```xml
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  <teiHeader>
    <fileDesc>
      <titleStmt>
        <title type="statement">The Second Part of the Henry the Fourth,
Contaning his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fift from Mr. William
Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.
        Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
        <title type="variant">Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&amp;
        tragedies</title>
        <title type="distinctive">Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7</title>
        <author key="LCCNn78095332">Shakespeare, William, 1564-
1616.</author>
        <editor>Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630</editor>
        <editor>Condell, Henry, -1627</editor>
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          <persName>Droeshout, Martin, 1601-</persName>
          <resp>engraver</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Jaggard, Isaac, -1627</persName>
          <resp>printer</resp>
        </respStmt>
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          <persName>Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632</persName>
          <resp>printer</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Jaggard, William, 1569-1623</persName>
          <resp>publisher</resp>
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          <persName>Smethwicke, John, -1641</persName>
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        </respStmt>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Aspley, William, -1640</persName>
          <resp>publisher</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="BDLSS">
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Library Systems and Services</orgName>
          <resp>creation of electronic edition</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="INVIDA">
          <orgName ref="http://www.invidasolutions.com/">Invida Trans It
Solutions PVT. LTD.</orgName>
          <resp>preliminary keying and encoding by</resp>
```

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        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="PW">
           <persName>Pip Willcox</persName>
           <resp>project management</resp>
           <resp>proofing</resp>
           <resp>encoding</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="LMC">
           <persName>Lucienne Cummings</persName>
           <resp>proofing</resp>
           <resp>encoding</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="JS">
           <persName>Judith Siefring</persName>
           <resp>proofing</resp>
           <resp>encoding</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="ES">
           <persName>Emma Stanford</persName>
           <resp>proofing</resp>
           <resp>encoding</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="JC">
           <persName>James Cummings</persName>
           <resp>encoding consultation</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <funder>
           <ref target="http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Sprint for
Shakespeare</ref>
           Crowdfunding</funder>
        <funder>The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made
possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the
Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient
and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre
and book history.</funder>
     </titleStmt>
     <editionStmt>
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April
           2014</date>
        </edition>
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           <orgName ref="http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Bodleian
Libraries</orgName>,
           <orgName ref="http://www.ox.ac.uk">University of Oxford</orgName>
        </publisher>
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                Library Systems and Services</orgName>
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            <addrLine>Osney Mead</addrLine>
            <addrLine>Oxford</addrLine>
            <postCode>OX2 0EW</postCode>
          </address>
          <availability>
            <p> Available for reuse, according to the terms of the <ref
target="http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/">Creative Commons Attribution
3.0 Unported</ref>.</p>
          </availability>
          <idno type="url">http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</idno>
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            <author key="LCCNn78095332">Shakespeare, William, 1564-
1616.</author>
            <title type="statement"> Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&amp;
                tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
            <title type="variant">Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&amp;
                tragedies</title>
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            </pubPlace>:
            <publisher>
              <persName>William Jaggard</persName>, <persName>Edward
                Blount</persName>, <persName>John Smethwicke</persName>
            </publisher>
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            <date type="entry" when="1623-11-08">8 November 1623
(entered)</date>
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            <idno type="estcCitationNo">S111228</idno>
            <idno type="alephSysNo">015592789</idno>
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            <note type="citation">Greg, III, p. 1109-12</note>
            <note type="citation">Pforzheimer, 905</note>
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            <note type="citation">STC (2nd ed.), 22273</note>
            <note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. &amp; West, A.J. "The
Shakespeare First Folios a
                descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.</note>
            <note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the
First Folio of
                Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>
            <note type="citation">West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare
First Folios,
                With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1
(March
                1999), p.1-19</note>
         </bibl>
         <msDesc>
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               <institution>University of Oxford</institution>
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               <altIdentifier type="previous">
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                     1624-1664?]</idno>
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               <titlePage>
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                     <titlePart>M<hi rend="superscript">r</hi> VVILLIAM <lb/>
                        <hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES</hi>
                        <lb/>COMEDIES, <lb/>HISTORIES, &amp;
<lb/>TRAGEDIES. </titlePart>
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Copies.</titlePart>

                  </docTitle>

                  <docImprint>London : Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount [at
the charges
                     of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley].,
                     <docDate>1623</docDate>.</docImprint>
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    <dimensions>
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      <width unit="mm">323</width>
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  </support>
  <foliation>
    <p>[18], 303, [1], 46, 49-100, [2], 69-232, [2], 79-80, [26], 76, 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.; fol.</p>
    <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58; p.59 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered 151; p.161 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165 misnumbered 163; p. 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250 misnumbered 252; p. 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in some copies; p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count: p.165-166 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 -- 5th count: p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308 misnumbered 38; p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
  </foliation>
  <collation>
    <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: $\pi$A$^6$ ($\pi$A1+1) [$\pi$B$^2$], $^2$A-2B$^6$ 2C$^2$ a-g$^6$ $\chi$gg$^8$ h-v$^6$ x$^4$ $\chi$1.2 [para.]-2[para.]$^6$ 3[para]$^1$ aa-ff$^6$ gg$^2$ Gg$^6$ hh$^6$ kk-bbb$^6$; 2. West: $\pi$A$^6$ ($\pi$A1+1, $\pi$A5+1.2)$^2$A-2B$^6$ 2C$^2$ a-g$^6$ $^2$g$^8$ h-v$^6$ x$^4$ 'gg3.4' ($\pm$'gg3') [para.]-2[para.]$^6$ 3[para]$^1$ 2a-2f$^6$ 2g$^2$ 2G$^6$ 2h$^6$ 2k-2v$^6$ x$^6$ 2y-3b$^6$.</p>
    <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; $^3$gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
    <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.</p>
  </collation>
```

<condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the reader". The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.</condition>

</supportDesc>
<layoutDesc>
  <layout>
    <p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>
    <p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>
    <p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623.".</p>
    <p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.</p>
  </layout>

</layoutDesc>
</objectDesc>
<decoDesc>
  <decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>
  <decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin-Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.</decoNote>
</decoDesc>
<additions>
  <p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p.

```xml
            (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor annotations on
            leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after
            leaving the Library.</p>
         </additions>
         <bindingDesc>
            <p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the
            Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red
            sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head
            of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine.
            Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in
            Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out
            on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from
            a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between
            1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod.
            Inc. Cat., C-322.</p>
         </bindingDesc>
      </physDesc>
      <history>
         <origin>
            <p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The
            printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.
            </p>
         </origin>
         <acquisition>
            <p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It
            was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library
            Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at
            shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication
            of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the
            newer <bibl>
               <title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records
```

```xml
                        to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
                        "superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard
Davis</persName>, a
                        bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the
sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.</p>
                    <p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered
                        the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of
Ogston Hall,
                        Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the
                        family's possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when
it was
                        reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num
value="3000">£3000</num>,
                        raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the
rediscovery and
                        purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S.
Gibson, The
                        Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare
(theTurbutt
                        Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p>
                    <p>For a full discussion of this copy and the
                        digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West
and
                        Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>
                </acquisition>
            </history>
            <additional>
                <surrogates>
                    <listBibl>
                        <bibl type="digitalFacsimile">Digital facsimile images available
at: <ref
target="http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</ref>.<
/bibl>
                    </listBibl>
                </surrogates>
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          <persName type="form">1. Draw.</persName>
          <persName type="form">1. Drawer.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-2h4-gro.1">
          <persName type="standard">First Groom</persName>
          <persName type="form">1. Groo.</persName>
```

```xml
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-dra.2">
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        <persName type="form">2. Draw.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-gro.2">
        <persName type="standard">Second Groom</persName>
        <persName type="form">2. Groo.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-scr">
        <persName type="standard">Archbishop Scroop, Archbishop of
York</persName>
        <persName type="form">Ar.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Arch.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Bish.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-bar">
        <persName type="standard">Bardolph</persName>
        <persName type="form">Bar.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Bard,</persName>
        <persName type="form">Bard.</persName>
        <persName type="form">L. Bar.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-bul">
        <persName type="standard">Peter Bullcalf, country soldier</persName>
        <persName type="form">Bul.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-lcj">
        <persName type="standard">Lord Chief Justice</persName>
        <persName type="form">Ch. Iu.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Ch. Iust.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Ch: Iust.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Iu.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Iust</persName>
        <persName type="form">Iust.</persName>
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      <person xml:id="F-2h4-cla">
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Clarence</persName>
        <persName type="form">Cla.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Clar.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Glou. Cla.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-col">
        <persName type="standard">Sir John Colville</persName>
        <persName type="form">Col.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-dav">
        <persName type="standard">Davy, servant to Shallow</persName>
        <persName type="form">Da.</persName>
```

```xml
        <persName type="form">Dau.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Dauie.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Dauy.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-dol">
        <persName type="standard">Doll Tearsheet</persName>
        <persName type="form">Dol.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-dra">
        <persName type="standard">(Francis, a drawer)</persName>
        <persName type="form">Drawer.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-epi">
        <persName type="standard">Epilogue</persName>
        <persName type="form">Epilogue</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-fal">
        <persName type="standard">Falstaff, Sir John Falstaff</persName>
        <persName type="form">Fal</persName>
        <persName type="form">Fal.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Falst.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Falstaffe.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Faltasse.</persName>
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      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-fee">
        <persName type="standard">Francis Feeble, country soldier</persName>
        <persName type="form">Feeble,</persName>
        <persName type="form">Feeble.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-glo">
        <persName type="standard">Prince Humphrey, of
Gloucester</persName>
        <persName type="form">Glo.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Glou.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Glou. Cla.</persName>
      </person>
    <person xml:id="F-2h4-gow">
        <persName type="standard">Gower</persName>
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      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-har">
        <persName type="standard">Harcourt</persName>
        <persName type="form">Harc.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-has">
        <persName type="standard">Lord Hastings</persName>
```

```xml
        <persName type="form">Hast.</persName>
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      <person xml:id="F-2h4-qui">
        <persName type="standard">Hostess Quickly, hostess of a tavern in
Eastcheap</persName>
        <persName type="form">Host.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Hostesse.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-joh">
        <persName type="standard">Prince John, of Lancaster</persName>
        <persName type="form">Ioh.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Iohn.</persName>
        <persName type="form">John.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-brs">
        <persName type="standard">Brothers</persName>
        <persName type="form">Iohn., &amp;c.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-hn4">
        <persName type="standard">Henry IV, King of England</persName>
        <persName type="form">King.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-lap">
        <persName type="standard">Lady Percy</persName>
        <persName type="form">La.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Lady.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-mes">
        <persName type="standard">Messenger</persName>
        <persName type="form">Mes.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Mess.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-mor">
        <persName type="standard">Morton, retainer of
Northumberland</persName>
        <persName type="form">Mor.</persName>
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      <person xml:id="F-2h4-mou">
        <persName type="standard">Ralph Mouldy, country soldier</persName>
        <persName type="form">Moul.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Mould.</persName>
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      <person xml:id="F-2h4-mow">
        <persName type="standard">Lord Mowbray</persName>
        <persName type="form">Mow.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-nor">
        <persName type="standard">Earl of Northumberland</persName>
        <persName type="form">Nor.</persName>
        <persName type="form">North.</persName>
```

```xml
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-2h4-off">
          <persName type="standard">Officer (First Beadle)</persName>
          <persName type="form">Off.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Officer.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-2h4-hn5">
          <persName type="standard">Henry V, Prince, later King of
England</persName>
          <persName type="form">P. Hen.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Pr.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Prin.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Prince.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Prin. Poin.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-2h4-pag">
          <persName type="standard">Page, to Falstaff</persName>
          <persName type="form">Pag.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Page</persName>
          <persName type="form">Page.</persName>
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          <persName type="standard">Peto</persName>
          <persName type="form">Peto.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-2h4-pis">
          <persName type="standard">Pistol</persName>
          <persName type="form">Pist</persName>
          <persName type="form">Pist.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Pistol.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-2h4-poi">
          <persName type="standard">Edward Poins</persName>
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          <persName type="form">Prin. Poin.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-2h4-por">
          <persName type="standard">Porter</persName>
          <persName type="form">Por.</persName>
        </person>
      <person xml:id="F-2h4-rum">
          <persName type="standard">Rumour, the Presenter</persName>
          <persName type="form">Rumour</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-2h4-ser">
          <persName type="standard">Servant</persName>
          <persName type="form">Ser.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-2h4-shd">
```

```xml
          <persName type="standard">Simon Shadow, country soldier</persName>
          <persName type="form">Shad.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-2h4-shl">
          <persName type="standard">Robert Shallow, country
Justice</persName>
          <persName type="form">Shal</persName>
          <persName type="form">Shal.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Shall.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Shallow.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-2h4-sil">
          <persName type="standard">Silence, country Justice</persName>
          <persName type="form">Sil.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-2h4-sna">
          <persName type="standard">Snare, a Sheriff's officer</persName>
          <persName type="form">Sn.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Snare.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-2h4-tra">
          <persName type="standard">Travers, retainer of
Northumberland</persName>
          <persName type="form">Tra.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-2h4-war">
          <persName type="standard">Earl of Warwick</persName>
          <persName type="form">War.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Warw.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Warwicke.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-2h4-wrt">
          <persName type="standard">Thomas Wart, country soldier</persName>
          <persName type="form">Wart.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-2h4-wes">
          <persName type="standard">Earl of Westmoreland</persName>
          <persName type="form">West.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-2h4-lan">
          <persName type="standard">Lady Northumberland</persName>
          <persName type="form">Wife.</persName>
        </person>
      </listPerson>
    </particDesc>
  </profileDesc>
</teiHeader>
<text type="play" xml:id="F-2h4">
    <body>
      <div type="play" n="18">
```

```xml
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0396-0.jpg" n="74"/>
<head rend="center">The Second Part of the Henry the Fourth,
    <lb/>Contaning his Death: and the Coronation
    <lb/>of King Henry the Fift.</head>
<div type="induction">
    <head rend="italic center">Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Induction]</head>
    <note type="editorial" resp="#PW">Conventionally in this play, the
Induction precedes the first act and scene. From this point in the act onwards,
therefore, conventional scene numbering diverges from the First Folio.</note>
        <cb n="1"/>
    <head rend="italic center">INDVCTION.</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Rumour.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-rum">
        <l>
<c rend="decoratedCapital">O</c>Pen your Eares: For which of you
will stop</l>
        <l>
<gap extent="1"
    unit="chars"
    reason="illegible"
    agent="uninkedType"
    resp="#ES"/>he vent of hearing, when loud <hi
rend="italic">Rumour</hi> speakes?</l>
        <l>
<gap extent="1"
    unit="chars"
    reason="illegible"
    agent="uninkedType"
    resp="#ES"/> from the Orient, to the drooping West</l>
        <l>(Making the wind my Post-horse) still vnfold</l>
        <l>The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.</l>
        <l>Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,</l>
        <l>The which, in every Language, I pronounce,</l>
        <l>Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports:</l>
        <l>I speak of Peace, while couert Enmitie</l>
        <l>(Vnder the smile of Safety) wounds the World:</l>
        <l>And who but <hi rend="italic">Rumour</hi>, who but onely
I</l>
        <l>Make fearfull Musters, and prepar'd Defence,</l>
        <l>Whil'st the bigge yeare, swolne with some other griefes,</l>
        <l>Is thought with childe, by the sterne Tyrant, Warre,</l>
        <l>And no such matter? <hi rend="italic">Rumour</hi>, is a
Pipe</l>
        <l>Blown by Surmises, Iealousies, Coniectures;</l>
        <l>And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,</l>
        <l>That the blunt Monster, with vncounted heads,</l>
        <l>The still discordant, wauering Multitude,</l>
        <l>Can play vpon it. But what need I thus</l>
        <l>My well-knowne Body to Anatomize</l>
```

```xml
        <l>Among my houshold? Why is <hi rend="italic">Rumour</hi>
heere?</l>
        <l>I run before King <hi rend="italic">Harries</hi> victory,</l>
        <l>Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie,</l>
        <l>Hath beaten downe young <hi rend="italic">Hotspurre</hi>,
and his Troopes,</l>
        <l>Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,</l>
        <l>Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I</l>
        <l>To speak so true at first<c rend="italic">?</c> My Office
is</l>
        <l>To noyse abroad, that <hi rend="italic">Harry
Monmouth</hi> fell</l>
        <l>Vnder the Wrath of Noble <hi rend="italic">Hotspurres</hi>
Sword:</l>
        <l>And that the King, before the <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi>
Rage</l>
        <l>Stoop'd his Anointed head, as low as death.</l>
        <l>This haue I rumour'd through the peasant-Townes,</l>
        <l>Between that Royall Field of Shrewsburie,</l>
        <l>And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,</l>
        <l>Where <hi rend="italic">Hotspurres</hi> Father, old
Northumberland,</l>
        <l>Lyes craftysicke. The Posts come tyring on,</l>
        <l>And not a man of them brings other newes</l>
        <l>Then they haue learn'd of Me. From <hi
rend="italic">Rumours</hi> Tongues,</l>
        <l>They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse than True-
            <lb/>wrongs.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="act" n="1" rend="notPresent">
      <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
        <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
          <cb n="2"/>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lord Bardolfe,
and the Porter.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
          <speaker rend="italic">L. Bar.</speaker>
          <l>Who keeps the Gate heere hos?</l>
          <l>Where is the Earl?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-por">
          <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
          <l>What shall I say you are?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
          <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
          <l>Tell thou the Earle</l>
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<l>That the Lord <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi> doth attend him heere.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<l>His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard.</l>
<l>Please it your Honour, knocke but at the Gate,</l>
<l>And he himselfe will answer.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Northumberland.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
<speaker rend="italic">L. Bar.</speaker>
<l>Here comes the Earle.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-nor">
<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
<l>What news, Lord <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>? Every minute now</l>
<l>Should be the Father of some Stratagem;</l>
<l>The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horse</l>
<l>Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose,</l>
<l>And beares downe all before him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
<speaker rend="italic">L. Bar.</speaker>
<l>Noble Earle,</l>
<l>I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-nor">
<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
<p>Good, and heauen will.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
<speaker rend="italic">L. Bar.</speaker>
<l>As good as heart can wish:</l>
<l>The King is almost wounded to the death:</l>
<l>And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,</l>
<l>Prince <hi rend="italic">Harrie</hi> slaine out-right: and both the <hi rend="italic">Blunts</hi></l>
<l>Kill'd by the hand of <hi rend="italic">Dowglas</hi>. Young Prince <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>,</l>
<l>And Westmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field.</l>
<l>And <hi rend="italic">Harrie Monmouth's</hi> Brawne (the Hulke Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>)</l>
<l>Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day,</l>
<l>(So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly wonne)</l>
<l>Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times</l>
<l>Since Cæsars Fortunes.</l>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-nor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
      <l>How is this deriu'd?</l>
      <l>Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
      <speaker rend="italic">L. Bar.</speaker>
      <l>I spake with one (my <choice>
  <abbr>L.</abbr>
  <expan>Lord</expan>
</choice>) that came <choice>
  <abbr>frō</abbr>
  <expan>from</expan>
</choice> thence,</l>
      <l>A Gentleman, well bred, and of good name,</l>
      <l>That freely render'd me these news for true.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-nor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
      <l>Heere comes my Servant <hi rend="italic">Trauers</hi>, whom I sent</l>
      <l>On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Trauers</stage>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
      <speaker rend="italic">L. Bar.</speaker>
      <l>My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way;</l>
      <l>And he is furnish'd with no certainties,</l>
      <l>More then he (haply) may retaile from me.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-nor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
      <l>Now Trauers, what good tidings comes <choice>
  <abbr>frō</abbr>
  <expan>from</expan>
</choice> you?</l>
    </sp>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Tra.</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0397.jpg" n="75"/>
    <fw type="rh">
  <hi rend="italic">The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth</hi>
</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-tra">
      <speaker rend="italic">Tra.</speaker>
      <l>My Lord, Sit <hi rend="italic">Iohn Vmfreuill</hi> turn'd me backe</l>
      <l>With ioyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)</l>
      <l>Out-rod me. After him, came spurring head</l>
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<l>A Gentleman (almost fore-spent with speed)</l>
<l>That stopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horse.</l>
<l>He ask'd the way to Chester: And of him</l>
<l>I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury:</l>
<l>He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,</l>
<l>And that yong <hi rend="italic">Harry Percies</hi> Spurre was cold.</l>
<l>With that he gaue his able Horse the head,</l>
<l>And bending forwards strooke his able heeles</l>
<l>Against the panting sides of his poore Iade</l>
<l>Vp to the Rowell head, and starting so,</l>
<l>He seem'd in running, to deuoure the way,</l>
<l>staying no longer question.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-nor">
<speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
<l>Ha? Againe:</l>
<l>Said he yong <hi rend="italic">Harrie Percyes</hi> Spurre was cold?</l>
<l>(Of <hi rend="italic">Hot-Spurre</hi>, cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion,</l>
<l>Had met ill lucke?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
<speaker rend="italic">L. Bar.</speaker>
<l>My Lord: Ile tell you what,</l>
<l>If my yong Lord your Sonne, haue not the day,</l>
<l>Vpon mine Honor, for a silken point</l>
<l>Ile giue my Barony. Neuer talke of it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-nor">
<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
<l>Why should the Gentleman that rode by <hi rend="italic">Trauers</hi>
</l>
<l>Giue then such instances of Losse?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
<speaker rend="italic">L. Bar.</speaker>
<l>Who, he?</l>
<l>He was some hielding Fellow, that had stolne</l>
<l>The Horse he rode-on: and vpon my life</l>
<l>Speake at aduenture. Looke, here comes more Newes.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Morton.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h4-nor">
<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
<l>Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leafe,</l>
<l>Fore-tels the Nature of a Tragicke Volume:</l>
<l>So lookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood</l>

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            <l>Hath left a witnest Vsurpation.</l>
            <l>Say <hi rend="italic">Morton</hi>, did'st thou come from
Shrewsbury?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-mor">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mor.</speaker>
            <l>I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)</l>
            <l>Where hatefull death put on his vgliest Maske</l>
            <l>To fright our party.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-nor">
            <speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
            <l>How doth my Sonne, and Brother?</l>
            <l>Thou trembl'st; and the whitenesse in thy Cheeke</l>
            <l>Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.</l>
            <l>Euen such a man, so faint, so spiritlesse,</l>
            <l>So dull, so dead in looke, so woe-be-gone,</l>
            <l>Drew <hi rend="italic">Priams</hi> Curtaine, in the dead of
night,</l>
            <l>And would haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.</l>
            <l>But <hi rend="italic">Priam</hi> found the Fire, ere he his
Tongue:</l>
            <l>And I, my <hi rend="italic">Percies</hi> death, ere thou
report'st it.</l>
            <l>This, thou would'st say; Your Sonne did thus, and thus:</l>
            <l>Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble <hi
rend="italic">Dowglas</hi>,</l>
            <l>Stopping my greedy care, with their bold deeds.</l>
            <l>But in the end (to stop mine Eare indeed)</l>
            <l>Thou hast a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,</l>
            <l>Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-mor">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mor.</speaker>
            <l>Dowglas is liuing, and your Brother, yet:</l>
            <l>But for my Lord, your Sonne.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-nor">
            <speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
            <l>Why he is dead.</l>
            <l>See what a ready tongue Suspition hath:</l>
            <l>He that but feares the thing, he would not know,</l>
            <l>Hath by Instinct, knowledge from others Eyes,</l>
            <l>That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet speake (<hi
rend="italic">Morton</hi>)</l>
            <l>Tell thou thy Earle, his Diuination Lies,</l>
            <l>And I will take it, as a sweet Disgrace,</l>
            <l>And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-mor">
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    <speaker rend="italic">Mor.</speaker>
    <l>You are too great, to be (by me) gainsaid:</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-nor">
    <speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
    <l>Yet for all this, say not that <hi rend="italic">Percies</hi>
dead.</l>
    <l>I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:</l>
    <l>Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it Feare, or Sinne,</l>
    <l>To speake a truth. If he be slaine, say so:</l>
    <l>The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:</l>
    <l>And he doth sinne that doth belye the dead:</l>
    <l>Not he, which sayes the dead is not aliue:</l>
    <l>Yet the first bringer of unwelcome Newes</l>
    <l>Hath but a loosing Office: and his Tongue,</l>
    <l>Sounds ever after as a sullen Bell</l>
    <l>Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
    <speaker rend="italic">L. Bar.</speaker>
    <l>I cannot thinke (my Lord) your son is dead.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-mor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mor.</speaker>
    <l>I am sorry, I should force you to beleeue</l>
    <l>That, which I would to heauen, I had not seene.</l>
    <l>But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody state,</l>
    <l>Rendering faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd).</l>
    <l>To <hi rend="italic">Henrie Monmouth</hi>, whose swift
wrath beate downe</l>
    <l>The neuer-daunted <hi rend="italic">Percie</hi> to the
earth,</l>
    <l>From whence (with life) he never more sprung up.</l>
    <l>In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire,</l>
    <l>Even to the dullest Peazant in his Campe)</l>
    <l>Being bruited once, tooke fire and heate away</l>
    <l>From the best temper'd Courage in his Troopes.</l>
    <l>For from his Mettle, was his Party steel'd;</l>
    <l>Which once, in him abated, all the rest</l>
    <l>Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy Lead:</l>
    <l>And as the Thing, that's heauy in it selfe,</l>
    <l>Vpon enforcement, flyes with greatest speede,</l>
    <l>So did our Men, heavy in <hi rend="italic">Hotspurres</hi>
losse,</l>
    <l>Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Feare,</l>
    <l>That Arrowes fled not swifter toward their ayme,</l>
    <l>Then did our Soldiers (ayming at their safety)</l>
    <l>Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcester</l>
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<l>Too soone ta'ne prisoner: and that furious Scot,</l>
<l>(The bloody <hi rend="italic">Dowglas)</hi> whose well-labouring sword</l>
<l>Had three times slaine th'appearance of the King,</l>
<l>Gan vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame</l>
<l>Of those that turn'd their backes: and in his flight,</l>
<l>Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The summe of all,</l>
<l>Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath sent out</l>
<l>A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,</l>
<l>Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancaster</l>
<l>And Westmerland. This is the Newes at full.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-nor">
<speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
<l>For this, I shall haue time enough to mourne.</l>
<l>In Poyson, there is Physicke: and this newes</l>
<l>(Having beene well) that would have made me sicke,</l>
<l>Being sicke, haue in some measure, made me well.</l>
<l>And as the Wretch, whose Feauer-weakned ioynts,</l>
<l>Like strengthlesse Hindges, buckle vnder life,</l>
<l>Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire</l>
<l>Out of his keepers armes: Even so, my Limbes</l>
<l>(Weak'ned with greefe) being-now inrag'd with greefe,</l>
<l>Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,</l>
<l>A scalie Gauntlet now, with ioynts of Steele</l>
<l>Must gloue this hand. And hence thou sickly Quoife,</l>
<l>Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,</l>
<l>Which Princes, flesh'd with Conquest, ayme to hit.</l>
<l>Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach</l>
<l>The ragged'st houre, that Time and Spight dare bring</l>
<l>To frowne vpon th'enrag'd Northumberland.</l>
<l>Let Heauen kisse Earth: now let not Natures hand</l>
<l>Keepe the wilde flood confin'd: Let Order dye,</l>
<l>And let the world no longer be a stage</l>
<l>To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act:</l>
<l>But let one spirit of the First-borne <hi rend="italic">Caine</hi>
</l>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">g</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Reigne</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0398.jpg" n="76"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.</hi>
</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>Reigne in all bosomes, that each heart being set</l>
<l>On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,</l>
<l>And darknesse be the burier of the dead.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-bar">

