòt mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance: I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!
I am nòt màd:—I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget mysèlf:
O! if I coùld, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to màke me mad,
And, cardinal, thou shalt be cànoniz'd.
If I were mad, I should forget my son.—
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall sèe and knòw our friends in heaven;
If that be, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
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;

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.

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.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-dress.*
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 sorrow's cure! [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

A Prison.

Enter HUBERT.

Hubert.

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

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title

To be more prince), as may be.—You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks nobody 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 oùt of prìson, and kept sheep,
I'd 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.
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, 'tis not; And I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
Are you sìck, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a lìttle sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
Alas, I love you more than you do mè.
Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How now, foolish rheum! [*Aside.*
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. Must you with irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as fròwn on you?
Hub. I've sworn to do it;

And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. O, if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd a tongue, but Hubert's.
Hub. Come forth. Do as I bid you. [*Stamps.*

Enter Attendants, *with hot Irons.*

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 boist'rous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
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.
1 *Attend.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*
Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.
Arth. Is there no hope?
O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair.
Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.
Arth. Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes!
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,
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes.
Arth. O! now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.
Hub. Peace! now no more. Adieu:
Your uncle must not knòw but you are dèad;
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O, I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence! no more. Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, *crowned;* PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other* Lords. *The* King *takes his State.*

King John.

HERE once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and now, 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, that am the tòngue of these, request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; be't our suit
That you have bid us ask his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you.

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.—
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how nèar his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be ànswer'd, either here, or hence.

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

[*Exeunt Lords.*

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent.
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by othèrs' dèath.——

Enter a Messenger.

A fèarful 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

Was levied in the body of the land!
All are arrived.
K. John. Where is my mòther's care?
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hèar of it?
Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, dièd
Your noble mother. And, I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance, in a frenzy, died
Three days before.
K. John. My mother dead? Alas!
How wildly then walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?
Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Do not seek to stuff
My head with mòre ill news, for it is full.
Faul. But, if you be afèard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, ùnheard, fall on your head.
K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd;
But now I breathe again, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
Faul. How I have sped among the clergymen,
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.
K. John. My gentle cousin!
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?
Faul. 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, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

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

Faul. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.——
Be Mercury! set feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

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

K. John. My mother dead!

Hub. Five moons were seen to-night:
Four fixèd; 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 dèath 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 grip the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action then,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer—thùs,
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,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,

That were embattailèd and rank'd in Kent:
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 càuse
To wìsh him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.
Hub. Had none, 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.
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! Ah,
How oft the sight of mèans to do ill deeds,
Makes ill deeds dòne! For had'st not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature màrk'd,
Quòted, and sìgned, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspèct,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endearēd to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prìnce.
Hub. My lord,——
K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or paused,
When I spake darkly what I purposèd;
Or turn'd an eye of doùbt upon my face,
Deep shame had struck me dùmb, made me break off,
And those thỳ feàrs might have wrought fears in mè:

But thou didst understand me by my sìgns,
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to àct
The deed, which both our tòngues held vile to nàme.—
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:
Hostility and civil tumult reign
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your òther enemies;
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alìve: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
And you have slànder'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 pèers,
Throw this report on their incensēd rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
O! answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste.

[*Exeunt.*

Before the Castle.

Enter ARTHUR, *on the Walls.*

Arthur.

THE wall is high; and yet will I leap down:—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
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!
[*Dies.*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-Bury.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faul. 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;
Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.
Faul. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.
Faul. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had mànners now.
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Faul. '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. Sir Richard, what think yòu? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you thìnk?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you dò see? This is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.
Faul. It is a damnēd 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?—
It is the shameful work of Hùbert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.
Sal. Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. (*Drawing.*) Must I rob the law?
Faul. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.
Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.
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! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare dèfend
My innòcent life against an èmperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lìes.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Faul. Keep the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
Faul. Thou wert better gall the dèvil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dèad. 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, renownēd Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a mùrderer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him wèll:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.
Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes.
Away, wìth mè, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house.
Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!
Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
Faul. 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 dàmn'd, Hubert.
Hub. Do but hear me, sir.
Upon my soul,——
Faul. If thou didst but cònsent
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 would'st thou drown,
Put but a little water in a spòon,
And it shall be to thee as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.——
I do suspect thee very grievously.
Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.
Faul. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
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. V.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH, *with the Crown, and Attendants.*

King John.

THUS have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.
Pand. Take again
[*Giving John the Crown.*
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 inflam'd.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
But, since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faul. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to the 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?

Faul. They found him dèad, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.
K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.
Faul. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in àct, as you have been in thòught;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall lesser eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Gròw great by your example, and put on
The dauntless front of resolution.
Away! and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to becòme the field:
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.
Faul. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

The Dauphin's *Camp near* St. Edmund's-Bury.

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Soldiers.*

Lewis.

MY Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance.

Enter PANDULPH, *attended.*

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 reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That stood so out against the holy church:
Therefore thy threat'ning 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.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars,
And come you 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,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, *attended.*

Faul. According to the fair play of the world,
Let mè have audience; I am sent to speak;——
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
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,
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.
Faul. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well:—Now hear our English king,
For thus his royalty doth speak in mè.
He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should;
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
Shall that victorious hand be feebled hère,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his aiery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame!
Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace:
We grant, thou canst outscòld us. Fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent

With such a babbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Faul. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither :—
Strike up the drùms ; and let the tongue of wàr
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Faul. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out ;
And so shall yòu, being beaten. Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drùm,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ;
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 us'd 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.

Faul. And thou shàlt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*

A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King JOHN *and* HUBERT.

King 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,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now.

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

Night. An open Place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE *and* HUBERT, *meeting.*

Hubert.

WHO'S there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Faul. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Faul. Hubert, I think. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Faul. Show me the very wòund of this ill news;
I am no wòman, I'll not swòon at it.
Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk.
Faul. How did he take it? who did taste to him?
Hub. A mònk, I tell you; a resolvèd villain.
The king yet spèaks, and haply may recover.
Faul. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?
Hub. Why, know you not? the lòrds are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company.
Faul. Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE LAST.

The Orchard at Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

Prince Henry.

IT is too late; the life of all his blòod
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage? [*Exit Bigot.*
Pem. He is more patient now.

Re-enter BIGOT *and Attendants, who bring in* 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,
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; O!—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,
And comfort me with cold:—I ask not 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 tèars,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hòt.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemnēd blood.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

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

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to sèt mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt;
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.

Faul. The Dauphin is preparing hithèrward:
Where, heaven he knows how we shall ànswer him:
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
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.—

Faul. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
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.——

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

Faul. Thither shall it then.
And happily may you, sweet Prince, put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services.

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

Faul. O, let us pay the time but nèedful woe.
This England never did (nor never shàll)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itsèlf.
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.*





ROMEO AND JULIET.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PARIS, *a young Nobleman.*
MONTAGUE, } *Heads of two Houses at variance with each*
CAPULET, } *other.*
ROMEO, *Son to* Montague.
MERCUTIO, } *Friends to* Romeo.
BENVOLIO, }
TYBALT, *Nephew to* Lady Capulet.
Friar LAWRENCE.
BALTHAZAR, *Servant to* Romeo.
SAMPSON, } *Servants to* Capulet.
GREGORY, }
ABRAM, *Servant to* Montague.
An Apothecary.
PETER.

Lady CAPULET, *Wife to* Capulet.
JULIET, *Daughter to* Capulet.
Nurse *to* Juliet.

Maskers, Guards, *and* Attendants.

SCENE, *during the greater part of the Play,* in Verona:
once in the Fifth Act, at Mantua.



THE PROLOGUE.

Chorus.

TWO households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge, break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I.

A public Place.

Enter SAMPSON *and* GREGORY.

Sampson.

GREGORY, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be collìers.

Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Gre. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Sam. A dòg of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. Draw thy tool, then; here come twò of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM *and* BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee. Let thèm bègin.

Gre. I will fròwn, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dàre. I will bite my thumb at them: which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at ùs, sir?

Sam. [*aside*]. Is the law on our side, if I say, ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do nòt bite my thumb at yòu, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Enter BENVOLIO, *at a distance.*

Gre. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie!

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their swords.*

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the pèace; put up thy sword.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*

Enter the CAPULETS *and the* MONTAGUES; *then enter* Citizens *and* Officers.

1 *Cit.* Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter Prince *with* Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movèd prince.—
Thrèe civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our town.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and Attendants; Capulet, Tybalt, Citizens, and Servants.*

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.

Mon. But where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?

Ben. Good sir, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew;
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

[*Exeunt.*

Capulet's *House.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Servant.

Capulet.

AND Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger to the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more sùmmers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a brìde.

Par. Younger than she are happy mòthers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made:
But wòo her, gentle Paris, get her heàrt,
My will to her consent is but a part.
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest:
Come you with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written here, and to them say,
[*He gives a Paper.*
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*

Sycamore Grove, *near* Verona.

Enter MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

Mercutio.

SEE where he steals: told I you not, Benvolio,
That we should find this melancholy Cupid
Lock'd in some gloomy covert, under key
Of cautionary silence; with his arms
Threaded, like these cross-boughs, in sorrow's knot.

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.
Rom. Is the day so young?
Ben. But now struck nine.
Rom. Ah me! sàd hours seem lòng.
Mer. Prythee, what sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?
Rom. Not having that, which having makes them short.
Where shall we dine? O me! what frày was here?
Yet tell me not; for I have heard it all:
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love;
Love! heavy lightness! serious vanity!
This love feel I—dost thou not làugh, my coz?
Ben. No, coz, I rather wèep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppрèssion.
Mer. Tell me, in sadness, who she is you love?
Rom. In sadness then—I say I love a wòman.
Mer. Be ruled by me—forget to thìnk of her.
Rom. O teach me hòw I should forget to think.
Mer. By giving liberty unto thine eyes.

This night, there is an old accustom'd feast,
Kept by old Capulet, our enemy:
Go there, and with an unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I will show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fire,
And burn the hereticks. Th'all seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.
Mer. Tut-tut! You saw her fair, none else being by;
Herself poised with herself; but let be weigh'd
Your lady-love against some other maid,
And she will show scànt well.
Rom. I'll go along.—
My mind is chang'd: I will nòt go to-night.
Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dreamt a dreàm to-night.
Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fancy's midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep.
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they drèam of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on cùrt'sies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fèes:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream.
Sometime she gallops o'er a lawyer's nòse,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a pàrson as he lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep: and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes:
And, being thus frighted, swèars a prayer or two,
And sleeps again.

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nòthing.

Mer. True, I talk of drèams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And ever, more inconstant than the wìnd.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves:
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too eàrly; for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
With this night's revels.—On! good gentlemen.

[*Exeunt.*

A Hall in Capulet's *House.*

Enter CAPULET, *&c. with the Guests and the Maskers.*

Capulet.

GENTLEMEN, welcome! ladies that have their toes
Unplagu'd with còrns, will have a bout with you:—
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now dèny to dance? she that makes dainty,
I'll swear, hàth corns; Am I come nèar ye now?
Welcome all, gentlemen! I've seen the day,
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's èar,
Such as would plèase;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
[*Musick and a dance.*
More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?
O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dèad I hold it not a sin.

1 *Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;

A villàin, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.
1 *Cap.* Young Romeo is't?
Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.
1 *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in mỳ hoùse, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him.
Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.
1 *Cap.* He shàll bè endur'd;
What! goodman boy!—I say, he shàll.—Go to;—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
Be quiet, cousin, or I'll màke you quiet.
Tyb. I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*
Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand
[*To Juliet, taking her hand.*
This holy shrine, the gentle fine be this—
[*Kissing it.*
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
For palm to palm ìs holy palmers' kiss.
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in pràyer
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor!
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal:
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of hèr,
Shall have the chìnk.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?
Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.
[*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.*
Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is yond' gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?
Nurse. That, as I think, is young Petruchio.
Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Ask his name: if he be married
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Nurse. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, Juliet.*
Nurse. Anon, anon:
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

The Street.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Benvolio.

