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Henry IV Part 1 Act 1

[00:00:44] I here do die.
 [00:01:26] So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
 [00:01:31] find we a time for frighted peace to pant
 [00:01:35] and breathe short-winded accents of new broils
 [00:01:39] to be commenced in strands afar remote.
 [00:01:43] No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
 [00:01:46] shall daub her lips with her own children's blood.
 [00:01:50] Nor more shall trenching war channel her fields,
 [00:01:54] nor bruise her flowerets
 [00:01:56] with the armed hoofs of hostile paces.
 [00:02:00] Those opposed eyes,
 [00:02:02] which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
 [00:02:05] all of one nature, of one substance bred,
 [00:02:08] did lately meet in the intestine shock
 [00:02:12] and furious close of civil butchery shall now,
 [00:02:16] in mutual, well-beseeming ranks, march all one way
 [00:02:23] and be no more opposed
 [00:02:26] against acquaintance, kindred, and allies.
 [00:02:32] The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 [00:02:35] no more shall cut his master.
 [00:02:38] Therefore, friends, as far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
 [00:02:47] whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
 [00:02:53] we are impressed and engaged to fight,
 [00:02:57] forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
 [00:03:00] whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
 [00:03:03] to chase these pagans in those holy fields
 [00:03:06] over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
 [00:03:09] which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd for our advantage
 [00:03:13] on the bitter cross.
 [00:03:17] But this our purpose now is twelve month old,
 [00:03:21] and bootless 'tis to tell you we will go.
 [00:03:26] Therefore, we meet not now.
 [00:03:30] Then let me hear of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 [00:03:35] what yesternight our council did decree
 [00:03:37] in forwarding this dear expedience.
 [00:03:40] My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 [00:03:43] and many limits of the charge set down but yesternight
 [00:03:46] when all athwart there came a post from Wales
 [00:03:49] loaden with heavy news,
 [00:03:51] whose worst was that the noble Mortimer,
 [00:03:54] leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 [00:03:56] against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 [00:03:58] was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
 [00:04:02] a thousand of his people butchered,
 [00:04:05] upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
 [00:04:08] such shameless, beastly transformation
 [00:04:12] by those Welshwomen done
 [00:04:13] as may not be without much shame retold or spoken of.
 [00:04:22] It seems then that the tidings of this broil
 [00:04:25] brake off our business for the Holy Land.
 [00:04:27] This match'd with other did, my gracious lord,
 [00:04:31] for more uneven and unwelcome news came
 [00:04:33] from the north and thus it did import.
 [00:04:36] On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 [00:04:39] Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
 [00:04:41] that ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 [00:04:43] at Holmedon met,
 [00:04:45] where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,

[00:04:48] as by discharge of their artillery
[00:04:50] and shape of likelihood, the news was told.
[00:04:53] For he that brought them, in the very heat
[00:04:55] and pride of their contention did take horse,
[00:04:57] uncertain of the issue any way.
[00:05:01] Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,
[00:05:06] Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse.
[00:05:11] Stain'd with the variation of each soil
[00:05:13] betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours.
[00:05:16] And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
[00:05:20] The Earl of Douglas is discomfited.
[00:05:24] Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
[00:05:29] balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
[00:05:31] on Holmedon's plains.
[00:05:33] Of prisoners, Hotspur took Mordake, Earl of Fife,
[00:05:37] and eldest son to beaten Douglas,
[00:05:39] and the Earl of Athol, of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
[00:05:44] And is not this an honorable spoil?
[00:05:48] A gallant prize?
[00:05:50] Ha, cousin, is it not?
[00:05:52] Indeed, it is a conquest for a prince to boast of.
[00:05:56] Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest me sin in envy
[00:06:02] that my Lord Northumberland should be the father
[00:06:04] to so blest a son,
[00:06:07] a son who is the theme of honor's tongue.
[00:06:10] Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant,
[00:06:14] who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride,
[00:06:18] whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
[00:06:20] see riot and dishonor stain the brow of my young Harry.
[00:06:25] O that it could be proved that some night-tripping fairy
[00:06:31] had in cradle-clothes exchanged our children where they lay
[00:06:35] and call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
[00:06:40] Then would I have his Harry and he mine.
[00:06:45] But let him from my thoughts.
[00:06:50] What think you, coz, of this young Percy's pride?
[00:06:53] The prisoners which he in this adventure hath surprised
[00:06:55] to his own use, he keeps and sends me word
[00:07:00] I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.
[00:07:04] This is his uncle's teaching.
[00:07:06] This is Worcester, malevolent to you in all aspects,
[00:07:11] which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
[00:07:14] the crest of youth against your dignity.
[00:07:16] But I have sent for him to answer this.
[00:07:20] And for this cause awhile we must neglect
[00:07:22] our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
[00:07:26] Cousin, on Wednesday next,
[00:07:29] our council we will hold at Windsor.
[00:07:31] So inform the lords.
[00:07:32] But come yourself with speed to us again,
[00:07:37] for more is to be said and to be done
[00:07:39] than out of anger can be uttered.
[00:08:29] How now, Hal.
[00:08:31] What time of day is it, lad?
[00:08:34] Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack
[00:08:38] and unbuttoning thee after supper
[00:08:40] and sleeping upon benches after noon,
[00:08:43] that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly
[00:08:45] which thou wouldst truly know.
[00:08:47] What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day?
[00:08:51] Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons

[00:08:56] and clocks the tongues of bawds
 [00:08:58] and dials the signs of leaping-houses
 [00:09:01] and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench
 [00:09:04] in flame-colored taffeta,
 [00:09:06] I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous
 [00:09:09] to demand the time of the day.
 [00:09:11] Indeed, you come near me now, Hal,
 [00:09:14] for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars
 [00:09:19] and not by Phoebus, he,
 [00:09:21] "that wandering knight so fair."
 [00:09:25] And I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king,
 [00:09:30] as, God save Thy Grace-- or "Majesty," I should say,
 [00:09:32] for grace thou wilt have none--
 [00:09:34] What, none?
 [00:09:35] No, no, by my troth, not so much as will serve
 [00:09:37] to be prologue to an egg and butter.
 [00:09:40] Well, how then?
 [00:09:41] Come, roundly, roundly.
 [00:09:43] Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king,
 [00:09:45] let not us that are squires of the night's body
 [00:09:49] be called thieves of the day's beauty.
 [00:09:52] Let us be called, oh, Diana's foresters,
 [00:09:55] gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon.
 [00:09:58] Thou sayest well, and it holds well too,
 [00:10:02] for the fortune of us that are the moon's men
 [00:10:05] doth ebb and flow like the sea,
 [00:10:07] being governed, as the sea is, by the moon.
 [00:10:10] As, for proof, now: a purse of gold
 [00:10:12] most resolutely snatched on Monday night
 [00:10:15] and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning,
 [00:10:20] now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder
 [00:10:23] and by and by as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.
 [00:10:27] By the Lord, thou sayest true, Hal.
 [00:10:30] But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows
 [00:10:34] standing in England when thou art king
 [00:10:36] and resolution thus fobbed as it is
 [00:10:39] with the rusty curb of old father antic the law?
 [00:10:43] Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.
 [00:10:46] No, thou shalt.
 [00:10:48] Shall I?
 [00:10:49] O rare!
 [00:10:50] Oh, by the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.
 [00:10:53] Thou judgest false already.
 [00:10:54] I mean that thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves
 [00:10:56] and so become a rare hangman.
 [00:10:58] Oh, Hal.
 [00:11:00] Well...
 [00:11:01] and in some sort, it jumps with my humor
 [00:11:03] as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.
 [00:11:06] For obtaining of suits?
 [00:11:07] Yea, for obtaining of suits,
 [00:11:08] whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe.
 [00:11:10] Oh, 'sblood, I'm as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.
 [00:11:16] Or an old lion?
 [00:11:17] Or a lover's lute?
 [00:11:18] Or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.
 [00:11:21] What sayest thou to a hare or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?
 [00:11:25] Thou hast the most unsavoury similes
 [00:11:29] and art indeed the most comparative,
 [00:11:30] rascalliest, sweet young prince.

[00:11:33] Oh, I prithee, Hal, trouble me no more with vanity.
[00:11:36] I would to God thou and I knew
[00:11:39] where a commodity of good names were to be bought.
[00:11:42] An old lord of the council rated me the other day
[00:11:44] in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not;
[00:11:48] And yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not.
[00:11:54] And yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.
[00:11:59] Thou didst well, for wisdom cries out
[00:12:01] in the street, and no man regards it.
[00:12:04] Ooh, ooh!
[00:12:07] Thou hast damnable iteration
[00:12:09] and art indeed able to corrupt a saint.
[00:12:12] Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal.
[00:12:15] God forgive thee for it.
[00:12:16] Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing.
[00:12:18] And now am I, if a man were to speak truly,
[00:12:20] little better than one of the wicked.
[00:12:22] I must give over this life, and I will give it over.
[00:12:25] By the Lord, and I do not, I'm a villain.
[00:12:27] I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.
[00:12:30] Where shall we take a purse tomorrow, Jack?
[00:12:34] 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad.
[00:12:35] I'll make one.
[00:12:37] An I do not, call me villain and baffle me.
[00:12:40] I see a good amendment of life in thee--
[00:12:41] from praying to purse-taking.
[00:12:43] Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation.
[00:12:46] 'Tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.
[00:12:53] Poin.
[00:12:55] Now shall we know if Peto have set a match.
[00:12:57] O, if men were to be saved by merit,
[00:13:00] what hole in hell were hot enough for him?
[00:13:03] Good morrow, Ned.
[00:13:05] Good morrow, sweet Hal.
[00:13:06] What says Monsieur Remorse?
[00:13:08] What says Sir John Sack and Sugar?
[00:13:10] Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul,
[00:13:13] that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last
[00:13:15] for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?
[00:13:17] Sir John stands to his word.
[00:13:19] He will give the devil his due.
[00:13:20] Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.
[00:13:23] Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.
[00:13:28] -My lads, my lads. -Yes.
[00:13:30] Tomorrow morning, by four o'clock,
[00:13:32] early at Gadshill.
[00:13:33] There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings
[00:13:36] and traders riding to London with fat purses.
[00:13:39] I have vizards for you all.
[00:13:41] You have horses for yourselves.
[00:13:43] Peto lies tonight in Rochester.
[00:13:45] I have bespoke supper tomorrow night in Eastcheap.
[00:13:47] We shall do it as secure as sleep.
[00:13:50] If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns.
[00:13:53] If you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.
[00:13:55] Hear ye, Edward.
[00:13:56] If I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.
[00:13:58] You will, chops?
[00:13:59] Hal, wilt thou make one?
[00:14:01] Who, I, rob?

[00:14:03] I, a thief?
 [00:14:05] Not I, by my faith.
 [00:14:06] There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship
 [00:14:08] in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal
 [00:14:10] if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.
 [00:14:13] Sir John, I prithe, leave the prince and me alone.
 [00:14:15] I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure
 [00:14:18] that he shall go.
 [00:14:19] Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion
 [00:14:22] and him the ears of profiting,
 [00:14:23] that what thou speakest may move
 [00:14:25] and what he hears may be believed,
 [00:14:27] that the true prince may, for recreation sake,
 [00:14:31] prove a false thief,
 [00:14:33] for the poor abuses of the time want countenance.
 [00:14:35] Farewell!
 [00:14:36] You shall find me in Eastcheap.
 [00:14:39] Farewell, thou latter spring!
 [00:14:40] Farewell, all-hallow summer!
 [00:14:43] Now, my good, sweet honey lord,
 [00:14:47] ride with us tomorrow.
 [00:14:49] I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone.
 [00:14:54] Falstaff, Bardolph, and Peto
 [00:14:56] shall rob those men that we have already waylaid.
 [00:15:00] Yourself and I shall not be there.
 [00:15:03] And when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them,
 [00:15:07] then cut this head off from my shoulders.
 [00:15:10] How shall we part with them in setting forth?
 [00:15:12] Why, we will set forth before or after them.
 [00:15:15] 'Tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits,
 [00:15:17] by every other appointment, to be ourselves.
 [00:15:19] Tut; our horses, they shall not see.
 [00:15:21] I'll tie them in the wood.
 [00:15:22] Our vizards, we will change after we leave them.
 [00:15:25] And, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce
 [00:15:27] to immask our noted outward garments.
 [00:15:30] Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.
 [00:15:32] Well, for two of them, I know them to be
 [00:15:34] as true-bred cowards as ever turned back.
 [00:15:36] And as for the third, if he fight longer
 [00:15:38] than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms.
 [00:15:43] The virtue of this jest shall be
 [00:15:45] the incomprehensible lies this same fat rogue
 [00:15:50] will tell, when we meet at supper:
 [00:15:52] how thirty, at least, he fought with;
 [00:15:53] what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured.
 [00:15:58] And in the reproof of this lives the jest.
 [00:16:01] Well, I will go with thee.
 [00:16:02] Provide us all things necessary.
 [00:16:04] Meet me tomorrow night in Eastcheap.
 [00:16:06] There, I'll sup.
 [00:16:07] Farewell.
 [00:16:08] Farewell, my lord.
 [00:16:13] I know you all
 [00:16:16] and will a while uphold the unyoked humor
 [00:16:19] of your idleness.
 [00:16:22] Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
 [00:16:24] who doth permit the base, contagious clouds
 [00:16:27] to smother up his beauty from the world
 [00:16:30] that, when he please again to be himself,

[00:16:33] being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at
 [00:16:38] by breaking through the foul and ugly mists of vapors
 [00:16:42] that did seem to strangle him.
 [00:16:46] If all the year were playing holidays,
 [00:16:49] to sport would be as tedious as to work.
 [00:16:53] But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
 [00:16:57] and nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
 [00:17:01] So when this loose behavior I throw off
 [00:17:06] and pay the debt I never promised,
 [00:17:10] by how much better than my word I am,
 [00:17:13] by so much shall I falsify men's hopes.
 [00:17:17] And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 [00:17:20] my reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 [00:17:23] shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
 [00:17:25] than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 [00:17:29] I'll so offend to make offense a skill,
 [00:17:34] redeeming time when men think least I will.
 [00:17:39] My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 [00:17:44] unapt to stir at these indignities.
 [00:17:48] And you have found me,
 [00:17:50] for, accordingly, you tread upon my patience.
 [00:17:54] But be sure I will from henceforth
 [00:17:58] rather be myself, mighty and to be fear'd,
 [00:18:02] than my condition,
 [00:18:04] which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 [00:18:09] and therefore lost that title of respect
 [00:18:13] which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.
 [00:18:17] Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
 [00:18:21] the scourge of greatness to be used on it.
 [00:18:23] And that same greatness too which our own hands
 [00:18:25] have help to make so portly.
 [00:18:27] My lord--
 [00:18:28] Worcester!
 [00:18:29] Get thee gone!
 [00:18:30] For I do see danger and disobedience in thine eye.
 [00:18:34] Oh, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
 [00:18:39] and majesty might never yet endure
 [00:18:41] the moody frontier of a servant brow.
 [00:18:46] You have good leave to leave us.
 [00:18:50] When we need your use and counsel,
 [00:18:53] we shall send for you.
 [00:19:01] You were about to speak.
 [00:19:03] Yea, my lord.
 [00:19:04] Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
 [00:19:07] which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
 [00:19:09] were, as he says, not with such strength denied
 [00:19:11] as is deliver'd to your majesty.
 [00:19:13] Either envy, therefore, or misprison
 [00:19:16] is guilty of this fault and not my son.
 [00:19:20] My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
 [00:19:24] But I remember, when the fight was done,
 [00:19:28] when I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
 [00:19:31] breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 [00:19:34] came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
 [00:19:37] fresh as a bridegroom.
 [00:19:38] And his chin new reap'd show'd
 [00:19:40] like a stubble-land at harvest-home.
 [00:19:41] He was perfumed like a milliner, and 'twixt his finger
 [00:19:44] and his thumb, he held a pouncet-box,
 [00:19:46] which ever and anon he gave his nose