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<speaker rend="italic">L. Bar.</speaker>
<l>Sweet Earle, divorce not wisedom from your
    <lb rend="turnover"/>
<pc rend="turnover">(</pc>Honor.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-mor">
<speaker rend="italic">Mor.</speaker>
<l>The liues of all your loving Complices</l>
<l>Leane-on your health, the which if you giue-o're</l>
<l>To stormy Passion, must perforce decay.</l>
<l>You cast th'euent of Warre (my Noble Lord)</l>
<l>And summ'd the accompt of Chance, before you said</l>
<l>Let vs make head: It was your presurmize,</l>
<l>That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.</l>
<l>You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge</l>
<l>More likely to fall in, then to get o're:</l>
<l>You were aduis'd his flesh was capeable</l>
<l>Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit</l>
<l>Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd,</l>
<l>Yet did you say go forth: and none of this</l>
<l>(Though strongly apprehended) could restraine</l>
<l>The stiffe-borne Action: What hath then befalne?</l>
<l>Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth,</l>
<l>More then that Being, which was like to be?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
<speaker rend="italic">L. Bar.</speaker>
<l>We all that are engaged to this losse,</l>
<l>Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Seas,</l>
<l>That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:</l>
<l>And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,</l>
<l>Choak'd the respect of likely perill fear'd,</l>
<l>And since we are o're-set, venture againe.</l>
<l>Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods,</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-mor">
<speaker rend="italic">Mor.</speaker>
<l>'Tis more then time: And (my most Noble Lord)</l>
<l>I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth:</l>
<l>The gentle Arch-bishop of Yorke is vp</l>
<l>With well appointed Powres: he is a man</l>
<l>Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.</l>
<l>My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpes,</l>
<l>But shadowes, and the shewes of men to fight.</l>
<l>For that same word (Rebellion) did diuide</l>
<l>The action of their bodies, from their soules,</l>
<l>And they did fight with queasinesse, constrain'd</l>
<l>As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only</l>
<l>Seem'd on our side: but for their Spirits and Soules,</l>
<l>This word (Rebellion) it had froze them vp.</l>
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<l>As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop</l>
<l>Turnes Insurrection to Religion,</l>
<l>Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts:</l>
<l>He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:</l>
<l>And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood</l>
<l>Of faire King <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, scrap'd from Pomfret stones,</l>
<l>Deriues from heauen, his Quarrell, and his Cause:</l>
<l>Tels them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land,</l>
<l>Gasping for life, under great <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>,</l>
<l>And more, and lesse, do flocke to follow him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-nor">
<speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
<l>I knew of this before. But to speake truth,</l>
<l>This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde.</l>
<l>Go in with me, and councell every man</l>
<l>The aptest way for safety, and reuenge:</l>
<l>Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,</l>
<l>Neuer so few, nor neuer yet more need.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
<head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Falstaffe, and Page.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
<p>Sirra, you giant, what saies the <choice>
<abbr>Doct.</abbr>
<expan>Doctor</expan>
</choice> to my water?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-pag">
<speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
<p>He said sir, the Water it selfe was a good healthy
<lb/>water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might haue more
<lb/>diseases then he knew for.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
<p>Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at mee: the
<cb n="2"/>
<lb/>braine of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able
<lb/>to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I
<lb/>inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty in my
<lb/>selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe heere

\<lb/\>walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all
\<lb/\>her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Ser-
\<lb/\>uice for any other reason, then to set mee off, why then I
\<lb/\>haue no iudgement. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art
\<lb/\>fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I
\<lb/\>was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now: but I will sette
\<lb/\>you neyther in Gold, nor Siluer, but in vilde apparell, and
\<lb/\>send you backe againe to your Master, for a Iewell. The
\<lb/\>
\<hi rend="italic"\>Iuuenall\</hi\> (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet
\<lb/\>fledg'd, I will sooner have a beard grow in the Palme of
\<lb/\>my hand, then he shall get one on his cheeke: yet he will
\<lb/\>not sticke to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heauen may
\<lb/\>finish it when he will, it is not a haire amisse yet: he may
\<lb/\>keepe it still at a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall neuer
\<lb/\>earne six pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if
\<lb/\>he had writ man ever since his Father was a Batchellour.
\<lb/\>He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almost out of
\<lb/\>mine, I can assure him. What said M. \<hi rend="italic"\>Dombledon\</hi\>, about
\<lb/\>the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops\<c rend="italic"\>?\</c\>
\</p\>
\</sp\>
\<sp who="#F-2h4-pag"\>
\<speaker rend="italic"\>Pag.\</speaker\>
\<p\>He said sir, you should procure him better Assu-
\<lb/\>rance, then \<hi rend="italic"\>Bardolfe:\</hi\> he wold not take his Bond \& yours,
\<lb/\>he lik'd not the Security.\</p\>
\</sp\>
\<sp who="#F-2h4-fal"\>
\<speaker rend="italic"\>Fal.\</speaker\>
\<p\>Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his
\<lb/\>Tongue be hotter, a horson \<hi rend="italic"\>Achitophel\</hi\>; a Rascally-yea-
\<lb/\>forsooth-knaue, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then
\<lb/\>stand vpon Security? The horson smooth-pates doe now,
\<lb/\>we are nothing but high shoes, and bunches of Keyes at
\<lb/\>their girdles: and if a man is through with them in ho-
\<lb/\>nest Taking-vp, then they must stand vpon Securitie: I
\<lb/\>had as liefe they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as
\<lb/\>offer to stoppe it with Security. I look'd hee should have
\<lb/\>sent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true
\<lb/\>Knight) and he sends me Security. Well, he may sleep in
\<lb/\>Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the
\<lb/\>lightnesse of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot
\<lb/\>he see, though he haue his owne Lanthorne to light him.
\<lb/\>Where's \<hi rend="italic"\>Bardolfe\</hi\>?\</p\>

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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-pag">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
          <p>He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship
            <lb/>a horse.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
          <p>I bought him in Paules, and hee'l buy mee a horse
            <lb/>in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I
            <lb/>were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiu'd.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Chiefe Iustice,
and Seruant.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-pag">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
          <p>Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed
            <lb/>the Prince for striking him, about <hi
rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
          <p>Wait close, I will not see him.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
          <p>What's he that goes there?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-ser">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
          <p>
      <hi rend="italic">Falstaffe</hi>, and't please your Lordship.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
          <p>He that was in question for the Robbery?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-ser">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
          <p>He my Lord, but he hath since done good service
            <lb/>at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with some
            <lb/>Charge, to the Lord <hi rend="italic">Iohn of
Lancaster</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
          <p>What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-ser">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
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        <p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn Falstaffe</hi>.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
        <p>Boy, tell him, I am deafe.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-pag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
        <p>You must speake lowder, my Master is deafe.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
        <p>I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.
          <lb/>Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with
him.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-ser">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
        <p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
        <p>What? a yong knaue and beg? Is there not wars? Is
          <lb/>there not imployment<c rend="italic">?</c> Doth not the
<choice>
        <abbr>K.</abbr>
        <expan>King</expan>
      </choice> lack subiects? Do
          <lb/>not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">on</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0399.jpg" n="77"/>
        <fw type="rh">
      <hi rend="italic">The Second Part of King Henry the
Fourth</hi>.</fw>
        <cb n="1"/> sig
          <lb/>on any side but one, it is worse shame to begge, then to
          <lb/>be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Re-
          <lb/>bellion can tell how to make it.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-ser">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
        <p>You mistake me Sir.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
        <p>Why sir? Did I say you were an honest man? Set-
          <lb/>ting my Knight-hood, and my Souldiership aside, I had
          <lb/>lyed in my throat, if I had said so.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-ser">
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      <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
      <p>I pray you (Sir) then set your Knighthood and
        <lb/>your Souldier-ship aside, and giue mee leaue to tell you,
        <lb/>you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other then an
        <lb/>honest man.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
      <p>I give thee leaue to tell me so? I lay a-side that
        <lb/>which growes to me? If thou get'st any leaue of me, hang
        <lb/>me: if thou tak'st leaue, thou wer't better be hang'd: you
        <lb/>Hunt-counter, hence: Auant.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-ser">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
      <p>Sir, my Lord would speake with you.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
      <p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn Falstaffe</hi>, a word with
you.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
      <p>My good Lord: giue your Lordship good time of
        <lb/>the day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad: I heard
        <lb/>say your Lordship was sicke. I hope your Lordship goes
        <lb/>abroad by aduise. Your Lordship (though not clean past
        <lb/>your youth) hath yet some smack of age in you: some rel-
        <lb/>lish of the faltnesse of Time, and I most humbly beseech
        <lb/>your Lordship, to haue a reuerend care of your
health.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
      <p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, I sent you before your
Expedition, to
        <lb/>Shrewsburie.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
      <p>If it please your Lordship, I heare his Maiestie is
        <lb/>return'd with some discomfort from Wales.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
      <p>I talke not of his Maiesty: you would not come
        <lb/>when I sent for you?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
```

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              <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
              <p>And I heare moreover, his Highnesse is falne into
                  <lb/>this same whorson Apoplexie.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
              <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
              <p>Well, heauen mend him. I pray let me speak with
                  <lb rend="turnover"/>
          <c rend="turnover">(</c>you.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
              <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
              <p>This Apoplexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethar-
                  <lb/>gie, a sleeping of the blood, a horson Tingling.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
              <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
              <p>What tell you me of it? be it as it is.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
              <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
              <p>It hath it originall from much greefe; from study
                  <lb/>and perturbation of the braine. I have read the cause of
                  <lb/>his effects in <hi rend="italic">Galen</hi>. It is a kinde
of deafenesse.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
              <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
              <p>I thinke you are falne into the disease: For you
                  <lb/>heare not what I say to you.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
              <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
              <p>Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an't please
                  <lb/>you) it is the disease of not Listning, the malady of not
                  <lb/>Marking, that I am troubled withall.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
              <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
              <p>To punish you by the heeles, would amend the
                  <lb/>attention of your eares, &amp; I care not if I be your
Physitian</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
              <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
              <p>I am as poore as <hi rend="italic">Iob</hi>, my Lord; but not
so Patient:
                  <lb/>your Lordship may minister the Potion of imprisonment
                  <lb/>to me, in respect of Pouertie: but how I should bee your
                  <lb/>Patient, to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make
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        <lb/>some dram of a scruple, or indeede, a scruple it selfe.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
        <p>I sent for you (when there were matters against
          <lb/>you for your life) to come speake with me.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
        <p>As I was then advised by my learned Councel, in
          <lb/>The lawes of this Land-service, I did not come.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
        <p>Wel, the truth is (sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>) you liue in
          great infamy</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
        <p>He that buckles him in my belt, <choice>
  <abbr>cānot</abbr>
  <expan>cannot</expan>
</choice> liue in lesse.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
        <p>Your Meanes is very slender, and your wast great.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
        <p>I would it were otherwise: I would my Meanes
          <lb/>were greater, and my waste slenderer.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
        <p>You haue misled the youthfull Prince.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
        <p>The yong Prince hath misled mee. I am the Fel-
          <lb/>low with the great belly, and he my Dogge.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
        <p>Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your
          <lb/>daies service at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded ouer
          <lb/>your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the
          <cb n="2"/>
          <lb/>vnquiet time, for your quiet o're-posting that Action.</p>
      </sp>
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<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
   <p>My Lord?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
   <p>But since all is wel, keep it so: wake not a sleeping
      <lb rend="turnover"/>
<c rend="turnover">(</c>Wolfe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
   <p>To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to smell a Fox.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iu.</speaker>
   <p>What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
   <p>A Wassell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did
      <lb/>say of wax, my growth would approue the truth.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
   <p>There is not a white haire on your face, but shold
      <lb/>haue his effect of grauity.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
   <p>His effect of grauy, grauy, grauy.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iust</speaker>
   <p>You follow th<gap extent="1"
unit="chars"
reason="illegible"
agent="stain"
resp="#ES"/> yong Prince vp and downe, like
      <lb/>his euill Angell.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
   <p>Not so (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I
      <lb/>hope, he that lookes vpon mee, will take mee without,
      <lb/>weighing: and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go:
      <lb/>I cannot tell. Vertue is of so little regard in these Costor-
      <lb/>mongers that true valor is turn'd Beare-heard. Pregnan-
      <lb/>cie is made a Tapster, and hath his quicke wit wasted in
      <lb/>giuing Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man
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<lb/>(as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not woorth a
<lb/>Gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capaci-
<lb/>ties of vs that are yong: you measure the heat of our Li-
<lb/>uers, with the bitternes of your gals: &amp; we that are in the
<lb/>vaward of our youth, I must confesse, are wagges too.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
  <p>Do you set downe your name in the scrowle of
<lb/>youth, that are written downe old, with all the Charrac-
<lb/>ters of age? Haue you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yel-
<lb/>low cheeke? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an incresing
<lb/>belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde short? your
<lb/>wit single? and euery part about you blasted with Anti-
<lb/>quity? and wil you cal your selfe yong? Fy, fy, fy sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  <p>My Lord, l was borne with a white head, &amp; som-
<lb/>thing a round belly. For my voice, I haue lost it with hal-
<lb/>lowing and singing of Anthemes. To approue my youth
<lb/>farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudge-
<lb/>ment and understanding: and he that will caper with mee
<lb/>for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the mony, &amp; haue
<lb/>at him. For the boxe of th'eare that the Prince gaue you,
<lb/>he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a sensi-
<lb/>ble Lord. I haue checkt him for it, and the yong Lion re-
<lb/>pents: Marry not in ashes and sacke-cloath, but in new
<lb/>Silke, and old Sacke,</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
  <p>Wel, heauen send the Prince a better companion.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  <p>Heaven send the Companion a better Prince: I
<lb/>cannot rid my hands of him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
  <p>Well, the King hath seuer'd you and Prince <hi rend="italic">Har-
<lb/>ry</hi>, I heare you are going with Lord <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> of Lancaster, a-
<lb/>gainst the Archbishop, and the Earle of
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Northumberland</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
                        <p>Yes, I thanke your pretty sweet wit for it: but
                            <lb/>looke you pray, (all you that kisse my Ladie Peace, at
                            <lb/>home) that our Armies ioyn not in a hot day: for if I take
                            <lb/>but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweat ex-
                            <lb/>traordinarily: if it bee a hot day, if I brandish any thing
                            <lb/>but my Bottle, would I might neuer spit white againe:
                            <lb/>There is not a daungerous Action can peepe out his head,
                            <lb/>but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last euer.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
                        <l>Well, be honest, be honest, and heauen blesse your
                            <lb/>Expedition.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
                        <p>Will your Lordship lend mee a thousand pound,
                            <lb/>to furnish me forth?</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
                        <p>Not a peny, not a peny: you are too impatient
                            <lb/>to beare crosses. Fare you well. Commend mee to my
                            <lb/>Cosin Westmerland.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
                        <p>If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man
                            <lb/>can no more separate Age and Couetousnesse, then he can
                            <lb/>part yong limbes and letchery: but the Gowt galles the
                            <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">g2</fw>
                            <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">one,</fw>
                            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0400.jpg" n="78"/>
                        <fw type="rh">
                    <hi rend="italic">The Second Part of king Henry The
Fourth</hi>.</fw>
                            <cb n="1"/>
                            <lb/>one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the De-
                            <lb/>grees prevent my curses. Boy?</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-pag">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
                        <p>Sir.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>

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        <p>What money is in my purse?</p>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-pag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
        <p>Seuen groats, and two pence.</p>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
        <p>I can get no remedy against this Consumption of
          <lb/>the purse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out,
          <lb/>but the disease is incureable. Go beare this letter to my
          <lb/>Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of
          <lb/>Westmerland, and this to old Mistris <hi
rend="italic">Vrsula</hi>, whome I
          <lb/>haue weekly sworne to marry, since perceiu'd the first
          <lb/>white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to
          <lb/>finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe:
          <lb/>for the one or th'other playes the rogue with my great
          <lb/>toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I haue the warres for my
          <lb/>colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable.
          <lb/>A good wit will make vse of any thing: I will turne dis-
          <lb/>eases to commodity.</p>
      </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
  </div>
  <div type="scene" n="3">
    <head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta,</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Archbishop,
Hastings, Mowbray, and
        <lb/>Lord Bardolfe.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ar.</speaker>
        <l>Thus haue you heard our causes, &amp; kno our Means:</l>
        <l>And my most noble Friends, I pray you all</l>
        <l>Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes,</l>
        <l>And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?</l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-mow">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
        <l>I well allow the occasion of our Armes,</l>
        <l>But gladly would be better satisfied,</l>
        <l>How (in our Meanes<hi rend="italic">)</hi> we should
advance our selues</l>
        <l>To looke with forhead bold and big enough</l>
        <l>Vpon the Power and puisance of the King.</l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-has">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
        <l>Our present Musters grow vpon the File</l>
```