ROMEO! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll cònjure too.—
Why Romeo! Humour's-madman! Passion-lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, couple but—love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eye,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
That in thy likeness thou appèar to us.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*

Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Romeo.

HE jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—
[*Juliet appears above, at a Window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?
Her èye discourses, I will answer it.
I am too bold. O, were those eyes in heaven,
They'd through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were the morn!
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glòve upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks:—
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious as a messenger of heaven,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Ròmeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn mỳ lòve,
And I'll no longer be a Capùlet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
[*Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy nàme, that is my enemy;—
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,

By any other nàme would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Withòut that title :—Romeo, doff thy name:
And fòr thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all mysèlf.
Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but lòve, I never will be Romeo.
Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?
Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utt'rance, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Ròmeo, and a Mòntague?
Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.
Jul. How cam'st thou hither? tell me? and for what?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place deàth, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire.
Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say, Ay;
And I will take thy word. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dòst love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll fròwn, and be pervèrse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wòo: but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that havè more cunning to be strange.
I shòuld have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear.

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy lòve prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do nòt swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contrάct to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can sày, It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flòwer when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I hàve, for both are infinite.
[*Nurse calls within.*
I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!—
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*
Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Beìng in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo,—and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world:
Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.
Jul. I come anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—
Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam!
Jul. By-and-by;—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falc'ner's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where ècho lies,
And make her airy tòngue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name;
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest musick to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shàll forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to hàve thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone;
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow.
[*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
[*Exit.*

Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE, *with a Basket.*

Friar.

THE gray-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light.
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weèds, and precious-juiced flòwers.
O! mickle is the pòwerful grace, that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:
For this, being smèlt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tàsted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposèd foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, Grace, and rude Will;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri. *Benedicite!*
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in èvery òld man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy eàrliness doth me assure,
Thou art uprous'd by some distemp'rature;
Where hast thou been?

Rom. I'll tell thee, holy father.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physick lies.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
But when, and where, and how we met, and woo'd,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis! what a speed is here!
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow; they stùmble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*

A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mercutio.

NOW, where the devil should this Romeo be? Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer 't.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love-song: And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. O! he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duèllist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hai!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The plague of such antick, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! *A very good blade! a very tall man! a very good wench!* Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moys?*

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laùra, to hìs lady, was but a kitchen wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Thisbé, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* [*Kissing him*] there's a Frènch salutation for you.

Rom. Good morrow to you both.

Enter Nurse *and* PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter, my fan.

Mer. 'Pry'thee do, good Peter, to hide her face.

Nurse. Give ye good morrow, fair gentlemen.

Mer. Give ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find young Romeo?

Rom. I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.
If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Mer. Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his roguery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minùte, than he will stand to in a mònth.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirtgills:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure? [*Strikes Peter.*

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you.

Nurse. Now, afore Heaven, I am so vex'd, that every part about me quivers: Scurvy knave!—'Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee'—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tèll her as much: Lord, lord! she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protèst; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee;
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell! Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit Romeo.*

Nurse. Peter!

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before.

Exeunt.

Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter JULIET.

Juliet.

THE clock struck nìne, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
O, she is làme! lòve's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd dòves draw love,
And therefore hath the wìnd-swift Cùpid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm yoùthful blòod,
She'd be as swift in motion as a bàll.

Enter Nurse.

O heaven, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?
Now, good sweet nurse,—

Nurse. O give me leave awhile;—
Fye, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!
Jul. Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that.
Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice;
You know not how to choose a man:
Go thy ways, wench.—What, have you dined at home?
Jul. No, no: What says he of our marriage? what?
Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back! o' t'other side, O, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!
Jul. I' faith, I'm sorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what sàys my love?
Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous.—Where is your mother?
Jul. Where is my mother? why, she is within;
Where should she be? how oddly thou repliest?
Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?
Nurse. O, our lady dear!
Is thìs the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.
Jul. Here's such a coil,—come, what says Romeo?
Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?
Jul. I have.
Nurse. Then hie to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:

Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

Friar.

SO smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours of sorrow chide us not!
Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of jòy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words.
Fri. These violent delights have violent ènds,
And in their triumph die! The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciòusness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Ne'er hurts the trodden flower in her path:
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.
Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.
Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.
Rom. Ah, Juliet! if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more

To blazon it, now sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. They are but beggars that can còunt their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorp'rate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

A public Place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *and* Servants.

Benvolio.

I PRAY thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the dràwer, when, indèed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy

mood as any in Italy; an there were two such, we should have nòne shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou!—Why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in hìs bèard, than thòu hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nùts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling?

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Enter TYBALT, *and Others.*

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Gentlemen, good den! a word with one of you.

Mer. And bùt one wòrd with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blòw.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not tàke some occasion withòut giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consòrt! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discòrds: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consòrt!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some prìvate place,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were màde to look, and lèt them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.
Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this,—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:—Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee;
And so, good Capulet, which name I tender
As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission! [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, come will you walk?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives. Will you pluck your sword out of his pitcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your's ere it be out. [*Drawing.*

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio:—Beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage.
Hold, Tybalt—good Mercutio— [*Exit Tybalt.*

Mer. I am hurt;—
A plague o' both your houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—

Where is my page? Go, fetch a surgeon. [*Exit Page.*

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o' both your houses!—Zounds! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scràtch a man to death! a bràggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses! They've made worm's meat of me: I have it, and soundly too.—Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a gràve man. [*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
Hath got his mortal hurt in my behalf.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo! brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the *villàin* back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads:
Or thou or I must keep him company.

[*They fight; Tybalt falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away! be gone! The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool! [*Exit Romeo.*

A Room in Capulet's *House.*

Enter JULIET.

Juliet.

GALLOP apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
To Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That rude day's eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than snow upon a raven's back.—
Give me my Romeo—night: and, when he dies,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the wòrld will be in lòve with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O! I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it: O! here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse.

And she brings news: and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's nàme, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!
Jul. Can heaven be so envious?
Nurse. Ròmeo can,
Though heaven cannot.—Romeo! Romeo! Romeo!
Jul. What dèvil art thou, dost torment me thus?
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but ay,
And that bare little word shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.
Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes!
Hère on his manly breast: A piteous corse,
Pale, pale as ashes; I swoon'd at the sight.
Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes! ne'er look on libertỹ!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!
Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd: ànd is Tybalt dead?
Nurse. Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banishèd;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banishèd.
Jul. O Heav'n!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.
Jul. O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise? that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd.
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shàme is ashàm'd to sit;
For 'tis a thrône where hònour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a wretch was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there wàs, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd mè; I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banishèd!
That *banished*, that one word, *banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. O that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banishèd!*—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? my eyes shall flow
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.

Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true love,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

Friar.

ROMEO, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than death can be the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say,—death:
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say,—banishment.
'Tis death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath push'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; there's more felicity
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
But Romeo may not; he is banishèd:
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
To kill me? How hast thou the heart,
To màngle me with that word, banishment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.
I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee.

Rom. Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not fèel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered
Doting like me, and like me bànished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Knocking within.*

Fri. Arise! one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile:—stand up;

[*Knocking.*

Run to my study.—By-and-by:—God's will!
What wilfulness is this!—I come, I come.

[*Knocking.*

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse [*Within.*] I come from Lady Juliet.
Fri. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Where is my lady's lord? O where is Romeo?
Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
Nurse. Oh! he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case! Alas! O Juliet! Juliet!
Rom. Speak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood, where is she? how doth she? what sàys she?
Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.
Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her. O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are wòmanish; thy wild acts denote
Th' unreasonable fury of a beast.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua.
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed.

Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.
[*Exit Nurse.*

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so soon to part with thee:
Farewell! [*Exeunt.*

Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET.

Juliet.

WILT thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Believe me, love, it wàs the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.

Jul. Yond light is not daylight, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou shàlt not go so soon.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
If thou wilt have it so, I am content.
I'll say yon gray is nòt the morning's eye,
It is the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
I'll say it is the nightingale that beats
The vaulty heaven so far above our heads,
And not the lark, the messenger of morn:
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so:—
What says my love? let's talk, 'tis not yet day.

Jul. It ìs, it ìs, hie hence, be gone, away:
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light? more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!
Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit Nurse.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend. [*Romeo descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so? Love! Lord! ay Husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall èver meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.
Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!
[*Exit Romeo.*

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?
Jul. Madam, I'm not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What! wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?
La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.
Jul. I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I cannot marry yet.
La. Cap. Here comes your father;
Tell him yourself, and see how he will take it.

Enter CAPULET *and* Nurse.

Cap. How now! a conduit, girl? what! still in tears?
Ever more showering? Why, how now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?
La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would, the fool were married to her grave!
Cap. Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So good a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
Jul. Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful e'en for hate, that is meant love.
Cap. Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
Cap. I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.
Nurse. You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.
Nurse. I speak no treason.
Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
La. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. Good wife, it makes me mad:
At home, abroad, it still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
To answer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love:*
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee. [*Exit.*
Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,

That sees into the bottom of my grief?—
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month,—a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Jul. O Heav'n!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?

Nurse. Romeo is banish'd. All the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it bèst you marry with the County.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. To what?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.
[*Exit.*

Jul. Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to dìe. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* PARIS.

Friar.

ON Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so:
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immod'rately she weeps for Tybalt's death.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastens on our marriage
To stop the inundation of her tears.

Fri. Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may bè a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.—
Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to yòu.
Are you at leisure, holy father, nòw;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu! [*Exit Paris.*

Jul. O, shut the door! Past hope,—past cure,—
past help!
Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief.
Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou know'st my grief;
Unless thou tell me how I may prevènt it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resòlution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; I shall long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.
Fri. Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slày thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing lìke death to chide away this shame.
Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
Or bid me go into a new made grave,
And hide me with a dead man, in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them tòld, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.
Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consènt
To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distillèd liquor drink thou off;
When presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse,

No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua,
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter JULIET *and* Nurse.

Juliet.

AY, those attires are best:—but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow.
So please you, let me now be left alone,
For, I am sure, you have your hands full, all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night!

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*
Jul. Farewell! God knows, when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back. Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married, then, to-morrow morning?—
This dagger shall forbid it:—lie thou there.
[*Laying down a Dagger.*
What if it be a pòison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dèad;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault:
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient rèceptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort:—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

Environèd with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo! I come! this do I drink to thee.
[*She throws herself on the Bed.*

Juliet's *Chamber;* JULIET *on the Bed.*

Enter Nurse.

Nurse.

MISTRESS!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant her:
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fye, you slug-a-bed!—
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
My lord! my lady! O!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?
What is the matter?

Nurse. Look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me! O me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* PARIS.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:
O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death embrac'd thy wife:—see there she lies.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church.
Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Mantua.

Enter ROMEO.

Romeo.

IF I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead,
And breath'd such life with kisses on my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you;
O pardon me for bringing these ill news.

Rom. Is't even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.
Rom. Tush! thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?
Bal. No, my good lord.
Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.
[*Exit Balthasar.*
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabout he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples: meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.
Noting his penury, to myself I said—
And if a man did need a pòison now,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O! this same thought did but forerun mỳ nèed.
As I remember, this should be the house;
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?
Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor:
Hold, there is forty ducats; let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead.
Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law

Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And feàr'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression stare within thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang on thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My pòverty, but not my wìll, consents.

Rom. I pày thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thèe poison, thou hast sold me nòne.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, còrdìal, and nòt poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE LAST.

A Church Yard: in it a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter PARIS, *and his* Page, *bearing a Torch.*

Paris.

GIVE me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond' yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee; go.
Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew;
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew;
Or, wanting that, with teàrs distill'd by moans.
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly, shall be to strew thy grave and weep.
[*The Boy whistles.*
The boy gives warning, something doth approach,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rite.
What! with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while.
[*Retires.*

Enter ROMEO *and* BALTHASAR, *with a Torch.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver 't to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,

And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is, pàrtly, to behold my lady's face:
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I fùrther shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint.
The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than hungry tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that:
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.—
Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the Monument.*
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. (*Advances.*) Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence and leave me.