[00:19:48] and took't away again; who therewith angry,
 [00:19:50] when it next came there,,took it in snuff.
 [00:19:52] And still he smiled and talk'd.
 [00:19:54] And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 [00:19:58] he call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 [00:20:00] to bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse
 [00:20:02] betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 [00:20:04] With many holiday, and lady terms, he question'd me.
 [00:20:08] Amongst the rest,
 [00:20:10] demanded my prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
 [00:20:12] I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
 [00:20:14] to be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 [00:20:16] out of my grief and my impatience
 [00:20:17] answer'd neglectingly I know not what.
 [00:20:22] He should or he should not.
 [00:20:26] For he made me mad to see him shine so brisk
 [00:20:29] and smell so sweet
 [00:20:30] and talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
 [00:20:32] of guns and drums and wounds.
 [00:20:33] God save the mark!
 [00:20:35] And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
 [00:20:37] was parmaceti for an inward bruise.
 [00:20:40] And that it was great pity, so it was,
 [00:20:42] this villainous salt-petre should be digg'd out
 [00:20:44] of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 [00:20:46] which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd so cowardly.
 [00:20:48] And but for these vile guns,
 [00:20:50] he would himself have been a soldier.
 [00:20:54] This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 [00:20:57] I answer'd indirectly, as I said.
 [00:21:01] And I beseech you, let not his report come current
 [00:21:05] for an accusation betwixt my love and your high majesty.
 [00:21:11] The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
 [00:21:14] whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
 [00:21:16] to such a person and in such a place,
 [00:21:18] at such a time, and all the rest retold,
 [00:21:21] may reasonably die and never rise
 [00:21:25] to do him wrong or any way impeach
 [00:21:27] what then he said, so he unsay it now.
 [00:21:31] Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners.
 [00:21:36] But with proviso and exception,
 [00:21:40] that we at our own charge shall ransom straight
 [00:21:43] his brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer,
 [00:21:48] who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 [00:21:50] the lives of those that he did lead to fight
 [00:21:52] against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
 [00:21:54] whose daughter, as we hear,
 [00:21:57] that Mortimer hath lately married.
 [00:22:01] Shall our coffers, then, be emptied
 [00:22:04] to redeem a traitor home?
 [00:22:07] Shall we buy treason and indent with fears,
 [00:22:11] when they have lost and forfeited themselves?
 [00:22:14] No, on the barren mountains, let him starve,
 [00:22:18] for I shall never hold that man my friend
 [00:22:22] whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
 [00:22:26] to ransom home revolted Mortimer.
 [00:22:29] Revolted Mortimer?
 [00:22:35] He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
 [00:22:38] but by the chance of war
 [00:22:40] to prove that true needs but one tongue

[00:22:43] for all those wounds, those mouthed wounds,
[00:22:44] which valiantly he took
[00:22:46] when on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
[00:22:48] in single opposition, hand to hand,
[00:22:49] he did confound the best part of an hour
[00:22:51] in changing hardiment with great Glendower.
[00:22:55] Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,
[00:22:57] upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood,
[00:22:59] who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
[00:23:02] ran fearfully among the trembling reeds
[00:23:04] and hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,
[00:23:05] bloodstained with those valiant combatants!
[00:23:08] Never did base and rotten policy color her working
[00:23:10] with such deadly wounds.
[00:23:14] Nor never could the noble Mortimer receive so many,
[00:23:16] and all willingly.
[00:23:18] Then let not him be slander'd with revolt!
[00:23:19] Thou dost belie him, Percy.
[00:23:22] Thou dost belie him.
[00:23:24] He never did encounter with Glendower.
[00:23:27] I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil alone
[00:23:31] as Owen Glendower for an enemy!
[00:23:33] Art thou not ashamed?
[00:23:35] But, sirrah, henceforth
[00:23:38] let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
[00:23:42] Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
[00:23:48] or you shall hear in such a kind from me
[00:23:50] as will displease you.
[00:23:52] My Lord Northumberland,
[00:23:55] we license your departure with your son.
[00:23:59] Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.
[00:24:15] An if the devil come and roar for them,
[00:24:17] I will not send them.
[00:24:19] I will after straight and tell him,
[00:24:22] for I will ease my heart, albeit I make a hazard of my head.
[00:24:24] What, drunk with choler?
[00:24:27] Stay and pause awhile.
[00:24:30] Here comes your uncle.
[00:24:35] Speak of Mortimer!
[00:24:38] 'Zounds, I will speak of him
[00:24:40] and let my soul want mercy if I do not join with him.
[00:24:43] Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins
[00:24:47] and shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust.
[00:24:49] But I will lift the noble Mortimer
[00:24:51] as high in the air as this unthankful king,
[00:24:53] as this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.
[00:24:56] Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.
[00:25:00] Who struck this heat up after I was gone?
[00:25:02] He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners.
[00:25:07] When I urged the ransom once again of my wife's brother,
[00:25:10] then his cheek look'd pale,
[00:25:12] and on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
[00:25:13] trembling even at the name of Mortimer.
[00:25:15] I cannot blame him.
[00:25:18] Was not he proclaim'd by Richard that dead is
[00:25:20] the next of blood?
[00:25:23] Peace, cousin. Say no more.
[00:25:25] And now I will unclasp a secret book,
[00:25:28] and to your quick-conceiving discontents,
[00:25:30] I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,

[00:25:32] as full of peril and adventurous spirit
 [00:25:34] as to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
 [00:25:36] on the unsteadfast footing of a spear.
 [00:25:38] If he fall in, good night!
 [00:25:39] Or sink or swim.
 [00:25:40] Send danger from the east unto the west,
 [00:25:43] so honor cross it from the north to south,
 [00:25:45] and let them grapple.
 [00:25:48] O, the blood more stirs
 [00:25:50] to rouse a lion than to start a hare.
 [00:25:53] Imagination of some great exploit
 [00:25:55] drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
 [00:25:57] By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
 [00:26:01] to pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon
 [00:26:04] or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 [00:26:06] where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
 [00:26:08] and pluck up drowned honor by the locks
 [00:26:11] so he that doth redeem her thence
 [00:26:13] might wear without corrival all her dignities.
 [00:26:15] But out upon this half-faced fellowship!
 [00:26:18] He apprehends a world of figures here
 [00:26:19] but not the form of what he should attend.
 [00:26:21] Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
 [00:26:24] Oh, I cry you mercy.
 [00:26:26] Those same noble Scots That are your prisoners--
 [00:26:28] I'll keep them all.
 [00:26:29] By God, he shall not have a Scot of them.
 [00:26:31] No, if a Scot should save his soul, he shall not.
 [00:26:33] I'll keep them, by this hand.
 [00:26:35] You start away and lend no ear unto my purposes.
 [00:26:37] Those prisoners, you shall keep.
 [00:26:38] Nay, I will. That's flat.
 [00:26:40] He said he would not ransom Mortimer,
 [00:26:42] forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer.
 [00:26:44] But I will find him when he lies asleep,
 [00:26:46] and in his ear, I'll holla, "Mortimer!"
 [00:26:48] Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught
 [00:26:51] to speak nothing but "Mortimer"
 [00:26:52] and give it him to keep his anger still in motion.
 [00:26:54] Hear you, cousin; a word.
 [00:26:56] All studies here I solemnly defy,
 [00:26:57] save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke
 [00:27:00] and that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales.
 [00:27:02] But that his father loves him not
 [00:27:04] and would be glad he met with some mischance,
 [00:27:06] I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.
 [00:27:08] Fare you well, kinsman.
 [00:27:09] I'll talk to you when you're better temper'd to attend.
 [00:27:12] Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool art thou
 [00:27:14] to break into this woman's mood,
 [00:27:15] tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own.
 [00:27:18] Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with rods,
 [00:27:20] nettled and stung with pismires
 [00:27:22] when I hear of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
 [00:27:25] In Richard's time-- what do you call the place?
 [00:27:28] A plague upon it; it is in Gloucestershire.
 [00:27:30] 'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept, his uncle York,
 [00:27:35] where I first bow'd my knee unto this king of smiles,
 [00:27:37] this Bolingbroke.
 [00:27:39] 'Sblood!

[00:27:41] When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.
[00:27:43] At Berkley castle.
[00:27:45] You say true.
[00:27:47] Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
[00:27:49] this fawning greyhound then did proffer me.
[00:27:52] Look, "when his infant fortune came to age,"
[00:27:54] And "gentle Harry Percy," and "kind cousin."
[00:27:57] Oh, the devil take such cozeners!
[00:28:03] God forgive me.
[00:28:05] Good uncle, tell your tale.
[00:28:11] I have done.
[00:28:12] Nay, if you have not, to it again.
[00:28:14] We will stay your leisure.
[00:28:17] I have done, i' faith!
[00:28:19] Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
[00:28:22] Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
[00:28:26] and make the Douglas' son your only mean
[00:28:29] for powers in Scotland,
[00:28:30] which, for divers reasons which I shall send you written,
[00:28:33] be assured, shall easily be granted.
[00:28:35] You, my lord,
[00:28:36] your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
[00:28:38] shall secretly into the bosom creep
[00:28:39] of that same noble prelate, the archbishop.
[00:28:41] Of York, is it not?
[00:28:43] True, who bears hard his brother's death at Bristol,
[00:28:45] the Lord Scroop.
[00:28:47] I speak not this in estimation, as what I think might be,
[00:28:50] but what I know is ruminated, plotted, and set down
[00:28:53] and only stays but to behold the face
[00:28:55] of that occasion that shall bring it on.
[00:28:56] I smell it.
[00:28:57] Upon my life, it will do well.
[00:28:59] Before the game is afoot, thou still let'st slip.
[00:29:01] Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot.
[00:29:03] And then the power of Scotland and of York
[00:29:05] to join with Mortimer, ha?
[00:29:07] And so they shall.
[00:29:09] Upon my life, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
[00:29:11] And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
[00:29:13] to save our heads by raising of a head,
[00:29:15] for, bear ourselves as even as we can,
[00:29:17] the king will always think him in our debt
[00:29:19] and think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
[00:29:21] till he hath found a time to pay us home.
[00:29:22] And see already how he doth begin
[00:29:24] to make us strangers to his looks of love.
[00:29:26] He does. He does.
[00:29:28] We'll be revenged upon him.
[00:29:30] Cousin, farewell.
[00:29:31] No further go in this
[00:29:32] than I by letters shall direct your course.
[00:29:35] When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
[00:29:37] I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer,
[00:29:39] where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
[00:29:41] as I will fashion it, shall happily meet
[00:29:43] to bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
[00:29:45] which now we hold at much uncertainty.
[00:29:49] Farewell, good brother.
[00:29:51] We shall thrive, I trust.

[00:29:55] Uncle, adieu.

[00:29:58] Oh, let the hours be short

[00:29:59] till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport.

Henry IV Part 1 Act 2

[00:30:14] Heigh-ho!
[00:30:15] An it be not four by the day, I'll be hanged.
[00:30:18] Charles' wain is over the new chimney
[00:30:21] and yet our horse not packed.
[00:30:23] What, ostler!
[00:30:25] I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle.
[00:30:28] Put a few flocks in the point.
[00:30:29] The poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.
[00:30:35] Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog.
[00:30:37] That's the next way to give poor jades the bots.
[00:30:41] This house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.
[00:30:44] Poor fellow, he's never joyed since the price of oats rose.
[00:30:47] It was the death of him.
[00:30:50] I think this be the most villainous house
[00:30:52] in all London road for fleas.
[00:30:54] I'm stung like a tench.
[00:30:56] What, ostler!
[00:30:57] Come away and be hanged!
[00:30:58] Come away!
[00:31:00] I've a gammon of bacon and two razors of ginger,
[00:31:04] to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.
[00:31:07] God's body!
[00:31:08] The turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.
[00:31:10] Come, neighbour Mugs.
[00:31:13] We'll call up the gentlemen.
[00:31:14] They will along with company, for they have great charge.
[00:31:32] What ho, chamberlain.
[00:31:39] At hand, quoth pick-purse.
[00:31:43] Good morrow, Master Peto.
[00:31:45] It holds current that I told you yesternight.
[00:31:47] There's a franklin in the wild of Kent
[00:31:50] hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold.
[00:31:52] I heard him tell it to one of his party
[00:31:54] last night at supper, a kind of auditor,
[00:31:57] one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what.
[00:32:02] Here.
[00:32:03] They're up already and call for eggs and butter.
[00:32:05] They will away presently.
[00:32:07] Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks,
[00:32:09] I'll give thee this neck.
[00:32:11] Nay, I'll none of it.
[00:32:12] I pray thee keep that for the hangman,
[00:32:14] for I know thou worshippest St. Nicholas
[00:32:16] as truly as a man of falsehood may.
[00:32:18] What talkest thou to me of the hangman?
[00:32:20] If I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows,
[00:32:22] for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me,
[00:32:24] and thou knowest he's no starveling.
[00:32:27] Tut!
[00:32:29] There are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of,
[00:32:32] the which for sport sake
[00:32:33] are content to do the profession some grace,
[00:32:35] that would, if matters should be looked into,
[00:32:38] for their own credit sake, make all whole.
[00:32:41] I'm joined with no foot-land rakers,
[00:32:44] no long-staff sixpenny strikers,
[00:32:46] none of your mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms
[00:32:50] but with nobility and tranquility,

[00:32:54] burgomasters and great oneyers.
[00:32:57] Give me your hand.
[00:32:59] Thou shalt have a share in our purchase,
[00:33:01] as I am a true man.
[00:33:02] Nay, rather let me have it, as thou art a false thief.
[00:33:15] Come!
[00:33:16] Shelter, shelter.
[00:33:19] I have removed Falstaff's horse,
[00:33:21] and he frets like a gummed velvet.
[00:33:24] Stand close.
[00:33:26] Poin, and be hanged!
[00:33:28] Poin!
[00:33:30] Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal.
[00:33:31] What a brawling dost thou keep.
[00:33:33] Where's Poin, Hal?
[00:33:34] He is walked up to the top of the hill.
[00:33:35] I'll go seek him.
[00:33:37] I'm accursed to rob.in that thief's company.
[00:33:39] The rascal hath removed my horse and tied him I know not where.
[00:33:43] If I travel but four foot further afoot,
[00:33:46] I shall break my wind.
[00:33:47] Poin, Hal!
[00:33:49] A plague on you both!
[00:33:51] Bardolph, Peto!
[00:33:53] I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further.
[00:33:58] Eight yards of uneven ground
[00:33:59] is threescore and ten miles afoot with me,
[00:34:02] and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough.
[00:34:04] A plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another.
[00:34:14] A plague on you all.
[00:34:15] Give me my horse, you rogues.
[00:34:16] Give me my horse, and be hanged!
[00:34:18] Peace, ye fat-guts!
[00:34:19] Lie down.
[00:34:21] Lay thine ear close to the ground,
[00:34:23] and list if thou canst hear the tread of travelers.
[00:34:25] Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down?
[00:34:28] 'Sblood, I'll not bear my own flesh so far afoot again
[00:34:30] for all the coin in thy father's exchequer.
[00:34:32] What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?
[00:34:34] Thou liest.
[00:34:35] Thou art not colted; thou art uncolted.
[00:34:37] I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse,
[00:34:39] good king's son.
[00:34:40] Out, ye rogue.
[00:34:41] Shall I be your ostler?
[00:34:43] Hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters.
[00:34:46] If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this.
[00:34:48] An I have not ballads made on you all
[00:34:50] and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison.
[00:34:53] Stand!
[00:34:54] So I do, against my will.
[00:34:56] O, 'tis our setter.
[00:34:57] I know his voice.
[00:34:59] Bardolph, what news?
[00:35:00] Case ye. Case ye.
[00:35:03] On with your vizards.
[00:35:04] There's money of the king's coming down the hill.
[00:35:07] 'Tis going to the king's exchequer.
[00:35:08] You lie, ye rogue.

[00:35:10] 'Tis going to the king's tavern.
[00:35:12] There's enough to make us all.
[00:35:14] To be hanged.
[00:35:15] Sirs, you three shall front them in the narrow lane.
[00:35:18] Ned Poins and I will walk lower.
[00:35:20] If they 'scape from your encounter,
[00:35:21] then they light on us.
[00:35:23] How many be there of them?
[00:35:25] Some eight or ten.
[00:35:26] 'Zounds, will they not rob us?
[00:35:29] What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?
[00:35:30] Indeed, I'm not John of Gaunt, your grandfather,
[00:35:33] but yet no coward, Hal.
[00:35:34] I'll leave that to the proof.
[00:35:35] Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge.
[00:35:38] When thou needest him, there thou shalt find him.
[00:35:41] Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.
[00:35:48] Ned, where are our disguises?
[00:35:50] Here, hard by.
[00:35:53] Stand close.
[00:35:56] Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I.
[00:35:59] Every man to his business.
[00:36:06] Strike!
[00:36:07] Down with them!
[00:36:08] Cut the villains' throats!
[00:36:09] Ay, whoreson caterpillars!
[00:36:11] Bacon-fed knaves!
[00:36:13] They hate us youth!
[00:36:14] Down with them!
[00:36:17] Now, my masters, let us to horse before day.
[00:36:22] An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards,
[00:36:25] there's no equity stirring.
[00:36:26] There's no more valor in that Poins
[00:36:28] than in a wild duck.
[00:36:43] Got with much ease.
[00:36:49] Falstaff sweats to death.
[00:36:51] He lards the lean earth as he walks along.
[00:36:54] Were 't not for laughing, I would pity him.
[00:36:56] Ooh, how the fat rogue roar'd.
[00:37:02] "But for mine own part, my lord,
[00:37:03] "I could be well contented to be there,
[00:37:05] in respect of the love I bear your house."
[00:37:07] He could be contented?
[00:37:08] Why is he not, then?
[00:37:09] In respect of the love he bears our house,
[00:37:12] he shows in this he loves his own barn better
[00:37:14] than he loves our house.
[00:37:15] Let me see some more.
[00:37:17] "The purpose you undertake is dangerous."
[00:37:19] Why, that's certain.
[00:37:21] 'Tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink.
[00:37:25] But I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger,
[00:37:29] we pluck this flower, safety.
[00:37:32] "The purpose you undertake is dangerous,
[00:37:34] "the friends you have named uncertain,
[00:37:36] "the time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too light
[00:37:39] for the counterpoise of so great an opposition."
[00:37:42] Say you so? Say you so?
[00:37:46] I say unto you again,
[00:37:47] you're a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie.