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    <l>To fiue and twenty thousand men of choice:</l>
    <l>And our Supplies, liue largely in the hope</l>
    <l>Of great Northumberland, whose bosome burnes</l>
    <l>With an incensed Fire of Injuries.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
    <speaker rend="italic">L. Bar.</speaker>
    <l>The question then (Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>)
standeth thus</l>
    <l>Whether our present fiue and twenty thousand</l>
    <l>May hold-vp-head, without Northumberland:</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-has">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
    <p>With him, we may.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
    <speaker rend="italic">L. Bar.</speaker>
    <l>I marry, there's the point:</l>
    <l>But if without him we be thought to feeble,</l>
    <l>My iudgement is, we should not step too farre</l>
    <l>Till we had his Assistance by the hand.</l>
    <l>For in a Theame so bloody fac'd, as this,</l>
    <l>Coniecture, Expectation, and Surmise</l>
    <l>Of Aydes incertaine, should not be admitted.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Arch.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis very true Lord <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>, for
indeed</l>
    <l>It was yong <hi rend="italic">Hotspurres</hi> case, at
Shrewsbury.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
    <speaker rend="italic">L. Bar.</speaker>
    <l>It was (my Lord) who lin'd himself with hope,</l>
    <l>Eating the ayre, on promise of Supply,</l>
    <l>Flatt'ring himselfe with Proiect of a power,</l>
    <l>Much smaller, then the smallest of his Thoughts,</l>
    <l>And so with great imagination</l>
    <l>(Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death,</l>
    <l>And (winking) leap'd into destruction.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-has">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
    <l>But (by your leave) it neuer yet did hurt,</l>
    <l>To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
    <speaker rend="italic">L. Bar.</speaker>
```

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      <l>Yes, if this present quality of warre,</l>
      <l>Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,</l>
      <l>Liues so in hope: As in an early Spring,</l>
      <l>We see th'appearing buds, which to proue fruite,</l>
      <l>Hope giues not so much warrant, as Dispaire</l>
      <l>That Frosts will bite them. When we meane to build,</l>
      <l>We first suruey the Plot, then draw the Modell,</l>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <l>And when we see the figure of the house,</l>
      <l>Then must we rate the cost of the Erection,</l>
      <l>Which if we finde out-weighes Ability,</l>
      <l>What do we then, but draw a-new the Modell</l>
      <l>In fewer offices? Or at least, desist</l>
      <l>To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke,</l>
      <l>(Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe,</l>
      <l>And set another vp) should we suruey</l>
      <l>The plot of Situation, and the Modell;</l>
      <l>Consent vpon a sure Foundation:</l>
      <l>Question Surueyors, know our owne estate,</l>
      <l>How able such a Worke to vndergo,</l>
      <l>To weigh against his Opposite? Or else,</l>
      <l>We fortifie in Paper, and in figures,</l>
      <l>Vsing the Names of men, instead of men:</l>
      <l>Like one, that drawes the Modell of a house</l>
      <l>Beyond his power to builde it; who (halfe through)</l>
      <l>Giues o're, and leaues his part-created Cost</l>
      <l>A naked subiect to the Weeping Clouds,</l>
      <l>And waste, for churlish Winters tyranny.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-has">
      <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
      <l>Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth)</l>
      <l>Should be still-borne: and that we now possest</l>
      <l>The vtmost man of expectation:</l>
      <l>I thinke we are a Body strong enough</l>
      <l>(Euen as we are) to equall with the King.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
      <speaker rend="italic">L. Bar.</speaker>
      <l>What is the King but fiue &amp; twenty thousand?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-has">
      <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
      <l>To vs no more: nay not so much Lord <hi
rend="italic">Bardolf</hi>.</l>
      <l>For his diuisions (as the Times do braul)</l>
      <l>Are in three Heads: one Power against the French,</l>
      <l>And one against <hi rend="italic">Glendower:</hi> Perforce
a third</l>
      <l>Must take vp vs: So is the vnfirme King</l>
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    <l>In three diuided: and his Coffers found</l>
    <l>With hollow Pouerty, and Emptinesse.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ar.</speaker>
    <l>That he should draw his seuerall strengths togither</l>
    <l>And come against vs in full puissance</l>
    <l>Need not be dreaded.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-2h4-has">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
    <l>If he should do so,</l>
    <l>He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch</l>
    <l>Baying him at the heeles: neuer feare that.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
    <speaker rend="italic">L. Bar.</speaker>
    <l>Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-2h4-has">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
    <l>The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmerland:</l>
    <l>Against the Welsh himselfe, and <hi rend="italic">Harrie
Monmouth</hi>.</l>
    <l>But who is substitiuetd 'gainst the French,</l>
    <l>I haue no certaine notice.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Arch.</speaker>
    <l>Let vs on:</l>
    <l>And publish the occasion of our Armes.</l>
    <l>The Common-wealth is sicke of their owne Choice,</l>
    <l>Their ouer-greedy loue hath surfetted:</l>
    <l>An habitation giddy, and vnsure</l>
    <l>Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.</l>
    <l>O thou fond Many, with what loud applause</l>
    <l>Did'st thou beate heauen with blessing <hi
rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>,</l>
    <l>Before he was, what thou would'st haue him be?</l>
    <l>And being now trimm'd in thine owne desires,</l>
    <l>Thou (beastly Feeder)art so full of him,</l>
    <l>That thou prouok'st thy selfe to cast him vp.</l>
    <l>So, so, (thou common Dogge) did'st thou disgorge</l>
    <l>Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall <hi
rend="italic">Richard</hi>,</l>
    <l>And now thou would'st eate thy dead vomit vp,</l>
    <l>And howl'st to finde it. What trust is in these Times?</l>
    <l>They, that when <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> liu'd, would
haue him dye,</l>
    <l>Are now become enamour'd on his graue.</l>
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<l>Thou that threw'st dust vpon his goodly head</l>
<l>When through proud London he came sighing on,</l>
<l>After th'admired heeles of <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>,</l>
<l>Cri'st now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King agine,</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
<hi rend="italic">And</hi>
</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc040x.jpg" n="79"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The second Part of King Henry the Fourth</hi>.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)</l>
<l>"<hi rend="italic">Past, and to Come, seemes best; things Present, worst.</hi>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-mow">
<speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
<l>Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-has">
<speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
<l>We are Times subiects, and Time bids, be gon.</l>
</sp>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="2">
<div type="scene" n="1">
<head rend="italic center">Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hostesse. With two Officers, Fang, and Snare.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
<speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>
<p>Mr. <hi rend="italic">Fang</hi>, haue you entred the Action?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fan">
<speaker rend="italic">Fang.</speaker>
<p>It is enter'd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
<speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>
<p>Wher's your Yeoman<c rend="italic">?</c> Is it a lusty yeoman?
<lb/>Will he stand to it?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fan">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Fang.</speaker>
        <p>Sirrah, where's <hi rend="italic">Snare</hi>?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>
        <p>I, I, good M. <hi rend="italic">Snare</hi>..</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-sna">
        <speaker rend="italic">Snare.</speaker>
        <p>Heere, heere.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fan">
        <speaker rend="italic">Fang.</speaker>
        <p>
          <hi rend="italic">Snare</hi>, we must Arrest Sir <hi
rend="italic">Iohn Falstaffe</hi>.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
        <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
        <p>I good M. <hi rend="italic">Snare</hi>, I haue enter'd him,
and all.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-sna">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sn.</speaker>
        <p>It may chance cost some of vs our liues: he wil stab</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>
        <p>Alas the day: take heed of him: he stabd me
          <lb/>in mine owne house, and that most beastly: he cares not
          <lb/>what mischeefe he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will
          <lb/>foyne like any diuell, he will spare neither man, woman,
          <lb/>nor childe.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fan">
        <speaker rend="italic">Fang.</speaker>
        <p>If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>
        <p>No, nor I neither: Ile be at your elbow.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fan">
        <speaker rend="italic">Fang.</speaker>
        <p>If I but fist him once: if he come but within my
          <lb/>Vice.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
        <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
        <p>I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an
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<lb/>infinitiue thing vpon my score. Good M. <hi
rend="italic">Fang</hi> hold him
<lb/>sure: good M. <hi rend="italic">Snare</hi> let him not
scape, he comes continu-
<lb/>antly to Py-Corner (sauing your manhoods) to buy a sad-
<lb/>dle, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in
<lb/>Lombardstreet, to M. <hi rend="italic">Smoothes</hi>
the Silkman. I pra'ye, since
<lb/>my Exion is enter'd, and my Case so openly known to the
<lb/>world, let him be brought in to his answer: A 100. Marke
<lb/>is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: &amp; I
haue
<lb/>borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin fub'd off, and
<lb/>fub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to
<lb/>be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, vnles
<lb/>a woman should be made an Ass and a Beast, to beare e-
<lb/>uery Knaues wrong.</p>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified">Enter Falstaffe and
Bardolfe.</stage>
<p>Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmesey-Nose <hi
rend="italic">Bar-
<lb/>dolfe</hi> with him. Do your Offices, do your offices: M.
<hi rend="italic">Fang</hi>,
<lb/>&amp; M. <hi rend="italic">Snare</hi>, do me, do me,
do me your Offices.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
<p>How now<c rend="italic">?</c> whose Mare's dead? what's
the matter?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fan">
<speaker rend="italic">Fang.</speaker>
<p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, I arrest you, at the suit of
Mist. <hi rend="italic">Quickly</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>Away Varlets, draw <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>: Cut me
off the
<lb/>Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channel.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
<speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
<p>Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there.
<lb/>Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue. Murder, mur-
<lb/>der, O thou Hony-suckle villaine, wilt tkou kill Gods of-
<lb/>ficers, and the Kings? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art
<lb/>a honyseed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.</p>
</sp>

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<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
  <p>Keep them off, <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fang.</speaker>
  <p>A rescu, a rescu.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
  <p>Good people bring a rescu. Thou wilt not? thou
    <lb/>wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempseed.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-pag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
  <p>Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustil-
    <lb/>lirian: Ile tucke your Catastrophe.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter. Ch.
Iustice.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
  <p>What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, hoa.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
  <p>Good my Lord be good to mee. I beseech you
    <lb/>stand to me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
  <l>How now sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>? What are you
brauling here?</l>
  <l>Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse?</l>
  <l>You should haue bene well on your way to Yorke.</l>
  <l>Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'st vpon him<c
rend="italic">?</c>
  </l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
  <p>Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and't please your
    <lb/>Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eastcheap, and he is arre-
    <lb/>sted at my suit.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
  <p>For what summe?</p>
</sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
  <p>It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all: all
    <lb/>I haue, he hath eaten me out of house and home; hee hath
    <lb/>put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will
    <lb/>haue some of it out againe, or I will ride thee o'Nights,
    <lb/>like the Mare.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
  <p>I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I haue
    <lb/>any vantage of ground, to get vp.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ch: Iust.</speaker>
  <p>How comes this, Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>? Fy, what a man of
    <lb/>good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation?
    <lb/>Are you not asham'd to inforce a poore Widdowe to so
    <lb/>rough a course, to come by her owne?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
  <p>What is the grosse summe that I owe thee?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
  <p>Marry (if thou wer't an honest man) thy selfe, &amp;
    <lb/>the mony too. Thou didst sweare to mee vpon a parcell
    <lb/>gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round
    <lb/>table, by a sea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week,
    <lb/>when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning him to a sin-
    <lb/>ging man of Windsor; Thou didst sweare to me then (as I
    <lb/>was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my
    <lb/>Lady thy wife. Canst y<c rend="superscript">u</c> deny it? Did not good wife <hi rend="italic">Keech</hi>
    <lb/>the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me gossip <hi rend="italic">Quick-
    <lb/>ly</hi>? comming in to borrow a messe of Vinegar:
    <lb/>she had a good dish of Prawnes: whereby y<c rend="superscript">u</c> didst desire to
    <lb/>eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene
    <lb/>wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone downe
    <lb/>staires) desire me to be no more familiar with such poore
    <lb/>people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam?
    <lb/>And did'st y<c rend="superscript">u</c> not kisse me, and bid mee fetch thee 30.s? I
    <lb/>put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?</p>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
   <p>My Lord, this is a poore mad soule: and she sayes
      <lb/>vp &amp; downe the town, that her eldest son is like you. She
      <lb/>hath bin in good case, &amp; the truth is, pouerty hath distra-
      <lb/>cted her: but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I
      <lb/>may haue redresse against them.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
   <p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, I am well acquainted with your
      <lb/>maner of wrenching the true cause, the false way. It is not
      <lb/>a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come
      <lb/>with such (more then impudent) sawcines from you, can
      <lb/>thrust me from a leuell consideration, I know you ha' pra-
      <lb/>ctis'd vpon the easie-yeelding spirit of this woman.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
   <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
   <p>Yes in troth my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
   <p>Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and
      <lb/>vnpay the villany you haue done her: the one you may do
      <lb/>with sterling mony, &amp; the other with currant repentance.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
   <p>My Lord, I will not vndergo this sneape without
      <lb/>reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcinesse:
      <lb/>If a man wil curt'sie, and say nothing, he is vertuous: No,
      <lb/>my Lord (your humble duty <choice>
   <abbr>remēbred</abbr>
   <expan>remembred</expan>
</choice>) I will not be your
      <lb/>sutor. I say to you, I desire deliu'rance from these Officers
      <lb/>being vpon hasty employment in the Kings Affaires.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iust.</speaker>
   <p>You speake, as hauing power to do wrong: But
      <lb/>answer in the effect of your Reputation, and satisfie the
      <lb/>poore woman.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
```

```
      <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
      <p>Come hither Hostesse.</p>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic rightJustified">Enter M. Gower</stage>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
      <p>Now Master <hi rend="italic">Gower</hi>; What
newes?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-gow">
      <speaker rend="italic">Gow.</speaker>
      <l>The King (my Lord) and <hi rend="italic">Henrie</hi> Prince
of Wales</l>
      <l>Are neere at hand: The rest the Paper telles.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
      <p>As I am a Gentleman.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
      <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
      <p>Nay, you said so before.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
      <p>As I am a Gentleman. Come, no more words of it</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
      <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
      <p>By this Heauenly ground I tread on, I must be
         <lb/>faine to pawne both my Plate, and the Tapistry of my dy-
         <lb/>ning Chambers.</p>
   </sp>
   <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">g3</fw>
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
     <hi rend="italic">Falst.</hi>
   </fw>
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0402.jpg" n="80"/>
   <fw type="rh">
     <hi rend="italic">The Second Part of King Henry the
Fourth</hi>.</fw>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
      <p>Glasses, glasses, is the onely drinking: and<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="nonstandardCharacter"
 agent="inkedSpacemarker"
 resp="#ES"/>for
         <lb/>thy walles a pretty slight Drollery, or the Storie of the
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            <lb/>Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Waterworke, is
            <lb/>
      <choice>
        <orig>worih</orig>
        <corr>worth</corr>
      </choice> a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Fly-
            <lb/>bitten Tapistries. Let it be tenne pound (if thou canst.)
            <lb/>Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better
            <lb/>Wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy
            <lb/>Action: Come, thou must not bee in this humour with
            <lb/>me, come, I know thou was't set on to this.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
        <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
        <p>Prethee (Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>) let it be, but twenty
Nobles,
            <lb/>I loath to pawne my Plate, in good earnest la.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
        <p>Let it alone, Ile make other shift: you'l be a fool
            <lb/>still.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
        <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
        <p>Well, you shall haue it although I pawne my
            <lb/>Gowne. I hope you'l come to Supper: You'l pay me al-
            <lb/>together?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
        <p>Will I liue? Go with her, with her: hooke-on,
            <lb/>hooke-on.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
        <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
        <p>Will you haue <hi rend="italic">Doll Teare-sheet</hi> meet
you at sup-
            per<c rend="italic">?</c>
      </p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
        <p>No more words. Let's haue her.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
        <p>I haue heard bitter newes.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
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            <speaker rend="italic">Fal</speaker>
            <p>What's the newes (my good Lord?)</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iu.</speaker>
            <p>Where lay the King last night?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-mes">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
            <p>At Basingstoke my Lord.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
            <p>I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes
               <lb/>my Lord?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
            <l>Come all his Forces backe?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-mes">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
            <l>No: Fifteene hundred Foot, fiue hundred Horse</l>
            <l>Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaster,</l>
            <l>Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop.<note
type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
            </l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
            <p>Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble <choice>
            <abbr>L</abbr>
            <expan>Lord</expan>
          </choice>?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
            <l>You shall haue Letters of me presently.</l>
            <l>Come, go along with me, good M. <hi
rend="italic">Gowre</hi>.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
            <p>My Lord.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
            <p>What's the matter?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
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              <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
              <p>Master <hi rend="italic">Gowre</hi>, shall I entreate you
with mee to
                  <lb/>dinner?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-gow">
              <speaker rend="italic">Gow.</speaker>
              <l>I must waite vpon my good Lord heere.</l>
              <l>I thanke you, good Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
              <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
              <p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, you loyter heere too long,
being you
                  <lb/>are to take Souldiers vp, in Countries as you go.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
              <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
              <p>Will you sup with me, Master <hi
rend="italic">Gowre</hi>?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
              <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
              <p>What foolish Master taught you these man-
                  <lb/>ners, Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
              <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
              <p>Master <hi rend="italic">Gower</hi>, if they become mee
not, hee was a
                  <lb/>Foole that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing
                  <lb/>grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so part faire.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
              <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
              <p>Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great
                  <lb/>Foole.</p>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="2">
          <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
          <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Prince Henry,
Pointz, Bardolfe,
              <lb/>and Page.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
              <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
              <p>Trust me, I am exceeding weary.</p>
          </sp>
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<sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
    <p>Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst
        <lb/>not haue attach'd one of so high blood.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
    <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
    <p>It doth me: though it discolours the complexion
        <lb/>Of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew
        <lb/>vildely in me, to desire small Beere?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
    <p>Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied,
    <cb n="2"/>
        <lb/>as to remember so weake a Composition.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
    <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
    <p>Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely
        <lb/>got: for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Crea-
        <lb/>ture, Small Beere. But indeede these humble considera-
        <lb/>tions make me out of loue with my Greatnesse. What a
        <lb/>disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know
        <lb/>thy face tomorrow? Or to take note how many paire of
        <lb/>Silk stockings y<c rend="superscript">u</c> hast: (Viz.
these, and those that were thy
        <lb/>peach-colour'd ones:) Or to beare the Inuentorie of thy
        <lb/>shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other, for vse. But
        <lb/>that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for
        <lb/>it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou kept'st
        <lb/>not Racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, be-
        <lb/>cause the rest of thy Low Countries, haue made a shift to
        <lb/>eate vp thy Holland.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
    <p>How ill it followes, after you haue labour'd so
        <lb/>hard, you should talke so idlely? Tell me how many good
        <lb/>yong Princes would do so, their Fathers lying so sicke, as
        <lb/>yours is?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
    <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
    <p>Shall I tell thee one thing, <hi
rend="italic">Pointz</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
    <p>Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.</p>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
       <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
       <p>It shall serue among wittes of no higher breed-
          <lb/>ing then thine.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
       <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
       <p>Go to: I stand the push of your one thing, that
          <lb/>you'l tell.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
       <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
       <p>Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be
          <lb/>sad now my Father is sicke: albeit I could tell to thee (as
          <lb/>to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my
friend)
          <lb/>I could be sad, and sad indeed too.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
       <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
       <p>Very hardly, vpon such a subiect.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
       <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
       <p>Thou think'st me as farre in the Diuels Booke, as
          <lb/>thou, and <hi rend="italic">Falstaffe</hi>, for obduracie
and persistencie. Let the
          <lb/>end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inward-
          <lb/>ly, that my Father is so sicke: and keeping such vild com-
          <lb/>pany as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all osten-
          <lb/>tation of sorrow.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
       <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
       <p>The reason?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
       <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
       <p>What would'st thou think of me, if I shold weep?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
       <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
       <p>I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
       <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
       <p>It would be euery mans thought: and thou art
          <lb/>a blessed Fellow, to thinke as euery man thinkes: neuer a
          <lb/>mans thought in the world, keepes the Rode-way better
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        <lb/>then thine: euery man would thinke me an Hypocrite in-
        <lb/>deede. And what accites your most worshipful thought
        <lb/>to thinke so?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
      <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
      <p>Why, because you haue beene so lewde, and so
        <lb/>much ingraffed to <hi rend="italic">Falstaffe</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
      <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
      <p>And to thee.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
      <speaker rend="italic">Pointz.</speaker>
      <p>Nay, I am well spoken of, I can heare it with
        <lb/>mine owne eares: the worst that they can say of me is, that
        <lb/>I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellowe of
        <lb/>my hands: and those two things I confesse I canot helpe.
        <lb/>Looke, looke, here comes <hi
rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
      <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
      <p>And the Boy that I gaue <hi rend="italic">Falstaffe</hi>, he
had him
        <lb/>from me Christian, and see if the fat villain haue not
trans-
        <lb/>form'd him Ape.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Bardolfe.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
      <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
      <p>Saue your Grace.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
      <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
      <p>And yours, most Noble <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
      <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
      <p>Come you pernitious Asse, you bashfull Foole,
        <lb/>must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now<c
rend="italic">?</c> what
        <lb/>a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a
        <lb/>matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head<c
rend="italic">?</c>
      </p>
    </sp>
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<sp who="#F-2h4-pag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
  <p>He call'd me euen now (my Lord) through a red
    <lb/>Lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">window:</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0403.jpg" n="81"/>
  <fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The seco<c rend="roman">n</c>d Part of King
Henry the Fourth.</hi>
  </fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
    <lb/>window: at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had
    <lb/>made two holes in the Ale-wiues new Petticoat, &amp;
pee-
    <lb/>ped through.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
  <p>Hath not the boy profited?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
  <p>Away, you horson vpright Rabbet, away.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-pag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
  <p>Away, you rascally <hi rend="italic">Altheas</hi> dreame,
away.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
  <p>Instruct vs Boy: what dreame, Boy<c rend="italic">?</c>
</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-pag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
  <p>Marry (my Lord) <hi rend="italic">Althea</hi> dream'd, she
was de-
    <lb/>liuer'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him hir
dream.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
  <p>A Crownes-worth of good Interpretation:
    <lb/>There it is, Boy.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
  <p>O that this good Blossome could bee kept from
    <lb/>Cankers: Well, there is six pence to preserue thee.</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
          <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
          <p>If you do not make him be hang'd among you,
            <lb/>the gallowes shall be wrong'd.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
          <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
          <p>And how doth thy Master, <hi
rend="italic">Bardolph</hi>?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
          <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
          <p>Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Graces
            <lb/>comming to Towne. There's a Letter for you.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
          <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
          <p>Deliuer'd with good respect: And how doth the
            <lb/>Martlemas, your Master?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
          <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
          <p>In bodily health Sir.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
          <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
          <p>Marry, the immortal part needes a Physitian<c
rend="italic">:</c>
            <lb/>but that moues not him: though that bee sicke, it dyes
            <lb/>not.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
          <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
          <p>I do allow this Wen to bee as familiar with
            <lb/>me, as my dogge: and he holds his place, for looke you
            <lb/>he writes.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
          <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
      <stage rend="italic inline" type="business">Letter.</stage>
            <p>
    <hi rend="italic">Iohn Falstaffe Knight:</hi> (Euery man must
            <lb/>know that, as oft as hee hath occasion to name himselfe:)
            <lb/>Euen like those that are kinne to the King, for they neuer
            <lb/>pricke their finger, but they say, there is som of the kings
            <lb/>blood spilt. How comes that (sayes he) that takes vpon
            <lb/>him not to conceiue? the answer is as ready as a borrow-
            <lb/>ed cap: I am the Kings poore Cosin, Sir.</p>
        </sp>
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<sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
    <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
    <p>Nay, they will be kin to vs, but they wil fetch
        <lb/>it from <hi rend="italic">Iaphet</hi>. But to the Letter:
<hi rend="italic">Sir Iohn Falstaffe,
        <lb/>Knight, to the Sonne of the King, neerest his Father, Harrie
        <lb/>Prince of Wales, greeting.</hi>
    </p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
    <p>Why this is a Certificate.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
    <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
    <p>Peace.</p>
    <p>
<hi rend="italic">I will imitate the honourable Romaines in breuitie.</hi>
    </p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
    <p>Sure he meanes breuity in breath: short-winded.
        <lb/>
<hi rend="italic">I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leaue thee. Bee
        <lb/>not too familiar with</hi> Pointz, <hi rend="italic">for hee misuses thy Fauours so
        <lb/>much, that he sweares thou art to marrie his Sister</hi> Nell. <hi rend="italic">Re-
        <lb/>pent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.</hi>
    </p>
    <p rend="rightJustified italic">Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou
        <lb/>vsest him. <hi rend="roman">Iacke Falstaffe</hi> with my Familiars:
        <lb/>
<hi rend="roman">Iohn</hi> with my Brothers and sister: &amp; Sir
        <lb/>
<hi rend="roman">Iohn,</hi> with all Europe.</p>
    <p>My Lord, I will steepe this Letter in Sack, and make him
        <lb/>eate it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
    <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
    <p>That's to make him eate twenty of his Words.
        <lb/>But do you vse me thus <hi rend="italic">Ned</hi>? Must I marry your Sister?</p>
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      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
        <p>May the Wench haue no worse Fortune. But I
          <lb/>neuer said so.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
        <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
        <p>Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time, &amp;
          <lb/>the spirits of the wise, sit in the clouds, and mocke vs: Is
          <lb/>your Master heere in London?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
        <p>Yes my Lord.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
        <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
        <p>Where suppes he? Doth the old Bore, feede in
          <lb/>the old Franke?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bard,</speaker>
        <p>At the old place my Lord, in East-cheape.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
        <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
        <p>What Company?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-pag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
        <p>Ephesians my Lord, of the old Church.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
        <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
        <p>Sup any women with him?</p>
      </sp>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-pag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
        <p>None my Lord, but old Mistris <hi
rend="italic">Quickly</hi>, and <choice>
          <abbr>M.</abbr>
          <expan>Mistris</expan>
        </choice>
            <lb/>
        <hi rend="italic">Doll Teare-sheet</hi>.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
        <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
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        <p>What Pagan may that be?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-pag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Page</speaker>
        <p>A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinswoman
          <lb/>of my Masters.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
        <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
        <p>Euen such Kin, as the Parish Heyfors are to the
          <lb/>Towne-Bull?</p>
        <p>Shall we steale vpon them <hi rend="italic">(Ned)</hi> at
Supper?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
        <p>I am your shadow, my Lord, Ile follow you.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
        <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
        <p>Sirrah, you boy, and <hi rend="italic">Bardolph</hi>, no
word to your

          <lb/>Master that I am yet in Towne.</p>
        <p>There's for your silence.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
        <p>I haue no tongue, sir.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-pag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
        <p>And for mine Sir, I will gouerne it.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
        <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
        <p>Fare ye well: go.</p>
        <p>This <hi rend="italic">Doll Teare-sheet</hi> should be some
Rode.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
        <p>I warrant you, as common as the way betweene
          <lb/>
    <choice>
      <abbr>S.</abbr>
      <expan>Saint</expan>
    </choice> Albans, and London.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
        <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
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        <p>How might we see <hi rend="italic">Falstaffe</hi> bestow
him selfe to
            <lb/>night, in his true colours, and not our selues be seene<c
rend="italic">?</c>
        </p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
        <p>Put on two Leather Ierkins, and Aprons, and
            <lb/>waite vpon him at his Table, like Drawers.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
        <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
        <p>From a God, to a Bull? A heauie declension: It
            <lb/>was Ioues case. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low trans-
            <lb/>formation, that shall be mine: for in euery thing, the pur-
            <lb/>pose must weigh with the folly. Follow me <hi
rend="italic">Ned</hi>.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="3">
      <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
      <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Northumberland,
his Ladie, and Harrie
        <lb/>Percies Ladie.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-nor">
        <speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
        <l>I prethee louing Wife, and gentle Daughter,</l>
        <l>Giue an euen way vnto my rough Affaires:</l>
        <l>Put not you on the visage of the Times,</l>
        <l>And be like them to Percie, troublesome.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-lan">
        <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
        <l>I haue giuen ouer, I will speak no more.</l>
        <l>Do what you will: your Wisedome, be your guide.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-nor">
        <speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
        <l>Alas (sweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne,</l>
        <l>And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-lap">
        <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
        <l>Oh yet, for heauens sake, go not to these Warrs;</l>
        <l>The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,</l>
        <l>When you were more endeer'd to it, then now,</l>
        <l>When your owne Percy, when my heart-deere-<hi
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rend="italic">Harry</hi>,</l>
<l>Threw many a Northward looke, to see his Father</l>
<l>Bring vp his Powres: but he did long in vaine.</l>
<l>Who then perswaded you to stay at home?</l>
<l>There were two Honors lost; Yours, and your Sonnes.</l>
<l>For Yours, may heauenly glory brighten it:</l>
<l>For His, it stucke vpon him, as the Sunne</l>
<l>In the gray vault of Heauen: and by his Light</l>
<l>Did all the Cheualrie of England moue</l>
<l>To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glasse</l>
<l>Wherein the Noble-Youth did dresse themselues.</l>
<l>He had no Legges, that practic'd not his Gate:</l>
<l>And speaking thicke (which Nature made his blemish)</l>
<l>Became the Accents of the Valiant.</l>
<l>For those that could speake low, and tardily,</l>
<l>Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuse,</l>
<l>To seeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,</l>
<l>In Diet, in Affections of delight,</l>
<l>In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">He</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0404.jpg" n="82"/>
<fw type="rh">
 <hi rend="italic">The Second Part of King Henry the
Fourth</hi>
</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>He was the Marke, and Glasse, Coppy, and Booke,</l>
<l>That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,</l>
<l>O Miracle of Men! Him did you leaue</l>
<l>(Second to none) vn-seconded by you,</l>
<l>To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre,</l>
<l>In dis-aduantage, to abide a field,</l>
<l>Where nothing but the sound of <hi
rend="italic">Hotspurs</hi> Name</l>
<l>Did seeme defensible: so you left him.</l>
<l>Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghost the wrong,</l>
<l>To hold your Honor more precise and nice</l>
<l>With others, then with him. Let them alone:</l>
<l>The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong.</l>
<l>Had my sweet <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> had but halfe
their Numbers,</l>
<l>To day might I (hanging on <hi rend="italic">Hotspurs</hi>
Necke)</l>
<l>Haue talk'd of <hi rend="italic">Monmouth's</hi> Graue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-nor">
<speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
<l>Beshrew your heart,</l>
<l>(Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me,</l>
<l>With new lamenting ancient Ouer-sights.</l>

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        <l>But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,</l>
        <l>Or it will seeke me in another place,</l>
        <l>And finde me worse prouided.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-lan">
        <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
        <l>O flye to Scotland,</l>
        <l>Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,</l>
        <l>Haue of their Puissance made a little taste.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-lap">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
        <l>If they get ground, and vantage of the King,</l>
        <l>Then ioyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,</l>
        <l>To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loues,</l>
        <l>First let them trye themselues. So did your Sonne,</l>
        <l>He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow:</l>
        <l>And neuer shall haue length of Life enough,</l>
        <l>To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes,</l>
        <l>That it may grow, and sprowt, as high as Heauen,</l>
        <l>For Recordation to my Noble Husband.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-nor">
        <speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
        <l>Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Minde</l>
        <l>As with the Tyde, swell'd vp vnto his height,</l>
        <l>That makes a still-stand, running neyther way.</l>
        <l>Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop,</l>
        <l>But many thousand Reasons hold me backe.</l>
        <l>I will resolue for Scotland: there am I,</l>
        <l>Till Time and Vantage craue my company.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="4">
      <head rend="italic center">Scæna Quarta.</head>
      <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 4]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter two
Drawers.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-dra.1">
        <speaker rend="italic">1. Drawer.</speaker>
        <p>What hast thou brought there? Apple-
          <lb/>Iohns? Thou know'st Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>
cannot endure an Apple-
          <lb/>Iohn.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-dra.2">
        <speaker rend="italic">2. Draw.</speaker>
        <p>Thou say'st true: the Prince once set a Dish
          <lb/>of Apple-Iohns before him, and told him there were fiue
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<lb/>more Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohns:</hi> and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now
<lb/>take my leaue of these six drie, round, old-wither'd
<lb/>Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath for-
<lb/>got that.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-dra.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Draw.</speaker>
<p>Why then couer, and set them downe: and
<lb/>see if thou canst finde out <hi rend="italic">Sneakes</hi> Noyse; Mistris <hi rend="italic">Teare-
<lb/>sheet</hi> would faine haue some Musique.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-dra.2">
<speaker rend="italic">2. Draw.</speaker>
<p>Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Master
<lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Points</hi>, anon: and they will put on two of our Jerkins,
<lb/>and Aprons, and Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> must not know of it: <hi rend="italic">Bardolph</hi>
<lb/>hath brought word.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-dra.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Draw.</speaker>
<p>Then here will be old <hi rend="italic">Vtis:</hi> it will be an ex-
<lb/>cellent stratagem.</p>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-2h4-dra.2">
<speaker rend="italic">2. Draw.</speaker>
<p>Ile see if I can finde out <hi rend="italic">Sneake</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hostesse, and Dol.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
<speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
<p>Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an ex-
<lb/>cellent good temperalitie: your Pulsidge beates as ex-
<lb/>traordinarily, as heart would desire; and your Colour
<lb/>(I warrant you) is as red as any Rose: But you haue
<lb/>drunke too much Canaries, and that's a maruellous sear-
<lb/>ching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can say
<lb/>what's this. How doe you now?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
<speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
<p>Better then I was: Hem.</p>

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                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
                    <p>Why that was well said: A good heart's worth
                        <lb/>Gold. Looke, here comes Sir <hi
rend="italic">Iohn</hi>.</p>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Falstaffe.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
                    <p>
            <hi rend="italic">When Arthur first in Court</hi>--(emptie the Iordan)
                        <lb/>
            <hi rend="italic">and was a worthy King:</hi> How now Mistris <hi
rend="italic">Dol</hi>?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
                    <p>Sick of a Calme: yea, good-sooth.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
                    <p>So is all her Sect: if they be once in a Calme,
                        <lb/>they are sick.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
                    <p>You muddie Rascall, is that all the comfort you
                        <lb/>giue me?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
                    <p>You make fat Rascalls, Mistris <hi
rend="italic">Dol</hi>.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
                    <p>I make them? Gluttonie and Diseases make
                        <lb/>them, I make them not.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
                    <p>If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to
                        <lb/>make the Diseases (<hi rend="italic">Dol</hi>) we catch
of you (<hi rend="italic">Dol</hi>) we catch
                        <lb/>of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
                    <p>I marry, our Chaynes, and our Iewels.</p>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
      <p>Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to
        <lb/>serue brauely, is to come halting off: you know, to come
        <lb/>off the Breach, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surge-
        <lb/>rie brauely; to venture vpon the charg'd-Chambers
        <lb/>brauely.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
      <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
      <p>Why this is the olde fashion: you two neuer
        <lb/>meete, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in
        <lb/>good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Tostes, you can-
        <lb/>not one beare with anothers Confirmities. What the
        <lb/>good-yere? One must beare, and that must bee you:
        <lb/>you are the weaker Vessell; as they say, the emptier
        <lb/>Vessell.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
      <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
      <p>Can a weake emptie Vessell beare such a huge
        <lb/>full Hogs-head<c rend="italic">?</c> There's a whole Marchants Venture
        <lb/>of Burdeux-stuffe in him: you haue not seene a Hulke
        <lb/>better stufft in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee
        <lb/>
      <hi rend="italic">Iacke:</hi> Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I
        <lb/>shall euer see thee againe, or no, there is no body
        <lb/>cares.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Drawer.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-dra">
      <speaker rend="italic">Drawer.</speaker>
      <p>Sir, Ancient <hi rend="italic">Pistoll</hi> is below, and would
        <lb/>speake with you.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
      <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
      <p>Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not
        <lb/>come hither: it is the foule-mouth'dst Rogue in Eng-
        <lb/>land.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
      <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
      <p>If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must
        <lb/>liue amongst my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggerers: I am
        <lb/>in good name, and fame, with the very best: shut the
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<lb/>doore, there comes no Swaggerers heere: I haue not
<lb/>liu'd all this while, to haue swaggering now: shut the
<lb/>doore, I pray you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
  <p>Do'st thou heare, Hostesse?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
  <p>'Pray you pacifie your selfe (Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>)
there comes

<lb/>no Swaggerers heere.</p>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
 <hi rend="italic">Falst.</hi> Do'st</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0405.jpg" n="83"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The seco<c rend="roman">n</c>d Part of King Henry
the Fourth.</hi>
</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
  <p>Do'st thou heare? it is mine Ancient.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
  <p>Tilly-fally (Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>) neuer tell me,
your ancient
<lb/>Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Master
<lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Tisick</hi> the Deputie, the other day: and as hee
said to me,
<lb/>it was no longer agoe then Wednesday last: Neighbour
<lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Quickly</hi> (sayes hee;) Master <hi
rend="italic">Dombe</hi>, our Minister, was by
<lb/>then: Neighbour <hi rend="italic">Quickly</hi> (sayes
hee) receiue those that
<lb/>are Ciuill; for (sayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now
<lb/>hee said so, I can tell whereupon: for (sayes hee) you are
<lb/>an honest Woman, and well thought on; therefore take
<lb/>heede what Guests you receiue: Receiue (sayes hee) no
<lb/>swaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You
<lb/>would blesse you to heare what hee said. No, Ile no
<lb/>Swaggerers.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>

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<p>Hee's no Swaggerer (Hostesse:) a tame Cheater,
    <lb/>hee: you may stroake him as gently, as a Puppie Grey-
    <lb/>hound: hee will not swagger with a Barbarie Henne, if
    <lb/>her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance. Call
    <lb/>him vp (Drawer.)</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
  <p>Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honest
    <lb/>man my house, nor no Cheater: but I doe not loue swag-
    <lb/>gering; I am the worse when one sayes, swagger: Feele
    <lb/>Masters, how I shake; looke you, I warrant you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
  <p>So you doe, Hostesse.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
  <p>Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an As-
    <lb/>pen Leafe: I cannot abide Swaggerers.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pistol, and
Bardolph and his Boy.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
  <p>'Saue you, Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
  <p>Welcome Ancient <hi rend="italic">Pistol</hi>. Here (<hi
rend="italic">Pistol</hi>) I charge
    <lb/>you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you discharge vpon mine
    <lb/>Hostesse.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
  <p>I will discharge vpon her <hi rend="italic">(Sir <hi
rend="italic">Iohn</hi>)</hi> with two
    <lb/>Bullets.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
  <p>She is Pistoll-proofe (Sir) you shall hardly of-
    <lb/>fend her.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
  <p>Come, Ile drinke no Proofes, nor no Bullets: I
    <lb/>will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans
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              <lb/>pleasure, I.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
              <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
              <p>Then to you (Mistris <hi rend="italic">Dorothie</hi>) I will
charge
              <lb/>you.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
              <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
              <p>Charge me? I scorne you (scuruie Companion)
                  <lb/>what? you poore, base, rascally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-
                  <lb/>Mate: away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for
                  <lb/>your Master.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
              <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
              <p>I know you, Mistris <hi rend="italic">Dorothie</hi>.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
              <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
              <p>Away you Cut-purse Rascall, you filthy Bung,
                  <lb/>away: By this Wine, Ile thrust my Knife in your mouldie
                  <lb/>Chappes, if you play the sawcie Cuttle with me. Away
                  <lb/>you Bottle-Ale Rascall, you Basket-hilt stale Iugler, you.
                  <lb/>Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on
                  <lb/>your shoulder? much.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
              <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
              <p>I will murther your Ruffe, for this.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
              <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
              <p>No, good Captaine <hi rend="italic">Pistol:</hi> not heere,
sweete
              <lb/>Captaine.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
              <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
              <p>Captaine? thou abhominable damn'd Cheater, art
                  <lb/>thou not asham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines
                  <lb/>were of my minde, they would trunchion you out, for ta-
                  <lb/>king their Names vpon you, before you haue earn'd them.
                  <lb/>You a Captaine? you slaue, for what? for tearing a poore
                  <lb/>Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-house? Hee a Captaine? hang
                  <lb/>him Rogue, hee liues vpon mouldie stew'd-Pruines, and
                  <lb/>dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? These Villaines will make
                  <lb/>the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had
                  <lb/>neede looke to it.</p>
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        </sp>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
           <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
           <p>Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
           <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
           <p>Hearke thee hither, Mistris <hi rend="italic">Dol</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
           <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
           <p>Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall <hi
rend="italic">Bardolph</hi>, I
              <lb/>could teare her: Ile be reueng'd on her.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-pag">
           <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
           <p>'Pray thee goe downe.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
           <p>Ile see her damn'd first: to <hi rend="italic">Pluto's</hi>
damn'd Lake,
              <lb/>to the Infernall Deepe, where <hi
rend="italic">Erebus</hi> and Tortures vilde
              <lb/>also. Hold Hooke and Line, say I: Downe: downe
              <lb/>Dogges, downe Fates: haue wee not <hi
rend="italic">Hiren</hi> here?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
           <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
           <p>Good Captaine <hi rend="italic">Peesel</hi> be quiet, it is
very late:
              <lb/>I beseeke you now, aggrauate your Choler.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
           <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
           <p>These be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-
              <lb/>Horses, and hollow-pamper'd Iades of Asia, which can-
              <lb/>not goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with <hi
rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, and
              <lb/>with Caniballs, and Troian Greekes? nay, rather damne
              <lb/>them with King <hi rend="italic">Cerberus</hi>, and let
the Welkin roare: shall
              <lb/>wee fall foule for Toyes?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
           <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
           <p>By my troth Captaine, these are very bitter
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                    <lb/>words.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
                    <p>Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a
                        <lb/>Brawle anon.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
                    <p>Die men, like Dogges; giue Crownes like Pinnes:
                        <lb/>Haue we not <hi rend="italic">Hiren</hi> here?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
                    <p>On my word (Captaine) there's none such here.
                        <lb/>What the good-yere, doe you thinke I would denye her?
                        <lb/>I pray be quiet.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
                    <p>Then feed, and be fat (my faire <hi
rend="italic">Calipolis</hi>.) Come,
                        <lb/>giue me some Sack, <hi rend="italic">Si fortune me
tormente, sperato me con-
                        <lb/>tente.</hi> Feare wee broad-sides? No, let the Fiend giue
fire:
                        <lb/>Giue me some Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there:
                        <lb/>Come wee to full Points here, and are <hi rend="italic">et
cetera's</hi> no-
                        <lb/>thing?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
                    <p>
            <hi rend="italic">Pistol</hi>, I would be quiet.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
                    <p>Sweet Knight, I kisse thy Neaffe: what? wee haue
                        <lb/>seene the seuen Starres.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
                    <p>Thrust him downe stayres, I cannot endure such
                        <lb/>a Fustian Rascall.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
                    <p>Thrust him downe stayres? know we not Gallo-
                        <lb/>way Nagges<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
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        </p>
          </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
              <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
              <p>Quoit him downe (<hi rend="italic">Bardolph)</hi> like a
shoue-groat

                <lb/>shilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but speake nothing, hee
                <lb/>shall be nothing here.</p>
          </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
              <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
              <p>Come, get you downe stayres.</p>
          </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
              <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
              <p>What? shall wee haue Incision? shall wee em-
                <lb/>brew? then Death rocke me asleepe, abridge my dolefull
                <lb/>dayes: why then let grieuous, gastly, gaping Wounds,
                <lb/>vntwin'd the Sisters three: Come <hi
rend="italic">Atropos</hi>, I say.</p>
          </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
              <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
              <p>Here's good stuffe toward.</p>
          </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
              <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
              <p>Giue me my Rapier, Boy.</p>
          </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
              <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
              <p>I prethee <hi rend="italic">Iack</hi>, I prethee doe not
draw.</p>
          </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
              <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
              <p>Get you downe stayres.</p>
          </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
              <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
              <p>Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forsweare keeping
                <lb/>house, before Ile be in these tirrits, and frights. So: Mur-
                <lb/>ther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Wea-
                <lb/>pons, put vp your naked Weapons.</p>
          </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
              <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
              <p>I prethee <hi rend="italic">Iack</hi> be quiet, the Rascall is
gone: ah,
                <lb/>you whorson little valiant Villaine, you.</p>
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</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
   <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
   <p>Are you not hurt i'th'Groyne? me thought hee
      <lb/>made a shrewd Thrust at your Belly.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
   <p>Haue you turn'd him out of doores?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
   <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
   <p>Yes Sir: the Rascall's drunke: you haue hurt
      <lb/>him (Sir) in the shoulder.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
   <p>A Rascall to braue me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
   <p>Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape,
      <lb/>how thou swear'st? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come
      <lb/>on, you whorson Chops: Ah Rogue, I loue thee: Thou
      <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">art</fw>
<note type="physical" resp="#ES">These letters are partly distorted
by a crease in the page.</note>
      <pb facs="FFimg:axc0406.jpg" n="84"/>
      <fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The second part of King Henry the Fourth.</hi>
      </fw>
      <cb n="1"/>
      <lb/>art as valorous as <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> of Troy,
worth fiue of <hi rend="italic">Agamem-
      <lb/>non</hi>, and tenne times better then the nine Worthies:
ah

      <lb/>Villaine.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
   <p>A rascally Slaue, I will tosse the Rogue in a Blan-
      <lb/>ket.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
   <p>Doe, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou doo'st,
      <lb/>Ile canuas thee betweene a paire of Sheetes.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Musique.</stage>
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<sp who="#F-2h4-pag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
  <p>The Musique is come, Sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  <p>Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, <hi rend="italic">Dol</hi>.
    <lb/>A Rascall, bragging Slaue: the Rogue fled from me like
    <lb/>Quick-siluer.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
  <p>And thou followd'st him like a Church: thou
    <lb/>whorson little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt
    <lb/>thou leaue fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and
    <lb/>begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Prince and
Poines disguis'd.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  <p>Peace (good <hi rend="italic">Dol)</hi> doe not speake like a Deaths-
    <lb/>head: doe not bid me remember mine end.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
  <p>Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  <p>A good shallow young fellow: hee would haue
    <lb/>made a good Pantler, hee would haue chipp'd Bread
    <lb/>well.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
  <p>They say <hi rend="italic">Poines</hi> hath a good Wit.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  <p>Hee a good Wit<c rend="italic">?</c> hang him Baboone, his Wit
    <lb/>is as thicke as Tewksburie Mustard: there is no more con-
    <lb/>ceit in him, then is in a Mallet.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
  <p>Why doth the Prince loue him so then?</p>
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      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
         <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
         <p>Because their Legges are both of a bignesse: and
            <lb/>hee playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell,
            <lb/>and drinkes off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides
            <lb/>the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and jumpes vpon Ioyn'd-
            <lb/>stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his
            <lb/>Boot very smooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge; and
            <lb/>breedes no bate with telling of discreete stories: and such
            <lb/>other Gamboll faculties hee hath, that shew a weake
            <lb/>Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits
            <lb/>him; for the Prince himselfe is such another: the
            <lb/>weight of an hayre wiil turne the Scales betweene their
            <lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Haber-de-pois</hi>.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
         <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
         <p>Would not this Naue of a Wheele haue his
            <lb/>Eares cut off?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
         <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
         <p>Let vs beat him before his Whore.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
         <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
         <p>Looke, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll
            <lb/>claw'd like a Parrot.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
         <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
         <p>Is it not strange, that Desire should so many
            <lb/>yeeres out-liue performance?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
         <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
         <p>Kisse me <hi rend="italic">Dol</hi>.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
         <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
         <p>
<hi rend="italic">Saturne</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Venus</hi> this
yeere in Coniunction?
            <lb/>What sayes the Almanack to that?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
         <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
         <p>And looke whether the fierie <hi rend="italic">Trigon</hi>,
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his Man,
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                    <lb/>be not lisping to his Masters old Tables, his Note-Booke,
                    <lb/>his Councell-keeper?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
                    <p>Thou do'st giue me flatt'ring Busses.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
                    <p>Nay truely, I kisse thee with a most constant heart.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
                    <p>I am olde, I am olde.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
                    <p>I loue thee better, then I loue ere a scuruie young
                        <lb/>Boy of them all.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
                    <p>What stuffe with thou haue a Kirtle of? I shall
                        <lb/>receiue Money on Thursday: thou shalt haue a Cappe
                        <lb/>to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late,
                        <cb n="2"/>
                        <lb/>wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am
                        <lb/>gone.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
                    <p>Thou wilt set me a weeping, if thou say'st so:
                        <lb/>proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome, till thy re-
                        <lb/>turne: well, hearken the end.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
                    <p>Some Sack, <hi rend="italic">Francis</hi>.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5 #F-2h4-poi">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Prin. Poin.</speaker>
                    <p>Anon, anon, Sir.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
                    <p>Ha? a Bastard Sonne of the Kings? And art not
                        <lb/>thou <hi rend="italic">Poines</hi>, his Brother?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
        <p>Why thou Globe of sinfull Continents, what
            <lb/>a Life do'st thou lead<c rend="italic">?</c>
</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
        <p>A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art
            <lb/>a Drawer.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
        <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
        <p>Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out
            <lb/>by the Eares.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
        <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
        <p>Oh, the Lord preserue thy good Grace: Wel-
            <lb/>come to London. Now Heauen blesse that sweete Face
            <lb/>of thine: what, are you come from Wales?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
        <p>Thou whorson mad Compound of Maiestie: by
            <lb/>this light flesh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
        <p>How? you fat Foole, I scorne you.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
        <p>My Lord, hee will driue you out ef your re-
            <lb/>uenge, and turne all to a merryment, if you take not the
            <lb/>heat.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
        <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
        <p>You whorson Candle-myne you, how vildly
            <lb/>did you speake of me euen now, before this honest, ver-
            <lb/>tuous, ciuill Gentlewoman?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
        <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
        <p>Blessing on your good heart, and so shee is by
            <lb/>my troth.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
        <p>Didst thou heare me?</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
           <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
           <p>Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you
              <lb/>ranne away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back,
              <lb/>and spoke it on purpose, to trie my patience.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
           <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
           <p>No, no, no: not so: I did not thinke, thou wast
              <lb/>within hearing.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
           <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
           <p>I shall driue you then to confesse the wilfull
              <lb/>abuse, and then I know how to handle you.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
           <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
           <p>No abuse (<hi rend="italic">Hall</hi>) on mine Honor, no
abuse.</p>
           </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
           <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
           <p>Not to disprayse me? and call me P<gap extent="1"
        unit="chars"
        reason="illegible"
        agent="hole"
        resp="#ES"/>ntler, and
              <lb/>Bread-chopper, and I know not what<c
rend="italic">?</c>
           </p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
           <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
           <p>No abuse (<hi rend="italic">Hal.)</hi>
        </p>
           </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
           <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
           <p>No abuse?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
           <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
           <p>No abuse (<hi rend="italic">Ned</hi>) in the World: honest
<hi rend="italic">Ned</hi> none.
              <lb/>I disprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked
              <lb/>might not fall in loue with him: In which doing, I haue
              <lb/>done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subiect,
              <lb/>and thy Father is to giue me thankes for it. No abuse (<hi
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rend="italic">(Hal:</hi>)
                        <lb/>none (<hi rend="italic">Ned</hi>) none; no Boyes,
none.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
                        <p>See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cow-
                            <lb/>ardise, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentle-
                            <lb/>woman, to close with vs? Is shee of the Wicked? Is thine
                            <lb/>Hostesse heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the
                            <lb/>Wicked? Or honest <hi rend="italic">Bardolph</hi>
(whose Zeale burnes in his
                            <lb/>Nose) of the Wicked?</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-poi">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Poin.</speaker>
                        <p>Answere thou dead Elme, answere,</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
                        <p>The Fiend hath prickt downe <hi
rend="italic">Bardolph</hi> irrecoue-
                            <lb/>rable, and his Face is <hi rend="italic">Lucifers</hi>
Priuy-Kitchin, where hee
                            <lb/>doth nothing but rost Mault-Wormes: for the Boy,
                            <lb/>there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill out-
                            <lb/>bids him too.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
                        <p>For the Women?</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
                        <p>For one of them, shee is in Hell alreadie, and
                            <lb/>burnes poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Mo-
                            <lb/>ney; and whether shee bee damn'd for that, I know
                            <lb/>not.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
                        <p>No, I warrant you,</p>
                    </sp>
                    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
                      <hi rend="italic">Fal.</hi> No,</fw>
                    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0407.jpg" n="85"/>
                    <fw type="rh">
                      <hi rend="italic">The seco<c rend="roman">n</c>d Part of King
Henry the Fourth.</hi>
                    </fw>

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<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
   <p>No, I thinke thou art not: I thinke thou art quit
      <lb/>for that. Marry, there is another Indictment vpon thee,
      <lb/>for suffering flesh to bee eaten in thy house, contrary to
      <lb/>the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
   <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
   <p>All Victuallers doe so: What is a Ioynt of
      <lb/>Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent<c rend="italic">?</c>
</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
   <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
   <p>You, Gentlewoman.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
   <p>What sayes your Grace?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
   <p>His Grace sayes that, which his flesh rebells
      <lb/>against.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
   <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
   <p>Who knocks so lowd at doore? Looke to the
      <lb/>doore there, <hi rend="italic">Francis</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Peto.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
   <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
   <p>
<hi rend="italic">Peto</hi>, how now? what newes?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-pet">
   <speaker rend="italic">Peto.</speaker>
   <l>The King, your Father, is at Westminster,</l>
   <l>And there are twentie weake and wearied Postes,</l>
   <l>Come from the North: and as I came along,</l>
   <l>I met, and ouer-tooke a dozen Captaines,</l>
   <l>Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Tauernes,</l>
   <l>And asking euery one for Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn
Falstaffe</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
   <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
```