Par. I defy thy counsel,
And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy. [*They fight.*

Par. O! I am slain! (*Falls.*) If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face;
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book:
I'll bury thee in a triùmphant grave,—
For here lies Juliet. O, my love! my wife!
Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not cònquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks.—
Why art thou yet so fair? Here will I stay;
Here will set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O! you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*]—O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.
[*Dies.*

Enter at the other end of the Churchyard, Friar LAURENCE, *with a Lantern, Crow, and Spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stùmbled at gràves!—Who's there?
Alack, alack! what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
[*Enters the Monument.*
Romeo! O, dead!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood!—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
[*Juliet wakes and stirs.*
Jul. O, comfortable friar! Where is Romeo?
[*Noise within.*
Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.
[*Exit.*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will nòt away.—
What's here? a phial in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.—
O churl! drink àll; and leave no friendly drop
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them.
[*Kisses him.*

Watch. [*Within.*] Lead, boy:—Which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!
[*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*
This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself*]; there rest and let me die.
[*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*



OTHELLO,

THE MOOR OF VENICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke *of* Venice.
BRABANTIO, *a Senator.*
GRATIANO, *Brother to* Brabantio.
LODOVICO, *Kinsman to* Brabantio.
OTHELLO, *the Moor.*
CASSIO, *his Lieutenant.*
IAGO, *his Ancient.*
RODERIGO, *a* Venetian *Gentleman.*
MONTANO, Othello's *Predecessor in the Government of* Cyprus.

DESDEMONA, *Daughter to* Brabantio, *and Wife to* Othello.
EMILIA, *Wife to* Iago.

Officers, Messengers, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *for the first Act, in* Venice; *during the rest of the Play, at a Seaport in* Cyprus.

OTHELLO,

THE MOOR OF VENICE.

ACT I.

VENICE. *A Street.*

Enter RODERIGO *and* IAGO.

Roderigo.

NEVER tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—should'st knòw of this.

Iago. But you'll not hear me. If ever I did drèam
Of such a matter, abhòr me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hàte.

Iago. Despise me, if I do nòt. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him;—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am wòrth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Nonsuits my mediators. "Certes," says he,
"I have already chose my officer."

And what was he? a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spìnster. He, sir, had the election:
Hè, in good time, must his lieùtenant be,
And I (God bless the mark!) his Moorship's àncient.

Rod. By heav'n, I rather would have been his hàngman.

Iago. But there's no remedy.—Be judge yourself
If I in any just term am affin'd
To lòve the Moor.

Rod. I would not fòllow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seèming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demònstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I'm nòt what I seèm.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by night and negligence) a fire
Is spied in populous cities. Ho! Brabantio!

Rod. What ho! Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what ho Brabantio! thieves!
thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!

BRABANTIO, *above, at a Window.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are your doors lock'd?
Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?
Iago. 'Zounds, sir, y'are robb'd; for shame, arise,
arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bèll:
Arise, I say.
Bra. What, have you lost your wits?
Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my
voice?
My name is Roderigo.
Bra. The worse welcome:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter's not for thee; and now, in madness,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet. Thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, sir.
Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is
Venice;
My house is not a gràange.
Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.
Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those,
That will not serve God, if the devil bid you.
Bra. Thou art a villain.
Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer: I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing—be sure.
But I beseech you, satisfy yoursèlf.
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Call up my people:—
This accident is not unlike my dream.
Light, I say! light! [*Exit, from above.*

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall),
Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state
Cannot with safety cast him; he's embark'd
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
Yet, I must show a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you may find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search;
And there will I be with him. So farewell. [*Exit.*

Enter below, BRABANTIO, *and Servants with Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is:
And what's to come of my despisèd time,
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
'Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most;—Get weapons, ho!
On, good Rod'rigo;—I'll deserve your pains.
[*Exeunt.*

Another Street.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and Attendants.*

Iago.

THOUGH in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,
To do no còntriv'd mùrder; I lack inìquity
Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten times
I thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
In such provoking terms, against your hónour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,—
That the magnifico is much beloved;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential,
As doùble as the dùke's; he will divòrce you,
Or put upon you what restraint or grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints; and my demerits
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my ùnhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yonder?

Enter CASSIO, *at a Distance, and Officers with Torches.*

Iago. These are the raisèd father, and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be fòund;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What's the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
And many of the council, rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already: You've been call'd for;
And he hath sent about three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well, I'm found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carrack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To whom?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, *and Officers, with Torches.*

Iago. It is Brabantio :—general, be advis'd ;
He comes to bad intent.
Oth. Holla ! stand there !
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.
Bra. Down with him, thief !
[*They draw on both sides.*
Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—
Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.
Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter ?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her ;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant :—
Lay hold upon him ; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.
Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining and the rest :
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you I go
To answer this your charge ?
Bra. To prison : till fit time
Call thee to answer.
Oth. What if I obey ?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied ;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him ?
Off. 'True, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council ; and your noble self,

I'm sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves, and pagans, shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*

A Council Chamber.

The Duke, *and* Senators, *sitting at a Table;*
Officers *attending.*

Duke.

THERE is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injoin'd them with an after fleet
Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and* Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—

I did not see you; welcome, good Brabantio.
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.
Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.
Duke. Why, what's the matter?
Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!
Sen. Dead?
Bra. To me;
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and med'cines bought of mountebanks.
Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.
Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.
Duke & Sen. We're very sorry for it.
Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this?
[*To Othello.*
Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my speech,

And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore, little shall I grâce my cause,
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mîghty mâgick
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her môtion
Blush'd at itself: And she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to lôok on!
It is a judgement maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess, perfection so côuld err
Against all rules of nature. Thus I vouch,
That with some mixtures pow'rful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram cônjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. But, Othello, spèak.—
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poîson this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I beseech you,
Send for the lady, to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in hèr report,

The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Fall on my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.— [*Exeunt Iago and Attendants.*

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
The battles, sieges, fortunes, I have pass'd.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field:
Of hair-breadth scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And, with it, all my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts wild,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heav'n,
It was my hint to speak. These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,

That I would àll my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heav'n had made hèr such a man: she thank'd
me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And thàt would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
She lov'd mè for the dàngers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd hèr, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.—
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, *and Attendants.*

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too,
Brabantio—

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak;
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress;
Do you percèive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. Noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you, I'm bound for life, and education;
My life, and education, both do learn me

How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I'm hitherto your daughter: But here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring yòu before hèr father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Mòor, my lord.

Bra. God b' wi' you!—I've done:—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;
I'd rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor: I here do give thee that,
With all my heart, which, but thou hast already,
I would keep fròm thee.—I have done, my lord.
Beseech you, now to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do undertake
This present war against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reverence of place, and exhibition;
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,

To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your gentle ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
T'assist my suit.
Duke. What would you, Desdemona?
Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdued
Even to the very quàlity of my lord.
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heàvy interim shall support
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.
Oth. Your voices, lords; 'beseech you, let her will
Have a free way. I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
Duke. Be it as you shall prîvately determine
Or for her stay, or going: the affair
Cries haste; and speed must answer it.
Sen. You must away to-night.
Oth. With all my heart.
Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you:
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.
Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,

With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—
Good night to every one. Adieu, brave Moor!

Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;
She has decèiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her.
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will, incontinently, dròwn myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after.
Why, thou silly gentleman! Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shàme to be so fònd; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in oursèlves, that we are thus, or thus. Come, be a man: Drown thyself? Drown cats, and blind puppies. I have profess'd me thy friend, and I could never better stead thee than now. Put mòney in thy purse; follow these wars; I say, put mòney in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his

to her: therefore make money. A plague of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd—and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sùre of me; I have told thee often, and I retell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him. Traverse; go: provide thy money. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?
No more of drowning.

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.
[*Exit Roderigo.*

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. And 'tis thought
Abroad, that with my wife, the Moor has done
My office: though I know not if 't be true,
Yet I, for mere suspìcion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;—
To get his place, and to plume up my will,
In doùble knavery.—How? how?—Let me see:
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
To be suspected; fràm'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,

That thinks men honest, that but seèm to be so ;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are. I have it : Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

A Seaport Town in Cyprus.

Enter MONTANO *and Two Gentlemen.*

Montano.

WHAT from the cape can you discern at sea ?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all : it is a high-wrought flood.
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

2 *Gent.* News, lads ! our wars are done :
A desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts : A ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck, and sùfferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How ! is this true ?

2 *Gent.* The ship is here put in, and Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warklike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore : the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't ; 'tis a worthy governor.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor; O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements.

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wìv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description, and wild fame.
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their common natures, letting safe go by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and* Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.
Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mistress:— [*To Emilia.*
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extènd my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.
[*Kissing her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tòngue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.
Des. O, fye upon thee, slanderer!
Emil. You shall not write my praise.
Iago. No, let me not.
Des. What would'st thou write of mè, if thou should'st praise me?
Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not crìtical.
Des. Come on, assay:—There's one gone to the harbour?
Iago. Ay, madam.
Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by sèeming otherwise.—
Come, how would'st thou praise me?
Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.
She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never lòud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—"nòw I màу;"
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly:
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—
To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.
Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.
Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the sòldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said,—whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do. You say true; 'tis so indeed:—If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft.—[*Trumpet.*] The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Enter OTHELLO *and Attendants.*

Oth. O my fair warrior.
Des. My dear Othello!
Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. My soul's joy!
If after every tempest come sùch càlms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd deàth!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven!—If 'twere now to dìe,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increàse,
Even as our dàys!
Oth. Amen to that.—Sweet powers!
And this, and this, the greatest discords be,
That e'er our hearts shall make! [*Kissing her.*
Iago. You're well tun'd now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this musick,
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*
Oth. Come, to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are
dròwn'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle?—
I've found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dòte
In mine own comfort.—Pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers.—
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. List me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With hìm! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: And will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil?

Rod. I cannot believe that of her; she is full of most bless'd condition.

Iago. Bless'd fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been bless'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor; Bless'd pudding!—Pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me. Watch yòu to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, may strìke at you: Provòke him, that he may: for, even out of that, will I cause these of

Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by-and-by at the citadel. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The Moor—howbe't that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can nor shall content my soul,
Till I am even with him, wife for wife;
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor,
At least, into a jealousy so strong
That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd. [*Exit.*

A Hall in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, CASSIO, *and Attendants.*

Othello.

GOOD Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach oursèlves that honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: To-morrow, with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you.

[*Exeunt Othello and Attendants.*

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. What an eye she has!

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor

and unhappy brains for drinking; I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup; I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too; and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit Cassio.*

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, MONTANO *and Gentlemen.*

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; [*Sings.*
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;
Why, then, let a soldier drink.
[*Wine brought in*

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German,

and your Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor—lown.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all: and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general or any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before mè; the lieutènant is to be saved before the ancìent. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drùnk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am nòt drunk now; I can stànd well enough, and spèak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then; you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before;—
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity
Will shake this island.

Mon. Is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.

Enter RODERIGO.

I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Aside.*

[*Exit Roderigo.*

Mon. But 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own sècond,
With one of an ingraft infirmity;
It were an honest action, to sày so
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this vice. But hark! what noise?

[*Cry within*—Help! help!

Re-enter CASSIO, *driving in* RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach mè my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Mon. [*Staying him.*] I pray you, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir, or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*

Iago. Away, I say! go out and cry, a mutiny.
[*Aside to Roderigo, who goes out.*
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir Montano,—
Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!
[*Bell rings.*
Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
The town will rise; Fye, fye, lieutenant!
You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO *and Attendants.*

Oth. What's the matter?
Iago. Hold, ho, lieutenant!—sir Montano,—gentlemen!—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Oth. Why, how now, hoa! from whence ariseth this?
For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety. What is the matter?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now; and then,
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And 'would, in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that had brought me to a part of it!
Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.
Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;

The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, tell me what's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night brawler? give me answer to it.
Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hùrt to dànger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something nòw offends me:—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By mè that's said or dòne amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometimes vice;
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.
Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgement collied,
Assays to lead the way: If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court a guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began it?
Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.
Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the trùth

Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus 'tis, general:
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
And Cassio following, with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest, by his clamour (as it so fell out),
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; I return'd, the rather,
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before: when I came back
(For this was brief) I found them close together,
At blow, and thrust; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report:—
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
Yet, surely, Cassio,—I believe,—receiv'd,
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.