[00:37:49] What a lack-brain is this!
 [00:37:52] By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid,
 [00:37:55] our friends true and constant.
 [00:37:57] A good plot, good friends, and full of expectation.
 [00:38:01] An excellent plot, very good friends.
 [00:38:05] What a frosty-spirited rogue is this.
 [00:38:08] Why, my lord of York commends the plot
 [00:38:10] and the general course of the action.
 [00:38:12] 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal,
 [00:38:14] I could brain him with his lady's fan.
 [00:38:16] Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself?
 [00:38:18] Lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York,
 [00:38:20] and Owen Glendower?
 [00:38:21] Is there not besides the Douglas?
 [00:38:23] Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms
 [00:38:25] by the ninth of the next month?
 [00:38:26] And are they not some of them set forward already?
 [00:38:28] What a pagan rascal is this!
 [00:38:30] An infidel!
 [00:38:31] Ha!
 [00:38:33] You shall see now,
 [00:38:35] out of very sincerity of fear and cold heart
 [00:38:39] will he to the king
 [00:38:40] and lay open all our proceedings.
 [00:38:43] Oh, I could divide myself and go to buffets
 [00:38:46] for moving such a dish of skim milk
 [00:38:48] with so honorable an action!
 [00:38:51] Hang him!
 [00:38:53] Let him tell the king.
 [00:38:55] We are prepared.
 [00:38:58] I will set forward tonight.
 [00:39:02] How now, Kate.
 [00:39:03] I must leave you within these two hours.
 [00:39:07] My good lord, why are you thus alone?
 [00:39:12] For what offense have I this fortnight been
 [00:39:16] a banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
 [00:39:18] Tell me, sweet lord,
 [00:39:21] what is't that takes from thee thy stomach, pleasure,
 [00:39:25] and thy golden sleep?
 [00:39:27] Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth
 [00:39:29] and start so often when thou sit'st alone?
 [00:39:32] Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks
 [00:39:35] and given my treasures and my rights of thee
 [00:39:38] to thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?
 [00:39:43] In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd
 [00:39:49] and heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,
 [00:39:52] speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed,
 [00:39:56] cry "Courage!
 [00:39:58] To the field!"
 [00:40:00] And thou hast talk'd of sallies and retires,
 [00:40:03] of trenches, tents,
 [00:40:05] of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
 [00:40:08] of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
 [00:40:12] of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain
 [00:40:15] and all the currents of a heady fight.
 [00:40:19] Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
 [00:40:21] and thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep
 [00:40:24] that beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow
 [00:40:27] like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream.
 [00:40:32] And in thy face, strange motions have appear'd

[00:40:37] such as we see when men restrain their breath
 [00:40:40] on some great sudden hest.
 [00:40:43] Oh, what portents are these?
 [00:40:46] Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
 [00:40:49] and I must know it, else he loves me not.
 [00:40:53] What, ho!
 [00:40:55] Is Gilliams with the packet gone?
 [00:40:58] He is, my lord, an hour ago.
 [00:40:59] Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?
 [00:41:01] One horse, my lord, he brought even now.
 [00:41:04] What horse?
 [00:41:05] A roan, a crop-ear, is it not?
 [00:41:07] It is, my lord.
 [00:41:08] That roan shall be my throne.
 [00:41:10] Well, I will back him straight.
 [00:41:12] O esperance!
 [00:41:16] But hear you, my lord.
 [00:41:18] What say'st thou, my lady?
 [00:41:20] What is it carries you away?
 [00:41:22] Why, my horse, my love, my horse.
 [00:41:24] Out, you mad-headed ape!
 [00:41:27] A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
 [00:41:29] as you are toss'd with.
 [00:41:31] In faith, I'll know thy business, Harry,
 [00:41:33] that I will.
 [00:41:35] I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir about his title
 [00:41:41] and hath sent for you to line his enterprise.
 [00:41:44] But if you go--
 [00:41:45] So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.
 [00:41:48] Oh, come, come, you paraquito.
 [00:41:50] Answer me directly unto this question that I ask.
 [00:41:54] In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
 [00:41:57] an if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
 [00:41:59] Ah!
 [00:42:01] Away.
 [00:42:02] Away, you trifler!
 [00:42:05] Love!
 [00:42:06] I love thee not.
 [00:42:09] I care not for thee, Kate.
 [00:42:11] This is no world to play with mammets
 [00:42:12] and to tilt with lips.
 [00:42:13] We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns
 [00:42:15] and pass them current too.
 [00:42:17] God's me, my horse!
 [00:42:19] What say'st thou, Kate?
 [00:42:21] What would'st thou have of me?
 [00:42:22] Do you not love me?
 [00:42:24] Do you not, indeed?
 [00:42:25] Well, do not then, for since you love me not,
 [00:42:28] I will not love myself.
 [00:42:32] Do you not love me?
 [00:42:34] Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.
 [00:42:38] Come.
 [00:42:40] Will you see me ride?
 [00:42:47] And when I am on horseback,
 [00:42:49] I will swear I love thee infinitely.
 [00:42:51] But hark you, Kate.
 [00:42:52] I must not have you henceforth question me
 [00:42:54] whither I go, nor reason whereabouts.
 [00:42:56] Whither I must, I must, and, to conclude,

[00:42:59] this evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
[00:43:01] I know you're wise
[00:43:02] but yet no farther wise than Harry Percy's wife.
[00:43:06] Constant you are but yet a woman.
[00:43:09] And for secrecy, no lady closer, for I well believe
[00:43:12] thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know.
[00:43:16] And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.
[00:43:19] How, so far?
[00:43:21] Not an inch further.
[00:43:24] But hark you, Kate.
[00:43:26] Whither I go, thither shall you go too.
[00:43:29] Today will I set forth, tomorrow you.
[00:43:33] Will this content you, Kate?
[00:43:39] It must, of force.
[00:44:09] Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room,
[00:44:11] and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.
[00:44:13] Where hast been, Hal?
[00:44:15] With three or four loggerheads
[00:44:17] amongst three or four score hogsheads.
[00:44:19] I have sounded the very base-string of humility.
[00:44:22] Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers
[00:44:25] and can call them all by their christen names,
[00:44:27] as Tom, Dick, and Francis.
[00:44:31] They take it already upon their salvation
[00:44:33] that though I be prince of Wales yet,
[00:44:35] I am king of courtesy and tell me flatly
[00:44:38] I'm no proud Jack, like Falstaff,
[00:44:41] but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,
[00:44:46] by the Lord, so they call me.
[00:44:48] And when I'm king of England,
[00:44:50] I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap.
[00:44:55] Old Sir John and and a few dozen more
[00:44:58] are at the door.
[00:44:59] Shall I let them in?
[00:45:00] Let them alone awhile.
[00:45:03] I am now of all humors
[00:45:04] that have showed themselves humors
[00:45:06] since the old days of goodman Adam
[00:45:08] to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.
[00:45:12] I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north,
[00:45:17] he that kills me
[00:45:18] some six or seven dozen Scots at a breakfast,
[00:45:22] washes his hands, and says to his wife.
[00:45:23] "Fie upon this quiet life!
[00:45:25] I want work."
[00:45:27] "Oh, my sweet Harry," says she,
[00:45:29] "how many hast thou killed today?"
[00:45:33] "Give my roan horse a drench," says he
[00:45:36] and answers "some fourteen" an hour after.
[00:45:39] "A trifle, a trifle."
[00:45:41] I prithee, call in Falstaff.
[00:45:42] I'll play Percy,
[00:45:44] and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife.
[00:45:47] Falstaff!
[00:45:49] "Rivo," says the drunkard!
[00:45:51] Call in ribs! Call in tallow!
[00:45:55] Welcome, Jack.
[00:45:58] Where hast thou been?
[00:46:02] A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too.
[00:46:05] Marry, and amen.

[00:46:07] Give me a cup of sack, boy.
 [00:46:08] Ere I lead this life long,
 [00:46:10] I'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too.
 [00:46:14] A plague of all cowards.
 [00:46:16] Give me a cup of sack, rogue!
 [00:46:17] Is there no virtue extant?
 [00:46:19] Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter?
 [00:46:23] Pitiful-hearted Titan,
 [00:46:25] that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's.
 [00:46:27] If thou didst, then behold that compound.
 [00:46:30] You rogue!
 [00:46:31] There's lime in this sack too.
 [00:46:33] There's nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man.
 [00:46:36] But a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it.
 [00:46:41] A villainous coward.
 [00:46:43] "Go thy ways, old Jack.
 [00:46:46] Die when thou wilt."
 [00:46:48] If manhood, good manhood,
 [00:46:51] be not forgot upon the face of the earth,
 [00:46:53] then am I a shotten herring.
 [00:46:55] There lives not three good men unchanged in England,
 [00:46:58] and one of them is fat and grows old.
 [00:47:00] God help the while.
 [00:47:01] A bad world, I say.
 [00:47:03] I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything.
 [00:47:06] A plague of all cowards, I say still.
 [00:47:08] How now, wool-sack.
 [00:47:09] What mutter you?
 [00:47:10] A king's son!
 [00:47:12] Oh, if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom
 [00:47:14] with a dagger of lath and drive all thy subjects
 [00:47:17] afore thee like a flock of wild geese,
 [00:47:19] I'll never wear hair on my face more.
 [00:47:20] You Prince of Wales!
 [00:47:22] Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?
 [00:47:24] Are not you a coward?
 [00:47:25] Answer me that.
 [00:47:26] And Poin's there?
 [00:47:28] 'Zounds, ye fat paunch.
 [00:47:29] Ye call me a coward.
 [00:47:31] By the Lord, I'll stab thee.
 [00:47:33] I, call thee coward?
 [00:47:36] I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward.
 [00:47:38] But I'd give a thousand pounds
 [00:47:39] I could run as fast as thou canst.
 [00:47:41] You're straight enough in the shoulders,
 [00:47:43] you care not who sees your back.
 [00:47:45] Call you that backing of your friends?
 [00:47:47] A plague upon such backing!
 [00:47:49] Give me them that will face me.
 [00:47:50] Give me a cup of sack!
 [00:47:52] I'm a rogue, if I drunk today.
 [00:47:53] Come on, come on, come on, come on.
 [00:47:55] Oh, villain.
 [00:47:56] Thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkenest last.
 [00:47:59] All's one for that.
 [00:48:00] A plague of all cowards, I say still.
 [00:48:01] What's the matter?
 [00:48:04] What's the matter?
 [00:48:06] There be three of us here

[00:48:08] have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.
 [00:48:10] Where is it, Jack? Where is it?
 [00:48:12] Where is it?
 [00:48:14] Ta'en from us it is, a hundred upon poor three of us.
 [00:48:19] What, a hundred?
 [00:48:20] I am a villain
 [00:48:21] if I was not at half-sword
 [00:48:22] with a dozen of them two hours together.
 [00:48:25] I have 'scaped by miracle.
 [00:48:27] I am eight times thrust through the doublet,
 [00:48:29] four through the hose,
 [00:48:30] my buckler cut through and through,
 [00:48:31] my sword hacked like a hand-saw.
 [00:48:33] Ecce signum.
 [00:48:35] I never dealt better since I was a man.
 [00:48:37] All would not do.
 [00:48:39] A plague of all cowards.
 [00:48:40] Let them speak.
 [00:48:41] If they speak more or less than truth,
 [00:48:43] they are villains and the sons of darkness.
 [00:48:45] Speak, sirs. How was it?
 [00:48:47] We three set up some dozen--
 [00:48:49] Sixteen at least, my lord, and bound them.
 [00:48:51] No, no, they were not bound.
 [00:48:52] They were bound, every one of them,
 [00:48:54] or I'm a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.
 [00:48:56] As we were sharing,
 [00:48:57] some six or seven fresh men set upon us--
 [00:48:59] And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.
 [00:49:01] What, fought you with them all?
 [00:49:03] All?
 [00:49:04] I know not what you call "all."
 [00:49:08] But if I fought not with fifty of them,
 [00:49:10] then am I a bunch of radish.
 [00:49:12] If there were not two or three and fifty on poor old Jack,
 [00:49:14] then am I no two-legged creature.
 [00:49:16] Pray God you have not murdered some of them.
 [00:49:18] Oh, no, that's past praying for.
 [00:49:20] I have peppered two of them.
 [00:49:21] Two, I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits.
 [00:49:25] I tell thee what, Hal.
 [00:49:26] If I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse.
 [00:49:29] Thou knowest my old ward.
 [00:49:31] Here I lay.
 [00:49:33] Thus I bore my point.
 [00:49:35] Four rogues in buckram let drive at me--
 [00:49:37] What, four? Thou saidst but two even now.
 [00:49:39] Four, Hal.
 [00:49:41] I told thee four.
 [00:49:43] Ay, ay, he said four.
 [00:49:45] These four came all a-front and mainly thrust at me.
 [00:49:48] I made me no more ado
 [00:49:49] but took all their seven points in my target, thus.
 [00:49:52] Seven? Why, there were but four even now.
 [00:49:55] In buckram?
 [00:49:56] Ay, four in buckram suits.
 [00:49:57] Seven, by these hilts,
 [00:49:58] or I'm a villain else.
 [00:49:59] Prithee, let him alone. We shall have more anon.
 [00:50:02] Dost thou hear, Hal?