<l>By Heauen (<hi rend="italic">Poines</hi>) I feele me much to blame,</l>

<l>So idly to prophane the precious time,</l>
<l>When Tempest of Commotion, like the South,</l>
<l>Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt.</l>
<l>And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads.</l>
<l>Giue me my Sword, and Cloake:</l>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Falstaffe</hi>, good night.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>Now comes in the sweetest Morsell of the
<lb/>night, and wee must hence, and leaue it vnpickt. More
<lb/>knocking at the doore? How now? what's the mat-
<lb/>ter?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
<speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
<l>You must away to Court, Sir, presently,</l>
<l>A dozen Captaines stay at doore for you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>Pay the Musitians, Sirrha: farewell Hostesse,
<lb/>farewell <hi rend="italic">Dol</hi>. You see (my good Wenches) how men of
<lb/>Merit are sought after: the vndeseruer may sleepe, when
<lb/>the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches:
<lb/>if I be not sent away poste, I will see you againe, ere I
<lb/>goe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
<speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
<p>I cannot speake: if my heart bee not readie
<lb/>to burst--- Well (sweete <hi rend="italic">Iacke</hi>) haue a care of thy
<lb/>selfe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>Farewell, farewell.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
<speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
<p>Well, fare thee well: I haue knowne thee
<lb/>these twentie nine yeeres, come Pescod-time: but an
<lb/>honester, and truer-hearted man---- Well, fare thee

