

XVIII.

K I N G H E N R Y I V.

P A R T I.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY the Fourth.
 HENRY, *Prince of Wales*,
 Prince JOHN of Lancaster, ¹⁾ } *Sons to the King.*
 Earl of WESTMORELAND, }
 Sir WALTER BLUNT, } *Friends to the King.*
 THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester.*
 HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland.*
 HENRY PERCY, *surnamed HOTSPUR, his Son.*
 EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*
 SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*
 Sir MICHAEL, *a Friend of the Archbishop.*
 ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas.*
 OWEN GLENDOWER.

Sir RICHARD VERNON.
 Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
 POINS.
 GADSHILL.
 PETO.
 BARDOLPH.
 Lady PERCY, *Wife to Hotspur, and Sister to Mortimer.*
 Lady MORTIMER, *Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to Mortimer.*
 Mistress QUICKLY, *Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*
 Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE — England.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and others.

K. Henry.

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
 Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
 And breathe short-winded accents of new broils ²⁾
 To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote,
 No more the thirsty Erinny's ³⁾ of this soil
 Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
 No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
 Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
 Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
 Which, — like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
 All of one nature, of one substance bred, —
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock
 And furious close of civil butchery,
 Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
 March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
 (Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
 We are impressed and engag'd to fight,)
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy:
 Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you — we will go;
 Therefore we meet not now: — ⁴⁾ Then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,

What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience. ⁵⁾

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits ⁶⁾ of the charge set down
 But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
 Whose worst was, — that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
⁷⁾ And a thousand of his people butchered:
 Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,
 Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

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 thus it did import.
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald, ⁸⁾
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon met,
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
 As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
 For he that brought them, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
 Sir Walter Blunt, new-lighted from his horse,
 Stain'd with the variation of each soil ⁹⁾
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
 The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,

And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord, —

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I see ³³⁾
danger

And disobedience in thine eye: O, sir,
Your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier ³⁴⁾ of a servant brow.
You have good leave ³⁵⁾ to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you, —

[*Exit WORCESTER.*

You were about to speak.

[*To NORTH.*

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

Hot. My liege, I did deny no 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 perfum'd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, ³⁶⁾ which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again; —
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff: — ³⁷⁾ and still he smil'd and talk'd;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them — untaught knaves, unmannerly
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay, ³⁸⁾
Out of my grief ³⁹⁾ and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He should or he should not; — for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the
mark!)

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
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 indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception, —
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;

Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears, ⁴⁰⁾
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
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. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war; — To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment ⁴¹⁾ with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
drink, ⁴²⁾

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 ⁴³⁾ 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 dost
believe him,
He never did encounter with Glendower;
I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
⁴⁴⁾ Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. — My lord Northumber-
land,

We license your departure with your son: —
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exit King HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.*

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

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

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.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew
mad. [To WORCESTER.]

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

Hot. 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, ⁴⁵⁾
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

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

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

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's
wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

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

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall it be, that you, — that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man;
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation, — shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo;
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather? —

O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king. —
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf, —
As both of you, God pardon it! have done, —
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke? ⁴⁶⁾

And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd ⁴⁷⁾ contempt,
Of this proud king; who studies day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.

Therefore, I say, —
Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more;
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

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

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship! ⁴⁸⁾

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here, ⁴⁹⁾
But not the form of what he should attend —
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

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

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

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

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat: —
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla — Mortimer!

Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you,
Cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales, — ⁵⁰⁾
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung ⁵¹⁾ 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 Ravenspurge.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true: —
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, — when his infant fortune came to age,
And, — gentle Harry Percy, — and, kind cousin,
O, the devil take such cozeners! — God for-
give me! —

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, — for divers reasons,
Which I shall send you written, — be assur'd,
Will easily be granted. — You, my lord, — ⁵²⁾

[*To NORTHUMBERLAND.*

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

Hot. Of York, is't not?
Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation, ⁵³⁾

As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.
North. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st slip. ⁵⁴⁾

As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.
K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Nicholas
Gawsey. *[Exit King HENRY.]*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. 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. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.
Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; And 'would to God,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!
P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the building 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 robbed me of my youth: ²²⁾
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: —
But thought's the slave of life, and life, time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. ²³⁾ 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 stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal: —
But let my favours hide thy mangled face; ²⁴⁾
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
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.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer ²⁵⁾ 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
eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to
counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid

me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no
counterfeit: To die is to be a counterfeit; for he
is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the
life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man
thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true
and perfect image of life indeed. The 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? I am afraid, he
would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll
make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I killed him.
Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing con-
futes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. 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 dead, breathless and
bleeding

Upon the ground. — ²⁶⁾

Art thou alive? or is it phantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears: —
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: ²⁷⁾
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 killed myself, and saw thee
dead.

Fal. Didst thou? — Lord, lord, how this world is
given to lying! — I grant you I was down, and
out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both
at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrews-
bury 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. —
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have. *[A Retreat is sounded.]*

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[Exit Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that
rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great,
I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and
live cleanly, as a nobleman should do. *[Exit, bearing off the Body.]*

SCENE V.

Another part of the Field.

*The Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, Prince
HENRY, Prince JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and others,
with WORCESTER and VERNON, Prisoners.*

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke. —

Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?

And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?

Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?

Three knights upon our party slain to-day,

A noble earl, and many a creature else,

Had been alive this hour,

If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne

Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;

And I embrace this fortune patiently,

Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Ver-
non too:

Other offenders we will pause upon. —

[Exit WORCESTER 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, falling from a hill, he was so bruise'd,

That 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,

²⁸⁾ Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,

Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Hen. Then this remains, — that we divide our
power. —

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,

Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest
speed,

To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,

Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:

Myself, — and you, son Harry, — will towards
Wales,

To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.

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. *[Exit.]*