[00:50:03] Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.
 [00:50:04] Do so, for it is worth the listening to.
 [00:50:07] These nine in buckram that I told thee of--
 [00:50:09] So two more already.
 [00:50:10] Their points being broken--
 [00:50:12] Down fell their hose.
 [00:50:13] Began to give me ground.
 [00:50:14] But I followed me close, came in foot and hand.
 [00:50:16] And with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.
 [00:50:19] O monstrous!
 [00:50:20] Eleven buckram men grown out of two!
 [00:50:21] But, as ill luck would have it,
 [00:50:23] three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green
 [00:50:25] came at my back and let drive at me,
 [00:50:28] for it was so dark, Hal,
 [00:50:29] thou couldst not see thy hand.
 [00:50:31] These lies are like their father that begets them:
 [00:50:35] gross as a mountain, open, palpable.
 [00:50:38] Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool,
 [00:50:42] thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch.
 [00:50:44] What, art thou mad? Art thou mad?
 [00:50:47] Is not the truth the truth?
 [00:50:48] Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green
 [00:50:50] when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand?
 [00:50:54] Come, tell us your reason.
 [00:50:57] What sayest thou to this?
 [00:50:59] Come, your reason, Jack.
 [00:51:01] Your reason.
 [00:51:02] What, upon compulsion?
 [00:51:04] 'Zounds, an I were at the strappado
 [00:51:07] or all the racks in the world
 [00:51:08] I would not tell you on compulsion.
 [00:51:10] Give you a reason on compulsion?
 [00:51:13] If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries,
 [00:51:15] I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.
 [00:51:17] I'll be no longer guilty of this sin.
 [00:51:20] This sanguine coward, this bed-presser,
 [00:51:24] this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh--
 [00:51:28] 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin,
 [00:51:30] you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle,
 [00:51:33] you stock-fish!
 [00:51:35] O for breath to utter what is like thee!
 [00:51:37] You tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bowcase,
 [00:51:40] you vile standing-tuck--
 [00:51:45] Breathe awhile, and then do it again.
 [00:51:49] And when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons,
 [00:51:52] hear me speak but this.
 [00:51:55] Mark, Jack.
 [00:51:56] We two saw you three set on four
 [00:52:01] and were masters of their wealth.
 [00:52:03] Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.
 [00:52:06] Then did we two set on you three
 [00:52:10] and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize
 [00:52:14] and have it.
 [00:52:15] Yea, and can show it you here in the house.
 [00:52:17] And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly
 [00:52:24] with as quick dexterity,
 [00:52:26] and roared for mercy and still run and roared
 [00:52:30] as ever I heard bull-calf.
 [00:52:35] What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword

[00:52:38] as thou hast done and then say it was in fight.
 [00:52:42] What trick, what device, what starting-hole
 [00:52:48] canst thou now find out to hide thee
 [00:52:50] from this open and apparent shame?
 [00:52:53] Come, Jack.
 [00:52:55] What trick hast thou now?
 [00:53:02] By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye.
 [00:53:07] Why, hear you, my masters.
 [00:53:11] Was it for me to kill the heir-apparent?
 [00:53:15] Should I turn upon the true prince?
 [00:53:18] Why, thou knowest I'm as valiant as Hercules.
 [00:53:22] But beware instinct.
 [00:53:24] The lion will not touch the true prince.
 [00:53:27] Instinct is a great matter.
 [00:53:30] I was now a coward upon instinct.
 [00:53:34] I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life:
 [00:53:37] I for a valiant lion, thou for a true prince.
 [00:53:40] But, by the Lord, lads, I'm glad you have the money.
 [00:53:44] Hostess, clap to the doors!
 [00:53:47] Watch today. Pray to-morrow.
 [00:53:50] Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold,
 [00:53:51] all the titles of good fellowship come to you.
 [00:53:54] What, shall we be merry?
 [00:53:55] Shall we have a play extempore?
 [00:53:57] Content, and the argument shall be thy running away.
 [00:54:02] No more of that, an thou lovest me!
 [00:54:04] My lord the prince!
 [00:54:05] How now, my lady the hostess.
 [00:54:06] What sayest thou to me?
 [00:54:08] Marry, my lord, a nobleman of the court is at door,
 [00:54:10] would speak with you.
 [00:54:11] He says he comes from your father.
 [00:54:12] Give him as much as will make him a royal man,
 [00:54:14] and send him back again to my mother.
 [00:54:16] -What manner of man is he? -An old man.
 [00:54:18] What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?
 [00:54:20] Shall I give him, his answer?
 [00:54:21] Prithee, do, Jack.
 [00:54:22] 'Faith, and I'll send him packing.
 [00:54:24] Now, sirs, by our lady, you fought fair, Peto.
 [00:54:27] So did you, Bardolph.
 [00:54:29] You are lions too.
 [00:54:31] You ran away upon instinct, would not touch the true prince.
 [00:54:35] No, fie!
 [00:54:36] I ran when I saw others run.
 [00:54:39] 'Faith, tell me now in earnest,
 [00:54:40] how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?
 [00:54:42] Why, he hacked it with his dagger
 [00:54:44] and said he would swear truth out of England
 [00:54:46] but he would make you believe it was done in fight
 [00:54:48] and persuaded us to do the like.
 [00:54:49] Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass
 [00:54:52] to make them bleed
 [00:54:53] and then to beslobber our garments with it
 [00:54:55] and swear it was the blood of true men.
 [00:54:58] I did what I did not this seven year before.
 [00:55:02] I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.
 [00:55:07] Villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago
 [00:55:10] and wert taken with the manner,
 [00:55:11] and ever since, thou hast blushed extempore.

[00:55:13] Here comes lean Jack. Here comes bare-bone.
[00:55:17] How now, my sweet creature of bombast!
[00:55:19] How long is't ago, Jack,
[00:55:22] since thou saw thine own knee?
[00:55:25] My own knee?
[00:55:27] When I was about thy years, Hal,
[00:55:29] I was not an eagle's talon in the waist.
[00:55:32] I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring.
[00:55:36] A plague of sighing and grief;
[00:55:38] it blows a man up like a bladder.
[00:55:40] Now, shush, shush, shush.
[00:55:42] There's villainous news abroad.
[00:55:44] Here was Sir John Bracy from your father.
[00:55:45] You must to the court in the morning.
[00:55:47] That same mad fellow of the north, Percy,
[00:55:50] and he of Wales that gave Amamon the bastinado
[00:55:53] and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil
[00:55:56] his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook--
[00:55:59] what a plague call you him?
[00:56:00] Oh, Glendower.
[00:56:01] Owen, Owen, the same.
[00:56:03] And his son-in-law Mortimer and old Northumberland
[00:56:05] and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas,
[00:56:08] he that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular--
[00:56:11] He that rides at high speed
[00:56:12] and with his pistol kills, a sparrow flying.
[00:56:14] You've hit it.
[00:56:15] So did he never the sparrow.
[00:56:17] Well, there's good mettle in that fellow.
[00:56:19] He will not run.
[00:56:20] Why, what a rascal art thou then
[00:56:21] to praise him so for running.
[00:56:23] O' horseback, ye cuckoo.
[00:56:24] But afoot, he will not budge a foot.
[00:56:26] Yes, Jack, upon instinct.
[00:56:28] Well, I grant ye, upon instinct.
[00:56:30] Well, he is there too and one Mordake
[00:56:32] and a thousand blue-caps more.
[00:56:34] Worcester is stolen away tonight.
[00:56:36] Your father's beard is turned white at the news.
[00:56:40] You may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.
[00:56:43] Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June,
[00:56:47] we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails:
[00:56:50] by the hundreds.
[00:56:51] Oh, by the mass, thou sayest true, lad.
[00:56:53] It is like we shall have good trading that way.
[00:56:55] But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard?
[00:56:59] Thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out
[00:57:01] three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas,
[00:57:03] that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower?
[00:57:07] Art thou not horribly afraid?
[00:57:10] Doth not thy blood thrill at it?
[00:57:12] Not a whit, i' faith.
[00:57:14] I lack some of thy instinct.
[00:57:17] Well, thou wert be horribly chid tomorrow
[00:57:20] when thou comest to thy father.
[00:57:21] An thou love me, practice an answer.
[00:57:24] Do thou stand for my father
[00:57:27] and examine me upon the particulars of my life.
[00:57:31] Oh, uh, shall I?

[00:57:33] Yes!
 [00:57:35] Content.
 [00:57:36] Come on, come on, come on.
 [00:57:38] This chair shall be my state, this dagger my scepter,
 [00:57:42] and this cushion my crown.
 [00:57:45] Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red,
 [00:57:50] that it may be thought I have wept.
 [00:57:51] Stand aside, nobility.
 [00:57:54] O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!
 [00:57:58] Weep not, sweet queen...
 [00:58:02] for trickling tears are vain.
 [00:58:06] O, the father, see how he holds his countenance!
 [00:58:09] For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen.
 [00:58:13] For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.
 [00:58:16] O Jesu, he doth it as like one
 [00:58:18] of these harlotry players as ever I see.
 [00:58:21] Peace, good pint-pot.
 [00:58:24] Peace, good tickle-brain.
 [00:58:27] Harry.
 [00:58:29] Ah, yea.
 [00:58:30] I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time
 [00:58:34] but also how thou art accompanied.
 [00:58:36] There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of,
 [00:58:40] and it is known to many in this land by the name of pitch.
 [00:58:43] This pitch, as ancient writers do report,
 [00:58:47] doth defile.
 [00:58:49] So doth the company thou keepest.
 [00:58:52] Harry, I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears,
 [00:58:56] not in pleasure but in passion,
 [00:58:59] not in words only but in woes also.
 [00:59:04] And yet there is a virtuous man
 [00:59:08] whom I have often noted in thy company,
 [00:59:11] but I know not his name.
 [00:59:14] What manner of man, an it like your majesty?
 [00:59:17] A goodly, portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent,
 [00:59:21] of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye,
 [00:59:23] and a most noble carriage.
 [00:59:25] And, as I think, his age some fifty,
 [00:59:31] or, by'r lady, inclining to three score.
 [00:59:37] And now I remember me; his name is...
 [00:59:43] Falstaff.
 [00:59:48] If that man should be lewdly given,
 [00:59:52] he deceiveth me,
 [00:59:53] for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks.
 [00:59:55] If then the tree shall be known by the fruit,
 [00:59:57] as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it,
 [01:00:00] there is virtue in that Falstaff.
 [01:00:03] Him, keep with. The rest, banish.
 [01:00:07] And now tell me, thou naughty varlet,
 [01:00:11] tell me, where hast thou been this month?
 [01:00:13] Dost thou speak like a king?
 [01:00:15] Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.
 [01:00:18] What?
 [01:00:19] Depose me?
 [01:00:20] Yea!
 [01:00:22] If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically,
 [01:00:26] both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels
 [01:00:28] for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.
 [01:00:30] Here I am set.
 [01:00:32] And here I stand. Now judge, my masters.

[01:00:34] Now, Harry, whence come you?
[01:00:36] My noble lord, from Eastcheap.
[01:00:38] The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.
[01:00:41] 'Sblood, my lord, they're false.
[01:00:44] Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.
[01:00:47] Swearest thou, ungracious boy?
[01:00:50] Henceforth, ne'er look on me.
[01:00:51] Thou art violently carried away from grace.
[01:00:54] There is a devil haunts thee
[01:00:56] in the likeness of an old, fat man.
[01:01:01] A tun of man is thy companion.
[01:01:05] Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors,
[01:01:07] that bolting-hutch of beastliness,
[01:01:10] that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack,
[01:01:16] that stuffed cloak-bag of guts,
[01:01:19] that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly,
[01:01:22] that reverend vice, that gray iniquity,
[01:01:25] that father ruffian, that vanity in years?
[01:01:29] Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it?
[01:01:32] Wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it?
[01:01:37] Wherein cunning, but in craft?
[01:01:40] Wherein crafty, but in villainy?
[01:01:42] Wherein villainous, but in all things?
[01:01:46] Wherein worthy, but in nothing?
[01:01:56] I would your grace would take me with you.
[01:01:59] Whom means your grace?
[01:02:00] That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff,
[01:02:04] that old, white-bearded Satan.
[01:02:06] Well, my lord, the man, I know.
[01:02:11] I know thou dost.
[01:02:13] But to say that I know more harm in him than in myself
[01:02:17] were to say more than I know.
[01:02:19] That he is old, the more the pity,
[01:02:23] his white hairs do witness it.
[01:02:24] But that he is, saving your reverence,
[01:02:26] a whoremaster, that, I utterly deny.
[01:02:29] If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked.
[01:02:32] If to be old and merry be a sin,
[01:02:35] then many an old host that I know is damned.
[01:02:38] If to be fat be to be hated,
[01:02:40] then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved.
[01:02:44] No, my good lord.
[01:02:46] Banish Peto.
[01:02:48] Banish Bardolph.
[01:02:49] Banish Poins.
[01:02:50] But for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff,
[01:02:55] true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff,
[01:02:59] and therefore more valiant, being, as he is,
[01:03:02] old Jack Falstaff,
[01:03:05] banish not him thy Harry's company.
[01:03:08] Banish not him thy Harry's company.
[01:03:11] Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.
[01:03:20] I do.
[01:03:22] I will.
[01:03:25] My lord! My lord!
[01:03:27] The sheriff, with a most monstrous watch,
[01:03:29] is at the door.
[01:03:30] Out, ye rogue!
[01:03:31] Play out the play.
[01:03:32] I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

[01:03:35] O Jesu, my lord, my lord.
[01:03:37] Heigh, the devil rides on a fiddlestick.
[01:03:39] What's the matter?
[01:03:40] The sheriff and all the watch are at the door.
[01:03:43] They are come to search the house.
[01:03:45] Shall I let them in?
[01:03:52] Dost thou hear, Hal?
[01:03:54] Never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit.
[01:03:58] Thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.
[01:04:02] And thou a natural coward without instinct.
[01:04:05] I deny your major.
[01:04:07] If you will deny the sheriff, so.
[01:04:10] If not, let him enter.
[01:04:12] If I become not a cart as well as another man,
[01:04:15] a plague upon my bringing up.
[01:04:18] I hope I shall be as soon strangled with a halter as another.
[01:04:28] Go hide thee behind the arras.
[01:04:30] The rest walk up above.
[01:04:32] Now, my masters, for a good face and a true conscience.
[01:04:37] Both which I have had, but their date is out,
[01:04:40] and therefore I'll hide me.
[01:04:47] Call in the sheriff.
[01:04:59] Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?
[01:05:01] First, pardon me, my lord.
[01:05:03] A hue and cry hath follow'd several men unto this house.
[01:05:06] What men?
[01:05:07] One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
[01:05:09] a gross, fat man.
[01:05:11] As fat as butter.
[01:05:13] The man, I do assure you, is not here,
[01:05:15] for I myself at this time have employ'd him.
[01:05:17] And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee
[01:05:19] that I will, by dinnertime tomorrow,
[01:05:21] send him to answer thee, or any man,
[01:05:23] for any thing he shall be charged withal.
[01:05:25] And so let me entreat you leave the house.
[01:05:28] I will, my lord.
[01:05:31] There are two gentlemen
[01:05:32] have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.
[01:05:34] It may be so.
[01:05:36] If he have robb'd these men, he shall be answerable.
[01:05:39] And so farewell.
[01:05:41] Good night, my noble lord.
[01:05:43] I think it is good morrow, is it not?
[01:05:45] Indeed, my lord, methinks it be two o'clock.
[01:05:54] This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.
[01:05:58] Go, call him forth.
[01:06:04] Falstaff!
[01:06:09] Behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.
[01:06:16] Hark, how hard he fetches breath.
[01:06:20] Search his pockets.
[01:06:32] What hast thou found?
[01:06:34] Nothing but papers, my lord.
[01:06:35] Let's see what they be. Read them.
[01:06:38] "Item, a capon, 2s2d.
[01:06:41] "Item, sauce, 4d.
[01:06:43] "Item, sack, two gallons, 5s8d.
[01:06:46] "Item, anchovies and sack after supper, 2s6d.
[01:06:52] Item, bread, ha'penny."
[01:06:54] Oh, monstrous.

[01:06:56] But one ha'penny-worth of bread
[01:06:58] to this intolerable deal of sack.
[01:07:01] What there is else, keep close.
[01:07:03] We'll read it at more advantage.
[01:07:04] There let him sleep till day.
[01:07:08] I'll to the court in the morning.
[01:07:11] We must all to the wars,
[01:07:13] and thy place shall be honorable.
[01:07:18] I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot.
[01:07:20] And I know his death will be a march of twelve-score.
[01:07:25] The money shall be paid back again with advantage.
[01:07:28] Be with me betimes in the morning.
[01:07:30] And so good morrow, Ned.
[01:07:33] Good morrow, good my lord.