[*Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.*

Iago. What, art thou hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: sue to him, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, so indiscreet an officer. O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? What had he dòne to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a màss of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains!

Iago. But you are now well enough: How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wràth: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drùnkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by-and-by a fòol, and presently a bèast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir :—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general; confess yourself freely to hèr; importune her help to put you in your place again; she is of so free, so kind, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do mòre than she is requested.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am dèsperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit Cassio.*

Iago. And what's he then, that sàys,—I play the villain?

When this advice is free, I give, and honest,
Likely to thinking, and (indeed) the course
To win the Moor. How am I then a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? For while this fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goòdness make the nèt,
That shall enmesh them all.—Two things I'll do:
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;

Myself, the while, will draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife. Ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Before the Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA.

Desdemona.

BE thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Doubt not I'll have my lord and you again
As friendly as you wère.

Cas. Most bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know't, and thank you: You do love my lord:
You've known him long; and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politick distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy, I fear, may last so long,
That, I being absent, and my place sùpplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee wàrrant of thy place: my lord sha'nt rest;
I'll intermingle every thing he does

With Cassio's suit: Therefore be mèrry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO, *at a distance.*

Emil. Here comes my lord.
Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Des. Why, Cassio, stay,
And heàr me speak.
Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
Des. Well,
Do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*
Iago. Ha! I like not that.
Oth. What dost thou say?
Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?
Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think
That he would steal away so guiltylike,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I believe 'twàs he.
Des. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who is't, you mean?
Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
I pr'ythee call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left pàrt of his grief with me;
I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?
Oth. Sooner, sweet, for you.
Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?
Oth. Not to-night.
Des. To-morrow dinner, then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn;—
I pr'ythee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days. I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you, and many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—
Oth. 'Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing meats, or keep you warm;
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own person.
Oth. I'll deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me, but a little, to myself.
Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.
[*Exit with Emilia.*
Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,———
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think he'd been acquainted with her.
Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord?
Oth. Honest, ay, honest.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord?
Oth. Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mèan sòmething:
I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife; Whàt did'st not like?
And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, cry'dst, *Indeed?*
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you knòw I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost:
And,—for I know thou art full of hònesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false disloyal knàve,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's jùst,
They're close delations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—
I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem:

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why thèn, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thìnkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slàves are free to.
Utter my thoùghts? Why, say, they are vile and false.—

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but thìnk'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stràngèr to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuse: and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,) that your wìsdom yet,
Would take no notice? nor build up a tròuble
Out of my scattering and unsure observance:

It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoùghts.
Oth. What dost thou mean?
Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immèdiate jèwel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals tràsh; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good nàme,
Robs me of that, which not enriches hìm,
And makes mè poor indeed.
Oth. By heaven, I'll knòw thy thought.
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shàll not, whilst 'tis in mỳ custody.
Oth. Ha!
Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealòusy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth màke
The meat it feeds on: The dupe still lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dòtes, yet doubts; suspècts, yet fondly lòves!
Oth. O misery!
Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shàll bè poor:—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!
Oth. Why! why is this?
Think'st thou, I'd make a lìfe of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? 'Tis not to make me jealous,

To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where vìrtue is, these are mòre virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago;
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, òn the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I'm glad of this, for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Càssio;
Wear your eyes—thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; lòok to't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heàven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbànds; their best conscience
Is—not to leave undòne, but keep unknòwn.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fèar your looks,
She lòv'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a sèeming,
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,—
He thought, 'twas witchcraft:—But I'm much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For tòo mùch loving you.

Oth. I'm bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my lòve;—But, I do sèe you are mov'd:—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issùes, nor to larger rèach,
Than to suspicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vìle succèss
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my friend:—
My lord, I see you're mov'd.
Oth. No, not much mov'd:—
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.
Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself—
Iago. Ay, there's the point:—As,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things, nàture tends:
But pardon me; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of hèr: though I may fear,
Her wìll, recoiling to her better judgement,
May fall to match yòu with her country forms,
And (haply) so repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me knòw more:
Set on thy wìfe to observe:—Leave me, Iago.
Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature, doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
And though 'tis fit that Cassio have his place
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability),
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*
Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings: If I prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune.—Haply, for I'm black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have: Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much.—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O the curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites. I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Desdemona comes:

Enter DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe't.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.
Oth. I am to blame.
Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.
Des. Why that's with watching; 'twill away again.
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin is too little;
[*He puts the Handkerchief from him, and it drops.*
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.
Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*
Emil. I'm glad that I have found this napkin here:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it: I will give't Iago:
What he will do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alòne?
Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.
Iago. A thing for mè?—it is a common thing—
To have a foolish wife.
Emil. What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?
Emil. Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me stèal.
Iago. Hàst stol'n it from her?

Emil. No, she let it drop;
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with't, you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you?
[*Snatching it.*

Emil. If't be not for some purpose of impòrt,
Give't me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known on't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit Emilia.*
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Ha! fàlse to me?
To mè!

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to knòw't a little.

Iago. How, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of love?

I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not knòw't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I'm sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy,
So I had nothing known:—O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is't possible!—My lord,——

Oth. Villain, be sure thou pròve my love is false;
[*Taking him by the Throat.*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to thìs?

Oth. Make me to see't; or (at the least) so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or,——

Iago. My noble lord,——

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never prày more: abandon all remorse;
On horror's head hòrrors accùmulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,

Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven, defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God b' wi' you; take mine office.—Wretched fòol!
That liv'st to make thine hònesty a vìce!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—Thou shòuld'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wìse; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be hònest, and think she's nòt;
I think that thou art jùst, and think thou'rt nòt;
I'll have some pròof: Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You woùld be satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, I wìll.

Iago. And may: but, how? how satisfied, my lord?
It were a tedious difficulty; yet,—
If imputation, and strong circumstance,
Which lead directly to the dòor of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep. There are a kind of men

So loose of soul, that in their sleeps will mutter
All their affairs; one of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say,—"Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!" and then
Cry, "Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor!"
Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!
Iago. This was but his dream.
Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;
Iago. 'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.
And this may help to thicken other proofs.
Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces!
Iago. Nay, be wise:
Yet we see nothing done: Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?
Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.
Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief
(I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.
Oth. If't be that,—
Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.
Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.—
Iago. Yet, be content.
Oth. O, blood, blood, blood!
Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.
Oth. Never, Iago. By yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow. [*Kneels.*

I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.—

[*Kneels.*

Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soe'er.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead:
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx; O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutènant.

Iago. I am yòur òwn for ever. [*Exeunt.*

The same.

Enter DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

Desdemona.

WHERE should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Though my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness

As jeàlous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.
Emil. Is he nòt jealous?
Look, where he comes.
Des. How is't with you, my lord?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady.—[*Aside.*] O, hardness to dissemble!—
How dò you, Desdemona?
Des. Well, my lord.
Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moist, my lady.
Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart;—
Hot, hot, and moist; This hand of yours requires
A séquester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
'Tis a frank one.
Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand: The hearts of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is—hands, nòt hearts.
Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.
Oth. What promise, chuck?
Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Des. Here, my good lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?
Des. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That is a fault:
That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to *my* mòther give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
Another's thoughts: she told her, if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits hunt
After new fancies: She, dyìng, gave it me;
And bade me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on't,
To lose or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.
Des. Is't possible?
Oth. 'Tis trùe: there's magick in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
Of the sun's course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetick fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk;
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.
Des. Indeed! is't true?
Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.
Des. Then, would to heaven, that I had never seen it.
Oth. Ha! wherefore?
Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?
Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is't out o' the way?
Des. Heaven bless us!
Oth. Say you?
Des. It is nòt lost; But what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!
Des. I say it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.
Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now:
This is a trick, to put me from my suit;
I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.
Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind misgives.
Des. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief,——
Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shared dangers with you;——
Oth. The handkerchief,——
Des. In sooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away! [*Exit Othello.*
Emil. Is nòt this man jealous?
Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I'm most unhappy in the loss of it.
Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man.

Enter IAGO *and* CASSIO.

Des. How now, good Cassio? what's the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suit.
Des. Thrice gentle Cassio,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
What I càn do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.
Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Càn he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air!
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of state
[*Exit Iago.*
Hath puddled his clear spirit. I'll go seek him.—
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek t' effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Before the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

Othello.

GET me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her beauty unprovide my mind again: this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, stràngle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the jùstice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let mè be his undertaker: You shall hear more by midnight.

[*A Trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same:

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,
Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and Attendants.*

Lod. God save you, general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.
[*Gives him a Packet.*

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their good pleasures.
[*Opens the Packet and reads.*

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you: How does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. "*This fail you not to do, as you will—*"
[*Reads.*

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
T'attone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Lod. May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad of it.

Oth. Indeed?

Des. My lord?
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Des. Why, sweet Othello?
Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*
Des. I have not deserv'd this.
Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice:
Make her amends, she weeps.
Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile:—
Out of my sight!
Des. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
Oth. Mistress,——
Des. My lord?
Oth. What would you with her, sir?
Lod. Who, I, my lord?
Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn;
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient:—O well painted passion!
I am commanded home:—Get you away;
I'll send for you anon.— [*Exit Desdemona.*
Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir,—to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.— [*Exit.*
Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient?—Strike his wife!
Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well;
Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me, to speak
What I have seen and known. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*

A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO *and* EMILIA.

Othello.

YOU have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever hèard; nor ever did suspèct.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and her together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm: and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. No, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest
Lay down my sòul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy.

Oth. Bid her hither:—go.—

This is a subtle one, [*Exit Emilia.*
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:
And yet she'll knèel, and prày; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA, *with* DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither: let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy's this?
Some of your function, mistress; shut the door.
[*Exit Emilia.*
Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fùry in your words, but not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.
Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? Hòw am I false?
Oth. O Desdemona!—away! away! away!
Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I th' occasion of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on mè; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my hopes;

I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience: I could bear it too:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thèncе!

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken e'en with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee.—'Would, thou hadst ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The wanton wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: What committed!—
Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning she of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.
[*Exit.*

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With whom, Emilia?

Emil. With my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yòurs, sweet lady.

Des. I hàve nòne: Do not talk to me, Emilia;
For answer have I none. 'Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
And call thy husband.

Emil. Here's a change, indeed! [*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.

Re-enter EMILIA, *with* IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is't with you?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so abused her,
And thrown such foul and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as she says.

Emil. A beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I'm sure, I am none such.

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd whòre? would it not make one weep?

Iago. How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some òffice,
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fye, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Emil. A hàlter pardon him! Who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave.
O, heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world.
Iago. You are a fool; go to.
Des. Alas! Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Or that I do not,—though he shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me!
Iago. Pray you, be content;
The business of the state does him offence.
Des. If 'twere no other,—
Iago. 'Tis but so, I warrant.
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?
Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.
Iago. What in the contrary?
Rod. Every day thou doff'st me with some device, Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now), keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope.
Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?
Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would have half-corrupted a votarist.
Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cànnot go to, man; nor 'tis nòt very well: By this hand, I say, it is very scùrvy; and I begin to find myself fòbb'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis nòt very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of yòu.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgement. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee, indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is a special commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. Unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—remòving of him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have mè to do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with Bianca: If you will watch his going thence, you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fàll between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show

you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him.

Rod. I will hear fùrther reàson for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter IAGO *and* RODERIGO.

Iago.

HERE, stand behind this balk; straight will he come;
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.

Rod. 'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies. [*Goes to his stand.*

Iago. I've rubb'd him hard: now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Evèry way makes my gain: Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly. So—I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou diest! [*Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at Cassio.*

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'st;
I will make proof of thine.

[*Draws, and wounds Roderigo.*

Rod. O, I am slain!

[*Iago rushes from his post, cuts Cassio in the Leg, and exit.*

Cas. I'm maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder! murder! [*Falls.*

Re-enter IAGO, *with a Light.*

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? I am spoil'd, undone by villains! Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think, that one of them is hereabout, And cannot make away.

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!

