

XIX.  
KING HENRY IV.  
PART II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY the Fourth.  
HENRY, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King*  
Henry V.;  
THOMAS, *Duke of Clarence;*  
Prince JOHN of Lancaster, <sup>1)</sup> *afterwards* } *his Sons.*  
(2 Henry V.) *Duke of Bedford;*  
Prince HUMPHREY of Gloster, *afterwards*  
(2 Henry V.) *Duke of Gloster;*

Earl of WARWICK;  
Earl of WESTMORELAND; } *of the King's Party.*  
GOWER;  
HARCOURT;  
Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.  
A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.  
Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND;  
SCROOP, *Archbishop of York;* } *Enemies to the*  
Lord MOWBRAY;  
Lord HASTINGS;  
Lord BARDOLPH;  
Sir JOHN COLVILLE;

TRAVERS and MORTON, *Domestics of Northumber-*  
*land.*  
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 BULLCALE,  
*Recruits.*  
FANG and SNARE, *Sheriff's Officers.*  
RUMOUR.  
A Porter.  
A Dancer, *Speaker of the Epilogue.*

Lady NORTHUMBERLAND.  
Lady PERCY.  
Hostess QUICKLY.  
DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Lords and other Attendants; Officers, Soldiers,  
Messenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE — England.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. *Before Northumberland's*  
*Castle.*

*Enter RUMOUR, <sup>2)</sup> 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 commenced on this ball of earth:  
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;  
The which in every language I pronounce,  
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,  
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:  
And who but Rumour, who but only I,  
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;  
Whilst the big year, swol'n with some other grief,  
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,  
And no such matter! Rumour is a pipe  
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;  
And of so easy and so plain a stop,  
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
The still-discordant wavering multitude,  
Can play upon it. But what need I thus  
My well-known body to anatomize  
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?  
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' blood. But what mean I  
To speak so true at first? 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 me; From Rumour's  
tongues  
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true  
wrongs. [Exit.]

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The same.*

*The Porter before the Gate; Enter Lord*  
*BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Who keeps the gate here, ho? — Where is  
the earl?

*Port.* What shall I say you are?

*Bard.* Tell thou the earl,  
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

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*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.*

*Bard.* Here comes the earl.  
*North.* What news, lord Bardolph? every minute  
now

Should be the father of some stratagem: <sup>3)</sup>  
The times are wild; contention, like a horse  
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,  
And bears down all before him.

*Bard.* Noble earl,  
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

*North.* Good, an heaven will!

*Bard.* As good as heart can wish: —  
The king is almost wounded to the death;  
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,  
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts  
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,  
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;  
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,  
Is prisoner to your son: 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?

*Bard.* I spake with one, my lord, that came from  
thence;

A gentleman well bred, and of good name,  
That freely render'd me these news for true.

*North.* Here comes my servant, Travers, whom  
I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

*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 me.

*Enter TRAVERS.*

*North.* Now, Travers, what good tidings come  
with you?

*Tra.* My lord, sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back  
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,  
Out-rode me. After him, came, spurring hard,  
A gentleman almost spent <sup>4)</sup> with speed,  
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse:  
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him  
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.  
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,  
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:  
With that, he gave his able horse the head,  
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels  
Against the panting sides of his poor jade  
Up to the rowel-head; and starting so,  
He seem'd in running to devour the way,  
Staying no longer question.

*North.* Ha! — — Again.  
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?  
Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion  
Had met ill-luck!

*Bard.* My lord, I'll tell you what; —  
If my young lord your son have not the day,  
Upon mine honour, for a silken point <sup>5)</sup>  
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

*North.* Why should the gentleman, that rode by  
Travers,  
Give then such instances of loss?

*Bard.* Who, he?  
He was some hilding fellow, <sup>6)</sup> that had stol'n  
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,  
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

*Enter MORTON.*

*North.* Yea, this man's brow, like to a title leaf, <sup>7)</sup>  
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:  
So looks the strond, whereon the imperious flood  
Hath left a witness'd usurpation. — — <sup>8)</sup>

Say, Morton, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury?  
*Mor.* I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;  
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,  
To fright our party.

*North.* How doth my son, and brother?  
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek  
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in look, 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 death, ere thou report'st it.  
This thou would'st say, — Your son did thus, and  
thus:

Your brother thus: so fought the noble Douglas;  
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:  
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,  
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,  
Ending with — brother, son, and all are dead.