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            <lb/>well.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
            <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
            <p>Mistris <hi rend="italic">Teare-sheet</hi>.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
            <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
            <p>What's the matter?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
            <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
            <p>Bid Mistris <hi rend="italic">Teare-sheet</hi> come to my
Master.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
            <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
            <p>Oh runne <hi rend="italic">Dol</hi>, runne: runne, good <hi
rend="italic">Dol</hi>.</p>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      </div>
      </div>
      <div type="act" n="3">
      <div type="scene" n="1">
         <head rend="italic center">Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.</head>
         <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the King, with a
Page.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
            <l>Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick:</l>
            <l>But ere they come, bid them ore-reade these Letters,</l>
            <l>And well consider of them: make good speed.</l>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
            <cb n="2"/>
            <l>How many thousand of my poorest Subiects</l>
            <l>Are at this howre asleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,</l>
            <l>Natures soft Nurse, how haue I frighted thee,</l>
            <l>That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,</l>
            <l>And steepe my Sences in Forgetfulnesse?</l>
            <l>Why rather (Sleepe) lyest thou in smoakie Cribs,</l>
            <l>Vpon vneasie Pallads stretching thee,</l>
            <l>And huisht with bussing Night, flyes to thy slumber,</l>
            <l>Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?</l>
            <l>Vnder the Canopies of costly State,</l>
            <l>And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie?</l>
            <l>O thou dull God, why lyest thou with the vilde,</l>
            <l>In loathsome beds, and leau'st the Kingly Couch,</l>
            <l>A Watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell?</l>
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      <l>Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Mast,</l>
      <l>Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,</l>
      <l>In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,</l>
      <l>And in the visitation of the Windes,</l>
      <l>Who take the Russian Billowes by the top,</l>
      <l>Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them</l>
      <l>With deaff'ning Clamors in the slipp'ry Clouds,</l>
      <l>That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes?</l>
      <l>Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repose</l>
      <l>To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude:</l>
      <l>And in the calmest, and most stillest Night,</l>
      <l>With all appliances, and meanes to boote,</l>
      <l>Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,</l>
      <l>Vneasie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.</l>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Warwicke and
Surrey.</stage>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-war">
      <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
      <l>Many good-morrowes to your Maiestie.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
      <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
      <l>Is it good-morrow, Lords?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-war">
      <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
      <l>'Tis One a Clock, and past.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
      <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
      <l>Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:)</l>
      <l>Haue you read o're the Letters that I sent you<c
rend="italic">?</c>
      </l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-war">
      <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
      <l>We haue (my Liege.)</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
      <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
      <l>Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome,</l>
      <l>How foule it is: what ranke Diseases grow,</l>
      <l>And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-war">
      <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
      <l>It is but as a Body, yet distemper'd,</l>
      <l>Which to his former strength may be restor'd,</l>
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            <l>With good aduice, and little Medicine:</l>
            <l>My Lord <hi rend="italic">Northumberland</hi> will soone
be cool'd.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
            <l>Oh Heauen, that one might read the Book of Fate,</l>
            <l>And see the reuolution of the Times</l>
            <l>Make Mountaines leuell, and the Continent</l>
            <l>(Wearie of solide firmenesse) melt it selfe</l>
            <l>Into the Sea: and other Times, to see</l>
            <l>The beachie Girdle of the Ocean</l>
            <l>Too wide for <hi rend="italic">Neptunes</hi> hippes; how
Chances mocks</l>
            <l>And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration</l>
            <l>With diuers Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone,</l>
            <l>Since <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, and <hi
rend="italic">Northumberland</hi>, great friends,</l>
            <l>Did feast together; and in two yeeres after,</l>
            <l>Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres since,</l>
            <l>This <hi rend="italic">Percie</hi> was the man, neerest my
Soule,</l>
            <l>Who, like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affaires,</l>
            <l>And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot:</l>
            <l>Yea, for my sake, euen to the eyes of <hi
rend="italic">Richard</hi>
            </l>
            <l>Gaue him defiance. But which of you was by</l>
            <l>(You Cousin <hi rend="italic">Neuil</hi>, as I may
remember)</l>
            <l>When <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, with his Eye, brim-full
of Teares,</l>
            <l>(Then check'd, and rated by <hi
rend="italic">Northumberland</hi>)</l>
            <l>Did speake these words (now prou'd a Prophecie:)</l>
            <l>
          <hi rend="italic">Northumberland</hi>, thou Ladder, by the
which</l>
            <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">My</fw>
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0408.jpg" n="86"/>
            <fw type="rh">
             <hi rend="italic">The second Part of King Henry the
Fourth.</hi>
            </fw>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <l>My Cousin <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi> ascends my
Throne:</l>
            <l>(Though then, Heaven knowes, I had no such intent,</l>
            <l>But that necessitie so bowed the State,</l>
            <l>That Land Greatnesse were compelled to kisse:)</l>
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    <l>The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it)</l>
    <l>The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,</l>
    <l>Shall breake into Corruption: so went on,</l>
    <l>For telling this same Times Condition,</l>
    <l>And the diuision of our Amitie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-war">
    <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
    <l>There is a Historie in all mens Lives,</l>
    <l>Figuring the nature of the Times deceas'd:</l>
    <l>The which obseru'd, a man may prophecie</l>
    <l>With a neere ayme, of the maine chance of things,</l>
    <l>As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes</l>
    <l>And weake beginnings lye entreasured:</l>
    <l>Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;</l>
    <l>And by the necessarie forme of this,</l>
    <l>King <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> might create a perfect guesse,</l>
    <l>That great <hi rend="italic">Northumberland</hi>, then false to him,</l>
    <l>Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falsenesse,</l>
    <l>Which should not finde a ground to roote upon,</l>
    <l>Vnlesse on you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>Are these things then Necessities?</l>
    <l>Then let us meete them like Necessities;</l>
    <l>And that same word, euen now cryes out on vs:</l>
    <l>They say, the Bishop and <hi rend="italic">Northumberland</hi></l>
    <l>Are fiftie thousand strong.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-war">
    <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
    <l>It cannot be (my Lord:)</l>
    <l>Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Eccho,</l>
    <l>The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace</l>
    <l>To goe to bed, upon my Life (my Lord)</l>
    <l>The Pow'rs that you alreadie have sent forth,</l>
    <l>Shall bring this Prize in very easily.</l>
    <l>To comfort you the more, I haue receiu'd</l>
    <l>A certain instance, that <hi rend="italic">Glendour</hi> is dead.</l>
    <l>Your Maiestie hath beene this fort-night ill,</l>
    <l>And these unseason'd howres perforce must adde</l>
    <l>Vnto your Sicknesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
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        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <l>I will take your counsaile:</l>
        <l>And were these inward Warres once out of hand,</l>
        <l>Wee would (deare Lords) unto the Holy-Land.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="2">
      <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
      <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Shallow and Silence: with Mouldie, Shadow,
        <lb/>Wart, Feeble, Bull-calfe.</stage>
      <cb n="1"/>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
        <p>Come-on, come-on, come-on: giue mee your
          <lb/>Hand, Sir; giue mee your Hand, Sir: an early stirrer, by
          <lb/>the Rood. And how doth my good Cousin <hi rend="italic">Silence?</hi>
        </p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
        <p>Good-morrow, good Cousin <hi rend="italic">Shallow</hi>.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
        <p>And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow?
          <lb/>and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter
          <lb/>
          <hi rend="italic">Ellen?</hi>
        </p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
        <p>Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Cousin <hi rend="italic">Shallow</hi>.)</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
        <p>By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin <hi rend="italic">William</hi>
          <lb/>is become a good Scholler? hee is at Oxford still, is hee
          <lb/>not?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
        <p>Indeede Sir, to my cost.</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
          <p>Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I
            <lb/>was once of <hi rend="italic">Clements</hi> Inne; where (I thinke) they will
            <lb/>talke of mad <hi rend="italic">Shallow</hi> yet.</p>
        </sp>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
          <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
          <p>You were called lustie <hi rend="italic">Shallow</hi> then (Cousin.)</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
          <p>I was call'd any thing: and I would haue done
            <lb/>any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and
            <lb/>little <hi rend="italic">Iohn Doit</hi> of Staffordshire, and blacke <hi rend="italic">George Bare</hi>,
            <lb/>and <hi rend="italic">Francis Pick-bone</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Will Squele</hi> a Cot-sal-man, you
            <lb/>had not foure such Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of
            <lb/>Court againe: And I may say to you, wee knew where
            <lb/>the <hi rend="italic">Bona-Roba's</hi> were, and had the best of them all at
            <lb/>commandement. Then was <hi rend="italic">Iacke Falstaffe</hi> (now Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn)</hi>
            <lb/>a Boy, and Page to <hi rend="italic">Thomas Mowbray</hi>, Duke of Nor-
            <lb/>folke.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
          <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
          <p>This Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> (Cousin) that comes hither anon a-
            <lb/>bout Souldiers?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
          <p>The same Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, the very same: I saw him
            <lb/>breake <hi rend="italic">Scoggan's</hi> Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was
            <lb/>a Crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight
            <lb/>with one <hi rend="italic">Sampson Stock-fish</hi>, a Fruiterer, behinde Greyes-
            <lb/>Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see
            <lb/>how many of mine olde Acquaintance arc dead?</p>
        </sp>
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<sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
   <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
   <p>Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
   <p>Certaine: 'tis certaine: very sure, very sure:
      <lb/>Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke
      <lb/>of Bullocks at Stamford Fayre?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
   <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
   <p>Truly Cousin, I was not there.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
   <p>Death is certaine. Is old <hi rend="italic">Double</hi> of your Towne

      <lb/>liuing yet?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
   <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
   <p>Dead, Sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
   <p>Dead<c rend="italic">?</c> See, see: hee drew a good Bow: and
      <lb/>dead? hee shot a fine shoote. <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> of Gaunt loued
      <lb/>him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead?
      <lb/>hee would haue clapt in the Clowt at Twelve-score, and
      <lb/>carryed you a fore-hand Shaft at foureteene, and foure-
      <lb/>teene and a halfe, that it would haue done a mans heart
      <lb/>good to see. How a score of Ewes now<c rend="italic">?</c>
   </p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
   <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
   <p>Thereafter as they be: a score of good Ewes
      <lb/>may be worth tenne pounds.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
   <p>And is olde <hi rend="italic">Double</hi> dead?</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bardolph and his Boy.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
        <p>Heere come two of <hi rend="italic">Iohn Falstaffes</hi> Men (as I
          <lb/>thinke.)</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
        <p>Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
        <p>I beseech you, which is Iustice <hi rend="italic">Shallow</hi>?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
        <p>I am <hi rend="italic">Robert Shallow</hi> (sir) a poore Esquire of this
          <lb/>Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace:
          <lb/>What is your good pleasure with me?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
        <p>My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you:
          <lb/>my Captaine, Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn Falstaffe:</hi> a tall Gentleman, and a
          <lb/>most gallant Leader.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
        <p>Hee greetes me well: (Sir) I knew him a
          <lb/>good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight?
          <lb/>may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
        <p>Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommoda-
          <lb/>ted, then with a Wife.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
        <p>It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeede,
          <lb/>too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede is
          <lb/>it: good phrases are surely, and every where very com-
          <lb/>mendable. Accommodated, it comes of <hi rend="italic">Accommodo:</hi>
          <lb/>very good, a good Phrase.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
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<p>Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phrase
   <lb/>call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase: but
   <lb/>I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a
   <lb/>Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good
   <lb/>Command. Accommodated; that is, when a man is
   <lb/>(as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">whereby</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0409.jpg" n="87"/>
<fw type="rh">
 <hi rend="italic">The seco<c rend="roman">n</c>d Part of
King Henry the Fourth.</hi>
</fw>
   <cb n="1"/>
      <lb/>whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an
      <lb/>excellent thing.</p>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Falstaffe.</stage>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
      <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
      <p>It is very iust: Looke, heere comes good Sir
         <lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>. Giue me your hand, giue me your
Worships good
         <lb/>hand: Trust me, you looke well: and bear your yeares
         <lb/>very well. Welcome, good Sir <hi
rend="italic">Iohn</hi>.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
      <p>I am glad to see you well, good M. <hi rend="italic">Robert
Shal-
         <lb/>low</hi>: Master <hi rend="italic">Sure-card</hi> as I
thinke?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
      <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
      <p>No sir<hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, it is my Cosin <hi
rend="italic">Silence:</hi> in Commissi-
         <lb/>on with mee.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
      <p>Good M. <hi rend="italic">Silence</hi>, it well befits you
should be of
         <lb/>the peace.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
      <p>Your good Worship is welcome.</p>
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      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
         <speaker rend="italic">Fal</speaker>
         <p>Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) haue you
            <lb/>prouided me here halfe a dozen of sufficient men?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
         <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
         <p>Marry haue we sir: Will you sit?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
         <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
         <p>Let me see them, I beseech you.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
         <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
         <p>Where's the Roll; Where's the Roll? Where's
            <lb/>the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so:
            <lb/>yea marry Sir. <hi rend="italic">Raphe Mouldie</hi>: let
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them appeare as I call:
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            <lb/>let them do so, let them do so: Let mee see, Where is
            <lb/>
      <hi rend="italic">Mouldie</hi>?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-mou">
         <speaker rend="italic">Moul.</speaker>
         <p>Heere, if it please you.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
         <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
         <p>What thinke you (Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>) a good
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limb'd fel-
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            <lb/>low: yong. strong, and of good friends.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
         <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
         <p>
      <hi rend="italic">Is thy name Mouldie</hi>?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-mou">
         <speaker rend="italic">Moul.</speaker>
         <p>Yea, if it please you.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
         <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
         <p>'Tis the more time thou wert vs'd.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
         <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
         <p>Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are moul-
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            <lb/>die, lacke use: very singular good. Well saide Sir <hi
rend="italic">Iohn</hi>,
                <lb/>very well said.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
          <p>Pricke him.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-mou">
          <speaker rend="italic">Moul.</speaker>
          <p>I was prickt well enough before, if you could
            <lb/>haue let me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for
            <lb/>one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need
            <lb/>not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe
            <lb/>out, then I.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
          <p>Go too: peace <hi rend="italic">Mouldie</hi>, you shall goe.
<hi rend="italic">Mouldie</hi>,
                <lb/>it is time you were spent.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-mou">
          <speaker rend="italic">Moul.</speaker>
          <p>Spent?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Shallow.</speaker>
          <p>Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you
            <lb/>where you are? For the other sir <hi
rend="italic">Iohn:</hi> Let me see: <hi rend="italic">Simon
                <lb/>Shadow</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
          <p>I marry, let me haue him to fit vnder: he's like to
            <lb/>be a cold souldier.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
          <p>Where's <hi rend="italic">Shadow</hi>?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-shd">
          <speaker rend="italic">Shad.</speaker>
          <p>Heere sir.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
          <p>
      <hi rend="italic">Shadow</hi>, whose sonne art thou<c
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        rend="italic">?</c>
              </p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-shd">
            <speaker rend="italic">Shad.</speaker>
            <p>My Mothers sonne, Sir.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
            <p>Thy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fa-
              <lb/>thers shadow: so the sonne of the Female, is the shadow
              <lb/>of the Male: it is often so indeede, but not of the Fathers
              <lb/>substance.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
            <p>Do you like him, sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
            <p>
        <hi rend="italic">Shadow</hi> will serue for Summer: pricke him:
For

              <lb/>wee haue a number of shadowes to fill vppe the Muster-
              <lb/>Booke.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
            <p>
        <hi rend="italic">Thomas Wart</hi>?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
            <p>Where's he?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-wrt">
            <speaker rend="italic">Wart.</speaker>
            <p>Heere sir.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
            <p>Is thy name <hi rend="italic">Wart</hi>?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-wrt">
            <speaker rend="italic">Wart.</speaker>
            <p>Yea sir.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
            <p>Thou art a very ragged Wart.</p>
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      </sp>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
         <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
         <p>Shall I pricke him downe,
            <lb/>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
         <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
         <p>It were superfluous: for his apparrel is built vp-
            <lb/>on his backe, and the whole frame stands vpon pins: prick
            <lb/>him no more.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
         <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
         <p>Ha, ha, ha, you can do it sir: you can doe it; I
            <lb/>commend you well.</p>
         <p>
   <hi rend="italic">Francis Feeble.</hi>
</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fee">
         <speaker rend="italic">Feeble.</speaker>
         <p>Heare sir.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
         <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
         <p>What Trade art thou <hi rend="italic">Feeble</hi>?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fee">
         <speaker rend="italic">Feeble.</speaker>
         <p>A Womans Taylor sir.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
         <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
         <p>Shall I pricke him, sir?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
         <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
         <p>You may:
            <lb/>But if he had beene a mans Taylor, he would haue prick'd
            <lb/>you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Bat-
            <lb/>taile, as thou hast done in a Womans petticote?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fee">
         <speaker rend="italic">Feeble.</speaker>
         <p>I will doe my good will sir, you can have no
            <lb/>more.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
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                    <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
                    <p>Well said, good Womans Tailour: Well sayde
                        <lb/>Couragious <hi rend="italic">Feeble</hi>: thou wilt bee
as valiant as the wrath-
                        <lb/>full Doue, or most magnanimous Mouse.. Pricke the wo-
                        <lb/>mans Taylour well Master <hi
rend="italic">Shallow</hi>, deep Maister <hi rend="italic">Shal-
                        <lb/>low.</hi>
                </p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-fee">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Feeble.</speaker>
                    <p>I would <hi rend="italic">Wart</hi> might haue gone
sir.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
                    <p>I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that y<c
rend="superscript">u</c> might'st
                        <lb/>mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to
                        <lb/>a priuate souldier, that is the Leader of so many thou-
                        <lb/>sands. Let that suffice, most Forcible <hi
rend="italic">Feeble</hi>.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-fee">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Feeble,</speaker>
                    <p>It shall suffice.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
                    <p>I am bound to thee, reuerend <hi rend="italic">Feeble</hi>.
Who is
                        <lb/>the next?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
                    <p>
                <hi rend="italic">Peter Bulcalfe</hi> of the Greene.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
                    <p>Yea marry, let vs see <hi rend="italic">Bulcalfe</hi>.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-bul">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
                    <p>Heere sir.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
                    <p>Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me <hi
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rend="italic">Bul-
				<lb/>calfe</hi> till he roare againe.</p>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-2h4-bul">
				<speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
				<p>Oh, good my Lord Captaine.</p>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
				<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
				<p>What? do'st thou roare before th'art prickt.</p>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-2h4-bul">
				<speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
				<p>Oh sir, I am a diseased man.</p>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
				<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
				<p>What disease hast thou?</p>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-2h4-bul">
				<speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
				<p>A whorson cold sir, a cough sir, which I caught
					<lb/>with Ringing in the Kings affayres, vpon his Coronation
					<lb/>day, sir.</p>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
				<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
				<p>Come, thou shalt go to the Warres in a Gowne:
					<lb/>we will haue away thy Cold, and I will take such order,
					<lb/>that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is heere all?</p>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
				<speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
				<p>There is two more called then your number:
					<lb/>you must haue but foure heere sir, and so I pray you go in
					<lb/>with me to dinner.</p>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
				<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
				<p>Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot
					<lb/>tarry dinner. I am glad to see you in good troth, Master
					<lb/>
				<hi rend="italic">Shallow.</hi>
			</p>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
				<speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
				<p>O sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, doe you remember since wee lay all
					<lb/>night in the Winde-mill, in <choice>