[*Iago stabs him.*

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—

[*Roderigo dies.*

Iago. Where be these thieves? How silent is the town!

Enter LUDOVICO.

Ho! murder! murder! Signior Ludovico: Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Lod. Cassio?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!— Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no? Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman, Roderigo? no:—yes, sure; O heaven! Roderigo.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter; what's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE LAST.

A Bedchamber: Desdemona *in Bed asleep.*
A Light burning.

Enter OTHELLO.

Othello.

IT is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
[*Lays down his sword.*
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent:—But once put out thy light!
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not the Promethean heat, that can
Thy light relume. When I have plùck'd the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—
[*Kissing her.*
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade

Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after:—One more: this the last.
She wakes.

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Have you pràyʼd, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcilʼd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. What may you mean?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepàred spirit;
No,—Heavʼn forfend!—I would not kill thy sòul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, Heaven
Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
And yet I fear you: You are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so: Why I fear, I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; yet I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. Theyʼre lòves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That deathʼs unnatural, that kills for lòving.—
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
These are portents; but yet, I hope—I hope
They do not point on mè.

Oth. Peace, and be still!
That handkerchief, which I so lovʼd, and gave thee,
Thou gavʼst to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul;
Send for the man, and ask.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oàth,
Cannot remove, nor choke the strong conception,
That I do groan withal. Thou árt to die.
Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, amen.
Des. And have yòu mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I mìght love: I never gave him token.
Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,
A mùrder, which I thought a sàcrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.
Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
Let him confess the truth.
Oth. He háth confess'd—thàt he hath us'd thee.
Des. How?
Unlawfully? he will not say so.
Oth. No,
His mouth is stopp'd; honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.
Des. What, is he dèad?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives,
My great revenge had stomach for them all!
Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. O, bànish me, my lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Nay, if you strive,——
Des. But half an hour.
Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.
Des. But while I say one prayer!
Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*
Emil. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord! my lord!
Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, so. [*Stabs her.*
Emil. [*Within.*] What ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. Who's there?
Emil. [*Within.*] O, good my lord, I'd speak a word with you.
Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia:—by-and-by.—She's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.
I think she stirs again:—No.—What's to do?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:
O insupportable! O heavy hour!
Emil. [*Within.*] I do beseech that I may speak with you!
Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—
Soft,—by-and-by:—Let me the cùrtains draw.
[*Unlocks the door.*

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul mùrder done.
Oth. What? now?
Emil. Bùt now, my lord!

Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd Roderigo.
Oth. Roderigo kill'd?
And Cassio kill'd?
Emil. No, Cassio is nòt kill'd.
Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
Des. O, falsely murder'd!
Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Emil. O, who hath done
This deed?
Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell. [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
Emil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her say herself it was not I.
Emil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.
Oth. 'Twàs I that kill'd her!
Emil. O, the more àngel she,
And you the blàcker dèvil!
Oth. She was false.
Emil. Thou'rt rash as fire, to sày that she was false.
Oth. Thy husband knew it all.
Emil. My husband knew?
That she was false to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with Cassio.
Had she been true, if heav'n would make another
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.
Emil. How my husband?
Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?

I say, thy husband: honest, honest Iago.
Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
Oth. Ha!
Emil. Do thy worst: Thou cans't not do me harm;
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Emil. I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor has kill'd my mistress: Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAGO.

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you've done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain.
Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?
Iago. I did.
Emil. You told a lie; a damned lie!
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:
She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio?
Iago. With Cassio, mistress; Go to, get you home.
Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. O! O! O! O! [*Hanging over his Wife.*
Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. O, she was foul!— [*Rising.*
I scarce did know you, Sir: There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd.
I know, this act shows horrible and grim.
'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
That she was false with Cassio, who confess'd—
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw 't in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.
Emil. Heavenly powers!
O thou dull Moor! That handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness
He begg'd of me to steal it.
Iago. Filth, thou liest.
Emil. By heàven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen.
O murd'rous wretch! [*Iago stabs Emilia.*
Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?
Mon. Take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor.
Come, guard the door without: let him not pass,
But kill him rather.
[*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.*
Oth. I'm not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword:-
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bòde, Lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in musick;—*Willow, willow, willow.*—
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber:
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;
O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*Within*]. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Lo! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I've seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I've made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop: But, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.
Man but a rùsh against Othello's breast,
And he retires;—Where should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look now? O, ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it.—Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chastity.—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead? O! O!

Enter LUDOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO *led in, wounded, and* Officers, *with* IAGO, *prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he, that was Othello; Here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet—but that's a fable;
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[*Othello wounds Iago.*
Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.
Lod. O thou Othello, that wast once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy.
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?
Oth. Ay.
Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.
Lod. Sir, you shall understand
What, as I think, you know not: Here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here, another: one of them imports

The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.
Oth. O pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast; And e'en but now he spake,
After long seèming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.
Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. Come away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I've done the state some service, and they know it:
No more of that;—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one, that lov'd nòt wìsely, but tòo wèll;
Of one, not eas'ly jeàlous, but being wròught,
Perplex'd in the extreme: of one, whose eyes,
Albeit unusēd to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicínal gum: Set you down this:
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo, once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,

I took by the throat the circumcisēd dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*
I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee ;—No way but this,
[*Falling upon Desdemona.*
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon ;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. To you, good Cassio,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain :
The time, the place, the torture ; O enforce it !
Myself will straight aboard ; and, to the State,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*





THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY THE FOURTH.
HENRY, Prince *of* Wales, } *Sons to the King.*
Prince JOHN *of* Lancaster, }
Earl of Westmoreland, } *Friends to the King.*
Sir WALTER BLUNT. }
WORCESTER.
NORTHUMBERLAND.
HOTSPUR.
MORTIMER.
DOUGLAS.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
Sir RICHARD VERNON.
Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
POINS. GADSHILL. } *Companions of Falstaff.*
PETO. BARDOLPH. }

Lady PERCY, *Wife to* Hotspur.
Mrs. QUICKLY, *Hostess of a Tavern.*

Sheriff, Carriers, Travellers, *and* Attendants.

SCENE, England.

THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

ACT I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir WALTER BLUNT, *and Others.*

King Henry.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant.
Then say, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree.

West. But yesternight there came, my sov'reign liege,
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Her'fordshire to fight
Against th' irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken.

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

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north; and he that brought them was
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
And hè hath brought us smooth and wèlcome news.
The earl of Douglas is discomfited
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest sòn
Unto the beaten Douglas, and the earls
Of Athol, Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha! cousin, is it not?

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

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In ènvy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry.—Now, what think you, coz',
Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.
But I have sent for him to answer this.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords.

[*Exeunt.*

A Room in the Palace.

Enter HENRY, *Prince of* Wales, *and* FALSTAFF.

Falstaff.

NOW, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, I see no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

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

P. Hen. What! none?

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

P. Hen. 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.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot

of the ladder; and, by-and-by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there bè gallòws standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art a king, hàng a thief.

P. Hen. No; thòu shalt.

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

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hàngman.

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

P. Hen. 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 lugg'd bear. But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would 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 yòu, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the street, and no man regards it.

Fal. O thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than

one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

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

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

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee: from praying to purse-taking.

Enter POINS.

Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, early, at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; If you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

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?

P. Hen. 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.

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

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. No,—come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By my faith, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

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

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he 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. [*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 rŏb those men: Yourself and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob thĕm, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

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

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will knŏw us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment.

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

P. Hen. 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 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 rèproof of this, lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and farewell.

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

P. Hen. I know you àll, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wànted, he may be more wònder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my wòrd I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

[*Exit.*

Another Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, Sir WALTER BLUNT, *and Others.*

King Henry.

MY blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities;
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but tò the proud.

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

K. Hen. Hence, Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
You have good leave to leave us; when we nèed
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—
[*Exit Worcester.*
Yòu were about to speak. [*To Northumberland.*

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.

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

Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home;
He was perfumēd like a milliner:
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose; and still he smil'd, and talk'd;
And, as the soldiers bare 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; among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds, being gàll'd,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wòunds (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,
That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirèctly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said,
May reasonably dìe, and never rise
To do him wròng, so he ùnsay it now.
K. Hen. Why, yèt he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception,—
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, in my soul, hath wilfully betrày'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
And shall we then redeem a traitor home?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny-cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.
Hot. Revòlted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But bore the chance of war;—To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd; 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,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy

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

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou beliest him;
He never did encounter with Glendower;
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not ashamed? But, from this hour, sirrah,
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and Train.*

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

North. Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds! I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.
He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd 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 nàme of Mortimer.
Wor. I cannot blame him: Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?
Hot. But, soft, I pray you; Dìd 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.
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
No! yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Therefore, I say,——
Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,——
Hot. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, 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:
Those prisoners you shall keep.
Hot. I wfll; that's flat:—
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to spèak of Mortimer;

But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!
Nay, I will have a starling taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

North. Why, what a wasp-tongu'd 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 scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?—
A plague upon't!—it is in Gloucestershire;—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke:—
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

North. At Berkeley castle?

Hot. Berkeley: You say true:——
Why, what a deal of candied courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—*When his infant fortune came to age,*
And—*gèntle Harry Percy*,—and, *kind cousin*,—
The devil take such cozeners! God forgive me!——
Good uncle, tell your tale,—for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have nòt, fall to it again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I hàve dòne, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them, without their ransòm, straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean

For powers in Scotland. Meanwhile you, my lord,—
[*To Northumberland.*
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
Who only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it; on my life, it will do well.
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,—
To join with Mortimer, ha?
Wor. So they shall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed;
For see already, how the king begins
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.
Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Rochester. *An Inn Yard.*

Enter a Carrier, *with a lantern in his hand.*

1 *Carrier.*

HEIGH ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What, ostler!

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

Enter another Carrier.

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

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

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

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away and be hanged, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.

1 *Car.* What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

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

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

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

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

[*Exeunt.*

The Road by Gadshill.

Enter Prince HENRY, *and* POINS; BARDOLPH *and* PETO, *at some distance.*

Poins.

COME, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

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

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek Poins.*

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square 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. Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. 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't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Hen. Peace! lie down; lay thine ear close to

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

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

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art ùncolted.

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

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your òstler?

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, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand!

Fal. So I do, against my will.

[*Bardolph comes forward.*

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

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

P. Hen. 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.

Fal. But how many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds! will they not rob ùs?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

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

P. Hen. We'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

[*Aside to Poins.*

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. Hen. and Poins.*

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

Enter Travellers.

1 *Trav.* Come, neighbour; the boy shall leàd our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them. What, ye knaves? young men must live: You are grand-jurors are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt Fal. &c. driving the Travellers out.*

Re-enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS.

P. Hen. 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.

Re-enter Thieves.

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.

P. Hen. Your money! [*Rushing out upon them.*

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. — They all run away, Falstaff roaring, and leaving the booty behind them.*

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

Away, good Ned. Now Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

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

Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, *reading a Letter.*

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 hoùse:—he shows in this, he loves his own bàrn better than he loves our hoùse. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous;*—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink! but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*—Say you so,

say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an èxcellent plot, vèry 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 fàn. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month; and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O! I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so hònourable an action! Hang him! lèt 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 alòne?
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 stàrt so often when thou sit'st alone?

In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, *Courage!—to the field!* And thou hast talk'd
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the 'currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbēd stream.
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must knòw it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

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

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

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

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

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my thròne!
Well, I will back him straight: O, *Espérance!*—
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*

Lady. But hear you, my lord?

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

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

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll knòw your bùsiness, Harry, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title; and hath sent for you,
To line his enterprise: but if you go——
Hot. So far afòot, I shall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. Away!
Away, you trifler!—Love? I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world,
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have
with me?
Lady. Do you not love me? do you not indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you nòt love mė?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.
Hot. Come, wilt thou see me rìde?
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 further wise,
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,
But yet a wòman: 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 farther. But now hark you, Kate!

Whither I go, thither shall yòu go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?
Lady. It must, of force.

Eastcheap. *A Room in the* Boar's Head *Tavern.*

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS

Prince Henry.

NED, pr'ythee, come and lend me thy hand to laugh a little. Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO.

Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all còwards, 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.*

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! 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 villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with

lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: a bad world, I say! A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. 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. Yòu prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a còward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat rascal, an ye call me coward, I'll stàb thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could rùn as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your bàck: 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.

P. Hen. O villain, thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

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

P. Hen. What's the matter?

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

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hùndred upon poor foùr of us.

P. Hen. 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 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. Never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! —Let thèm speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,——

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

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

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

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

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them àll?

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

P. Hen. 'Pray Heav'n, you have not mùrdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,

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

P. Hen. Foùr? thou saidst but twò, 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.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even nòw.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. 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, their points being broken, 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.

P. Hen. 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 could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them. Why, thou clay-brain'd, knotty-pated fool; thou greasy tallow-keech,——

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

P. Hen. Why, how could'st thou know these men

in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come tell us your reason.

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

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

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;——

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

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

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—— Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.— Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word out-faced you from your prize, and hàve it; yea, and can shòw it you, here in the house.—And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

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

Fal. By the Lord, I knèw ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, 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. I wàs a coward on ìnstinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, 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?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

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

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,——

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st 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.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mòther.

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?

P. Hen. 'Pr'ythee do, Jack.

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

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by'r lady, you fought fair;—

so did yòu, Peto;—so did you, Bardòlph: you are lions too, you ran away upon ìnstinct, you will not touch the true prince, no,—fye!

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

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger; and said, he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded ùs to do the like.

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

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

P. Hen. Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, 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 villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—What, a plague, call you him?——

Poins. O! Glendower.

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

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

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

P. Hen. 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.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. But, tell me, Hal, art not thou horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. 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.

P. Hen. 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: an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i' faith.

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

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

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

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

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, that thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me;—why, bèing son to me, art thou so pointed at? There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the còmpany thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tèars; not in pleasure, but in pàssion; not in words only, but in woes also.—And yet there ìs a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

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

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; 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. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for mè, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depòse me? If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand.—Judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry! whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

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

P. Hen. Swèarest thou, ungracious boy? Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that roasted Manning-tree ox with the pudding in his belly? Wherein is he gòod, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleànly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cùnning, but in craft? wherein cràfty, but in villainy? wherein villaìnous, but in all things? whereìn wòrthy, but in nòthing?

Fal. Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say mòre than I know. That he is old (the more the pity), his white hairs do witness it: If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wìcked! No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kìnd Jack Falstaff, trùe Jack Falstaff, valiànt Jack

Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, òld Jack Falstaff, banish not hìm thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

[*A knocking heard.*

Enter BARDOLPH, *running.*

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

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras [*to Falstaff*];—the rest walk up above.

Enter Sheriff *and* 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.

P. Hen. What men?

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

P. Hen. Ay, Sheriff,—I 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 charg'd withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good mòrrow: Is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think 't be two o'clock.

[*Exit Sheriff.*

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. How hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*Poins searches.*] What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers.

P. Hen. Read them.

Poins. Item, a capon . . . . 2*s.* 2*d.*
Item, Sauce . . . . . 4*d.*
Item, Sack, two gallons 5*s.* 8*d*
Item, Anchovies, and Sack after supper . 2*s.* 6*d.*
Item, Bread . . . . . a halfpenny.

P. Hen. 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: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Bangor. *A Room in the* Archdeacon's *House.*

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

Mortimer.

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

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

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

Hot. And you in hèll, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth,
Shook like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had kitten'd, though yoursèlf had never been bòrn.

Glend. I say, the earth dìd shake when I was born.

Hot. I say, the earth, then, was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as feàring yòu it shook.

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

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraòrdinary;
And all the courses of my life do show,
I am not in the roll of common men.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh:——
So I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace; 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 còme, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee to command
The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thèe, coz, to shàme the devil.
If thou hàve power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I've power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.
Mort. No more of this unprofitable chat.
Glend. Well, here's the map: shall we divide our right,
According to our three-fold order ta'en?
Mort. The archdeacon hàth divided it already,
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.
Hot. Methinks, my portion, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not òne of yoùrs:
See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And hère the smug and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent.
Glend. Not wind? it shàll, it must; you see, it dòth.
I will not have it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor yòu shall not.
Hot. Who shall say me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in Welsh.

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

Hot. Marry, I'm glàd of it with all my heart;
I'd rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:
I'd rather hear a wheel gràte on the axle;
And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

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

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

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:
I'll haste the writer, and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence.
[*Exit.*

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

Hot. I cannot choose: Sometimes he angers me,
With telling of the moldwarp and the ant,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat.
He held me, last night, at the least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names,
That were his lackeys: I cried, hum,—and well,
But màrked him not a word. I'd rather live
With cheese and garlick, in a wìndmill, far,

Than feed on cates, and have him tàlk to me,
In any sùmmer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tèmpted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Hot. Well, I am school'd; good manners be your speed!
Now to our wives, and let us take our leave.

[*Exeunt.*

Windsor. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, Prince *of* Wales, *and* Lords.

King Henry.

LORDS, give us leave: the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference: But be near,
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 breeds revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish mỳ mistreàdings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires,
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.
P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well, as I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.
K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had 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:
But thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation; not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.
P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.
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.
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.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if He be pleas'd I shall perform,
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rèbels die in this.—
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter BLUNT.

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

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—
That Douglas and the English rebels, met,
Th' 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.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
On Wednesday next, Harry, shall yòu set on.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds them fat, while we delay. [*Exeunt.*

Eastcheap. *The* Boar's Head *Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Falstaff.

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 wither'd 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 pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so frètful, you cannot lìve long.

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

Bard. Why, you are so fàt, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all còmpass; 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 nòse of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

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

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it

as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori:* I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. When thou ran'st 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 sàck that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintain'd that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet, who pick'd my pocket?

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

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolf was shàved, and lost many a hair. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee: I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know yòu, 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, 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! pòor? look upon his face; What call you rich? let them coin his nòse, let them coin his chèeks; 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 pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O lord! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was còpper.

Fal. The prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS, *marching.* FALSTAFF *meets the* Prince, *playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

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

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

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

P. Hen. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband?

Host. Good my lord, hèar me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to mè.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd.

P. Hen. 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.

P. Hen. 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-mouth'd man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

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

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood! 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 should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

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

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

P. Hen. 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.

Host. Nay, my lord, he call'd 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.

P. Hen. I say, 'tis copper: Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

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

P. Hen. And why not, as the liòn?

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 heaven, my girdle break!

P. Hen. Why, thou impudent, emboss'd rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, 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 know'st, in the state of innocèncy Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flèsh than another man; and therefore more fràilty.——You confess then, yòu pick'd my pocket?

P. Hen. 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: Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court. For the robbery, lad:—how is that answered?

P. Hen. The money is paid back again.

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

P. Hen, I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horse.

P. Hen. Meet me to-morrow i' the Temple-hall at two o'clock i' 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 they or we must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, Poins, and Bardolph.*

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

ACT IV.

The Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

Hotspur.

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 gen'ral current through the world.

Enter a Messenger, *with Letters.*

Hot. What letters hast thou there?—
Mess. These 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 lèisure to be sick,
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bèd?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth.

Hot. Sick nòw! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise.
He writes me here,—there is no quailing now;
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt upon.

Hot. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use;—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dàre to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
If we, withòut his help, can make a head,
To push against the kingdom; with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yèt 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 Heav'n, my news be wòrth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,

Is marching hitherwards; with him, Prince John.
Hot. No harm: What more?
Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself, in person, is set forth.
Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales?
Ver. I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
We'll offer them: Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come!
Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his pow'r this fourteen days.
Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thousand.
Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily. [*Exeunt.*

A Road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Falstaff.

BARDOLPH, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack; our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Cop-hill to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

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

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

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a sous'd 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 bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck: 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. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. 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. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hèdge.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. 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. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all, to-night.

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

P. Hen. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

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

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

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that: and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learn'd that of mè.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. Well,

The end of a fray, and beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

The Camp near Shrewsbury.

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

Hotspur.

WE'LL fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.
Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear, and from cold heart.

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

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

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

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

Blunt. And God defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as, out of limit and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty!
But, to my present charge.—If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,
You shàll have your desires, with interest;
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to pròmise, when to pày.
My father, and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears:
And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,—
My father gave him welcome to the shore:
And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perfòrm'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
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 Ravenspurg:
And nòw, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,

That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this fàce,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. To the point.——
In short time after, he depòs'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his lìfe;
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state:
To make thàt wòrse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed hìs king) to be encag'd in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited:
Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety: and, withal, to pry
Into his tìtle too, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes:—and so farewell.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And 't may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray heaven, you do!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

The Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN *of* Lancaster, Sir WALTER BLUNT, *and* FALSTAFF.

King Henry.

HOW bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yond' bosky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blust'ring day.

Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

K. Hen. How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd 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.
Wor. Hear me, my liege; 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.
K. Hen. You have not sought it, sir! how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace!
Wor. It pleas'd your majesty,

To turn your looks of favour from our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We wère the first and dearest of your friends;
And you did swear an 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,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the gèneral swày into your hand:
Whereby we stand opposēd by such means
As you yourself have forg'd agàinst yourself;
By unkind usage, dang'rous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
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 havock and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this bold 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. For my part,
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 tàke 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.

K. Hen. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it.—No, good Wor'ster, 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 return me word
What he will do :—But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone.
We will not now be troubled with reply :
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.*

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

K. Hen. 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 !

[*Exeunt King, Blunt, and Prince John.*

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

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

Fal. Would it were bed-time, Hal, and all were well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest Heav'n a death. [*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not dùe yet; I would be loath to pay before the day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me òff 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 that word honour? Air. A trim reckoning! —Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No.—Doth he hear it? No.—Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere 'scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

The Rebel Camp.

Enter HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS.

Hotspur.

MY uncle is return'd:—Deliver up,
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

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

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

Wor. There is no seèming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you bèg any of him? God forbid!

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,

Wor. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.
Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How shòw'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd 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;
Making you ever better than his praise,
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
Upon his follies; be he as he will,
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.——

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepàre: the king comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; Only this—
Let each man do his best: and here I draw
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal

In the adventure of this perilous day.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that musick let us all embrace:
For here on earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.
Now, Esperanza! Percy! and set on.
[*The trumpets sound. They embrace. Then exeunt.*

Alarum to the Battle. Enter DOUGLAS *and* BLUNT, *meeting.* [*They fight, and Blunt is slain.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I ne'er had triumph'd o'er 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.
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.*

Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you!—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: Heav'n keep lead out of me!—I have led my ragamuffins where they are pepper'd;

there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do nòt, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE THE LAST.

Another part of the Field.

Enter HOTSPUR, *meeting* Prince HENRY.

Hotspur.

IF I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

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

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Then I see
A very valiant rèbel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wàles; 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 shàll 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!

P. Hen. 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.

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:—
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.*

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well, great heart:
Ill weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so brave a gentleman.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—
[*He sees Falstaff on the ground.*
What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—

Embowell'd will I see thee by-and-by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising slowly.*] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eàt 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 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 kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes Hotspur on his back.*

Re-enter Prince HENRY *and* Prince JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

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

P. Hen. I did; I saw him breathless, on the ground.——
Art thou alive? or is it phantasy
That plays upon our sight? I pr'ythee, speak;
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There 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.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

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

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

[*A Retreat is sounded.*

Come brother, to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt P. Hen. and P. John.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, Heav'n 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, bearing off the Body.*

Another part of the Field.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, WESTMORELAND, *and others, with* WORCESTER *and* VERNON *prisoners.*

King Henry.

THUS ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too.
[*Exeunt Wor. and Vernon, guarded.*
How goes the field?

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

K. Hen. With all my heart.

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

Lan. I thank your grace for this high courtesy.

K. Hen. 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.*

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY THE FOURTH:
HENRY, Prince *of* Wales, *afterwards* King Henry V.;
THOMAS, Duke *of* Clarence;
Prince JOHN *of* LANCASTER;
Prince HUMPHREY.
} *his Sons.*

Earl *of* Warwick;
Earl *of* Westmoreland;
GOWER; HARCOURT.
} *of the* King's *Party.*

Lord Chief Justice.