*Mor.* Douglas is living, and your brother, yet:  
But, for my lord your son, — —

*North.* Why, he is dead.  
See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!

He, that but fears the thing he would not know,  
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,  
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;  
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;

And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,  
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong!

*Mor.* You are too great to be by me gainsaid:  
Your spirit <sup>9)</sup> is too true, your fears too certain.

*North.* Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.  
I see a strange confession in thine eye:

Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear, or sin, <sup>10)</sup>  
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;

The tongue offends not, that reports his death:  
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;

Not he, which says the dead is not alive.  
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.

*Bard.* I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.  
*Mor.* I am sorry, I should force you to believe

That, which I would to heaven I had not seen:  
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,  
Rend'ring faint quittance, <sup>11)</sup> wearied and out-  
breath'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.  
In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire

Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,)  
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away

From the best temper'd courage in his troops:  
For from his metal was his party steel'd;

Which once in him abated, all the rest  
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.

And as the thing that's heavy in itself,  
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;

So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,  
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,

That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,  
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,

Fly from the field: Then was that noble Worcester  
Too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious Scot,

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The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword  
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,  
'Gan veil his stomach,<sup>12)</sup> and 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 won; and hath sent out  
A speedy power, to 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.  
In poison there is physic; and these news,  
Having been well, that would have made me sick,  
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:  
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,  
Like strengthless hinges, buckle<sup>13)</sup> under life,  
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire  
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,  
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,  
Are thrice themselves: hence therefore, thou nice<sup>14)</sup>  
crutch;

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,  
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoil;  
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,  
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.  
Now bind my brows with iron; And approach  
The raggedst hour that time and spite dare bring,  
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!  
Let heav'n kiss earth! Now let not nature's hand  
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!  
And let this world no longer be a stage,  
To feed contention in a lingering act;  
But 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!<sup>15)</sup>

*Tra.* This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.  
*Bard.* Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your  
honour.

*Mor.* The lives of all your loving complices  
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er  
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.  
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,  
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,  
— Let us make head. It was your presumise,  
That, in the dole of blows your son might drop:  
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,  
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:  
You were advis'd, his flesh was capable  
Of wounds, and scars; and that his forward spirit  
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd;  
Yet did you say, — Go forth; and none of this,  
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain  
The stiff-borne action: What hath then befallen,  
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,  
More than that being which was like to be?

*Bard.* We all, that are engaged to this loss,  
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,  
That, if we wrought our life, 'twas ten to one:  
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd  
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;  
And, since we are o'erset, venture again.  
Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

*Mor.* 'Tis more than time: And, my most noble lord,  
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth, —  
The gentle archbishop of York is up,  
With well-appointed powers; he is a man,  
Who with a double surety binds his followers.  
My lord your son had only but the corps,  
But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight:  
For that same word, rebellion, did divide  
The action of their bodies from their souls;  
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,  
As men drink potions; that their weapons only

Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,  
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,  
As fish are in a pond: But now the bishop  
Turns insurrection to religion:  
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,  
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;  
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood  
Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones:  
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;  
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,  
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;  
And more, and less,<sup>16)</sup> 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.*]

## SCENE II.

London. *A Street.*

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing  
his sword and buckler.*

*Fal.* Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my  
water?

*Page.* He said, sir, the water itself was a good  
healthy water: but, for the party that owed it, he  
might have more diseases than he knew for.

*Fal.* Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me:<sup>17)</sup>  
The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man,  
is not able to vent 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. Thou whoreson mandrake,<sup>18)</sup> thou art  
fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my  
heels. I was never manned with an agate till now;<sup>19)</sup>  
but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but  
in vile apparel, and send you back again to your  
master, for a jewel; the juvenal, the prince 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: God may  
finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet:  
he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber  
shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will  
be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his  
father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace,  
but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. —  
What said master Dumbleton 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 and yours; he liked not the security.

*Fal.* Let him be damned like the glutton! may his  
tongue be hotter! — A whoreson Achitophel! a  
rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman  
in hand,<sup>20)</sup> and then stand upon security! — the  
whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but  
high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles:  
and if a man is thorough with them in honest tak-  
ing up,<sup>21)</sup> then they must stand upon — security.  
I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth,  
as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should  
have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I  
am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well,  
he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of

abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines  
through it; and yet cannot he see, though he have  
his own lantern to light him. — Where's Bardolph?  
*Page.* He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your wor-  
ship a horse.