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        <abbr>S</abbr>
        <expan>Saint</expan>
      </choice> Georges Field.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Falstaffe.</speaker>
      <p>No more of that good Master <hi rend="italic">Shallow:</hi> No
        <lb/>more of that.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
      <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
      <p>Ha? it was a merry night. And is <hi rend="italic">Iane Night-
        <lb/>worke</hi> aliue?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
      <p>She lives, M. <hi rend="italic">Shallow</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
      <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
      <p>She neuer could away with me.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
      <p>Neuer, neuer: she would always say shee could
        <lb/>not abide M. <hi rend="italic">Shallow</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
      <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
      <p>I could anger her to the heart: Shee was then a
        <lb/>
  <hi rend="italic">Bona-Roba</hi>. Doth she hold her owne well.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
      <p>Old old, M. <hi rend="italic">Shallow.</hi>
    </p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
      <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
      <p>Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be
      <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">gg</fw>
      <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">old:</fw>
      <pb facs="FFimg:axc0410-0.jpg" n="88"/>
      <fw type="rh">
        <hi rend="italic">The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.</hi>
      </fw>
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        <cb n="1"/>
            <lb/>old: certaine shee's old: and had <hi rend="italic">Robin
Night-worke</hi>, by
            <lb/>old <hi rend="italic">Night-worke</hi>, before I came to
<hi rend="italic">Clements</hi> Inne.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
          <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
          <p>That's fiftie fiue yeeres agoe.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
          <p>Hah, Cousin <hi rend="italic">Silence</hi>, that thou hadst
seene that,
            <lb/>that this Knight and I haue seene: hah, Sir <hi
rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, said I
            <lb/>well?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
          <p>Wee haue heard the Chymes at mid-night, Ma-
            <lb/>ster <hi rend="italic">Shallow</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
          <p>That wee haue, that wee haue; in faith, Sir <hi
rend="italic">Iohn</hi>,
            <lb/>wee haue: our watch-word was, Hem-Boyes. Come,
            <lb/>let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that
            <lb/>wee haue seene. Come, come.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-bul">
          <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
          <p>Good Master Corporate <hi rend="italic">Bardolph</hi>,
stand my
            <lb/>friend, and heere is foure <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>
tenne shillings in French
            <lb/>Crownes for you: in very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd
            <lb/>sir, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, sir, I do not care;
            <lb/>but rather, because I am vnwilling, and for mine owne
            <lb/>part, haue a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did
            <lb/>not care, for mine owne part, so much.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
          <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
          <p>Go-too: stand aside.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-mou">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mould.</speaker>
          <p>And good Master Corporall Captaine, for my
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            <lb/>old Dames sake, stand my friend: shee hath no body to
            <lb/>doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old,
            <lb/>and cannot helpe her selfe: you shall haue fortie, sir.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
         <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
         <p>Go-too: stand aside.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fee">
         <speaker rend="italic">Feeble.</speaker>
         <p>I care not, a man can die but once: wee owe a
            <lb/>death. I will neuer beare a base minde: if it be my desti-
            <lb/>nie, so: if it be not, so: no man is too good to serue his
            <lb/>Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this
            <lb/>yeere, is quit for the next.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
         <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
         <p>Well said, thou art a good fellow.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fee">
         <speaker rend="italic">Feeble.</speaker>
         <p>Nay, I will beare no base minde.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
         <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
         <p>Come sir, which men shall I haue?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
         <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
         <p>Foure of which you please.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
         <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
         <p>Sir, a word with you: I haue three pound, to
            <lb/>free <hi rend="italic">Mouldie</hi> and <hi
rend="italic">Bull-calfe</hi>.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
         <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
         <p>Go-too: well.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
         <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
         <p>Come, sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, which foure will you
haue?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
         <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
         <p>Doe you chuse for me.</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
            <p>Marry then, <hi rend="italic">Mouldie, Bull-calfe,
Feeble,</hi>and
                <lb/>
        <hi rend="italic">Shadow</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
            <p>
        <hi rend="italic">Mouldie</hi>, and <hi
rend="italic">Bull-calfe:</hi> for you <hi rend="italic">Mouldie</hi>, stay
                <lb/>at home. till you are past seruice: and for your part, <hi
rend="italic">Bull-
                <lb/>calfe</hi>, grow til you come vnto it: I will none of
you.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
            <p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, Sir <hi
rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, doe not your selfe wrong, they
                <lb/>are your likelyest men, and I would haue you seru'd with
                <lb/>the best.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
            <p>Will you tell me (Master <hi
rend="italic">Shallow</hi>)how to chuse
                <lb/>a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the stature,
                <lb/>bulke, and bigge assemblance of a man? giue mee the
                <lb/>spirit (Master <hi rend="italic">Shallow</hi>.) Where's
<hi rend="italic">Wart</hi>? you see what
                <lb/>a ragged appearance it is: hee shall charge you, and
                <lb/>discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Ham-
                <lb/>mer: come off, and on, swifter then hee that gibbets on
                <lb/>the Brewers Bucket. And this same halfe-fac'd fellow,
                <lb/>
        <hi rend="italic">Shadow</hi>, giue me this man: hee presents no
marke to the
                <lb/>Enemie, the foe-man may with as great ayme leuell at
                <lb/>the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retrait, how swiftly
                <lb/>will this <hi rend="italic">Feeble</hi>, the Womans
Taylor, runne off. O, giue
                <lb/>me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a
                <lb/>Calyuer into <hi rend="italic">Warts</hi> hand, <hi
rend="italic">Bardolph</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
            <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
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            <p>Hold <hi rend="italic">Wart</hi>, Trauerse: thus, thus,
thus.</p>
               </sp>
               <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
                  <p>Come, manage me your Calyuer: so: very well,
                     <lb/>go-too, very good, exceeding good. O, giue me always
                     <lb/>a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well said <hi
rend="italic">Wart</hi>, thou
                     <lb/>art a good Scab: hold, there is a Tester for thee.</p>
               </sp>
               <cb n="2"/>
               <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
                  <p>Hee is not his Crafts-master, hee doth not doe
                     <lb/>it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay
                     <lb/>at <hi rend="italic">Clements</hi> Inne, I was then Sir
<hi rend="italic">Dagonet</hi> in <hi rend="italic">Arthures</hi>
                     <lb/>Show: there was a little quiuer fellow, and hee would
                     <lb/>manage you his Peece thus: and hee would about,
                     <lb/>and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah,
                     <lb/>tah, tah, would hee say, Bownce would hee say, and
                     <lb/>away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come:
                     <lb/>I shall neuer see such a fellow.</p>
               </sp>
               <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
                  <p>These fellowes will doe well, Master <hi
rend="italic">Shallow</hi>.
                     <lb/>Farewell Master <hi rend="italic">Silence</hi>, I will not
vse many wordes with
                     <lb/>you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thanke you:
                     <lb/>I must a dozen mile to night. <hi
rend="italic">Bardolph</hi>, giue the Souldiers
                     <lb/>Coates.</p>
               </sp>
               <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
                  <p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, Heauen blesse you, and
prosper your
                     <lb/>Affaires, and send vs Peace. As you returne, visit
                     <lb/>my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: per-
                     <lb/>aduenture I will with you to the Court.</p>
               </sp>
               <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
                  <p>I would you would, Master <hi
rend="italic">Shallow</hi>.</p>
               </sp>
               <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
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            <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
            <p>Go-too: I haue spoke at a word. Fare you
                <lb/>well.</p>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
            <p>Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On <hi
rend="italic">Bar-</hi>
                <lb/>dolph, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off
                <lb/>these Iustices: I doe see the bottome of Iustice <hi
rend="italic">Shal-
                <lb/>low</hi>. How subiect wee old men are to this vice of
Ly-
                <lb/>ing? This same staru'd Iustice hath done nothing but
                <lb/>prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the
                <lb/>Feates hee hath done about Turnball-street, and euery
                <lb/>third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the
                <lb/>Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at <hi
rend="italic">Clements</hi> Inne,
                <lb/>like a man made after Supper, of a Cheese-paring. When
                <lb/>hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked
                <lb/>Radish, with a Head fantastically caru'd vpon it with a
                <lb/>Knife. Hee was so forlorne, that his Dimensions (to
                <lb/>any thicke fight) were inuincible. Hee was the very
                <lb/>
        <hi rend="italic">Genius</hi> of Famine: hee came euer in the
rere-ward of
                <lb/>the Fashion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a
                <lb/>Squire, and talks as familiarly of <hi
rend="italic">Iohn</hi> of Gaunt, as if
                <lb/>hee had beene sworne Brother to him: and Ile be sworne
                <lb/>hee neuer saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he
                <lb/>burst his Head, for crowding among the Marshals men.
                <lb/>I saw it, and told <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> of Gaunt,
hee beat his owne
                <lb/>Name, for you might haue truss'd him and all his Ap-
                <lb/>parrell into an Eele-skinne: the Case of a Treble Hoe-
                <lb/>boy was a Mansion for him: a Court: and now hath
                <lb/>hee Land, and Beeues. Well, I will be acquainted with
                <lb/>him, if I returne: and it shall goe hard, but I will make
                <lb/>him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young
                <lb/>Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the
                <lb/>Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape,
                <lb/>and there an end.</p>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      </div>
      </div>
      <div type="act" n="4">
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<div type="scene" n="1">
    <head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
    <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter the Arch-bishop,
Mowbray, Hastngs,
        <lb/>Westmerland, Coleuile.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
        <l>What is this Forrest call'd?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-has">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
        <l>Tis Gualtree Forrest, and't shall please your
            <lb/>Grace.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
        <l>Here stand (my Lords) and send discouerers forth,</l>
        <l>To know the numbers of our Enemies.</l>
    </sp>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
<hi rend="italic">Hast.</hi> Wee</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0411-0.jpg" n="91"/>
    <fw type="rh">
     <hi rend="italic">The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.</hi>
    </fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-has">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
        <l>Wee haue sent forth alreadie.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
        <l>'Tis well done.</l>
        <l>My Friends, and Brethren (in these great Affaires)</l>
        <l>I must acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd</l>
        <l>New-dated Letters from <hi
rend="italic">Northumberland:</hi>
        </l>
        <l>Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus.</l>
        <l>Here doth hee wish his Person, with such Powers</l>
        <l>As might hold fortance with his Qualitie,</l>
        <l>The which hee could not leuie: whereupon</l>
        <l>Hee is rety r'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,</l>
        <l>To Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers,</l>
        <l>That your Attempts may ouer-liue the hazard,</l>
        <l>And fearefull meeting of their Opposite.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-mow">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
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            <l>Thus do the hopes we haue in him, touch ground,</l>
            <l>And dash themselues to pieces.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
Messenger.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-has">
               <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
               <l>Now? what newes?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-mes">
               <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
               <l>West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,</l>
               <l>In goodly forme, comes on the Enemie:</l>
               <l>And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number</l>
               <l>Vpon, or neere, the rate of thirtie thousand.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-mow">
               <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
               <l>The iust proportion that we gaue them out.</l>
               <l>Let vs sway-on, and face them in the field.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Westmterland.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
               <speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
               <l>What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-mow">
               <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
               <l>I thinke it is my Lord of Westmerland.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-wes">
               <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
               <l>Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,</l>
               <l>The Prince, Lord <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, and Duke of
Lancaster.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
               <speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
               <l>Say on (my Lord of Westmerland) in peace:</l>
               <l>What doth concerne your comming?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-wes">
               <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
               <l>Then (my Lord)</l>
               <l>Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe addresse</l>
               <l>The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion</l>
               <l>Came like it selfe, in base and abiect Routs,</l>
               <l>Led on by bloodie Youth, guarded with Rage,</l>
               <l>And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie:</l>
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<l>I say, if damn'd Commotion so appeare,</l>
<l>In his true, natiue, and most proper shape,</l>
<l>You (Reuerend Father, and these Noble Lords)</l>
<l>Had not beene here, to dresse the ougly forme</l>
<l>Of base, and bloodie Insurrection,</l>
<l>With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop,</l>
<l>Whose Sea is by a Ciuill Peace maintain'd,</l>
<l>Whose Beard, the Siluer Hand of Peace hath touch'd,</l>
<l>Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,</l>
<l>Whose white Inuestments figure Innocence,</l>
<l>The Doue, and very blessed Spirit of Peace.</l>
<l>Wherefore doe you so ill translate your selfe,</l>
<l>Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace,</l>
<l>Into the harsh and boystrous Tongue of Warre?</l>
<l>Turning your Bookes to Graues, your Inke to Blood,</l>
<l>Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue diuine</l>
<l>To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
<speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
<l>Wherefore doe I this? so the Question stands.</l>
<l>Briefely to this end: Wee are all diseas'd,</l>
<l>And with our surfetting and wanton howres,</l>
<l>Haue brought our selues into a burning Feuer,</l>
<l>And wee must bleede for it: of which Disease,</l>
<l>Our late King <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> (being infected)
dy'd.</l>

<l>But (my most Noble Lord of Westmerland)</l>
<l>I take not on me here as a Physician,</l>
<l>Nor doe I, as an Enemie to Peace,</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>Troope in the Throngs of Militarie men:</l>
<l>But rather shew a while like fearefull Warre,</l>
<l>To dyet ranke Mindes, sicke of happinesse,</l>
<l>And purge th'obstructions, which begin to stop</l>
<l>Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainely.</l>
<l>I haue in equall balance iustly weigh'd,</l>
<l>What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,</l>
<l>And finde our Griefes heauier then our Offences.</l>
<l>Wee see which way the streame of Time doth runne,</l>
<l>And are enforc'd from our most quiet there,</l>
<l>By the rough Torrent of Occasion,</l>
<l>And haue the summarie of all our Griefes</l>
<l>(When time shall serue) to shew in Articles;</l>
<l>Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King,</l>
<l>And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience:</l>
<l>When wee are wrong'd, and would vnfold our Griefes,</l>
<l>Wee are deny'd accesse vnto his Person,</l>
<l>Euen by those men, that most haue done vs wrong.</l>
<l>The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,</l>
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                <l>Whose memorie is written on the Earth</l>
                <l>With yet appearing blood; and the examples</l>
                <l>Of every Minutes instance (present now)</l>
                <l>Hath put vs in these ill-beseeming Armes:</l>
                <l>Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,</l>
                <l>But to establish here a Peace indeede,</l>
                <l>Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-wes">
                <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
                <l>When euer yet was your Appeale deny'd?</l>
                <l>Wherein haue you beene galled by the King<c
rend="italic">?</c>
            </l>
                <l>What Peere hath beene suborn'd, to grate on you,</l>
                <l>That you should seale this lawlesse bloody Booke</l>
                <l>Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale diuine?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
                <speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
                <l>My Brother generall, the Common-Wealth,</l>
                <l>I make my Quarrell, in particular.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-wes">
                <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
                <l>There is no neede of any such redresse:</l>
                <l>Or if there were, it not belongs to you.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-mow">
                <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
                <l>Why not to him in part, and to vs all,</l>
                <l>That feele the bruizes of the dayes before,</l>
                <l>And suffer the Condition of these Times</l>
                <l>To lay a heauie and vnequall Hand vpon our Honors?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-wes">
                <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
                <l>O my good Lord <hi rend="italic">Mowbray</hi>,</l>
                <l>Construe the Times to their Necessities,</l>
                <l>And you shall say (indeede) it is the Time,</l>
                <l>And not the King, that doth you iniuries.</l>
                <l>Yet for your part, it not appeares to me,</l>
                <l>Either from the King, or in the present Time,</l>
                <l>That you should haue an ynch of any ground</l>
                <l>To build a Griefe on: were you not restor'd</l>
                <l>To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seignories,</l>
                <l>Your Noble, and right well-remembred Fathers?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-mow">
                <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
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<l>What thing, in Honor, had my Father lost,</l>
<l>That need to be reuiu'd, and breath'd in me?</l>
<l>The King that lou'd him, as the State stood then,</l>
<l>Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him:</l>
<l>And then, that <hi rend="italic">Henry Bullingbrooke</hi> and hee</l>

<l>Being mounted, and both rowsed in their Seates</l>
<l>Their neighing Coursers daring of the Spurre,</l>
<l>Their armed Staues in charge, their Beauers downe,</l>
<l>Their eyes of fire, sparkling through sights of Steele,</l>
<l>And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:</l>
<l>Then, then, when there was nothing could haue stay'd</l>
<l>My Father from the Breast of <hi rend="italic">Bulling brooke</hi>;</l>

<l>O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,</l>
<l>(His owne Life hung vpon the staffe hee threw)</l>
<l>Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Liues,</l>
<l>That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,</l>
<l>Haue since mis-carried vnder <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">gg2</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
<hi rend="italic">West</hi>. You</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0412-0.jpg" n="92"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.</hi>
</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-2h4-wes">
<speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
<l>You speak (Lord <hi rend="italic">Mowbray</hi>) now you know not what.</l>
<l>The Earle of Hereford was reputed then</l>
<l>In England the most valiant Gentleman.</l>
<l>Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then haue smil'd?</l>
<l>But if your Father had beene Victor there,</l>
<l>Hee ne're had borne it out of Couentry.</l>
<l>For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce,</l>
<l>Cry'd hate vpon him: and all their prayers, and loue,</l>
<l>Were set on <hi rend="italic">Herford</hi>, whom they doted on,</l>

<l>And bless'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King.</l>
<l>But this is meere digression from my purpose.</l>
<l>Here come I from our Princely Generall,</l>
<l>To know your Griefes; to tell you, from his Grace,</l>
<l>That hee will giue you Audience: and wherein</l>
<l>It shall appeare, that your demands are iust,</l>
<l>You shall enioy them, euery thing set off,</l>
<l>That might so much as thinke you Enemies.</l>

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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-mow">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
      <l>But hee hath forc'd vs to compell this Offer,</l>
      <l>And it proceedes from Pollicy, not Loue.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-wes">
      <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
      <l>
<hi rend="italic">Mowbray</hi>, you ouer-weene to take it so:</l>
      <l>This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare.</l>
      <l>For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes,</l>
      <l>Vpon mine Honor, all too confident</l>
      <l>To giue admittance to a thought of feare.</l>
      <l>Our Battaile is more full of Names then yours,</l>
      <l>Our Men more perfect in the vse of Armes,</l>
      <l>Our Armor all as strong, our Cause the best;</l>
      <l>Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good.</l>
      <l>Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-mow">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
      <l>Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Parley.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-wes">
      <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
      <l>That argues but the shame of your offence:</l>
      <l>A rotten Case abides no handling.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-has">
      <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
      <l>Hath the Prince <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> a full
Commissison,</l>
      <l>In very ample vertue of hrs Father,</l>
      <l>To heare, and absolutely to determine</l>
      <l>Of what Conditions wee shall stand vpon?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-wes">
      <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
      <l>That is intended in the Generals Name:</l>
      <l>I muse you make so slight a Question.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
      <speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
      <l>Then take (my Lord of Westmerland) this Schedule,</l>
      <l>For this contaives our generall Grieuances:</l>
      <l>Each seuerall Article herein redress'd,</l>
      <l>All members of our Cause, both here, and hence,</l>
      <l>That are insinewed to this Action,</l>
      <l>Acquitted by a true substantiall forme,</l>
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    <l>And present execution of our wills,</l>
    <l>To vs, and to our purposes confin'd,</l>
    <l>Wee come within our awfull Banks againe,</l>
    <l>And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-wes">
    <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
    <l>This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords,</l>
    <l>In sight of both our Battailes, wee may meete</l>
    <l>At either end in peace: which Heauen so frame,</l>
    <l>Or to the place of difference call the Swords,</l>
    <l>Which must decide it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
    <l>My Lord, wee will doe so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-mow">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
    <l>There is a thing within my Bosome tells me,</l>
    <l>That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-has">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
    <l>Feare you not, that if wee can make our Peace</l>
    <l>Vpon such large termes, and so absolute,</l>
    <l>As our Conditions shall consist vpon,</l>
    <l>Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rockie Mountaines.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-mow">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
    <l>I, but our valuation shall be such,</l>
    <l>That euery slight, and false-deriued Cause,</l>
    <l>Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton Reason,</l>
    <l>Shall, to the King, taste of this Action:</l>
    <l>That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue,</l>
    <l>Wee shall be winnowed with so rough a winde,</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>That euen our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe,</l>
    <l>And good from bad finde no partition.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
    <l>No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearie</l>
    <l>Of daintie, and such picking Grieuances:</l>
    <l>For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death,</l>
    <l>Reuiues two greater in the Heires of Life.</l>
    <l>And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane,</l>
    <l>And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie,</l>
    <l>That may repeat, and Historie his losse,</l>
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    <l>To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes,</l>
    <l>Hee cannot so precisely weede this Land,</l>
    <l>As his mis-doubts present occasion:</l>
    <l>His foes are so en-rooted with his friends,</l>
    <l>That plucking to vnfixe an Enemie,</l>
    <l>Hee doth vnfasten so, and shake a friend.</l>
    <l>So that this Land, like an offensiue wife,</l>
    <l>That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes,</l>
    <l>As he is striking, holds his Infant vp,</l>
    <l>And hangs resolu'd Correction in the Arme,</l>
    <l>That was vprear'd to execution.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-2h4-has">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
    <l>Besides, the King hath wasted all his Rods,</l>
    <l>On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke</l>
    <l>The very Instruments of Chasticement:</l>
    <l>So that his power, like to a Fanglesse Lion</l>
    <l>May offer, but not hold.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis very true:</l>
    <l>And therefore be assur'd (my good Lord Marshal)</l>
    <l>If we do now make our attonement well,</l>
    <l>Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe vnited)</l>
    <l>Grow stronger, for the breaking.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-2h4-mow">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
    <l>Be it so:</l>
    <l>Heere is return'd my Lord of Westmerland.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Westmerland.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-2h4-wes">
    <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
    <l>The Prince is here at hand: pleaseth your Lordship</l>
    <l>To meet his Grace, iustl distance 'tweene our Armies<c
rend="italic">?</c>
    </l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-2h4-mow">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
    <l>Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then
      <lb/>forward.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
    <l>Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.</l>
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                </sp>
              </div>
              <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
                <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
                <note type="editorial" resp="#PW">From this point in the act
onwards, conventional scene numbering diverges from the First Folio.</note>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Prince
Iohn.</stage>
              <sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
                <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
                <l>You are wel encountred here (my cosin <hi
rend="italic">Mowbray</hi>)</l>
                <l>Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop,</l>
                <l>And so to you Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>, and to
all.</l>
                <l>My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd with you,</l>
                <l>When that your Flocke (assembled by the Bell)</l>
                <l>Encircled you, to heare with reuerence</l>
                <l>Your exposition on the holy Text,</l>
                <l>Then now to see you heere an Iron man</l>
                <l>Chearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme,</l>
                <l>Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death:</l>
                <l>That man that sits within a Monarches heart,</l>
                <l>And ripens in the Sunne-shine of his fauor,</l>
                <l>Would hee abuse the Countenance of the King,</l>
                <l>Alack, what Mischiefes might hee set abroach,</l>
                <l>In shadow of such Greatnesse? With you, Lord Bishop,</l>
                <l>It is euen so. Who hath not heard it spoken,</l>
                <l>How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen?</l>
                <l>To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament;</l>
                <l>To vs, th'imagine Voyce of Heauen it selfe:</l>
                <l>The very Opener, and Intelligencer,</l>
                <l>Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen;</l>
                <l>And our dull workings. O, who shall beleeue,</l>
                <l>But you mis-vse the reuerence of your Place,</l>
                <l>Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen,</l>
                <l>As a false Fauorite doth his Princes Name,</l>
                <l>In deedes dis-honorable<c rend="italic">?</c> You haue
taken vp,</l>
                <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Vnder</fw>
                <pb facs="FFimg:axc0413-0.jpg" n="91"/>
                <fw type="rh">
                 <hi rend="italic">The second Part of King Henry the
Fourth.</hi>
                </fw>
                <cb n="1"/>
                <l>Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heauen,</l>
                <l>The Subiects of Heauens Substitute, my Father,</l>
                <l>And both against the Peace of Heauen, and him,</l>
                <l>Haue here vp-swarmed them.</l>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
      <speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
      <l>Good my Lord of Lancaster,</l>
      <l>I am not here against your Fathers Peace:</l>
      <l>But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland)</l>
      <l>The Time (mis-order'd) doth in common sence</l>
      <l>Crowd vs, and crush vs, to this monstrous Forme,</l>
      <l>To hold our safetie vp. I sent your Grace</l>
      <l>The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe,</l>
      <l>The which hath been with scorne shou'd from the Court:</l>
      <l>Whereon this <hi rend="italic">Hydra</hi>-Sonne of Warre is
borne,</l>
      <l>Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleepe,</l>
      <l>With graunt of our most iust and right desires;</l>
      <l>And true Obedience, of this Madnesse cur'd,</l>
      <l>Stoope tamely to the foot of Maiestie.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-mow">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
      <l>If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes,</l>
      <l>To the last man.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-has">
      <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
      <l>And though wee here fall downe,</l>
      <l>Wee haue Supplyes, to second our Attempt:</l>
      <l>If they mis-carry, theirs shall second them.</l>
      <l>And so, successe of Mischiefe shall be borne,</l>
      <l>And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell vp,</l>
      <l>Whiles England shall haue generation.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
      <l>You are too shallow (<hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>)</l>
      <l>Much too shallow,</l>
      <l>To sound the bottome of the after-Times.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-wes">
      <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
      <l>Pleaseth your Grace, to answere them directly,</l>
      <l>How farre-forth you doe like their Articles.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
      <l>I like them all, and doe allow them well:</l>
      <l>And sweare here, by the honor of my blood,</l>
      <l>My Fathers purposes haue beene mistooke,</l>
      <l>And some, about him, haue too lauishly</l>
      <l>Wrested his meaning, and Authoritie.</l>
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    <l>My Lord, these Griefes shall be with speed redrest:</l>
    <l>Vpon my Life, they shall. If this may please you,</l>
    <l>Discharge your Powers vnto their seuerall Counties,</l>
    <l>As wee will ours: and here, betweene the Armies,</l>
    <l>Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace,</l>
    <l>That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home,</l>
    <l>Of our restored Loue, and Amitie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
    <l>I take your Princely word, for these redresses.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
    <l>I giue it you, and will maintaine my word:</l>
    <l>And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-has">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
    <l>Goe Captaine, and deliuer to the Armie</l>
    <l>This newes of Peace: let them haue pay, and part:</l>
    <l>I know, it will well please them.</l>
    <l>High thee Captaine.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
    <l>To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-wes">
    <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
    <l>I pledge your Grace:</l>
    <l>And if you knew what paines I haue bestow'd,</l>
    <l>To breede this present Peace,</l>
    <l>You would drinke freely: but my loue to ye,</l>
    <l>Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
    <l>I doe not doubt you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-wes">
    <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
    <l>I am glad of it.</l>
    <l>Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin <hi
rend="italic">Mowbray</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-mow">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
    <l>You wish me health in very happy season,</l>
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        <l>For I am, on the sodaine, something ill.</l>
      </sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
        <l>Against ill Chances, men are euer merry,</l>
        <l>But heauinesse fore-runnes the good euent.</l>
      </sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-wes">
        <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
        <l>Therefore be merry (Cooze) since sodaine sorrow</l>
        <l>Serues to say thus: some good thing comes to morrow.</l>
      </sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
        <l>Beleeue me, I am passing light in spirit.</l>
      </sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-mow">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
        <l>So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true.</l>
      </sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
        <l>The word of Peace is render'd: hearke how
          <lb/>they showt.</l>
      </sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-mow">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
        <l>This had been chearefull, after Victorie.</l>
      </sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
        <l>A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:</l>
        <l>For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,</l>
        <l>And neither partie looser.</l>
      </sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
        <l>Goe (my Lord)</l>
        <l>And let our Army be discharged too:</l>
        <l>And good my Lord (so please you) let our Traines</l>
        <l>March by vs, that wee may peruse the men</l>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
        <l>Wee should haue coap'd withall.</l>
      </sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
        <l>Goe, good Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings:</hi>
</l>
        <l>And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.</l>
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                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
                       <l>I trust (Lords) wee shall lye to night together.</l>
                       <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Westmerland.</stage>
                       <l>Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-wes">
                       <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
                       <l>The Leaders hauing charge from you to stand,</l>
                       <l>Will not goe off, vntill they heare you speake.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
                       <p>They know their duties.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter
Hastings.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-has">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
                       <l>Our Army is dispers'd:</l>
                       <l>Like youthfull steeres, vnyoak'd, they tooke their course</l>
                       <l>East, West, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke vp,</l>
                       <l>Each hurryes towards his home, and sporting place.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-wes">
                       <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
                       <l>Good tidings (my Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings)</hi> for
the which,</l>
                       <l>I doe arrest thee (Traytor) of high Treason:</l>
                       <l>And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord <hi
rend="italic">Mowbray</hi>,</l>
                       <l>Of Capitall Treason, I attach you both.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-mow">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
                       <l>Is this proceeding iust, and honorable?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-wes">
                       <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
                       <l>Is your Assembly so?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-scr">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
                       <l>Will you thus breake your faith?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
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    <l>I pawn'd thee none:</l>
    <l>I promis'd you redresse of these same Grieuances</l>
    <l>Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor,</l>
    <l>I will performe, with a most Christian care.</l>
    <l>But for you (Rebels) looke to taste the due</l>
    <l>Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.</l>
    <l>Most shallowly did you these Armes commence,</l>
    <l>Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.</l>
    <l>Strike vp our Drummes, pursue the scattder'd stray,</l>
    <l>Heauen, and not wee, haue safely fought to day.</l>
    <l>Some guard these Traitors to the Block of Death,</l>
    <l>Treasons true Bed, and yeelder vp of breath.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>
    <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Falstaffe and
Colleuile.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
        <p>What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are
            <lb/>you? and of what place, I pray?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-col">
        <speaker rend="italic">Col.</speaker>
        <p>I am a Knight, Sir:
            <lb/>And my Name is <hi rend="italic">Colleuile</hi> of the
Dale.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
        <p>Well then, <hi rend="italic">Colleuile</hi> is your Name, a
Knight is
            <lb/>your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. <hi
rend="italic">Colleuile</hi> shall
            <lb/>still be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dun-
            <lb/>geon your Place, a place deepe enough: so shall you be
            <lb/>still <hi rend="italic">Colleuile</hi> of the Dale.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-col">
        <speaker rend="italic">Col.</speaker>
        <p>Are not you Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn Falstaffe?</hi>
</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
        <p>A s good a man as he sir, who ere I am: doe yee
            <lb/>yeelde sir, or shiall I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they
            <lb/>are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death,
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            <lb/>therefore rowze vp Feare and Trembling, and do obser-
            <lb/>uance to my mercy.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-col">
         <speaker rend="italic">Col.</speaker>
         <p>I thinke you are Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn Falstaffe</hi>,
&amp; in that thought
            <lb/>yeeld me.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
         <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
         <p>I haue a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of
            <lb/>mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speakes anie other
            <lb/>word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indiffe-
            <lb/>rencie, I were simply the most actiue fellow in Europe:
            <lb/>my wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoes mee. Heere
            <lb/>comes our Generall.</p>
      </sp>
      <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">gg3</fw>
      <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Enter</fw>
      <pb facs="FFimg:axc0414-0.jpg" n="92"/>
      <fw type="rh">
        <hi rend="italic">The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.</hi>
      </fw>
      <cb n="1"/>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Prince Iohn, and
Westmerland.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
         <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
         <l>The heat is past, follow no farther now:</l>
         <l>Call in the Powers, good Cousin <hi
rend="italic">Westmerland</hi>.</l>
         <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Falstaffe</hi>, where haue you beene
all this while?</l>
         <l>When euery thing is ended, then you come.</l>
         <l>These tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life)</l>
         <l>One time, or other, breake some Gallowes back.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
         <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
         <p>I would bee sorry (my Lord) but it should bee
            <lb/>thus: I neuer knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the
            <lb/>reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Ar-
            <lb/>row, or a Bullet? Haue I, in my poore and olde Motion,
            <lb/>the expedition of Thought? I haue speeded hither with
            <lb/>the very extremest ynch of possibilitie. I haue fowndred
            <lb/>nine score and odde Postes: and heere (trauell-tainted
            <lb/>as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken
            <lb/>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn Colleuile</hi> of the Dale, a
most furious Knight, and
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              <lb/>valorous Enemie: But what of that? hee saw mee, and
              <lb/>yeelded: that I may iustly say with the hooke-nos'd
              <lb/>fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and ouer-came.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
          <p>It was more of his Courtesie, then your deser-
              <lb/>uing.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
          <p>I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeeld
              <lb/>him: and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd, with
              <lb/>the rest of this dayes deedes; or I sweare, I will haue it
              <lb/>in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top
              <lb/>of it (<hi rend="italic">Colleuile</hi> kissing my foot:)
To the which course, if
              <lb/>I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences
              <lb/>to me; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-shine you
              <lb/>as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Ele-
              <lb/>ment (which shew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleeue not
              <lb/>the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee haue right,
              <lb/>and let desert mount.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
          <p>Thine's too heauie to mount.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
          <p>Let it shine then.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
          <p>Thine's too thick to shine.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
          <p>Let it doe some thing (my good Lord) that may
              <lb/>doe me good, and call it what you will.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
          <p>Is thy Name <hi rend="italic">Colleuile</hi>?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-col">
          <speaker rend="italic">Col.</speaker>
          <p>It is (my Lord.)</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
        <p>A famous Rebell art thou, <hi
rend="italic">Colleuile</hi>.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
        <p>And a famous true Subiect tooke him.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-col">
        <speaker rend="italic">Col.</speaker>
        <l>I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,</l>
        <l>That led me hither: had they beene rul'd by me,</l>
        <l>You should haue wonne them dearer then you haue.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
        <p>I know not how they sold themselues, but thou
          <lb/>like a kinde fellow, gau'st thy selfe away; and I thanke
          <lb/>thee, for thee.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Westmerland.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
        <l>Haue you left pursuit?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-wes">
        <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
        <l>Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
        <l>Send <hi rend="italic">Colleuile</hi>, with his
Confederates,</l>
        <l>To Yorke, to present Execution.</l>
        <l>
      <hi rend="italic">Blunt</hi>, leade him hence, and see you guard him
sure.</l>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit with
Collcuile.</stage>
        <l>And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords<hi
rend="italic">)</hi>
      </l>
        <l>I heare the King, my Father, is sore sicke.</l>
        <l>Our Newes shall goe before vs, to his Maiestie,</l>
        <l>Which (Cousin) you shall beare, to comfort him:</l>
        <l>And wee with sober speede will follow you.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
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<p>My Lord, I beseech you, giue me leaue to goe
   <lb/>through Gloucestershire: and when you come to Court,
   <lb/>stand my good Lord, 'pray, in your good report.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
   <l>Fare you well, <hi rend="italic">Falstaffe:</hi> I, in my
condition,</l>
   <l>Shall better speake of you, then you deserue.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
   <p>I would you had but the wit: 'twere better
   <lb/>then your Dukedome. Good faith, this same young so-
   <lb/>ber-blooded Boy doth nor loue me, nor a man cannot
   <lb/>make him laugh: but that's no maruaile, hee drinkes no
   <lb/>Wine. There's neuer any of these demure Boyes come
   <lb/>to any proofe: for thinne Drinke doth so ouer-coole
   <lb/>their blood, and making many Fish-Meales, that they
   <lb/>fall into a kinde of Male Greene-sicknesse: and then,
   <lb/>when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally
   <lb/>Fooles, and Cowards; which some of vs should be too,
   <lb/>but for inflamation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-
   <lb/>fold operation in it: it ascends me into the Braine, dryes
   <lb/>me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddie Vapours,
   <lb/>which enuiron it: makes it apprehensiue, quicke, forge-
   <lb/>tiue, full of nimble, fierie, and delectable shapes; which
   <lb/>deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the
   <lb/>Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second propertie of
   <lb/>your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood:
   <lb/>which before (cold, and setled) left the Liuer white, and
   <lb/>pale; which is the Badge of Pusillanimitie, and Cowar-
   <lb/>dize: but the Sherris warmes it, and makes it course
   <lb/>from the inwards, to the parts extremes: it illuminateth
   <lb/>the Face, which (as a Beacon) giues warning to all the
   <lb/>rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme: and then
   <lb/>the Vitall Commoners, and in-land pettie Spirits, muster
   <lb/>me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and pufft
   <lb/>vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this
   <lb/>Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon
   <lb/>is nothing, without Sack (for that sets it a-worke:) and
   <lb/>Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till
   <lb/>Sack commences it, and sets it in act, and vse. Hereof
   <lb/>comes it, that Prince <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> is
valiant: for the cold blood
   <lb/>hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like
   <lb/>leane, stirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and
   <lb/>tyll'd, with excellent endeauour of drinking good, and
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<lb/>good store of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot,
<lb/>and valiant. If I had a thousand Sonnes, the first Principle
<lb/>I would teach them, should be to forsweare thinne Pota-
<lb/>tions, and to addict themselues to Sack.</p>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter Bardolph.</stage>
<p>How now <hi rend="italic">Bardolph</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
<speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
<p>The Armie is discharged all, and gone.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>Let them goe: Ile through Gloucestershire,
<lb/>and there will I visit Master <hi rend="italic">Robert Shallow</hi>, Esquire: I
<lb/>haue him alreadie tempering betweene my finger and my
<lb/>thombe, and shortly will I seale with him. Come away.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notSupplied">
<head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 4]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Gloucester.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>Now Lords, if Heauen doth giue successefull end</l>
<l>To this Debate, that bleedeth at our doores,</l>
<l>Wee will our Youth lead on to higher fields,</l>
<l>And draw no Swords, but what are sanctify'd.</l>
<l>Our Nauie is addressed, our Power collected,</l>
<l>Our Substitutes, in absence, well inuested,</l>
<l>And every thing lyes leuell to our wish;</l>
<l>Onely wee want a little personall Strength:</l>
<l>And pawse vs, till these Rebels, now a-foot,</l>
<l>Come vnderneath the yoake of Gouernment.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-war">
<speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
<l>Both which we doubt not, but your Maiestie</l>
<l>Shall soone enioy.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
<hi rend="italic">King. Hum-</hi>
</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0415-0.jpg" n="93"/>
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`<cb n="1"/>`
`<sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">`
    `<speaker rend="italic">`King.`</speaker>`
    `<p>`
`<hi rend="italic">`Humphrey`</hi>` (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is
        `<lb/>`the Prince, your Brother?`</p>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-2h4-glo">`
    `<speaker rend="italic">`Glo.`</speaker>`
    `<l>`I thmke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Wind-
        `<lb/>`sor.`</l>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">`
    `<speaker rend="italic">`King.`</speaker>`
    `<l>`And how accompanied?`</l>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-2h4-glo">`
    `<speaker rend="italic">`Glo.`</speaker>`
    `<l>`I doe not know (my Lord.)`</l>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">`
    `<speaker rend="italic">`King.`</speaker>`
    `<l>`Is not his Brother, `<hi rend="italic">`Thomas`</hi>` of
Clarence, with
        `<lb/>`Him?`</l>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-2h4-glo">`
    `<speaker rend="italic">`Glo.`</speaker>`
    `<l>`No (my good Lord) hee is in presence heere.`</l>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-2h4-cla">`
    `<speaker rend="italic">`Clar.`</speaker>`
    `<l>`What would my Lord, and Father?`</l>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">`
    `<speaker rend="italic">`King.`</speaker>`
    `<l>`Nothing but well to thee, `<hi rend="italic">`Thomas`</hi>` of
Clarence.`</l>`
    `<l>`How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?`</l>`
    `<l>`Hee loues thee, and thou do'st neglect him (`<hi
rend="italic">`Thomas`</hi>`.)`</l>`
    `<l>`Thou hast a better place in his Affection,`</l>`
    `<l>`Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy)`</l>`
    `<l>`And Noble Offices thou may'st effect`</l>`
    `<l>`Of Mediation (after I am dead)`</l>`
    `<l>`Betweene his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethren.`</l>`
    `<l>`Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Loue,`</l>`
    `<l>`Nor loose the good aduantage of his Grace,`</l>`
    `<l>`By seeming cold, or carelesse of his will.`</l>`