Earl *of* Northumberland;
SCROOP; Archbishop *of* York;
Lord MOWBRAY; Lord HASTINGS;
Lord BARDOLPH; Sir JOHN COLEVILE.
} *Enemies to the* King.

TRAVERS *and* MORTON.
FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and* Page.
POINS *and* PETO, *Attendants on* Prince Henry.
SHALLOW *and* SILENCE, *Country Justices.*
DAVY, *Servant to* Shallow.
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, *and* BULLCALF, *Recruits.*
FANG *and* SNARE, *Sheriff's Officers.*
RUMOUR. *A* Porter.

Lady NORTHUMBERLAND. Lady PERCY.
Hostess QUICKLY. DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, *&c.*

SCENE, England.

Note.—Five scenes only of this Play were prepared by Mr. Kemble. In going through the remainder the editor has carefully followed the same plan.

INDUCTION.

Enter RUMOUR, *painted full of Tongues.*

Rumour.

OPEN your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commencēd on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slànders ride,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peàce while covert enmity,
Under the smìle of sàfety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defènce;
Whilst the big year, swol'n with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant wàr,
And no such matter? Why is Rumour hère?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' bloòd. My office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage

Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, Old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of mè; from Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs. [*Exit.*

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT I.

Warkworth. *Before* Northumberland's *Castle.*

The Porter *above the Gate.*

Enter Lord BARDOLPH.

L. Bardolph.

WHO keeps the gate here, ho? Tell thou the earl,
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

L. Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stràtagem;
The times are wild; contention like a horse

Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.
L. Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury,
As good as heart can wish. O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!
North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?
L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence.
North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.
L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from mè.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings comes with you?
Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrèvile turn'd me back
With joyful news; and, being better hors'd,
Outròde me. After him, came, spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forespent with speed:
Who ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrèwsbury.
He told me, that rebellion had ill luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armēd heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade,
And seem'd in running to devour the way,

Staying no longer question.
North. Ha !——Again.
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold ?
L. Bard. He was some hilding fellow, that had stòl'n
The horse he rode on ; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a vènture. Look, here comes more news

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragick volume :
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury ?
Mor. I ràn from Shrewsbury, my noble lord ;
North. How doth my son, and brother? nay, I see :
Thou tremblest ; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Ev'n such a man, so faint, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd ;
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's deàth, ere thou report'st it.
This thou would'st say,—Your son did thus, and thus ;
Your brother, thus ; so fought the noble Douglas ;
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dèad.
Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet :
But, for my lord your son,——
North. Why, he is dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye :
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd, knolling a departing friend.
L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.
Mor. I am sorry, I should fòrce you to believe

That, which I would to heaven I had not seèn:
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and outbreath'd,
To Harry Monmouth: whose swift wrath beat down
The never daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Fly from the field. Then was the noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en pris'ner: and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, who did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and, in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is,—that the king hath wòn: and hath sent out
A speedy power t' encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland: this is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland!
Now let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

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

We all, that are engaged to this loss,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd.

Mor. And, my noble lord,
The gentle archbishop of York is up,
With well appointed powers; he is a man,
Who with a double surety binds his followers;
Turns insurrection to religion:
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge:
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed;
Never so few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

London. *A Street.*

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, *with his* Page *bearing his Sword and Buckler.*

Falstaff.

SIRRAH, you giant, what says the doctor to my message?

Page. He said, sir, that for the party that sent me, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: The brain of this foolish-compounded clay-man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason

than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. I will send you back again to your master, the prìnce your master, whose chin is not yet fledged; I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. He may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mìne, I can assure him.——What said master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak, and slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond; he liked not the secùrity.

Fal. Let him be hang'd! the smooth-pate! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me secùrity. Well, he may slèep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, *and an* Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

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

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

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

Atten. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury.

Ch. Just. Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deàf.

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

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow.

Atten. Sir John,——

Fal. What! a young knave, and bèg! Is there not wars? is there not emplòyment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers?

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

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

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

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! If thou get'st any leave of mè, hang me. You hunt-counter, hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

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

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

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

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is return'd from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty.—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

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

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. Why tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: it is a kind of deàfness.

Ch. Just. I think, yòu are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. I am as pòor as Job, my lord; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel, I did not come.

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

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in lèss.

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

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

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled mè.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound; for your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gad's-hill. But you follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but I hope, he that looks upon me will take me without weighing. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that art written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your chin double, your wit single? and will you yet call yourself young? Fye, fye, fye, Sir John!

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

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him. There is not a dangerous action can peep out its head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever. But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If

ye will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rèst. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rùst, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

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

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

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.—A man can never separate age and covetousness. Boy!——

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incùrable.—Go bear this letter to the prince; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] This gout plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; my pènsion shall seem the more reasonable. [*Exit.*

York. *A Room in the* Archbishop's *Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop *of* York, *the* Lords HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, *and* Lord BARDOLPH.

Archbishop.

THUS have you heard our cause, and know our means.
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—
And first, lord marshal, what say yòu to it?

Mowb. I well allow th' occàsion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How we may look with forehead bold enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present muster's five and twenty thousand;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensēd fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus:—
May we hold up without Northumberland?

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point:
But if withòut him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand.

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

L. Bard. It wàs, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:
And winking, leap'd into destrùction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.
L. Bard. Yes, if this present quality of war
Impede the instant act: a cause on foot,
Lives but in hope: for when we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, and draw the model;
Then must we rate the còst of the erection:
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anèw the model;
Question surveyors; know our own estate:
Like one, that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er the work.
Hast. Grant, that we nòw possess
The utmost man of expectation;
I think, we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.
L. Bard. What! is the king but five and twenty thousand?
Hast. To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendow'r; perforce, a third
Must take up us: so the king's coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.
Arch. That he should draw his several strengths togèther,
Need not be dreaded.
Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd: never fear that.
L. Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?
Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:

Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French
I have no certain notice.
Arch. Let us on;
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice:
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be!
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave!
What trust is in these times? O thoughts accurst!
Past and to come seem best; things present, worst.
Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

London. *A Street.*

Enter Hostess: FANG, *and* SNARE *following.*

Hostess.

MASTER FANG, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is enter'd. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him. In good

faith, he cares not what mischief he doth; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust. An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice;—

Host. I am undòne by his going; I warrant you, he's an infînitive thing upon my score.—Good master Fang, hold him sure;—good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Pie-corner to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thòught on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.—

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

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

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

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

Host. Throw me in the channel? Murder, mur-

der! O thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

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

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, *attended.*

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you.

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John? what, are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and business? You should have been well on your way to York.—

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

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for sòme, my lord: it is for àll, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again.

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

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

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

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like your lordship: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distràcted her.

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

Host. Yea, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. 'Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with

her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. If a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

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

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [*Taking her aside.*

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower; What news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman:——

Host. Nay, you said so before.

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

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

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

Host. 'Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; i'faith I am loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper; you'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; [*To Bardolph.*] hook on, hook on. [*Exeunt.*

The same. Another Street.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS.

Prince Henry.

TRUST me, I am exceeding weary.

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

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

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

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

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one good thing.

P. Hen. Why, I tell thee,—it is not mèet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thòu art, hath taken from me all ostentàtion of sorrow. What would'st thou think of me, if I should wèep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought.

Poins. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff.

Enter BARDOLPH *and* Page.

Bard. 'Save your grace!

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph! And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

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

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

P. Hen. Look you how he writes.

Poins [*Reads*]. John Falstaff, *knight*,——Every man must know that, as often as he has occasion to name himself. *Sir* John Falstaff, *knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry, Prince of Wales, greeting.*—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity:—he sure means brevity in breath; short-winded.—*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins: for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.*

Thine, as thou usest him, Jack Falstaff, *with my familiars;* John, *with my brothers and sisters; and Sir* John, *with all Europe.*

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat plenty of his words. But dò you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never sàid so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fool with the time.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he?

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

P. Hen. What company?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pàgan may that be?

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

P. Hen. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

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

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and, Bardolph;—no word to your master that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will gòvern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not oursèlves be seen?

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

P. Hen. From a prince to a prentice? a lòw transformation! for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

[*Exeunt.*

Warkworth. *Before the Castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, Lady NORTHUMBERLAND, *and* Lady PERCY.

Northumberland.

I PRAY thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs;
Put not you on the visage of the times.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

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

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than nòw;
When your own Percy, when my heart-dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powr's, but he did long in vain.
Whò then persuaded you to stay at home?
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him did you leave
In disadvantage, to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible:—so then you left him:
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him; let them alone:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.
Lady N. Fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.
Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves: So did your son;
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow.
North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind,
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still stand, running neither way.
I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

London. *The* Boar's Head *Tavern in* Eastcheap.

Enter Hostess *and* DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Hostess.

I'FAITH, sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose; But, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it

perfumes the blood ere one can say,—What's this? —How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, *singing: To him a* Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here; no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I am in good name and fame with the very best:—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while to have swaggering now.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?—

Host. 'Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he; master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil; for*, saith he, *you are in an ill name;*—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; *for*, says he, *you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: Receive*, says he, *no swaggering companions.*——There comes none here;——you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy grey-hound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Host. I will bar no honest man my house, but I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse, when one sàys—swagger: feel, masters, how I shàke; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Pist. 'Save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge yòu.

Dol. Charge me? I scorn you. What, you poor, base, cheating, lack-linen mate!

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

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

Dol. Captain! art thou not asham'd to be càll'd —captain? He a captain! Hang him! He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dried cakes.

Bard. 'Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—
I could tèar her!—I'll be revènged on her.

Page. 'Pray thee, go down.

Pist. To Pluto's lake; to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! dogs! down! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late: I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall
pack-horses,
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, let the welkin roar!

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

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; Have we not Hiren here?

Host. 'A my word, captain, there's none such here, do you think I would deny her?

Pist. Then, feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis:
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire!
Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.
[*Laying down his sword.*

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif.

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling.

Bard. Get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—— [*Snatching up his sword.*
Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

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

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

Enter behind Prince HENRY *and* POINS, *disguised like Drawers.*

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pàntler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness: and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and jumps upon joint-stools; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such anòther; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between them.

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

Poins. Let's beat him before mine hostess.

Fal. Some sack, Francis!

P. Hen. and Poins. Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*

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

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

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

P. Hen. Very true, sir: and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now heaven bless that sweet face of thine! what, are you come from Wales?

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

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

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

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knèw me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

Fal. No abùse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not! to dispraise me; and call me—pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

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

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

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

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

Host. Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. Hen. Peto, how now? what news?

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

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time.
Give me my sword and cloak:—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins, and Peto.*

Fal. More knocking at the door?—Now what's the matter?

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

Fal. Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll.—You see, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver

may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.*

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY *in his Nightgown, with a* Page.

K. Henry.

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

[*Exit Page.*

And many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the pèrfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?

O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, deàth itself awakes?
Canst thou, O pàrtial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a kìng? Then, happy lòw, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK *and* SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!
K. Hen. Is it good mòrrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.
K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords,
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?
War. We have, my liege.
K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but às a body, yet distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice, and little medicine.
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Hen. O heaven! that one might read the book
of fate;
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
Into the sea!—It is not ten years gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and, in two years after,
Were they at wars. But which of you was by
When Richard, with his eye brimfull of tears,
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall come,—thus did he follow it,—
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:—so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life: By form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a grèater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things then necèssities?
Then let us mèet them like necessities:—
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd.—Be sure, my lord,

The pow'rs that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

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

[*Exeunt.*

Court before Justice Shallow's *House in* Gloucestershire.

Enter SHALLOW *and* SILENCE, *meeting;* MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, *and Servants, behind.*

Shallow.

COME on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

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

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly: I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of màd Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called—lùsty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have dòne any thing, indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bonarobas were. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy: and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

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

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

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

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

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

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow,—And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt

loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapp'd i'the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a'fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.——How a score of ewes now?