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[01:07:51] These promises are fair, the parties sure,
[01:07:54] and our induction full of prosperous hope.
[01:07:56] Lord Mortimer and cousin Glendower,
[01:07:58] will you sit down?
[01:08:00] And uncle Worcester.
[01:08:02] A plague upon it.
[01:08:04] I have forgot the map.
[01:08:05] No, here it is.
[01:08:07] Sit, cousin Percy.
[01:08:10] Sit, good cousin Hotspur.
[01:08:12] For by that name as oft as Lancaster doth speak of you,
[01:08:14] his cheek looks pale,
[01:08:16] and with a rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.
[01:08:18] And you in hell
[01:08:19] as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.
[01:08:21] I cannot blame him.
[01:08:23] At my nativity, the front of heaven
[01:08:25] was full of fiery shapes, of burning cressets.
[01:08:27] And at my birth, the frame and huge foundation
[01:08:29] of the earth shook like a coward.
[01:08:31] Why, so it would have done at the same season
[01:08:33] if your mother's cat had but kittened,
[01:08:35] though yourself had never been born.
[01:08:36] I say the earth did shake when I was born.
[01:08:39] And I say the earth was not of my mind,
[01:08:41] if you suppose as fearing you it shook.
[01:08:44] The heavens were all on fire. The earth did tremble.
[01:08:46] Oh, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire
[01:08:49] and not in fear of your nativity.
[01:08:50] Cousin, of many men I do not bear these crossings.
[01:08:55] Give me leave to tell you once again
[01:08:56] that at my birth,
[01:08:57] the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes.
[01:08:59] The goats ran from the mountains,
[01:09:01] and the herds were strangely clamorous
[01:09:03] to the frightened fields.
[01:09:04] These signs have mark'd me extraordinary!
[01:09:06] I think there's no man speaks better Welsh.
[01:09:09] I'll to dinner.
[01:09:10] Peace, cousin Percy.
[01:09:12] You will make him mad.
[01:09:13] I can call spirits from the vasty deep!
[01:09:16] Why, so can I, or so can any man.
[01:09:17] But will they come when you do call for them?
[01:09:20] Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the devil.
[01:09:22] And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
[01:09:24] by telling truth.
[01:09:25] Tell truth and shame the devil.
[01:09:28] If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
[01:09:31] and I'll be sworn I have the power to shame him hence.
[01:09:33] O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!
[01:09:37] Come, come; no more of this unprofitable chat.
[01:09:40] Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke
[01:09:41] made head against my power.
[01:09:43] Thrice from the banks of Wye and sandy-bottom'd Severn
[01:09:46] have I sent him bootless home and weather-beaten back.
[01:09:48] Home without boots, and in foul weather too.
[01:09:52] How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

[01:09:57] Come! Here is the map.
 [01:09:58] Shall we divide our right
 [01:09:59] according to our threefold order ta'en?
 [01:10:01] The archdeacon hath divided it into three limits very equally:
 [01:10:06] England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
 [01:10:10] by south and east is to my part assign'd.
 [01:10:13] All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore
 [01:10:15] and all the fertile lands within that bound,
 [01:10:18] to Owen Glendower.
 [01:10:19] And, dear coz, to you
 [01:10:21] the remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
 [01:10:24] And our indentures tripartite are drawn,
 [01:10:27] which being sealed interchangeably,
 [01:10:29] a business that this night may execute,
 [01:10:31] tomorrow, cousin Percy, you and I
 [01:10:33] and my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
 [01:10:36] to meet your father and the Scottish power,
 [01:10:38] as is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
 [01:10:40] My father Glendower is not ready yet,
 [01:10:45] nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.
 [01:10:48] Within that space, you may have drawn together
 [01:10:50] your tenants, friends, and neighboring gentlemen.
 [01:10:53] Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
 [01:10:59] in quantity equals not one of yours.
 [01:11:02] See how this river comes me cranking in
 [01:11:04] and cuts me from the best of all my land
 [01:11:06] a huge half-moon, a monstrous cante out.
 [01:11:08] I'll have the current in this place damm'd up.
 [01:11:11] And here the smug and silver Trent
 [01:11:13] shall run in a new channel, fair and evenly.
 [01:11:15] It shall not wind with such a deep indent
 [01:11:17] to rob me of so rich a bottom here.
 [01:11:18] Not wind?
 [01:11:20] It shall. It must.
 [01:11:21] You see it doth.
 [01:11:24] Yea, but mark how he bears his course
 [01:11:26] and runs me up with like advantage
 [01:11:28] on the other side,
 [01:11:29] gelding the opposed continent as much as on the other side,
 [01:11:32] it takes from you.
 [01:11:33] Yea, but a little charge will trench him here
 [01:11:35] and on this north side win this cape of land.
 [01:11:37] And then he runs straight and even.
 [01:11:40] I'll have it so.
 [01:11:42] A little charge will do it.
 [01:11:43] I'll not have it alter'd.
 [01:11:46] Will not you?
 [01:11:49] No, nor you shall not.
 [01:11:51] Who shall say me nay?
 [01:11:52] Why, that will I.
 [01:11:54] Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.
 [01:11:57] I can speak English, lord, as well as you,
 [01:11:59] for I was train'd up in the English court,
 [01:12:01] where, being but young, I framed to the harp
 [01:12:03] many an English ditty lovely well
 [01:12:05] and gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
 [01:12:07] a virtue that was never seen in you.
 [01:12:09] Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart.
 [01:12:11] I'd rather be a kitten and cry mew
 [01:12:13] than one of these same meter ballad-mongers.

[01:12:15] I'd rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd
 [01:12:17] or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree.
 [01:12:19] And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
 [01:12:21] nothing so much as mincing poetry.
 [01:12:22] 'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.
 [01:12:26] Come; you shall have Trent turn'd.
 [01:12:33] I do not care.
 [01:12:35] I'll give thrice so much land to any well-deserving friend.
 [01:12:39] But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
 [01:12:41] I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
 [01:12:44] Are the indentures drawn?
 [01:12:45] Shall we be gone?
 [01:12:46] The moon shines fair.
 [01:12:48] You may away by night.
 [01:12:49] I'll haste the writer and withal break with your wives
 [01:12:52] of your departure hence.
 [01:12:53] I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
 [01:12:56] so much she doteth on her Mortimer.
 [01:13:02] Fie, cousin Percy.
 [01:13:04] How you cross my father.
 [01:13:06] I cannot choose.
 [01:13:08] Sometimes he angers me
 [01:13:11] with telling me of the mouldwarp and the ant
 [01:13:14] and such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
 [01:13:16] as puts me from my faith.
 [01:13:18] I tell you what; he held me last night
 [01:13:19] at least nine hours in reckoning up
 [01:13:21] the several devils' names that were his lackeys.
 [01:13:23] I cried "hum" and "well, go to"
 [01:13:25] and mark'd him not a word.
 [01:13:27] Oh, he's as tedious as a tired horse,
 [01:13:29] a railing wife, worse than a smoky house.
 [01:13:33] I'd rather live with cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
 [01:13:35] than feed on cates and have him talk to me
 [01:13:37] in any summer-house in Christendom.
 [01:13:39] In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
 [01:13:41] exceedingly well read
 [01:13:43] and profited in strange concealments,
 [01:13:45] valiant as a lion, and wondrous affable
 [01:13:48] and bountiful as mines of India.
 [01:13:51] Shall I tell you, cousin?
 [01:13:54] He holds your temper in a high respect
 [01:13:56] and curbs himself even of his natural scope
 [01:13:58] when you come 'cross his humor.
 [01:13:59] Faith, he does.
 [01:14:01] I warrant you, that man is not alive
 [01:14:03] might so have tempted him as you have done
 [01:14:04] without the taste of danger and reproof.
 [01:14:07] But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.
 [01:14:11] In faith, my lord, you are too willful-blame
 [01:14:14] and, since your coming hither, have done enough
 [01:14:15] to put him quite beside his patience.
 [01:14:17] You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault.
 [01:14:19] Well, I am school'd.
 [01:14:21] Good manners be your speed.
 [01:14:23] Here come our wives.
 [01:14:26] Let us take our leave.
 [01:14:27] This is the deadly spite that angers me.
 [01:14:30] My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.
 [01:14:34] My daughter weeps.

[01:14:35] She'll not part with you.
[01:14:37] She'll be a soldier too.
[01:14:38] She'll to the wars.
[01:14:39] Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
[01:14:44] shall follow in your conduct speedily.
[01:15:16] She is desperate here--
[01:15:17] a peevish self-willed harlotry,
[01:15:19] one that no persuasion can do good upon.
[01:15:30] I understand thy looks.
[01:15:33] That pretty Welsh which thou pour'st down
[01:15:35] from these swelling heavens I am too perfect in.
[01:15:38] And, but for shame,
[01:15:40] in such a parley should I answer thee.
[01:16:02] I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
[01:16:05] and that's a feeling disputation.
[01:16:08] But I will never be a truant, love,
[01:16:10] till I have learned thy language,
[01:16:13] for thy tongue makes Welsh as sweet
[01:16:16] as ditties highly penn'd,
[01:16:18] sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
[01:16:20] with ravishing division, to her lute.
[01:16:23] Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.
[01:16:47] Oh, I am ignorance itself in this!
[01:16:51] She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down
[01:16:54] and rest your gentle head upon her lap,
[01:16:56] and she will sing the song that pleaseth you
[01:16:58] and on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
[01:17:01] charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
[01:17:03] making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
[01:17:05] as is the difference betwixt day and night
[01:17:07] the hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
[01:17:09] begins his golden progress in the east.
[01:17:12] With all my heart, I'll sit and hear her sing.
[01:17:15] By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.
[01:17:19] Do so.
[01:17:21] And those musicians that shall play to you
[01:17:23] hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
[01:17:26] and straight they shall be here.
[01:17:29] Sit, and attend.
[01:17:32] Come, Kate.
[01:17:33] Thou art perfect in lying down.
[01:17:35] Quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
[01:17:38] Oh, go, ye giddy goose.
[01:17:45] Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh.
[01:17:48] And 'tis no marvel he's so humorous.
[01:17:51] By'r lady,,he is a good musician.
[01:17:54] Yes.
[01:17:56] Then should you be nothing but musical,
[01:17:58] for you are altogether governed by humors.
[01:18:01] Lie still, ye thief,
[01:18:02] and hear the lady sing in Welsh.
[01:18:06] I had rather hear, lady, my brach, howl in Irish.
[01:18:09] Oh, wouldst thou have thy head broken?
[01:18:12] -No. -Then be still.
[01:18:14] Neither. 'Tis a woman's fault.
[01:18:16] Now God help thee.
[01:18:18] To the Welsh lady's bed.
[01:18:19] What's that?
[01:18:20] Peace, she sings.
[01:19:32] Come, Kate. I'll have your song too.

[01:19:36] Not mine, in good sooth.
 [01:19:38] Not yours, in good sooth?
 [01:19:40] Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife.
 [01:19:42] "Not you, in good sooth," and "as sure as I live"
 [01:19:47] and "as God shall mend me," and "as sure as day"
 [01:19:49] and givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths
 [01:19:53] as if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.
 [01:19:57] Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
 [01:20:00] a good mouth-filling oath, and leave "in sooth"
 [01:20:04] and such protest of pepper-gingerbread
 [01:20:07] to velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.
 [01:20:24] Come, sing.
 [01:20:27] I will not sing.
 [01:20:30] 'Tis the next way to turn tailor
 [01:20:32] or be red-breast teacher.
 [01:20:34] An the indentures be drawn,
 [01:20:36] I'll away within these two hours.
 [01:20:38] And so come in when ye will.
 [01:20:42] Come, come, Lord Mortimer.
 [01:20:43] You are as slow as hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
 [01:20:46] By this our book is drawn.
 [01:20:47] We'll but seal, and then to horse immediately.
 [01:20:50] With all my heart.
 [01:21:09] I know not whether God will have it so,
 [01:21:13] for some displeasing service I have done,
 [01:21:16] that, in his secret doom, out of my blood
 [01:21:21] he'll breed revengement and a scourge for me.
 [01:21:25] But thou dost in thy passages of life
 [01:21:29] make me believe that thou art only mark'd
 [01:21:32] for the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
 [01:21:35] to punish my mistreadings.
 [01:21:37] Tell me else,
 [01:21:39] could such inordinate and low desires,
 [01:21:44] such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
 [01:21:51] such barren pleasures, rude society
 [01:21:55] as thou art match'd withal and grafted to
 [01:21:58] accompany the greatness of thy blood
 [01:22:00] and hold their level with thy princely heart?
 [01:22:03] So please your majesty, I would I could quit
 [01:22:06] all offenses with as clear excuse
 [01:22:08] as well as I am doubtless I can purge myself
 [01:22:11] of many I am charged withal.
 [01:22:14] God pardon thee.
 [01:22:16] Yet let me wonder, Harry, at thy affections,
 [01:22:21] which do hold a wing quite from the flight
 [01:22:23] of all thy ancestors.
 [01:22:27] Thy place in council, thou hast rudely lost
 [01:22:31] which by thy younger brother is supplied
 [01:22:34] and art almost an alien to the hearts
 [01:22:37] of all the court and princes of my blood.
 [01:22:41] The hope and expectation of thy time is ruin'd,
 [01:22:45] and the soul of every man
 [01:22:47] prophetically do forethink thy fall.
 [01:22:54] Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 [01:22:59] so common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 [01:23:02] so stale and cheap to vulgar company,
 [01:23:06] opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 [01:23:10] had still kept loyal to possession
 [01:23:12] and left me in reputeless banishment,
 [01:23:16] a fellow of no mark nor likelihood.

[01:23:22] By being seldom seen, I could not stir
[01:23:27] but like a comet I was wonder'd at,
[01:23:30] that men would tell their children, "This is he."
[01:23:34] Others would say, "Where? Which is Bolingbroke?"
[01:23:39] And then I stole all courtesy from heaven
[01:23:44] and dress'd myself in such humility
[01:23:48] that I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
[01:23:51] loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
[01:23:55] even in the presence of the crowned king.
[01:24:01] Thus did I keep my person fresh and new.
[01:24:05] My presence, like a robe pontifical,
[01:24:09] ne'er seen but wonder'd at.
[01:24:12] And so my state, seldom but sumptuous,
[01:24:18] showed like a feast and won by rareness such solemnity.
[01:24:26] The skipping king, he ambled up and down
[01:24:32] with shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
[01:24:36] soon kindled and soon burnt.
[01:24:39] Carded his state,
[01:24:41] mingled his royalty with capering fools,
[01:24:46] had his great name profaned with their scorns,
[01:24:50] and gave his countenance, against his name,
[01:24:53] to laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
[01:24:56] of every beardless vain comparative,
[01:25:00] grew a companion to the common streets,
[01:25:05] enfeoff'd himself to popularity
[01:25:08] that, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
[01:25:12] they surfeited with honey and began to loathe
[01:25:16] the taste of sweetness,
[01:25:20] whereof a little more than a little
[01:25:22] is by much too much.
[01:25:25] So when he had occasion to be seen,
[01:25:30] he was but as the cuckoo is in June:
[01:25:32] heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
[01:25:38] as, sick and blunted with community,
[01:25:42] afford no extraordinary gaze,
[01:25:44] such as is bent on sun-like majesty
[01:25:47] when it shines seldom in admiring eyes,
[01:25:50] but rather drowzed and hung their eyelids down,
[01:25:56] slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
[01:26:01] as cloudy men use to their adversaries,
[01:26:04] being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full.
[01:26:10] And in that very line, Harry, standest thou,
[01:26:16] for thou has lost thy princely privilege
[01:26:18] with vile participation.
[01:26:21] Not an eye But is a-weary of thy common sight, save mine,
[01:26:28] which hath desired to see thee more,
[01:26:32] which now doth that I would not have it do:
[01:26:35] make blind itself with foolish tenderness.
[01:26:39] I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
[01:26:43] be more myself.
[01:26:46] For all the world as thou art to this hour
[01:26:49] was Richard then,
[01:26:50] when I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh.
[01:26:54] And even as I was then is Percy now.
[01:27:01] Now, by my scepter and my soul to boot,
[01:27:05] he hath more worthy interest to the state
[01:27:08] than thou the shadow of succession,
[01:27:11] for of no right, nor color like to right,
[01:27:15] he doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
[01:27:19] turns head against the lion's armed jaws,

[01:27:22] and, being no more in debt to years than thou,
 [01:27:26] leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
 [01:27:29] to bloody battles and to bruising arms.
 [01:27:33] What never-dying honor hath he got
 [01:27:38] against renowned Douglas, whose high deeds,
 [01:27:41] whose hot incursions and great name in arms
 [01:27:45] holds from all soldiers chief majority
 [01:27:49] and military title capital
 [01:27:51] through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
 [01:27:58] And what say you to this?
 [01:28:00] Percy, Northumberland, the Archbishop's grace of York,
 [01:28:07] Douglas, Mortimer,
 [01:28:10] capitulate against us and are up.
 [01:28:13] But wherefore do I tell thee of those news?
 [01:28:18] Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
 [01:28:22] which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
 [01:28:26] Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
 [01:28:31] base inclination, and the start of spleen
 [01:28:34] to fight against me under Percy's pay,
 [01:28:37] to dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
 [01:28:41] to show how much thou art degenerate!
 [01:28:43] Do not think so.
 [01:28:46] You shall not find it so.
 [01:28:48] And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
 [01:28:51] your majesty's good thoughts away from me.
 [01:28:54] I will redeem all this on Percy's head
 [01:28:56] and, in the closing of some glorious day,
 [01:28:59] be bold to tell you that I am your son,
 [01:29:03] when I will wear a garment all of blood
 [01:29:06] and stain my favors in a bloody mask,
 [01:29:08] which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
 [01:29:11] And that shall be the day, when'er it lights,
 [01:29:14] that this same child of honor and renown,
 [01:29:18] this gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight
 [01:29:21] and your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
 [01:29:26] For every honor sitting on his helm,
 [01:29:28] would they were multitudes
 [01:29:30] and on my head my shames redoubled.
 [01:29:33] For the time will come
 [01:29:34] that I shall make this northern youth
 [01:29:36] exchange his glorious deeds for my indignities.
 [01:29:43] Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 [01:29:46] to engross up glorious deeds on my behalf.
 [01:29:49] And I will call him to so strict account
 [01:29:52] that he shall render every glory up--
 [01:29:54] yea, even the slightest worship of his time--
 [01:29:57] or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 [01:30:01] This, in the name of God, I promise here,
 [01:30:06] the which if he be pleased, I shall perform,
 [01:30:09] I do beseech your majesty may salve
 [01:30:12] the long-grown wounds of my intemperance.
 [01:30:17] If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
 [01:30:22] and I will die a hundred thousand deaths
 [01:30:26] ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.
 [01:30:35] A hundred thousand rebels die in this,
 [01:30:40] thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.
 [01:31:06] Oh, Bardolph.
 [01:31:07] Huh?
 [01:31:10] Am I not fallen away vilely since this last action?
 [01:31:14] Do I not bate?