*Fal.* I bought him in Paul's,<sup>22)</sup> and he'll buy me  
a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife  
in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

*Enter the Lord Chief Justice,<sup>23)</sup> and an  
Attendant.*

*Page.* Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed  
the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

*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 rob-  
bery?

*Atten.* He, my lord: but he hath since done good  
service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going  
with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

*Ch. Just.* What, to York? Call him back again.

*Atten.* Sir John Falstaff!

*Fal.* Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

*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; I must  
speak with him.

*Atten.* Sir John, —

*Fal.* What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not  
wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king  
lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers?  
Though it be a shame to be on any side but one,  
it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worse  
side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can  
tell how to make it.

*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  
any other than an honest man.

*Fal.* I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside  
that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave  
of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert  
better be hanged: You hunt-counter,<sup>24)</sup> 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, some relish of the saltness of  
time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to  
have a reverend care of your health.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, I sent for you before your  
expedition to Shrewsbury.

*Fal.* An't please your lordship, I hear, his majesty  
is returned with some discomfort 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  
lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleep-  
ing in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

*Ch. Just.* What 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: I have read  
the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of  
deafness.

*Ch. Just.* I think, you are fallen into the disease;  
for you hear not what I say to you.

*Fal.* Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't  
please you, it is the disease of not listening, the  
malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

*Ch. Just.* To punish you by the heels, would amend  
the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do  
become your physician.

*Fal.* I am as poor as Job, my lord: but not so  
patient: your lordship may minister the potion of  
imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how  
I should be your patient to follow your prescrip-  
tions, 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 for your life, to come speak with me.

*Fal.* As I was then advised by my learned coun-  
sel in the laws of this land-service, 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 less.

*Ch. Just.* Your means are very 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 me: I am the  
fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

*Ch. Just.* Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed  
wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a  
little gilded over your night's exploit on Gad's-hill:  
you may thank the unquiet time for your quite  
o'erposting that action.

*Fal.* My lord?

*Ch. Just.* But since all is well, keep it so: wake  
not a sleeping wolf.

*Fal.* To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

*Ch. Just.* What! you are as a candle, the better  
part burnt out.

*Fal.* A wassel candle, my lord;<sup>25)</sup> all tallow: if  
I did say of wax, my growth would approve the  
truth.

*Ch. Just.* There is not a white hair on your face,  
but should have his effect of gravity.

*Fal.* His effect of gravity, gravity, gravity.

*Ch. Just.* 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: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I can-  
not go, I cannot tell:<sup>26)</sup> Virtue is of so little re-  
gard in these coster-monger times,<sup>27)</sup> that true  
valour is turned bearherd: Pregnancy<sup>28)</sup> is made  
a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving  
reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man,  
as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth  
a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the  
capacities of us that are young: you measure the  
heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls;  
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 are 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 de-  
creasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice  
broken? your wind short? your chin double? your  
wit single?<sup>29)</sup> and every part about you blasted

























*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 music, to my thinking, pleased the king.  
Come, will you hence?

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE. <sup>42)</sup>

SPOKEN BY A DANCER.

*FIRST,* my fear; then, my court'sy: last, my  
speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy,  
my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons.  
If you look for a good speech now, you undo me:  
for what I have to say, is of mine own making;  
and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt,  
prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and  
so to the venture. — Be it known to you, (as it  
is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a  
displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and  
to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to  
pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture,  
it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my

gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I  
would be, and here I commit my body to your  
mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some,  
and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me,  
will you command me to use my legs? and yet  
that were but light payment, — to dance out of  
your debt. But a good conscience will make any  
possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentle-  
women here have forgiven me; <sup>43)</sup> if the gentlemen  
will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with  
the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in  
such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not  
too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author  
will continue the story with Sir John in it, and  
make you merry with fair Katharine of France:  
where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die  
of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your  
hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and  
this is not the man. <sup>44)</sup> My tongue is weary; when  
my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and  
so kneel down before you; — but, indeed, to pray  
for the queen. <sup>45)</sup>