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            <l>For hee is gracious, if hee be obseru'd</l>
            <l>Hee hath a Teare for Pitie, and a Hand</l>
            <l>Open (as Day) for melting Charitie:</l>
            <l>Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint,</l>
            <l>As humorous as Winter, and as sudden,</l>
            <l>As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day.</l>
            <l>His temper therefore must be well obseru'd:</l>
            <l>Chide him for faults, and doe it reuerently,</l>
            <l>When you perceiue his blood enclin'd to mirth:</l>
            <l>But being moodie, giue him Line, and scope,</l>
            <l>Till that his passions (like a While on ground)</l>
            <l>Confound themselues with working. Learne this <hi
rend="italic">Thomas</hi>,</l>
            <l>And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends,</l>
            <l>A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:</l>
            <l>That the vnited Vessell of their Blood</l>
            <l>(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,</l>
            <l>As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)</l>
            <l>Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong</l>
            <l>As <hi rend="italic">Aconitum</hi>, or rash
Gun-powder.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-cla">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
            <l>I shall obserue him with all care, and loue.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
            <l>Why art thou not at Windsor with him <hi rend="italic">(Tho-
               <lb/>mas?</hi>
      </l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-cla">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
            <l>Hee is not there to day: hee dines in Lon-
               <lb/>don.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
            <l>And how accompanyed? Canst thou tell that?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-cla">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
            <l>With <hi rend="italic">Pointz</hi>, and other his continuall
fol-
               <lb/>lowers.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
            <l>Most subiect is the fattest Soyle to Weedes:</l>
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<l>And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)</l>
<l>Is ouer-spread with them: therefore my griefe</l>
<l>stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death.</l>
<l>The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shape</l>
<l>(In formes imaginarie) th'vnguided Dayes,</l>
<l>And rotten Times, that you shall looke vpon,</l>
<l>When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.</l>
<l>For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe,</l>
<l>When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsailors,</l>
<l>When Meanes and lauish Manners meete together;</l>
<l>Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye</l>
<l>Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-war">
   <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
   <l>My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite:</l>
   <l>The Prince but studies his Companions,</l>
   <l>Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language,</l>
   <l>'Tis needful, that the most immodest word</l>
   <cb n="2"/>
   <l>Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once attayn'd,</l>
   <l>Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther vse,</l>
   <l>But to be knowne, and hated. So, like grosse termes,</l>
   <l>The Prince will, in the perfectnesse of time,</l>
   <l>Cast off his followers: and their memorie</l>
   <l>Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure, liue,</l>
   <l>By which his Grace must mete the liues of others,</l>
   <l>Turning past-euills to aduantages.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
   <l>'Tis seldome, when the Bee doth leaue her Combe</l>
   <l>In the dead Carrion.</l>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Westmerland.</stage>
   <l>Who's heere? <hi rend="italic">Westmerland?</hi>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-wes">
   <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
   <l>Health to my Soueraigne, and new happinesse</l>
   <l>Added to that, that I am to deliuer.</l>
   <l>Prince <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, your Sonne, doth kisse
your Graces Hand:</l>
   <l>
<hi rend="italic">Mowbray</hi>, the Bishop, <hi
rend="italic">Scroope, Hastings</hi>, and all,</l>
   <l>Are brought to the Correction of your Law.</l>
   <l>There is not now a Rebels Sword vnsheath'd,</l>
   <l>But Peace puts forth her Oliue every where:</l>
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      <l>The manner how this Action hath beene borne,</l>
      <l>Here (at more leysure) may your Highnesse reade,</l>
      <l>With every course, in his particular.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
      <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
      <l>O <hi rend="italic">Westmerland</hi>, thou art a Summer Bird,</l>
      <l>Which euer in the haunch of Winter sings</l>
      <l>The listing vp of day.</l>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Harcourt.</stage>
      <l>Looke, heere's more newes.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-har">
      <speaker rend="italic">Harc.</speaker>
      <l>From Enemies, Heauen keepe your Maiestie:</l>
      <l>And when they stand against you, may they fall,</l>
      <l>As those that I am come to tell you of.</l>
      <l>The Earle <hi rend="italic">Northumberland</hi>, and the Lord <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>,</l>
      <l>With a great Power of English, and of Scots,</l>
      <l>Are by the Sherife of Yorkeshire ouerthrowne:</l>
      <l>The manner, and true order of the fight,</l>
      <l>This Packet (please it you) containes at large.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
      <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
      <l>And wherefore should these good newes</l>
      <l>Make me sicke?</l>
      <l>Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,</l>
      <l>But write her faire words still in foulest Letters?</l>
      <l>Shee eyther giues a stomack, and no Foode,</l>
      <l>(Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast</l>
      <l>And takes away the stomack (such are the Rich</l>
      <l>That haue aboundance, and enioy it not.)</l>
      <l>I should reioyce now, at this happy newes,</l>
      <l>And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie.</l>
      <l>O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-glo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
      <l>Comfort your Maiestie.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-cla">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
      <l>Oh, my Royall Father.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-wes">
      <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
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    <l>My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your selfe, looke
        <lb/>vp.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-war">
   <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
   <l>Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Fits</l>
   <l>Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie.</l>
   <l>Stand from him, giue him ayre:</l>
   <l>Hee'le straight be well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-cla">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
   <l>No, no, hee cannot long hold out: these pangs,</l>
   <l>Th'incessant care, and labour of his Minde,</l>
   <l>Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in,</l>
   <l>So thinne, that Life lookes through, and will breake out.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-glo">
   <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
   <l>The people feare me: for they doe obserue</l>
   <l>Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature:</l>
   <l>The Seasons change their manners, as the Yeere</l>
   <l>Had found some Moneths asleep, and leap'd them ouer.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-cla">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
   <l>The Riuer hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betweene:</l>
   <l>And the old folke (Times doting Chronicles)</l>
   <l>Say it did so, a little time before</l>
   <l>That our great Grand-sire <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>
sick'd, and dy'de.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">gg4</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
 <hi rend="italic">War.</hi> Speake</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0416-0.jpg" n="94"/>
<fw type="rh">
 <hi rend="italic">The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.</hi>
</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-2h4-war">
   <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
   <p>Speake lower (Princes) for the King reco-
      uers.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-glo">
   <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
   <l>This Apoplexie will (certaine) be his end.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
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                    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                    <l>I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence</l>
                    <l>Into some other Chamber: softly pray.</l>
                </sp>
                <note type="editorial" resp="#PW">In the First Folio, the
conventional scene break at this point comes mid-speech.</note>
                </div>
                <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
                    <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 5]</head>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
                    <l>Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends)</l>
                    <l>Vnlesse some dull and fauourable hand</l>
                    <l>Will whisper Musicke to my wearie Spirit.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-war">
                    <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
                    <l>Call for the Musicke in the other Roome.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
                    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                    <l>Set me the Crowne vpon my Pillow here.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-cla">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
                    <l>His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-war">
                    <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
                    <l>Lesse noyse, lesse noyse.</l>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Prince
Henry.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
                    <speaker rend="italic">P. Hen.</speaker>
                    <l>Who saw the Duke of Clarence?</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-cla">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
                    <l>I am here (Brother) full of heauinesse.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
                    <speaker rend="italic">P. Hen.</speaker>
                    <p>How now? Raine within doores, and none
                        <lb/>abroad? How doth the King?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-glo">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
                    <l>Exceeding ill.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
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<speaker rend="italic">P. Hen.</speaker>
    <l>Heard hee the good newes yet?</l>
    <l>Tell it'him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-glo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
    <l>Hee alter'd much, vpon the hearing it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
    <speaker rend="italic">P. Hen.</speaker>
    <l>If hee be sicke with Ioy,</l>
    <l>Hee'le recouer without Physicke,</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-war">
    <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
    <l>Not so much noyse (my Lords)</l>
    <l>Sweet Prince speake lowe.</l>
    <l>The King, your Father, is dispos'd to sleepe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-cla">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
    <l>Let vs with-draw into the other Roome.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-war">
    <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
    <l>Wil't please your Grace to goe along with vs?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
    <speaker rend="italic">P. Hen.</speaker>
    <l>No: I will sit, and watch here by the King.</l>
    <l>Why doth the Crowne lye there, vpon his Pillow,</l>
    <l>Being so troublesome a Bed-fellow?</l>
    <l>O pollish'd Perturbation! Golden Care!</l>
    <l>That keep'st the Ports of Slumber open wide,</l>
    <l>To many watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,</l>
    <l>Yet not so sound, and halfe so deepely sweete,</l>
    <l>As hee whose Brow (with homely Biggen bound)</l>
    <l>Snores out Watch of Night. O Maiestie!</l>
    <l>When thou do'st pinch thy Bearer, thou do'st sit:</l>
    <l>Like a rich Armor, worne in heat of day,</l>
    <l>That scald'st with safetie: by his Gates of breath,</l>
    <l>There lyes a dowlney feather, which stirres not:</l>
    <l>Did hee suspire, that light and weightlesse dowlne</l>
    <l>Perforce must moue. My gracious Lord, my Father,</l>
    <l>This sleepe is sound indeede: this is a sleepe,</l>
    <l>That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuorc'd</l>
    <l>So many English Kings. Thy due, from me,</l>
    <l>Is Teares, and heauie sorrows of the Blood,</l>
    <l>Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tendernesse,</l>
    <l>Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plenteously.</l>

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        <l>My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,</l>
        <l>Which (as immediate from thy Place and Blood)</l>
        <l>Deriues it selfe to me. Loe, heere it sits,</l>
        <l>Which Heauen shall guard:</l>
        <l>And put the worlds whole strength into one gyant Arme,</l>
        <l>It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me.</l>
        <l>This for thee, will to mine leaue,</l>
        <l>As 'tis left to me.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Warwick,
Gloucester, Clarence.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <p>
    <hi rend="italic">Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.</hi>
  </p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-cla">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
          <p>Doth the King call?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-war">
          <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
          <l>What would your Maiestie? how fares your
            <lb/>Grace<hi rend="italic">?</hi>
</l>
        </sp>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <l>Why did you leaue me here alone (my Lords?)</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-cla">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
          <l>We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)</l>
          <l>Who vndertooke to sit and watch by you.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <l>The Prince of Wales? Where is hee? let mee
            <lb/>see him.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-war">
          <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
          <l>This doore is open, hee is gone this way.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-glo">
          <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
          <l>Hee came not through the Chamber where wee
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        <lb/>stayd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
   <l>Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my
      <lb/>Pillow?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-war">
   <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
   <l>When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it
      <lb/>heere.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
   <l>The Prince hath ta'ne it hence;</l>
   <l>Goe seeke him out.</l>
   <l>Is hee so hastie, that hee doth suppose</l>
   <l>My sleepe, my death? finde him (my Lord of Warwick)</l>
   <l>Chide him hither: this part of his conioynes</l>
   <l>With my disease, and helpes to end me.</l>
   <l>See Sonnes, what things you are;</l>
   <l>How quickly Nature falls into reuolt,</l>
   <l>When Gold becomes her Object<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
   <l>For this, the foolish ouer-carefull Fathers</l>
   <l>Haue broke their sleepes with thoughts,</l>
   <l>Their braines with care, their bones with industry.</l>
   <l>For this, they, haue ingrossed and pyl'd vp</l>
   <l>The canker'd heapes of strange-atchieued Gold:</l>
   <l>For this, they haue beene thoughtfull, to invest</l>
   <l>Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercises:</l>
   <l>When, like the Bee, culling from every flower</l>
   <l>The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with Wax,</l>
   <l>Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hiue;</l>
   <l>And like the Bees, are murthered for our paines.</l>
   <l>This bitter taste yeelds his engrossements,</l>
   <l>To the ending Father.</l>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Warwicke.</stage>
   <l>Now, where is hee, that will not stay so long,</l>
   <l>Till his Friend Sicknesse hath determin'd me?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-war">
   <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
   <l>My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,</l>
   <l>Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,</l>
   <l>With such a deepe demeanure, in great sorrow,</l>
   <l>That Tyranny, which neuer quafft but blood,</l>
   <l>Would (by beholding him) haue wash'd his Knife</l>
   <l>With gentle eye-drops. Hee is comming hither.</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
            <l>But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?</l>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Prince
Henry.</stage>
            <l>Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to me (<hi
rend="italic">Harry</hi>.)</l>
            <l>Depart the Chamber, leaue vs heere alone.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
            <speaker rend="italic">P. Hen.</speaker>
            <l>I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
            <l>Thy wish was Father (<hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>) to that
thought:</l>
            <l>I stay too long by thee, I wearie thee.</l>
            <l>Do'st thou so hunger for my emptie Chayre,</l>
            <l>That thou wilt needes inuest thee with mine Honors,</l>
            <l>I Before thy howre be ripe? O foolish Youth!</l>
            <l>Thou seek'st the Greatnesse, that will ouer-whelme thee.</l>
            <l>Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie</l>
            <l>Is held from falling, with so weake a winde,</l>
            <l>That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.</l>
            <l>Thou hast stolne that, which after some few howres</l>
            <l>Were thine, without offence: and at my death</l>
            <l>Thou hast seal'd vp my expectation.</l>
            <l>Thy Life did manifest, thou lou'dst me not,</l>
            <l>And thou wilt haue me dye assur'd of it.</l>
            <l>Thou hid'st a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts,</l>
            <l>Which thou hast whetted on thy stonie heart,</l>
            <l>To stab at halfe an howre of my Life.</l>
            <l>What? canst thou not forbeare me halfe an howre?</l>
            <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Then</fw>
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0417-0.jpg" n="95"/>
            <fw type="rh">
    <hi rend="italic">The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.</hi>
  </fw>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <l>Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy selfe,</l>
            <l>And bid the merry Bels ring to thy eare</l>
            <l>That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead.</l>
            <l>Let all the Teares, that should bedew my Hearse</l>
            <l>Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head:</l>
            <l>Onely compound me with forgotten dust.</l>
            <l>Giue that, which gaue thee life, vnto the Wormes:</l>
            <l>Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees;</l>
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<l>For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme.</l>
<l>Henry the fift is Crown'd: Vp Vanity,</l>
<l>Downe Royall state: All you sage Counsailors, hence:</l>
<l>And to the English Court, assemble now</l>
<l>From eu'ry Region, Apes of ldlenesse.</l>
<l>Now neighbor-Confines purge you of your Scum:</l>
<l>Haue you a Ruffian that swill sweare? drinke? dance<c
rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
<l>Reuell the night? Rob<c rend="italic">?</c> Murder? and
commit</l>
<l>The oldest sinnes, the newest kinde of wayes?</l>
<l>Be happy, he will trouble you no more:</l>
<l>England, shall double gill'd, his trebble guilt.</l>
<l>England, shall giue him Office, Honor, Might:</l>
<l>For the fift <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>, from curb'd License
pluckes</l>
<l>The muzzle of Restraint; and the wilde Dogge</l>
<l>Shall flesh his tooth in euery Innocent.</l>
<l>O my poore Kingdome (sicke, with ciuill blowes)</l>
<l>When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,</l>
<l>What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care?</l>
<l>O, thou wilt be a Wildernesse againe,</l>
<l>Peopled with Wolues (thy old Inhabitants.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
<l>O pardon me (my Liege)</l>
<l>But for my Teares,</l>
<l>The most Impediments vnto my Speech,</l>
<l>I had fore-stall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,</l>
<l>Ere you (with greefe) had spoke, and I had heard</l>
<l>The course of it so farre. There is your Crowne,</l>
<l>And he that weares the Crowne immortally,</l>
<l>Long guard it yours. If I affect it more,</l>
<l>Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,</l>
<l>Let me no more from this Obedience rise,</l>
<l>Which my most true, and inward duteous Spirit</l>
<l>Teacheth this prostrate, and exteriour bending.</l>
<l>Heauen witnesse with me, when I heere came in,</l>
<l>And found no course of breath within your Maiestie,</l>
<l>How cold it strooke my heart. If I do faine,</l>
<l>O let me, in my present wildenesse, dye,</l>
<l>And neuer liue, to shew th'incredulous World,</l>
<l>The Noble change that I haue purposed.</l>
<l>Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,</l>
<l>(And dead almost (my Liege) to thinke you were)</l>
<l>I spake vnto the Crowne (as hauing sense)</l>
<l>And thus vpbraided it. The Care on thee depending,</l>
<l>Hath fed vpon the body of my Father,</l>