[01:31:15] Do I not dwindle?
[01:31:17] My skin hangs about me
[01:31:20] like an like an old lady's loose gown.
[01:31:22] I am withered like an old apple-john.
[01:31:26] Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly,
[01:31:30] while I'm in some liking.
[01:31:31] I shall be out of heart shortly,
[01:31:33] and then I shall have no strength to repent.
[01:31:36] An I've not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of.
[01:31:41] I'm a peppercorn, a brewer's horse.
[01:31:45] The inside of a church.
[01:31:48] Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.
[01:31:53] Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.
[01:31:59] Why, there is it.
[01:32:00] Come sing me a bawdy song.
[01:32:02] Make me merry.
[01:32:03] Oh--
[01:32:04] Oh, no, it's--
[01:32:05] I've been as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be,
[01:32:08] virtuous enough.
[01:32:09] Swore little, diced not above seven times a week,
[01:32:13] went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter...
[01:32:17] of an hour,
[01:32:19] paid money that I borrowed three or four times,
[01:32:23] lived well and in good compass.
[01:32:25] And now I live out of all order, out of all compass.
[01:32:28] You are so fat, Sir John,
[01:32:30] you must needs be out of all compass,
[01:32:33] out of all reasonable...
[01:32:35] compass, Sir John.
[01:32:38] Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life.
[01:32:44] Thou art our admiral.
[01:32:47] Thou bearest the lantern in the poop,
[01:32:50] but 'tis in the nose of thee.
[01:32:52] Thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.
[01:32:55] Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.
[01:33:00] No, I'll be sworn.
[01:33:01] I make as good use of it as many a man doth
[01:33:03] of a Death's-head or a memento mori.
[01:33:05] I never see thy face but I think of hell-fire
[01:33:08] and Dives that lived in purple,
[01:33:11] for there he is in his robes, burning, burning.
[01:33:16] Oh, thou art a perpetual triumph,
[01:33:18] an everlasting bonfire-light.
[01:33:20] Thou hast saved me a thousand marks
[01:33:23] in links and torches, walking with thee
[01:33:26] in the night betwixt tavern and tavern.
[01:33:30] But the sack that thou hast drunk me
[01:33:32] would have bought me lights as good cheap
[01:33:35] at the dearest chandler's in Europe.
[01:33:37] I have maintained that salamander of yours
[01:33:39] with fire any time this two and thirty years.
[01:33:41] God reward me for it.
[01:33:42] 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!
[01:33:46] God-a-mercy!
[01:33:47] So should I be sure to be heart-burned.
[01:33:56] How now, Dame Partlet the hen.
[01:33:58] Have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?
[01:34:02] Why, what do you think, Sir John?
[01:34:04] Do you think I keep thieves in my house?

[01:34:07] I have searched.
[01:34:08] I have inquired
[01:34:09] man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant.
[01:34:12] The tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.
[01:34:14] Ye lie, hostess.
[01:34:15] Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair.
[01:34:17] And I'll be sworn my pocket was picked.
[01:34:20] Go to. You're a woman; go.
[01:34:22] Who, I?
[01:34:23] No, I defy thee.
[01:34:24] God's light, I was never called so
[01:34:25] in mine own house before.
[01:34:26] Go to. I know you well enough.
[01:34:28] No, Sir John.
[01:34:30] You do not know me, Sir John.
[01:34:32] I know you, Sir John.
[01:34:33] You owe me money, Sir John,
[01:34:35] and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it.
[01:34:37] I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.
[01:34:40] Dowlas, filthy dowlas.
[01:34:42] I gave them away to bakers' wives,
[01:34:44] and they have made bolters of them.
[01:34:45] Oh!
[01:34:46] Now, as I'm a true woman,
[01:34:48] holland of eight shillings an ell.
[01:34:51] You owe money here besides, Sir John,
[01:34:53] for your diet and by-drinkings and money lent you,
[01:34:56] four and twenty pound.
[01:34:58] He had his share of it; let him pay.
[01:34:59] He?
[01:35:00] Alas, he's poor. He has nothing.
[01:35:02] How, poor?
[01:35:04] Look at his face; what call you rich?
[01:35:07] Let them coin his nose.
[01:35:08] Let them coin his cheeks.
[01:35:10] I'll not pay a denier.
[01:35:11] What, will you make a younker of me?
[01:35:13] Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn
[01:35:14] but I shall have my pocket picked?
[01:35:16] I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's
[01:35:18] was worth forty mark.
[01:35:20] Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him,
[01:35:22] I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!
[01:35:25] How?
[01:35:26] The prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup.
[01:35:28] 'Sblood, an he were here, I'd cudgel him like a dog
[01:35:30] if he should say so.
[01:35:32] How now, lad.
[01:35:34] Is the wind in that door, i' faith?
[01:35:37] Must we all march?
[01:35:38] Ay, two and two, Newgate fashion.
[01:35:41] My lord, will you hear me?
[01:35:42] Let her alone, and list to me.
[01:35:45] What sayest thou, Jack?
[01:35:46] The other night, I fell asleep here
[01:35:48] behind the arras and had my pocket picked.
[01:35:50] This house is turned bawdy-house.
[01:35:51] They pick pockets.
[01:35:52] What didst thou lose, Jack?
[01:35:53] Wilt thou believe it, Hal?

[01:35:55] Three or four bonds worth forty pound apiece
 [01:35:56] and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.
 [01:35:58] A trifle, some eight-penny matter.
 [01:36:00] So I told him, my lord,
 [01:36:01] and I said that I heard your grace say so.
 [01:36:03] And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you,
 [01:36:05] like a foul-mouthed man as he is,
 [01:36:07] and said he would cudgel you.
 [01:36:08] What?
 [01:36:09] He did not.
 [01:36:11] There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.
 [01:36:13] There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune.
 [01:36:16] Go, you thing, go.
 [01:36:17] Say, what thing?
 [01:36:19] What thing?
 [01:36:20] What thing?
 [01:36:21] Well, a thing to thank God on.
 [01:36:23] Oh, I'm no thing to thank God on.
 [01:36:25] And, setting thy knighthood aside,
 [01:36:27] thou art a knave to say so.
 [01:36:29] Setting thy womanhood aside,
 [01:36:30] thou art a beast to say otherwise.
 [01:36:32] Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?
 [01:36:34] What beast? Why, an otter.
 [01:36:36] Oh!
 [01:36:37] An otter, Sir John?
 [01:36:39] Why an otter?
 [01:36:40] Well, because she's neither fish nor flesh,
 [01:36:43] and a man knows not where to have her.
 [01:36:45] Thou art an unjust man to say so.
 [01:36:48] Thou or any man know where to have me!
 [01:36:52] Thou knave, thou!
 [01:36:54] Thou sayest true, hostess,
 [01:36:56] and he slanders thee most grossly.
 [01:36:58] Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket?
 [01:37:00] Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal.
 [01:37:05] If there were anything in thy pocket
 [01:37:06] but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses,
 [01:37:11] and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy
 [01:37:15] to make thee long-winded, if thy pockets were enriched
 [01:37:18] with any other injuries but these, I am a villain.
 [01:37:21] You will confess then, that you picked my pocket?
 [01:37:26] It appears so by the story.
 [01:37:28] Hostess, I forgive thee.
 [01:37:29] Go, make ready breakfast.
 [01:37:32] Cherish thy servants, and look to thy guests.
 [01:37:34] Nay, prithe, be gone.
 [01:37:35] Now Hal, to the news at court.
 [01:37:37] For the robbery, lad, how is that answered?
 [01:37:39] Oh, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee.
 [01:37:41] The money is paid back again.
 [01:37:43] Oh, I like not that paying back.
 [01:37:45] 'Tis a double labor.
 [01:37:47] I'm good friends with my father and may do any thing.
 [01:37:49] Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest.
 [01:37:52] Do, my lord.
 [01:37:53] I have procured thee, Jack, a charge...
 [01:37:56] of foot.
 [01:37:58] -Bardolph! -My lord?
 [01:38:00] Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,

[01:38:02] to my brother John, this to my Lord of Westmoreland.
[01:38:04] Jack, meet me tomorrow in the temple hall
[01:38:06] at two o'clock in the afternoon.
[01:38:07] There shalt thy know thy charge,
[01:38:10] and there receive money and order for their furniture.
[01:38:13] The land is burning,
[01:38:15] Percy stands on high,
[01:38:17] and either we or they must lower lie.
[01:38:27] Rare words.
[01:38:30] Brave world.
[01:38:34] Hostess, my breakfast.
[01:38:36] Come.
[01:38:38] Oh, I could wish this tavern were my drum.

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[01:38:45] Well said, my noble Scot.
[01:38:47] If speaking truth in this fine age
[01:38:49] were not thought flattery,
[01:38:50] such attribution should the Douglas have,
[01:38:52] as not a soldier of this season's stamp
[01:38:53] should go so general current through the world.
[01:38:56] By God, I cannot flatter.
[01:38:58] I do defy the tongues of soothers.
[01:39:00] But a braver place in my heart's love
[01:39:02] hath no man than yourself.
[01:39:03] Nay, task me to my word.
[01:39:05] Approve me, lord.
[01:39:07] Thou art the king of honor.
[01:39:11] No man more potent breathes upon the ground
[01:39:14] but I will beard him.
[01:39:15] Do so, and 'tis well.
[01:39:16] What letters hast thou there?
[01:39:19] I can but thank you.
[01:39:20] These letters come from your father.
[01:39:22] Letters from him?
[01:39:23] Why comes he not himself?
[01:39:24] He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.
[01:39:27] 'Zounds, how has he the leisure to be sick
[01:39:29] in such a justling time?
[01:39:31] Who leads his power?
[01:39:32] Under whose government come they along?
[01:39:34] His letters bear his mind, my lord, not I.
[01:39:38] I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
[01:39:41] He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth.
[01:39:43] And at the time of my departure thence,
[01:39:45] he was much fear'd by his physicians.
[01:39:47] I would the state of time had first been whole
[01:39:49] ere he by sickness had been visited.
[01:39:51] His health was never better worth than now.
[01:39:54] Sick now.
[01:39:55] Droop now?
[01:39:58] This sickness doth infect the very life-blood
[01:40:00] of our enterprise.
[01:40:01] 'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
[01:40:03] He writes me here that inward sickness--
[01:40:06] and that his friends could not by deputation
[01:40:10] so soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet
[01:40:15] to lay so dangerous and dear a trust
[01:40:17] on any soul removed but on his own.
[01:40:19] Yet doth he give us bold advertisement
[01:40:21] that with our small conjunction we should on
[01:40:24] to see how fortune is disposed to us,
[01:40:25] for, as he writes, there is no quailing now.
[01:40:31] Because the king is certainly possess'd
[01:40:35] of all our purposes.
[01:40:38] What say you to it?
[01:40:43] Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
[01:40:46] A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off.
[01:40:52] And yet, in faith, it is not.
[01:40:54] I rather of his absence make this use.
[01:40:58] It lends a luster and more great opinion,
[01:41:00] a larger dare to our great enterprise
[01:41:03] than if the earl were here, for men must think,

[01:41:05] if we without his help can make a head
[01:41:06] to push against a kingdom, with his help,
[01:41:08] we can o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
[01:41:10] Yet all goes well.
[01:41:11] Yet all our joints are whole.
[01:41:13] As heart can think.
[01:41:14] There's not a word spoke of in Scotland
[01:41:16] as this term of fear.
[01:41:18] My cousin Vernon, welcome, by my soul.
[01:41:22] Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
[01:41:24] The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
[01:41:26] is marching hitherwards; with him, Prince John.
[01:41:28] No harm. What more?
[01:41:30] And further, I have learn'd,
[01:41:31] the king himself in person is set forth,
[01:41:33] or hitherwards intended speedily,
[01:41:35] with strong and mighty preparation.
[01:41:36] He shall be welcome too.
[01:41:37] Where is his son,
[01:41:38] the nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
[01:41:44] and his comrades that daff'd the world aside
[01:41:46] and bid it pass?
[01:41:47] All furnish'd, all in arms, all plumed like estridges
[01:41:53] that with the wind baited like eagles having lately bathed,
[01:41:55] glittering in golden coats like images,
[01:41:58] as full of spirit as the month of May
[01:42:00] and gorgeous as the sun at midsummer
[01:42:02] wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
[01:42:07] I saw young Harry with his beaver on,
[01:42:09] his cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd
[01:42:12] rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury
[01:42:14] and vaulted with such ease into his seat
[01:42:16] as if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds
[01:42:19] to turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
[01:42:20] and witch the world with noble horsemanship.
[01:42:24] No more, no more.
[01:42:26] Worse than the sun in March, this praise doth nourish agues.
[01:42:30] Let them come.
[01:42:33] They come like sacrifices in their trim.
[01:42:36] And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
[01:42:39] all hot and bleeding, shall we offer them.
[01:42:41] The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
[01:42:43] up to the ears in blood.
[01:42:45] I am on fire to hear this rich reprisal is so nigh
[01:42:47] and yet not ours.
[01:42:49] Come; let me taste my horse,
[01:42:51] who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
[01:42:53] against the bosom of the Prince of Wales.
[01:42:55] Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
[01:42:57] meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
[01:43:02] O that Glendower were come!
[01:43:04] There is more news.
[01:43:05] I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
[01:43:07] he cannot draw his power this fourteen days.
[01:43:12] These are the worst tidings I hear of yet.
[01:43:14] Ay, my faith, that bears a frosty sound.
[01:43:21] What may the king's whole battle reach unto?
[01:43:26] To thirty thousand.
[01:43:31] Forty, let it be.
[01:43:33] My father and Glendower being both away,

[01:43:36] the powers of us may serve so great a day.
[01:43:39] Come; let us take a muster speedily.
[01:43:45] Doomsday is near.
[01:43:48] Die all.
[01:43:50] Die merrily.
[01:43:52] Talk not of dying.
[01:43:53] I'm out of fear of death or death's hand
[01:43:56] this one-half year.
[01:44:08] Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry.
[01:44:11] Fill me a bottle of sack.
[01:44:14] Our soldiers shall march through.
[01:44:15] We'll to Sutton Co'fil' tonight.
[01:44:19] Bardolph, bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.
[01:44:24] Will you give me money, captain?
[01:44:27] Lay out. Lay out.
[01:44:30] This bottle makes an angel.
[01:44:31] An if it do, take it for thy labor.
[01:44:33] And if it make twenty, take them all.
[01:44:35] I'll answer the coinage.
[01:44:36] I will, captain. Farewell!
[01:44:37] Farewell.
[01:44:46] If I be not ashamed of my soldiers,
[01:44:48] I'm a soused gurnet.
[01:44:51] I have misused the king's press damnably.
[01:44:56] I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers,
[01:45:00] three hundred and odd pound.
[01:45:05] I press me none but good house-holders,
[01:45:07] yeoman's sons,
[01:45:08] inquire me out contracted bachelors
[01:45:11] such as had been asked twice on the banns,
[01:45:14] such a commodity of warm slaves
[01:45:16] as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum,
[01:45:18] such as fear the report of a caliver worse
[01:45:21] than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck.
[01:45:24] I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter,
[01:45:27] with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads,
[01:45:30] and they...
[01:45:33] have bought out their services.
[01:45:36] And now my whole charge consists
[01:45:39] of discarded unjust serving-men,
[01:45:41] the younger sons of younger brothers,
[01:45:44] revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen,
[01:45:48] the cankers of a calm world and a long peace.
[01:45:51] Such have I, to fill up the rooms of them
[01:45:53] that have bought out their services,
[01:45:55] that you'd think that I had
[01:45:56] a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come
[01:45:59] from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks.
[01:46:03] A mad fellow met me on the way and told me
[01:46:08] I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies.
[01:46:12] No eye hath seen such scarecrows.
[01:46:15] I'll not march through Coventry with them; that's flat.
[01:46:19] How now, blown Jack!
[01:46:20] What, Hal!
[01:46:23] How now, mad wag!
[01:46:26] What a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?
[01:46:28] My Lord of Westmoreland, I cry your honor mercy.
[01:46:30] I thought you had already been at Shrewsbury.
[01:46:32] In faith, Sir John,
[01:46:34] 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too.