Sil. A score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead!

Enter BARDOLPH, *and One with him.*

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

Shal. Good morrow, honest gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

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

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

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

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

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

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my

sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

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

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow:—Master Sure-card, as I think.

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

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

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fye! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

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

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call;——Let me see; Where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i'faith! things, that are mouldy, lack use: Very singular good!—In faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him. [*To Shallow.*

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shàll go; Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; Know you where you are?—For the other, Sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir!

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: It is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's sùbstance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ràgged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built

upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a màn's tailor, he would have prick'd yòu.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no mòre.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Fee. I would, Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a màn's tailor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fìt to go. Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

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

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain,—

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

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

Fal. What disease hast thou?

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

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold. Is here all?

Shal. Here is more call'd than your number; you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

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

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come. [*Exeunt Fal. Shal. and Silence.*

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I have

a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend; she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a base mind:—an't be my dèstiny, so; an't be not, so: No man's too good to serve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. 'Faith I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, *and* Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service:—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to

choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer. And this same half-fac'd fellow, Shadow, —give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foe-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart,—traverse: thus, thus, thus.

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

Shal. He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green (when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's Show), there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rah, tah, tah,* would 'a say; *bounce,* would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.— God keep you, master Silence; I will not use many words with you.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well. [*Exeunt Shallow and Silence.*

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bòttom of Justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth; and every third word a lie. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he broke his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop *of* York, MOWBRAY HASTINGS, *and others.*

Archbishop.

WHAT is this forest call'd?
Hast. 'Tis Gaultree forest.
Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,
To know the number of our enemies.
Hast. We hàve sent forth already.
Arch. 'Tis well done,
My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Who is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland.
Mowb. Thus our hopes in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

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

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well appointed leader fronts us here?
Mowb. I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, Lord John, and duke of Lancaster.
Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;
What doth concern your coming?
West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, my lord archbishop,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of wàr?
Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.
Briefly to this end.—We are all diseas'd;
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever:
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physìcian;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men.
Hear me more plainly. I have justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer:
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles,
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king;
But might by no suit gain our audience.
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person,

E'en by those men that most have dòne us wrong.
West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled by the king,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine?
There is no need of any such redress;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mowb. Why not to him, in pàrt; and to us all,
That suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?
West. O my good lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed,—it is the tìme,
And not the kìng, that doth you injuries.
But yet, for your part, were you not restor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's seigniories,
Your noble and right well remember'd father's?
Mowb. What thing in hònour had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was, force perforce, compèll'd to banish him.
West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now, you know not what:
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience: and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as thìnk you enemies.
Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compèl this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.
West. Mowbray, you overwèen, to take it so;
This offer comes from mèrcy, not from fear;

For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thoùght of fear.
Say you not then, our offer is compèll'd.
Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no pàrley.
West. That argues but the shame of your offence.
Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this schedule;
For this contains our general grievances:—
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinewed into this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form,
We come within our rightful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.
West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet:
And either end in peace, which heaven so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide.
Arch. My lord, we will do so.
[*Exit West.*
Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That e'en our corn shall seem as light as chaff.
Arch. No, no, my lord; Note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
He cannot so precisely wèed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,

That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth ùnfasten so, and shake a frièend.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, and he now doth lack
The very ìnstruments of chastisement:
So that his pow'r, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hòld.

Arch. 'Tis very true;—
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement wèll,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand. Pleaseth your lordship,
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name then set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace: my lord, we come. [*Exeunt.*

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, *the* Archbishop, HASTINGS, *and Others: from the other side,* Prince JOHN *of* Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, *Officers, and attendants.*

Prince John.

YOU are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:—
Good day to you, my gentle lord archbishop;—
And so to you, Lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text;
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
And you misuse the reverence of your place:
You have ta'en up the subjects of my father;
And, both against the peace of heaven and him
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace:
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The time doth crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:
Whose dang'rous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
With grant of our most just and right desires.

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

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to sècond our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second thèm.
P. John. You are too shàllow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.
West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?
P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well:
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your pow'rs unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restorēd love, and amity.
Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.
P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.
Hast. Go, captain [*To an* Officer], and deliver to the army
This news of peàce; let them have pay, and part:
I know, it will well please them; Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit Officer.*
Arch. To yòu, my noble lord of Westmoreland.
West. I pledge your grace: And, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd, to brèed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereàfter.
Arch. I do not doubt you.
West. I am glad of it.—
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.
[*Shouts within.*

P. John. The word of peace is render'd; Hark, they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.

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

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.—
[*Exit Westmoreland.*
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us; that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
[*Exit Hastings.*

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

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

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already:
Like youthful steers unyok'd, or school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-place.

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

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assèmbly so?
Arch. Will you thus break your fàith?
P. John. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But, for you, rèbels,—look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;
Heaven, and not we, have safely fought to-day.—
Some guard these traitors to the block of death;
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.
[*Exeunt.*

Another Part of the Forest.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF *and* COLEVILE, *meeting.*

Falstaff.

WHAT'S your name, sir? of what condition are you: and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is—Colevile of the dale.

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

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you?

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

Fal. Here comes our general.

Enter Prince JOHN *of* Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, *and Others.*

P. John. The heat is past, follow no farther now;—Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[*Exit West.*

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while? When every thing is ended, then you come.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus; I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,——I came, saw, and òvercame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your desèrving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot. Therefore let me have right, and let desèrt mount.

P. John. Is thy name Colēvile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And so a famous and true subject tòok him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me here: Had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou,
Like a kind fellow, gav'st thyself away:
I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Colevile on, and see you guard him sure. [*Exeunt some with Colevile.*
And now despatch we toward the court, my lords;
I hear, the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—
Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, 'beseech you, give me leave to go
Through Glostershire; and, when you come to court,
Stand my good friend, 'pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh:—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. A good sherris sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull vapours which environ it: makes it full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes. The second property of your sherris is,—the warming of the blood. It illumineth

the face: which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of the man, to arm; and this valour comes of shèrris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without sack; and hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be,—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY, WARWICK, *and Others.*

King Henry.

NOW, lords, if heaven doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified:
Yet pause, until these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

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

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? Is not his brother,
Thomas of Clarence, with him?

P. Humph. No, my lord;
He is in presence here.

Cla. What would my father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglèct him, Thomas?
Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd.
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and scope;
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

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

K. Hen. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to wèeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:

The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
The rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd: which is attain'd
But to be known, and hated. Like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers: and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others;
Turning past evils to advantages.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness
Added to that which I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;

And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are overthrown: the order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.
K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full?
I should rejoice now at this happy news.
O me! my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.—
[*Swoons.*
P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!
Cla. My royal father!
War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.
Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs;
The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between:
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.
War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.
K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, 'pray.
[*They convey the King into an inner part of the room, and place him on a Bed.*
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some slow and favourable hand
Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.
War. Call for the musick in the other room.
K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.
War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?
Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
P. Hen. How now! How doth the king?
P. Humph. Exceeding ill.
P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet? Tell it him.
P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.
P. Hen. If he be sick with joy, he will recover
Without physick.
War. Not so much noise, my lords; sweet prince
speak low;
The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.
Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.
War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?
P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the
king. [*Exeunt all but P. Henry.*
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keeps the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,
Snores out the watch of night. By 's gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord!—my
father!—
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness

Shall, O dear father! pay thee plenteously
My due from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—
[*Putting it on his head.*
Which heaven shall guard: And put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, *and the Rest.*

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see him.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

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

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him out;
Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.
[*Exit Warwick.*
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—Sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thought, their brains with care.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he?

War. My lord, I found the prince,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

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

[*Exeunt Clarence, Prince Humphrey, Lords, &c.*

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhèlm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim:
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offènce; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Harry the fifth is crown'd!—Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways,
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care.
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

K. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
[*Kneeling.*
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise.—
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were),

I spake unto the crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: *The care on thee depending,*
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
And eat thy bearer up. Thus, royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it,—as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with jòy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of prìde,
Let God for ever keep it from my head!
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son!
Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hèar, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels.—Action, hence borne out
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

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

Enter Prince JOHN *of* Lancaster, WARWICK, Lords, *and Others.*

P. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou brìng'st me happiness, and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown.—
Where is my lord of Warwick?

War. Here, my liege.

K. Hen. Doth any nàme particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerùsalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to God!—even there my life must end,
There was a prophecy of me declared,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land:—
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In thàt Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Glostershire. *A Hall in* Shallow's *House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Shallow.

BY cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night.——What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy.

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall nòt be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus;—those warrants cannot be served: and, again, sir,—Shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With rèd wheat, Davy. But for William cook:——Are there no young pigeons?

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

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid:—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

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

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

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

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

Davy. No worse than they are back-bìtten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy. Look about, Davy. [*Exit Davy.*] Where are you, Sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tàll fellow. [*To the Page.*] Come, Sir John. [*Exit Shallow.*

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justicelike serving-man. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter. O! you shall

see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow. [*Exit Falstaff.*

Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter WARWICK, *and the* Lord Chief Justice.

Warwick.

HOW now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think the young king lòves you not.

Ch. Just. I knòw he doth not; and do arm myself,
To welcome the condition of the time.

Enter Prince JOHN, Prince HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, *and Others.*

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

P. Humph. Cla. Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to spèak.

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

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

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

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King HENRY V.

Ch. Just. God save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some feàr;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me;—and yòu most. [*To the Chief Justice.*
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hàte me.

King. How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison

The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgòtten?
Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your Fàther;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours:
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, silencing your son:
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.
King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the bàlance and the swòrd:
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obèy you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words;—
Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son:
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hand of justice.—You committed me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstain'd sword that you have us'd to bear;
With this remembrance,—That you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst mè. There is my hand;
You shall be as a father to my youth:
And I will stoop and humble my intents

To your well practis'd, wise directions.——
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;—
My father's gone into his grave, and in
His tomb lie all my wild affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world;
To frustrate prophecies: My tide of blood
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;——
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand—
[*To the Lord Chief Justice.*
And (God consigning to my good intents),
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,—
Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.
[*Exeunt.*

Glostershire. *The Garden of* Shallow's *House.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, *the* Page, *and* DAVY.

Shallow.

NAY, you shall see mine orchard: where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of carraways, and so forth;—come, cousin Silence;—and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore heav'n, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John:—marry, good àir.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy;—well said, Davy.

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

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper:——a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come, cousin. [*Silence sings.*

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;*
For women are shrews, both short and tall.
[*Singing.*

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

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

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee:—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look who's at door there. [*Exit Davy.*

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.
[*To Silence, who drinks a bumper.*

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

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court, let him come in.—

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John, God save you!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

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

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

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—
Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and golden times.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

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

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news? Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.* [*Sings.*

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

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir:—If, sir, you come with

news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways; either to ùtter them, or to concèal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king? Bezonian, speak, or die!

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the Fifth's the man.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: The things I speak, are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good news!

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride all night:—O, sweet Pistol:—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit Bard.*]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thysèlf good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow; I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE LAST.

A public Place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter Two Grooms, *strewing Rushes.*

1 *Groom.*

MORE rushes, more rushes!

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: Despatch, despatch.

[*Exeunt* Grooms.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and the* Page.

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

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O! if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. [*To Shallow.*] But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

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

Shal. It is most certain.

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

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

[*Shouts within, and the Trumpets sound.*

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangour sounds.

Enter the King *and his Train, the* Chief Justice *among them.*

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

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

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King: My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

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

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

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace:
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;
Presume not, that I am the thing I wàs:
For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I hàve been,
Approach me ; and thou shalt be as thòu wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots :
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil :
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenour of our word.
Set on. [*Exeunt King, and his Train.*

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

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

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this ; I shall be sent for in prìvate to him : look you, he must seèm thus to the world. Fear not your advàncement ; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

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

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

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will dìe in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours ; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol ;—come, Bardolph :—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince JOHN, *the* Chief Justice, Officers, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,——

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon. Take them away.

[*Exeunt Fal. Shal. Pist. Bard. Page, and Officers.*

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are bànish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so th ey are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord?

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords, and native fire,
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose musick, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

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