[01:46:37] But my powers are there already.
[01:46:38] The king, I can tell you, looks for us all.
[01:46:40] We must away all night.
[01:46:42] Tut, man, never fear me.
[01:46:43] I'm as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.
[01:46:45] I think to steal cream indeed,
[01:46:46] for thy theft hath already made thee butter.
[01:46:48] But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these?
[01:46:52] Mine, Hal, mine.
[01:46:54] I did never see, such pitiful rascals.
[01:46:56] Oh, tut, tut, man.
[01:46:57] Good enough to toss.
[01:46:58] Food for powder. Food for powder.
[01:47:01] Well, they'll fill a pits as well as better.
[01:47:03] Tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.
[01:47:07] Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are
[01:47:08] exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.
[01:47:11] 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not how they came by that.
[01:47:14] And for their bareness,
[01:47:15] I'm sure they never learned that of me.
[01:47:17] No, I'll be sworn,
[01:47:18] unless you call three fingers in the ribs bare.
[01:47:21] Sirrah, make haste.
[01:47:23] Percy is already in the field!
[01:47:24] What, is the king encamped?
[01:47:26] He is, Sir John.
[01:47:27] I fear we shall stay too long!
[01:47:39] Well, to the latter end of a fray
[01:47:43] and the beginning of a feast
[01:47:47] fits a dull fighter and a keen guest.
[01:47:55] We'll fight with him tonight.
[01:47:56] It may not be.
[01:47:57] You give him then the advantage.
[01:47:58] Not a whit.
[01:47:59] Why say you so? Looks he not for supply?
[01:48:01] His is certain; ours is doubtful.
[01:48:03] Good cousin, be advised; stir not tonight.
[01:48:05] Do not, my lord.
[01:48:06] You do not counsel well.
[01:48:08] You speak it out of fear and cold heart.
[01:48:10] Do me no slander, Douglas.
[01:48:12] By my life, and I dare well maintain it with my life,
[01:48:15] if well-respected honor prick me on,
[01:48:17] I hold as little counsel with weak fear as you, my lord,
[01:48:20] or any Scot that this day lives.
[01:48:22] Let it be seen tomorrow in the battle which of us fears.
[01:48:25] Yea, or tonight.
[01:48:28] Content.
[01:48:30] Tonight, say I.
[01:48:31] Come, come. It may not be.
[01:48:33] I do wonder much, being men of such great leading as you are,
[01:48:36] that you foresee not what impediments
[01:48:37] drag back our expedition.
[01:48:39] Certain horse of my cousin Vernon's
[01:48:41] are not yet come up.
[01:48:42] Your uncle Worcester's horse came but today.
[01:48:44] And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
[01:48:46] their courage with hard labor tame and dull,
[01:48:49] that not a horse is half the half of himself.
[01:48:51] So are the horses of the enemy in general

[01:48:52] journey-bated and brought low.
 [01:48:54] The better part of ours are full of rest.
 [01:48:55] The number of the king exceedeth ours.
 [01:48:57] For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
 [01:49:06] I come with gracious offers from the king
 [01:49:10] if you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.
 [01:49:13] Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt.
 [01:49:21] And would to God you were of our determination.
 [01:49:24] Some of us love you well and even though some envy
 [01:49:27] your great deservings and good name,
 [01:49:29] because you're not of our quality
 [01:49:30] but stand against us like an enemy.
 [01:49:32] And God defend but still I should stand so,
 [01:49:34] so long as out of limit and true rule
 [01:49:36] you stand against anointed majesty.
 [01:49:40] But to my charge.
 [01:49:45] The king hath sent to know the nature of your griefs
 [01:49:49] and whereupon you conjure from the breast of civil peace
 [01:49:51] such bold hostility,
 [01:49:53] teaching his duteous land audacious cruelty.
 [01:49:58] If that the king have any way your just deserts forgot,
 [01:50:04] which he confesseth to be manifold,
 [01:50:06] he bids you name your griefs.
 [01:50:09] And with all speed, you shall have your desires
 [01:50:12] with interest and pardon absolute for yourself
 [01:50:17] and these herein misled by your suggestion.
 [01:50:22] The king is kind, and well we know the king knows
 [01:50:26] at what time to promise, when to pay.
 [01:50:30] My father and my uncle and myself did give him
 [01:50:33] that same royalty he wears.
 [01:50:35] And when he was not six and twenty strong,
 [01:50:37] sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
 [01:50:39] a poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
 [01:50:41] my father gave him welcome to the shore.
 [01:50:43] And when he heard him swear and vow to God
 [01:50:45] he came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
 [01:50:47] to sue his livery and beg his peace
 [01:50:49] with tears of innocency and terms of zeal,
 [01:50:51] my father, in kind heart and pity moved,
 [01:50:54] swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
 [01:50:58] And when the lords and barons of the realm
 [01:51:00] perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
 [01:51:04] the more and less came in with cap and knee,
 [01:51:06] met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
 [01:51:08] attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
 [01:51:11] laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
 [01:51:13] gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him
 [01:51:16] even at the heels in golden multitudes.
 [01:51:20] He presently, as greatness knows itself,
 [01:51:25] steps me a little higher than his vow made to my father,
 [01:51:27] while his blood was poor,
 [01:51:29] upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh
 [01:51:31] and now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 [01:51:33] some certain edicts and some strait decrees
 [01:51:35] that lie too heavy on the commonwealth,
 [01:51:37] cries out upon abuses,
 [01:51:38] seems to weep over his country's wrongs,
 [01:51:40] and by this face, this seeming brow of justice,
 [01:51:44] did he win the hearts of all that he did angle for.
 [01:51:47] Proceeded further; cuts me off the heads

[01:51:49] of all the favorites that the absent king
[01:51:51] in deputation left behind him here
[01:51:53] while he was personal in the Irish wars.
[01:51:55] Tut!
[01:51:56] I came not to hear this.
[01:51:57] Then to the point.
[01:51:59] In short time after, he deposed the king;
[01:52:01] soon after that, deprived him of his life;
[01:52:03] and, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state.
[01:52:07] To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman Mortimer,
[01:52:12] who is, if every owner were well placed,
[01:52:13] indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales,
[01:52:16] there without ransom to lie forfeited;
[01:52:18] disgraced me in my happy victories;
[01:52:20] sought to entrap me by intelligence;
[01:52:23] rated mine uncle from the council-board;
[01:52:26] in rage, dismiss'd my father from the court;
[01:52:28] broke oath on oath; committed wrong on wrong;
[01:52:31] and, in conclusion,
[01:52:33] drove us to seek out this head of safety
[01:52:35] and withal to pry into his title,
[01:52:37] the which we find too indirect for long continuance.
[01:52:44] Shall I return this answer to the king?
[01:52:55] Not so, Sir Walter.
[01:52:58] We'll withdraw a while.
[01:53:03] Go to the king.
[01:53:04] Let there be impawn'd some surety for a safe return again,
[01:53:07] and in the morning earl
[01:53:11] shall mine uncle bring him our purposes.
[01:53:17] And so farewell.
[01:53:21] I would you would accept of grace and love.
[01:53:25] And may be so we shall.
[01:53:30] Pray God you do.
[01:53:51] Hie, good Sir Michael.
[01:53:53] Bear this sealed brief with winged haste
[01:53:55] to the lord marshal, this to my cousin Scroop,
[01:53:59] and all the rest to whom they are directed.
[01:54:01] If you knew how much they do to import,
[01:54:03] you would make haste.
[01:54:04] My good lord, I do guess their tenor.
[01:54:06] Like enough you do.
[01:54:08] Tomorrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
[01:54:12] wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
[01:54:15] must bide the touch.
[01:54:18] For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
[01:54:19] as I am truly given to understand,
[01:54:21] the king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
[01:54:24] meets with Lord Harry.
[01:54:27] And, I fear, Sir Michael,
[01:54:30] what with the sickness of Northumberland,
[01:54:33] whose power was in the first proportion,
[01:54:34] and what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
[01:54:37] who with them was a rated sinew too
[01:54:38] and comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,
[01:54:42] I fear the power of Percy is too weak
[01:54:44] to wage an instant trial with the king.
[01:54:46] Doubt not, my lord; they shall be well opposed.
[01:54:49] I hope no less.
[01:54:51] Yet needful 'tis to fear.
[01:54:53] And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed,

[01:54:55] for if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king dismiss his power,
[01:54:59] he means to visit us,
[01:55:01] for he hath heard of our confederacy,
[01:55:04] and 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him.
[01:55:06] Therefore, make haste.
[01:55:08] I must go write again to other friends.
[01:55:11] So farewell, Sir Michael.

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[01:55:20] How bloodily the sun begins to peer above yon busky hill.
 [01:55:26] The day looks pale at his distemperature.
 [01:55:29] The southern wind doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
 [01:55:31] and, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
 [01:55:33] foretells a tempest and a blustering day.
 [01:55:36] Then with the losers let it sympathize,
 [01:55:39] for nothing can seem foul to those that win.
 [01:55:48] How now, my Lord of Worcester.
 [01:55:51] 'Tis not well that you and I should meet
 [01:55:54] upon such terms as now we meet.
 [01:55:57] You have deceived our trust
 [01:56:00] and made us doff our easy robes of peace
 [01:56:03] to crush our old limbs in ungentle steel.
 [01:56:07] This is not well, my lord.
 [01:56:09] This is not well.
 [01:56:11] What say you to it?
 [01:56:12] Will you again unknit this churlish knot
 [01:56:15] of all-abhorred war
 [01:56:17] And move in that obedient orb again
 [01:56:20] where you did give a fair and natural light
 [01:56:23] and be no more an exhaled meteor,
 [01:56:27] a prodigy of fear and a portent of mischief
 [01:56:30] to the unborn times?
 [01:56:33] Hear me, my liege.
 [01:56:36] For mine own part, I could be well content
 [01:56:39] to entertain the lag-end of my life with quiet hours,
 [01:56:42] for I protest,
 [01:56:43] I have not sought the day of this dislike.
 [01:56:46] You have not sought it?
 [01:56:49] How comes it, then?
 [01:56:51] Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
 [01:56:53] Peace, chewet, peace!
 [01:56:55] It pleased your majesty to turn your looks of favor
 [01:56:59] from myself and all our house.
 [01:57:03] And yet I must remember you, my lord,
 [01:57:05] we were the first and dearest of your friends.
 [01:57:07] For you, my staff of office did I break In Richard's time
 [01:57:10] and posted day and night to meet you on the way
 [01:57:12] and kiss your hand,
 [01:57:14] while yet you were in place and in account
 [01:57:15] nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
 [01:57:18] It was myself, my brother, and his son
 [01:57:20] who brought you home
 [01:57:21] and boldly did outdare the dangers of the time.
 [01:57:25] And being fed by us, you used us so
 [01:57:28] as that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
 [01:57:30] useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest,
 [01:57:33] grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
 [01:57:35] that even our love durst not come near your sight
 [01:57:37] for fear of swallowing.
 [01:57:39] But with nimble wing, we were enforced,
 [01:57:40] for safety sake, to fly out of your sight
 [01:57:43] and raise this present head,
 [01:57:45] whereby we stand opposed by such means
 [01:57:47] as you yourself have forged against yourself
 [01:57:49] by unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 [01:57:54] and violation of all faith and troth
 [01:57:57] sworn to us in your younger enterprise!

[01:58:00] These things indeed you have articulate,
 [01:58:04] proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
 [01:58:09] to face the garment of rebellion with some fine color
 [01:58:13] that may please the eye
 [01:58:14] of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
 [01:58:18] which gape and rub the elbow at the news
 [01:58:21] o hurlyburly innovation.
 [01:58:23] And never yet did insurrection want
 [01:58:26] such water-colors to impaint his cause,
 [01:58:30] nor moody beggars, starving for a time
 [01:58:34] of pellmell havoc and confusion.
 [01:58:37] In both our armies, there is many a soul
 [01:58:40] shall pay full dearly for this encounter
 [01:58:42] if once they join in trial.
 [01:58:45] Tell your nephew the Prince of Wales
 [01:58:48] doth join with all the world in praise of Henry Percy.
 [01:58:51] By my hopes, this present enterprise set off his head,
 [01:58:54] I do not think a braver gentleman,
 [01:58:56] more active-valiant or more valiant-young,
 [01:58:59] more daring or more bold, is now alive
 [01:59:02] to grace this latter age with noble deeds.
 [01:59:05] For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 [01:59:08] I have a truant been to chivalry,
 [01:59:10] and so I hear he doth account me too.
 [01:59:14] Yet this before my father's majesty.
 [01:59:17] I am content that he shall take the odds
 [01:59:19] of his great name and estimation
 [01:59:22] and will, to save the blood on either side,
 [01:59:24] try fortune with him in a single fight.
 [01:59:30] And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
 [01:59:33] albeit considerations infinite do make against it.
 [01:59:38] No, good Worcester, no.
 [01:59:39] We love our people well.
 [01:59:42] Even those we love
 [01:59:44] that are misled upon your cousin's part.
 [01:59:47] And, will they take the offer of our grace,
 [01:59:50] both he and they and you, yea, every man,
 [01:59:55] shall be my friend again and I'll be his.
 [01:59:57] So tell your cousin,
 [01:59:59] and bring me word what he will do.
 [02:00:02] But if he will not yield,
 [02:00:04] rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
 [02:00:07] and they shall do their office.
 [02:00:10] So be gone.
 [02:00:12] We will not now be troubled with reply.
 [02:00:15] We offer fair.
 [02:00:17] Take it advisedly.
 [02:00:27] It will not be accepted, on my life.
 [02:00:30] The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
 [02:00:32] are confident against the world in arms.
 [02:00:35] Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,
 [02:00:38] for, on their answer, will we set on them.
 [02:00:42] And God befriend us, as our cause is just!
 [02:00:51] Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and bestride me, so.
 [02:00:59] 'Tis a point of friendship.
 [02:01:01] Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship.
 [02:01:04] Say thy prayers, and farewell.
 [02:01:06] I--
 [02:01:09] I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.
 [02:01:14] Why, thou owest God a death.

[02:01:17] 'Tis not due yet!
[02:01:19] I would be loath to pay him before his day.
[02:01:22] What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me?
[02:01:25] Well, 'tis no matter; honor pricks me on.
[02:01:31] Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on?
[02:01:34] How then?
[02:01:35] Can honor set to a leg?
[02:01:39] No, or an arm?
[02:01:42] No, or take away the grief of a wound?
[02:01:48] No.
[02:01:52] Honor hath then no skill in surgery?
[02:01:57] No.
[02:01:59] What is honor?
[02:02:02] A word.
[02:02:05] What is in that word "honor"?
[02:02:09] What is that honor?
[02:02:13] Air.
[02:02:16] A trim reckoning.
[02:02:17] Who hath it?
[02:02:19] He that died o' Wednesday.
[02:02:23] Doth he feel it?
[02:02:25] No.
[02:02:27] Doth he hear it?
[02:02:29] No.
[02:02:31] 'Tis insensible, then
[02:02:33] Yea, to the dead.
[02:02:36] But will it not live with the living?
[02:02:39] No.
[02:02:41] Why?
[02:02:43] Detraction will not suffer it.
[02:02:47] Therefore, I'll none of it.
[02:02:50] Honor is a mere scutcheon.
[02:02:53] And so ends my catechism.
[02:02:58] O, no, Sir Richard, my nephew must not know
[02:03:01] the liberal and kind offer of the king.
[02:03:03] 'Twere best he did.
[02:03:04] Then are we all undone.
[02:03:07] It is not possible, it cannot be,
[02:03:08] the king should keep his word in loving us.
[02:03:10] He will suspect us still and find a time
[02:03:12] to punish this offense in other faults.
[02:03:14] Therefore, dear cousin, let not Harry know,
[02:03:17] in any case, the offer of the king.
[02:03:21] Deliver what you will; I'll say 'tis so.
[02:03:26] My uncle is return'd.
[02:03:29] Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.
[02:03:31] Uncle, what news?
[02:03:32] The king will bid you battle presently.
[02:03:36] Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.
[02:03:39] Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.
[02:03:41] Marry, I shall, and very willingly.
[02:03:43] There's no seeming mercy in the king.
[02:03:46] Did you beg any?
[02:03:47] God forbid.
[02:03:48] I told him gently of our grievances,
[02:03:50] of his oath-breaking, which he mended thus
[02:03:52] by now forswearing that he is forsworn.
[02:03:54] He calls us rebels, traitors,
[02:03:56] will purge with haughty arms this hateful name in us.
[02:03:58] Arm, gentlemen; to arms.

[02:04:00] I have thrown a brave defiance in King Harry's teeth,
[02:04:02] and Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it.
[02:04:05] This cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
[02:04:11] The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king
[02:04:14] and, nephew, challenged you to single fight.
[02:04:17] Oh, would to God the quarrel lay upon our heads
[02:04:19] and that no man might draw short breath today
[02:04:22] but I and Harry Monmouth.
[02:04:25] Tell me, tell me, how show'd his tasking?
[02:04:28] Seem'd it in contempt?
[02:04:29] No, by my soul, I never in my life
[02:04:31] did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
[02:04:33] unless a brother should a brother dare
[02:04:35] to gentle exercise and proof of arms.
[02:04:37] He gave you all the virtues of a man,
[02:04:39] trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
[02:04:41] spoke to your deserving like a chronicle,
[02:04:43] making you ever better than his praise
[02:04:45] by still dispraising praise valued with you.
[02:04:49] And, which became him like a prince indeed,
[02:04:51] he made a blushing cital of himself
[02:04:54] and chid his truant youth with such a grace
[02:04:56] as if he master'd there a double spirit,
[02:04:58] of teaching and of learning instantly.
[02:05:00] There did he pause.
[02:05:02] But let me tell the world,
[02:05:04] if he outlive the envy of this day,
[02:05:07] England did never own so sweet a hope,
[02:05:10] so much misconstrued in his wantonness.
[02:05:13] Cousin, I think thou art enamored of his follies.
[02:05:17] Never did I hear of any prince so wild a libertine.
[02:05:20] But be he as he will, yet once ere night
[02:05:22] I will embrace him with a soldier's arm
[02:05:25] that he shall shrink under my courtesy.
[02:05:27] Arm, arm with speed.
[02:05:29] And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
[02:05:36] better consider what you have to do than I,
[02:05:39] that have not well the gift of tongue,
[02:05:40] can lift your blood up with persuasion.
[02:05:42] My lord, here are letters for you.
[02:05:44] I cannot read them now.
[02:05:48] Oh, gentlemen, the time of life is short.
[02:05:53] To spend that shortness basely were too long,
[02:05:56] if life did ride upon a dial's point,
[02:05:58] still ending at the arrival of an hour.
[02:06:00] An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
[02:06:02] if die, brave death, when princes die with us.
[02:06:08] Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair
[02:06:10] when the intent of bearing them is just.
[02:06:12] My lord, prepare.
[02:06:14] The king comes on apace.
[02:06:16] I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,
[02:06:17] for I profess not talking, only this:
[02:06:22] let each man do his best.
[02:06:26] And here draw I a sword, whose temper I intend to stain
[02:06:32] with the best blood that I can meet withal
[02:06:34] in the adventure of this perilous day.
[02:06:38] Now, Esperance.
[02:06:43] Percy.
[02:06:46] And set on.

[02:06:52] Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
[02:06:55] and, by that music, let us all embrace.
[02:07:08] For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
[02:07:12] a second time do such a courtesy.
[02:07:42] What is thy name,
[02:07:44] that in this battle thus thou crossest me?
[02:07:47] What honors dost thou seek upon my head?
[02:07:50] Know then, my name is Douglas;
[02:07:52] and I do haunt thee in battle thus
[02:07:54] because some tell me thou art a king.
[02:07:56] They tell thee true.
[02:07:58] My Lord of Stafford dear today hath bought thy likeness,
[02:08:02] for instead of thee, King Harry, this sword has ended him,
[02:08:05] which shall it thee,
[02:08:07] unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.
[02:08:10] I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot,
[02:08:14] and thou shalt find a king
[02:08:16] that will revenge Lord Stafford's death.
[02:08:34] Ohm Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
[02:08:37] never had triumph'd upon a Scot.
[02:08:40] All's done. All's won.
[02:08:42] See; here, breathless lies the king.
[02:08:45] Where?
[02:08:46] Here.
[02:08:48] This, Douglas?
[02:08:49] No, I know this face full well.
[02:08:53] A gallant knight he was.
[02:08:55] His name was Blunt.
[02:08:57] Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.
[02:08:59] A fool go with thy soul, whither it will.
[02:09:03] A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.
[02:09:05] Why didst thou tell me thou wert a king?
[02:09:07] The king has many marching in his coats.
[02:09:09] Then, by my sword, I will kill all his coats.
[02:09:11] I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
[02:09:15] until I find the king.
[02:09:17] Up, and away!
[02:09:18] Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day!
[02:09:21] This way! Follow me!
[02:09:23] Follow him, lads!
[02:09:24] Come on! Hurry!
[02:09:25] Come on, men!
[02:09:28] Though I could 'scape shot-free at London,
[02:09:31] yet I fear the shot here.
[02:09:32] Here's no scoring but upon the pate.
[02:09:34] Soft!
[02:09:35] Who are you?
[02:09:37] Sir Walter Blunt.
[02:09:40] There's honor for you.
[02:09:43] I'm as hot as molten lead and as heavy.
[02:09:45] God keep lead out of me!
[02:09:47] I need no more weight than mine own bowels.
[02:09:49] I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered.
[02:09:52] There's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive.
[02:09:54] And they are for the town's end, to beg during life.
[02:09:56] But who comes here?
[02:09:58] What?
[02:09:59] Stand'st thou idle here?
[02:10:00] What?
[02:10:01] Lend me thy sword.

[02:10:03] Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
[02:10:05] under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
[02:10:06] whose deaths are yet unrevengeed.
[02:10:08] I prithee, lend me thy sword!
[02:10:09] Oh, Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile.
[02:10:12] Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms
[02:10:14] as I have done this day.
[02:10:15] I have paid Percy. I have made him sure.
[02:10:17] He is, indeed, and living to kill thee.
[02:10:18] I prithee, lend me thy sword!
[02:10:20] Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive,
[02:10:21] thou get'st not my sword.
[02:10:23] Take my pistol, if thou wilt.
[02:10:24] Give it to me.
[02:10:25] What, is it in the case?
[02:10:27] Ay, 'tis hot. 'Tis hot.
[02:10:29] There's that will sack a city.
[02:10:31] What?
[02:10:33] Is it a time to jest and dally now?
[02:10:36] Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.
[02:10:40] If he do come in my way, so.
[02:10:42] If he do not, if I come in his willingly,
[02:10:45] let him make a carbonado of me.
[02:10:47] I like not such grinning honor as Sir Walter hath.
[02:10:50] Give me life, which, if I can save, so.
[02:10:54] If not, honor comes unlooked for,
[02:10:56] and there's an end.
[02:10:58] This way! Follow me!
[02:10:59] I prithee, Harry, withdraw thyself.
[02:11:02] Thou bleed'st too much.
[02:11:03] Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.
[02:11:05] Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.
[02:11:08] I do beseech your majesty, make up,
[02:11:10] lest your retirement do amaze your friends.
[02:11:12] I will do so.
[02:11:13] My Lord of Westmoreland, go you with him.
[02:11:15] Come, come, my lord; I'll lead you to your tent.
[02:11:18] Lead me, my lord?
[02:11:19] I do not need your help.
[02:11:20] And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive the Prince of Wales
[02:11:23] from such a field as this,
[02:11:25] where stain'd nobility lies trodden on
[02:11:27] and rebels' arms triumph in massacres.
[02:11:29] We breathe too long.
[02:11:30] Come, cousin Westmoreland.
[02:11:32] Our duty this way lies.
[02:11:33] For God's sake, come.
[02:11:37] By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster.
[02:11:40] I did not think thee lord of such a spirit.
[02:11:42] Before, I loved thee as a brother, John.
[02:11:44] Now I do respect thee as my soul.
[02:11:46] I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point
[02:11:49] with lustier maintenance than I did look for
[02:11:51] of such an ungrown warrior.
[02:11:55] Oh, this boy lends mettle to us all.
[02:12:01] Another king.
[02:12:03] They grow like Hydra's heads.
[02:12:05] I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
[02:12:07] that wear those colors on them.
[02:12:09] Who art thou that counterfeit'st the person of a king?

[02:12:12] The king himself, who, Douglas,
[02:12:16] grieves at heart so many of his shadows
[02:12:18] thou hast met and not the very king.
[02:12:20] I have two boys seek Percy and thyself about the field.
[02:12:24] But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
[02:12:27] I will assay thee, so defend thyself.
[02:12:48] I fear thou art another counterfeit.
[02:12:50] Yet thou bear'st thee like a king.
[02:12:53] But mine thou art, whoe'er thou be,
[02:12:57] and thus I win thee.
[02:13:02] Hold up thy head, vile Scot,
[02:13:03] or thou art like never to hold it up again,
[02:13:05] The spirits of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms.
[02:13:08] It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
[02:13:10] who never promiseth but he means to pay.
[02:13:14] Cheerly, my lord, how fares your grace?
[02:13:17] Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succor sent,
[02:13:19] and so hath Clifton.
[02:13:20] I'll to Clifton straight.
[02:13:22] Stay, and breathe awhile.
[02:13:24] Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion
[02:13:27] and show'd thou makest some tender of my life
[02:13:30] in this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.
[02:13:32] O God!
[02:13:33] They did me too much injury
[02:13:35] that ever said I hearken'd for your death.
[02:13:36] If it were so, I might have let alone
[02:13:38] the insulting hand of Douglas over you,
[02:13:40] which would have been as speedy in your end
[02:13:42] as all the poisonous potions in the world
[02:13:43] and saved the treacherous labor of your son!
[02:13:47] Make up to Clifton.
[02:13:48] I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.
[02:13:56] If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
[02:14:01] Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
[02:14:03] My name is Harry Percy.
[02:14:08] Why, then I see a very valiant rebel of the name.
[02:14:13] I am the Prince of Wales, and think not, Percy,
[02:14:15] to share with me in glory any more.
[02:14:18] Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,
[02:14:21] nor can one England brook a double reign
[02:14:23] of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.
[02:14:25] Nor shall it, Harry,
[02:14:26] for the hour is come to end the one of us.
[02:14:29] And would to God thy name in arms were now
[02:14:32] as great as mine.
[02:14:33] I'll make it greater ere I part from thee,
[02:14:36] and all the budding honors on thy crest I'll crop
[02:14:39] to make a garland for my head.
[02:14:40] I can no longer brook thy vanities.
[02:15:07] Oh!
[02:15:09] Well said, Hal!
[02:15:10] To it, Hal!
[02:15:12] Nay, you shall find no boy's play here,
[02:15:13] I can tell you.
[02:16:41] Oh, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth.
[02:16:49] I better brook the loss of brittle life
[02:16:52] than those proud titles thou hast won of me.
[02:16:55] They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh.
[02:16:58] But thoughts the slaves of life, and life time's fool.

[02:17:04] And time itself, that takes survey of all the world,
[02:17:08] must have a stop.
[02:17:12] Oh, I could prophesy,
[02:17:22] but that the earthy and co--
[02:17:26] cold hand of death lies on my tongue.
[02:17:30] No, Percy, thou art dust and food for--
[02:17:54] For worms, brave Percy.
[02:17:58] Fare thee well, great heart.
[02:18:06] Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk.
[02:18:10] When that this body did contain a spirit,
[02:18:14] a kingdom for it was too small a bound.
[02:18:18] But now two paces of the vilest earth
[02:18:21] is room enough.
[02:18:25] This earth that bears thee dead
[02:18:28] bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
[02:18:38] If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
[02:18:40] I should not make so dear a show of zeal.
[02:18:44] But let my favors hide thy mangled face.
[02:18:51] And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
[02:18:53] for doing these fair rites of tenderness.
[02:19:00] Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven.
[02:19:05] Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave
[02:19:11] but not remember'd in thy epitaph.
[02:19:25] What, old acquaintance?
[02:19:37] Could not all this flesh keep in a little life?
[02:19:42] Poor Jack, farewell.
[02:19:49] I could have better spared a better man.
[02:19:52] Oh, I should have a heavy miss of thee
[02:19:54] if I were much in love with vanity.
[02:19:57] Death hath not struck so fat a deer today,
[02:20:01] though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
[02:20:05] Embowell'd will I see thee by and by.
[02:20:12] Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.
[02:20:24] Embowelled?
[02:20:27] If thou embowel me to-day,
[02:20:28] I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too tomorrow.
[02:20:31] 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit,
[02:20:34] or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too.
[02:20:37] Counterfeit?
[02:20:39] I lie; I am no counterfeit.
[02:20:41] To die is to be a counterfeit,
[02:20:42] for he is but the counterfeit of a man
[02:20:44] who hath not the life of a man.
[02:20:46] But to counterfeit dying when a man thereby liveth
[02:20:49] is to be no counterfeit
[02:20:50] but the true and perfect image of life indeed.
[02:20:54] The better part of valor is discretion,
[02:20:57] in the which better part I have saved my life.
[02:21:17] 'Zounds, I'm afraid of this gunpowder Percy,
[02:21:20] though he be dead.
[02:21:21] How, if he should counterfeit too and rise?
[02:21:24] By my faith, I'm afraid
[02:21:26] he'd prove the better counterfeit.
[02:21:28] Therefore I'll make him sure.
[02:21:30] Yea, and I'll swear I killed him.
[02:21:33] Why may not he rise as well as I?
[02:21:36] Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me.
[02:21:40] Therefore, sirrah...
[02:21:44] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.
[02:21:54] Come, brother John.

[02:21:55] Full bravely hast thou flesh'd thy maiden sword.
[02:21:58] But soft.
[02:21:59] Whom have we here?
[02:22:00] Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?
[02:22:03] I did.
[02:22:04] I saw him dead.
[02:22:06] Breathless and bleeding on the ground.
[02:22:08] Art thou alive?
[02:22:10] Or is it some fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
[02:22:12] I prithee, speak.
[02:22:13] We will not trust our eyes without our ears.
[02:22:16] Thou art not what thou seem'st.
[02:22:18] No, that's certain.
[02:22:20] I am no double man.
[02:22:22] But if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.
[02:22:25] There is Percy.
[02:22:26] If your father will do me any honor, so.
[02:22:29] If not, let him kill the next Percy himself.
[02:22:32] I look to be either earl or duke,
[02:22:34] I can assure you.
[02:22:36] Percy I killed myself and saw thee dead.
[02:22:39] Didst thou?
[02:22:41] Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying.
[02:22:43] I grant, I was down and out of breath,
[02:22:45] and so was he.
[02:22:46] But we rose both at an instant
[02:22:48] and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.
[02:22:51] If I may be believed, so.
[02:22:54] If not, let them that should reward valor
[02:22:56] take the sin upon their own heads.
[02:22:57] I'll take it upon my death,
[02:22:59] I gave him this wound in the thigh.
[02:23:00] If the man were alive and would deny it,
[02:23:03] 'zounds, I'd make him eat a piece of my sword.
[02:23:06] This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.
[02:23:09] It is the strangest fellow, brother John.
[02:23:11] Come; bring your luggage nobly on your back.
[02:23:16] If a lie may do thee grace,
[02:23:19] I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.
[02:23:25] The trumpet sounds retreat.
[02:23:27] The day is ours.
[02:23:32] Come, brother; let us to the highest of the field
[02:23:34] to see what friends are living, who are dead.
[02:23:36] I'll follow, as they say, for reward.
[02:23:40] He that rewards me, God reward him.
[02:23:44] If I do grow great, I'll grow less,
[02:23:48] for I'll purge and leave sack
[02:23:51] and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.
[02:24:00] Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
[02:24:03] Ill-spirited Worcester.
[02:24:06] Did not we send grace, pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
[02:24:12] And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary,
[02:24:16] misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
[02:24:19] Three knights upon our party slain today,
[02:24:22] a noble earl and many a creature else
[02:24:26] had been alive this hour if, like a Christian,
[02:24:29] thou hadst truly borne betwixt our armies
[02:24:32] true intelligence.
[02:24:33] What I have done, my safety urged me to,
[02:24:38] and I embrace my fortune patiently,

[02:24:40] since not to be avoided it falls on me.
[02:24:44] Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too.
[02:24:49] Other offenders, we will pause upon.
[02:24:56] How goes the field?
[02:24:57] The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
[02:25:00] the fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
[02:25:02] the noble Percy slain,
[02:25:03] and all his men upon the foot of fear,
[02:25:05] fled with the rest.
[02:25:07] Falling from a hill,
[02:25:09] he was so bruised that the pursuers took him.
[02:25:11] At my tent, the Douglas is,
[02:25:13] and I beseech your grace I may dispose of him.
[02:25:15] With all my heart.
[02:25:20] Brother John of Lancaster, to you,
[02:25:22] this honorable bounty shall belong.
[02:25:23] Go to the Douglas,
[02:25:25] deliver him up to his pleasure, ransomless and free.
[02:25:27] His valor shown upon our crests today
[02:25:30] hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
[02:25:33] even in the bosom of our adversaries.
[02:25:35] I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
[02:25:37] which I shall give away immediately.
[02:25:40] Then this remains: that we divide our power.
[02:25:45] You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland
[02:25:49] towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed
[02:25:52] to meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
[02:25:55] who, as we hear, are busily in arms.
[02:25:58] Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales
[02:26:02] to fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
[02:26:05] Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
[02:26:09] meeting the cheque of such another day.
[02:26:12] And since this business so fair is done,
[02:26:16] let us not leave till all our own be won.