<l>Therefore, thou best of Gold, art worst of Gold.</l>
<l>Other, less fine in Charract, is more precious,</l>
<l>Preseruing life, in Med'cine potable:</l>
<l>But thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd,</l>
<l>Hast eate Bearer vp.</l>
<l>Thus (my Royall Liege)</l>
<l>Accusing it, I put it on my Head,</l>
<l>To try with it (as with an Enemie,</l>
<l>That had before my face murdred my Father)</l>
<l>The Quarrell of a true Inheritor.</l>
<l>But if it did infect my blood with Ioy,</l>
<l>Or swell my Thoughts, to any straine of Pride,</l>
<l>If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine,</l>
<l>Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,</l>
<l>Giue entertainment to the might of if,</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>Let heauen, for euer, keepe it from my head,</l>
<l>And make me, as the poorest Vassaile is,</l>
<l>That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>O my Sonne!</l>
<l>Heauen put it in thy minde to take it hence,</l>
<l>That thou might'st ioyne the more, thy Fathers loue;</l>
<l>Pleading so wisely, in excuse of it.</l>
<l>Come hither <hi rend="italic">Harrie</hi>, sit thou by my bedde,</l>

<l>And heare (I thinke, the very latest Counsell</l>
<l>That euer I shall breath: Heauen knowes, my Sonne)</l>
<l>By what by-pathes, and indirect crook'd-wayes</l>
<l>I met this Crowne: and I my selfe know well</l>
<l>How troublesome it sate vpon my head.</l>
<l>T o thee, it shall descend with better Quiet,</l>
<l>Better Opinion, better Confirmation:</l>
<l>For all the soyle of the Atchieuement goes</l>
<l>With me, into the Earth. It seem'd in mee,</l>
<l>But as an Honour snatch'd with boyst'rous hand,</l>
<l>And I had many liuing, to vpbraide</l>
<l>My gaine of it, by their Assistances,</l>
<l>Which dayly grew to Quarrell, and to Blood-shed,</l>
<l>Wounding supposed Peace.</l>
<l>All these bold Feares,</l>
<l>Thou seest (with perill) I haue answered:</l>
<l>For all my Reigne, hath beene but as a Scene</l>
<l>Acting that argument. And now my death</l>
<l>Changes the Moode: For what in me, was purchas'd,</l>
<l>Falles vpon thee, in a more Fayrer sort.</l>
<l>So thou, the Garland wear'st successiuely.</l>
<l>Yet, though thou stand'st more sure, then I could do,</l>

<l>Thou art not firme enough, since greefes are greene:</l>
<l>And all thy Friends, which thou must make thy Friends</l>
<l>Haue but their stings, and teeth, newly tak'n out,</l>
<l>By whose fell working, I was first aduanc'd,</l>
<l>And by whose power, I well might lodge a Feare</l>
<l>To be againe displac'd. Which to auoyd,</l>
<l>I cut them off: and had a purpose now</l>
<l>To leade out many to the Holy Land;</l>
<l>Least rest, and lying still, might make them looke</l>
<l>Too neere vnto my state.</l>
<l>Therefore (my <hi rend="italic">Harrie)</hi>
</l>
<l>Be it thy course to busie giddy Mindes</l>
<l>With Forraigne Quarrels: that Action hence borne out,</l>
<l>May waste memory of the former dayes.</l>
<l>More would I, but my Lungs are wasted so,</l>
<l>That strength of Speech is vtterly deni'de mee.</l>
<l>How I came by the Crowne, O heauen forgiue:</l>
<l>And grant it may, with thee, in true peace liue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
<l>My gracious Liege:</l>
<l>You wonne it, wore it: kept it, gaue it me,</l>
<l>Then plaine and right must my possession be;</l>
<l>Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,</l>
<l>'Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintaine.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lord Iohn of
Lancaster,
<lb/>and Warwicke.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>Looke, looke,</l>
<l>Heere comes my <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> of
Lancaster:</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
<l>Health, Peace, and Happinesse,</l>
<l>To my Royall Father.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>Thou bring'st me happinesse and Peace</l>
<l>(Sonne <hi rend="italic">Iohn:</hi>
</l>
<l>But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne</l>
<l>From this bare, wither'd Trunke. Vpon thy sight</l>
<l>My worldly businesse makes a period.</l>

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            <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Where</fw>
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0418-0.jpg" n="96"/>
            <fw type="rh">
      <hi rend="italic">The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.</hi>
          </fw>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <l>Where is my Lord of Warwicke<c rend="italic">?</c>
      </l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
          <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
          <l>My Lord of Warwicke.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <l>Doth any name particular, belong</l>
          <l>Vnto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-war">
          <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
          <l>'Tis call'd <hi rend="italic">Ierusalem</hi>, my Noble
Lord.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <l>Laud be to heauen:</l>
          <l>Euen there my life must end.</l>
          <l>It hath beene prophesi'de to me many yeares,</l>
          <l>I should not dye, but in <hi rend="italic">Ierusalem</hi>:</l>
          <l>Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy-Land.</l>
          <l>But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye:</l>
          <l>In that <hi rend="italic">Ierusalem</hi>, shall <hi
rend="italic">Harry</hi> dye.</l>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
        </div>
        </div>
        <div type="act" n="5">
        <div type="scene" n="1">
          <head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.</head>
            <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
          <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Shallow, Silence,
Falstaffe, Bardolfe,
            <lb/>Page, and Dauie.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
          <p>By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night.
            <lb/>What <hi rend="italic">Dauy</hi>, I say.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
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            <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
            <p>You must excuse me, M. <hi rend="italic">Robert
Shallow</hi>.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
            <p>I will not excuse you: you shall not be excused.
               <lb/>Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall
               <lb/>serue: you shall not be excus'd.</p>
            <p>Why <hi rend="italic">Dauie</hi>.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-dav">
            <speaker rend="italic">Dauie.</speaker>
            <p>Heere sir.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
            <p>
<hi rend="italic">Dauy, Dauy, Dauy,</hi> let me see (<hi
rend="italic">Dauy</hi>) let me see:
               <lb/>
<hi rend="italic">William</hi> Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir <hi
rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, you shal
               <lb/>not be excus'd.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-dav">
            <speaker rend="italic">Dauy.</speaker>
            <p>Marry sir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee
               <lb/>seru'd: and againe sir, shall we sowe the head-land with
               <lb/>Wheate?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
            <p>With red Wheate <hi rend="italic">Dauy</hi>. But for <hi
rend="italic">Wlliam</hi> Cook:
               <lb/>are there no yong pigeons?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-dav">
            <speaker rend="italic">Dauy.</speaker>
            <l>Yes Sir.</l>
            <l>Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,</l>
            <l>And Plough-Irons.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
            <p>Let it be cast, and payde: Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>,
you shall
               <lb/>Not be excus'd.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-dav">
```

<speaker rend="italic">Dauy.</speaker>
<p>Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needes bee
<lb/>had: And Sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of <hi
rend="italic">Williams</hi>
<lb/>Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at <hi
rend="italic">Hinckley</hi>
<lb/>Fayre?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
<speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
<p>He shall answer it:</p>
<p>Some Pigeons <hi rend="italic">Dauy,</hi> a couple
short-legg'd Hennes: a
<lb/>ioynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickshawes,
<lb/>tell <hi rend="italic">William</hi> Cooke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-dav">
<speaker rend="italic">Dauy.</speaker>
<p>Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
<speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
<p>Yes <hi rend="italic">Dauy</hi>:</p>
<p>I will vse him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a
<lb/>rant penny in purse. Vse his men well <hi
rend="italic">Dauy,</hi> for they are ar-
<lb/>Knaues, and will backe-bite.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-dav">
<speaker rend="italic">Dauy.</speaker>
<p>No Worse then they are bitten. sir: For they<note
type="physical" resp="#ES">The letters of this line are partly distorted, possibly due
to a crease in the page that antedates printing.</note>
<lb/>haue maruellous fowle linnen.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
<speaker rend="italic">Shallow.</speaker>
<p>Well conceited <hi rend="italic">Dauy</hi>: about thy
Businesse, <hi rend="italic">Dauy</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-dav">
<speaker rend="italic">Dauy.</speaker>
<p>I beseech you sir,</p>
<p>To countenance <hi rend="italic">William Visor</hi> of
Woncot, against <hi rend="italic">Cle-
<lb/>ment Perkes</hi> of the hill.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
<speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
<p>There are many Complaints <hi rend="italic">Dauy</hi>,

against that
<lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Visor</hi>, that <hi rend="italic">Visor</hi> is an
arrant Knaue, on my know-
<lb/>ledge.</p>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-2h4-dav">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dauy.</speaker>
    <p>I graunt your Worship, that he is a knaue Sir:)
        <lb/>But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knaue should haue some
        <lb/>Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man sir,
        <lb/>is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I haue
        <lb/>seru'd your Worshippe truely sir, these eight yeares: and
        <lb/>if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue,
        <lb/>against an honest man, I haue but a very litle credite with
        <lb/>your Worshippe. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir,
        <lb/>therefore I beseech your Worship, let him bee Counte-
        <lb/>nanc'd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
    <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
    <p>Go too,</p>
    <p>I say he shall haue no wrong: Looke about <hi
rend="italic">Dauy</hi>.
        <lb/>Where are you Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>? Come,
off with your Boots.
        <lb/>Giue me your hand M. <hi
rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
    <p>I am glad to see your Worship.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
    <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
    <p>I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Master
        <lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>: and welcome my tall Fellow:
        <lb/>Come Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Falstaffe.</speaker>
    <p>Ile follow you, good Master <hi rend="italic">Robert
Shallow</hi>.
        <lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>, looke to our Horsses. If I were
saw'de into
        <lb/>Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded
        <lb/>Hermites staues, as Master <hi

rend="italic">Shallow</hi>. It is a wonderfull
                    <lb/>thing to see the semblable Coherence of his mens spirits,
                    <lb/>and his: They, by obseruing of him, do beare themselues
                    <lb/>like foolish Iustices: Hee, by conuersing with them, is
                    <lb/>turn'd into a Iustice-like Seruingman. Their spirits are
                    <lb/>so married in Coniunction, with the participation of So-
                    <lb/>ciety, that they flocke together in consent, like so ma-
                    <lb/>ny Wilde-Geese. If I had a suite to Mayster <hi
rend="italic">Shallow</hi>, I
                    <lb/>would humour his men, with the imputation of beeing
                    <lb/>neere their Mayster. If to his Men, I would currie with
                    <lb/>Maister <hi rend="italic">Shallow</hi>, that no man
could better command his
                    <lb/>Seruants. It is certaine, that either wise bearing, or ig-
                    <lb/>norant Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of
                    <lb/>another: therefore, let men take heede of their Compa-
                    <lb/>nie. I will deuise matter enough out of this <hi
rend="italic">Shallow</hi>, to
                    <lb/>keepe Prince <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> in continuall
Laughter, the wearing
                    <lb/>out of sixe Fashions (which is foure Tearmes)or two Ac-
                    <lb/>tions, and he shall laugh with <hi
rend="italic">Interuallums</hi>. O it is much
                    <lb/>that a Lye (with a slight Oath) and a iest (with a sadde
                    <lb/>brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache
                    <lb/>in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face
                    <lb/>be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
                    <p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
                    <p>I come Master <hi rend="italic">Shallow</hi>, I come
Master <hi rend="italic">Shallow</hi>.</p>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
            </div>
            <div type="scene" n="2">
                <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
                <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>
                <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter the Earle of Warwicke,
and the Lord
                    <lb/>Chiefe Iustice.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-2h4-war">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Warwicke.</speaker>
                    <l>How now, my Lord Chiefe Iustice, whe-
                        <lb/>ther away?</l>
                </sp>

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<sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
   <l>How doth the King?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-war">
   <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
   <l>Exceeding well: his Cares</l>
   <l>Are now, all ended.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
   <l>I hope, not dead.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-war">
   <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
   <l>Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,</l>
   <l>And to our purposes, he liues no more.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
   <l>I would his Maiesty had call'd me with him,</l>
   <l>The seruice, that I truly did his life,</l>
   <l>Hath left me open, to all iniuries.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
<hi rend="italic">War</hi>
</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0419-0.jpg" n="97"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The second Part of King Henry the Fourth</hi>.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-2h4-war">
   <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
   <l>Indeed I thinke the yong King loues you not.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
   <l>I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe</l>
   <l>To welcome the condition of the Time,</l>
   <l>Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,</l>
   <l>Then I haue drawne it in my fantasie.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iohn Lancaster, Gloucester,
   <lb/>and Clarence.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h4-war">
   <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
   <l>Heere come the heauy Issue of dead <hi rend="italic">Harrie:</hi>
   </l>
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                <l>O, that the liuing <hi rend="italic">Harrie</hi> had the
temper</l>

                <l>Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:</l>
                <l>How many Nobles then, should hold their places,</l>
                <l>That must strike saile, to Spirits of vilde sort?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
                <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
                <l>Alas, I feare, all will be ouer-turn'd.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
                <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
                <l>Good morrow Cosin Warwick, good morrow.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-glo #F-2h4-cla">
                <speaker rend="italic">Glou. Cla.</speaker>
                <l>Good morrow, Cosin.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
                <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
                <l>We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-war">
                <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
                <l>We do remember: but our Argument</l>
                <l>Is all too heauy, to admit much talke.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
                <speaker rend="italic">Ioh.</speaker>
                <l>Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
                <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
                <l>Peace be with vs, least we be heauier.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-glo">
                <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>
                <l>O, good my Lord, you haue lost a friend indeed:</l>
                <l>And I dare sweare, you borrow not that face</l>
                <l>Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
                <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
                <l>Though no man be assur'd what grace to finde,</l>
                <l>You stand in coldest expectation.</l>
                <l>I am the sorrier, would 'twere otherwise.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-cla">
                <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
                <l>Wel, you must now speake Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn
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Falstaffe</hi> faire,</l>
<l>Which swimmes against your streame of Quality.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
<speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
<l>Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,</l>
<l>Led by th'Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,</l>
<l>And neuer shall you see, that I will begge</l>
<l>A ragged, and fore-stall'd Remission.</l>
<l>If Troth, and vpright Innocency fayle me,</l>
<l>Ile to the King (my Master) that is dead,</l>
<l>And tell him, who hath sent me after him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-war">
<speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
<l>Heere comes the Prince.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Prince Henrie.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
<speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
<l>Good morrow: and heauen saue your Maiesty</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
<l>This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiesty,</l>
<l>Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke.</l>
<l>Brothers, you mix your Sadnesse with some Feare:</l>
<l>This is the English, not the Turkish Court:</l>
<l>Not <hi rend="italic">Amurah</hi>, an <hi rend="italic">Amurah</hi> succeeds,</l>
<l>But <hi rend="italic">Harry, Harry</hi>: Yet be sad (good Brothers)</l>
<l>For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you:</l>
<l>Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares,</l>
<l>That I will deeply put the Fashion on,</l>
<l>And weare it in my heart. Why then be sad,</l>
<l>But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)</l>
<l>Then a ioynt burthen, laid vpon vs all.</l>
<l>For me, by Heauen (I bid you be assur'd)</l>
<l>Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:</l>
<l>Let me but beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares;</l>
<l>But weepe that <hi rend="italic">Horrie's</hi> dead, and so will I.</l>
<l>But <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> liues, that shall conuert those Teares</l>
<l>By number, into houres of Happinesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-brs">
<speaker rend="italic">Iohn., &c.</speaker>

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            <l>We hope no other from your Maiesty.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
            <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
            <l>You all looke strangely on me: and you most,</l>
            <l>You are (I thinke) assur'd, if loue you not.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
            <l>I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)</l>
            <l>Your Maiesty hath no iust cause to hate mee.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pr.</speaker>
            <l>No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget</l>
            <l>So great Indignities you laid vpon me?</l>
            <cb n="2"/>
            <l>What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly send to Prison</l>
            <l>Th'immediate Heire of England<c rend="italic">?</c> Was
this easie?</l>

            <l>May this be wash'd in <hi rend="italic">Lethe</hi>, and
forgotten?</l>

         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
            <l>I then did vse the Person of your Father:</l>
            <l>The Image of his power, lay then in me,</l>
            <l>And in th'administration of his Law,</l>
            <l>Whiles I was busie for the Commonwealth,</l>
            <l>Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,</l>
            <l>The Maiesty, and power of Law, and Iustice,</l>
            <l>The Image of the King, whom I presented,</l>
            <l>And strooke me in my very Seate of Iudgement:</l>
            <l>Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)</l>
            <l>I gaue bold way to my Authority,</l>
            <l>And did commit you. If the deed were ill,</l>
            <l>Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,</l>
            <l>To haue a Sonne, set your Decrees at naught?</l>
            <l>To plucke downe Iustice from your awefull Bench?</l>
            <l>To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword</l>
            <l>That guards the peace, and safety of your Person?</l>
            <l>Nay more, to spurne at your most Royall Image,</l>
            <l>And mocke your workings, in a Second body?</l>
            <l>Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours:</l>
            <l>Be now the Father, and propose a Sonne:</l>
            <l>Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,</l>
            <l>See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loosely slighted;</l>
            <l>Behold your selfe, so by a Sonne disdained:</l>
            <l>And then imagine me, taking you part,</l>
            <l>And in your power, soft silencing your Sonne:</l>
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      <l>After this cold considerance, sentence me;</l>
      <l>And, as you are a King, speake in your state,</l>
      <l>What I haue done, that misbecame my place,</l>
      <l>My person, or my Lieges Soueraigntie.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-hn5">
      <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
      <l>You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well:</l>
      <l>Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword:</l>
      <l>And I do wish your Honors may encrease,</l>
      <l>Till you do liue, to see a Sonne of mine</l>
      <l>Offend you, and obey you, as I did.</l>
      <l>So shall I liue, to speake my Fathers words:</l>
      <l>Happy am I, that haue a man so bold,</l>
      <l>That dares do Iustice, on my proper Sonne;</l>
      <l>And no lesse happy, hauing such a Sonne,</l>
      <l>That would deliuer vp his Greatnesse so,</l>
      <l>Into the hands of Iustice. You did commit me:</l>
      <l>For which, I do commit into your hand,</l>
      <l>Th'vnstained Sword that you haue vs'd to beare:<gap
extent="1"
       unit="chars"
       reason="nonstandardCharacter"
       agent="inkedSpacemarker"
       resp="#ES"/>
   </l>
      <l>With this Remembrance; That you vse the same</l>
      <l>With the like bold, iust, and impartiall spirit</l>
      <l>As you haue done 'gainst me. There is my hand,</l>
      <l>You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:</l>
      <l>My voice shall sound, as you do prompt mine eare,<note
type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
   </l>
      <l>And I will stoope, and humble my Intents,</l>
      <l>To your well-practis'd, wise Directions.</l>
      <l>And Princes all, beleeue me, I beseech you:</l>
      <l>My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,</l>
      <l>(For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)</l>
      <l>And with his Spirits, sadly I suruiue,</l>
      <l>To mocke the expectation of the World;</l>
      <l>To frustrate Prophesies, and to race out</l>
      <l>Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe</l>
      <l>After my seeming. The Tide of Blood in me,</l>
      <l>Hath prowdly flow'd in Vanity, till now.</l>
      <l>Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,</l>
      <l>Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods,</l>
      <l>And flow henceforth in formall Maiesty.</l>
      <l>Now call we our High Court of Parliament,</l>
      <l>And let vs choofe such Limbes of Noble Counsaile,</l>
      <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">That</fw>
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<pb facs="FFimg:axc0420-0.jpg" n="98"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.</hi>
</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>That the great Body of our state may go</l>
<l>In equall ranke, with the best gouern'd Nation,</l>
<l>That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be</l>
<l>As things acquainted and familiar to vs,</l>
<l>In which you (Father) shall haue formost hand.</l>
<l>Our Coronation done, we will accite</l>
<l>(As I before remembred) all our state,</l>
<l>And heauen (consigning to my good intents)</l>
<l>No Prince, nor Peere, shall haue iust cause to say,</l>
<l>Heauen shorten <hi rend="italic">Harries</hi> happy life, one day.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3">
<head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 3]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe,
<lb/>Page, and Pistoll.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
<speaker rend="italic">Shal</speaker>
<p>Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an
<lb/>Arbor we will eate a last yeares Pippin of my owne graft-
<lb/>ting, with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth(Come Co-
<lb/>sin <hi rend="italic">Silence</hi>, and then to bed.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
<p>You haue heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
<speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
<p>Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all
<lb/>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>: Marry, good ayre. Spread <hi rend="italic">Dauy</hi>, spread <hi rend="italic">Dauie</hi>:
<lb/>Well said <hi rend="italic">Dauie</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
<p>This <hi rend="italic">Dauie</hi> serues you for good vses; he is your
<lb/>Seruingman, and your Husband.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
        <p>A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Var-
          <lb/>let, Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>: I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A
          <lb/>good Varlet. Now sit downe, now sit downe: Come
          <lb/>Cosin.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
        <p>Ah sirra (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate,
          <lb/>and make good cheere, and praise heauen for the merrie
          <lb/>yeere: when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lustie
          <lb/>Lads rome heere, and there: so merrily, and euer among
          <lb/>so merrily.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
        <p>There's a merry heart, good M. <hi rend="italic">Silence</hi>, Ile giue
          <lb/>you a health for that anon.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
        <p>Good M. <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>: some wine, Dauie.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-dav">
        <speaker rend="italic">Da.</speaker>
        <p>Sweet sir, sit: He be with you anon: most sweete
          <lb/>sir, sit. Master Page, good M. Page, sit: Proface. What
          <lb/>you want in meate, wee'l haue in drinke: but you beare,
          <lb/>the heart's all.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
        <p>Be merry M. <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>, and my little Souldiour
          <lb/>there, be merry.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
        <l>Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all.</l>
        <l>For women are Shrewes, both short and tall:</l>
        <l>'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;</l>
        <l>And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
        <p>I did not thinke M. <hi rend="italic">Silence</hi> had bin a man of this
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                              <lb/>Mettle.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
                           <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
                           <p>Who I<c rend="italic">?</c> I haue beene merry twice and
once, ere
                              <lb/>now.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-2h4-dav">
                           <speaker rend="italic">Dauy.</speaker>
                           <p>There is a dish of Lether-coats for you.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
                           <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
                           <p>
                     <hi rend="italic">Dauie.</hi>
                  </p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-2h4-dav">
                           <speaker rend="italic">Dau.</speaker>
                           <p>Your Worship: Ile be with you straight. A cup
                              <lb/>of Wine, sir?</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
                           <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
                           <p>A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, &amp; drinke
                              <lb/>vnto the Leman mine: and a merry heart liues long-a.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                           <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
                           <p>Well said, M. <hi rend="italic">Silence</hi>.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
                           <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
                           <p>If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of
                              <lb/>the night.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                           <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
                           <p>Health, and long life to you, M. <hi
rend="italic">Silence</hi>.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <cb n="2"/>
                        <sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
                           <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
                           <p>Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a
                              <lb/>mile to the bottome.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
                           <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
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                    <p>Honest <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>, welcome: If thou
want'st any
                        <lb/>thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome my
                        <lb/>little tyne theefe, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to
                        <lb/>M. <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>, and to all the
Cauileroes about London.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-dav">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Dau.</speaker>
                        <p>I hope to see London, once ere I die.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
                        <p>If I might see you there, <hi rend="italic">Dauie</hi>.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
                        <p>You'l cracke a quart together<c rend="italic">?</c> Ha, will
you not
                        <lb/>M. <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>?</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
                        <p>Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
                        <p>I thanke thee: the knaue will sticke by thee, I
                            <lb/>can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
                        <p>And Ile sticke by him, sir.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
                        <p>Why there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry.
                            <lb/>Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes?</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Fal</speaker>
                        <p>Why now you haue done me right.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
                        <p>Do me right, and dub me Knight, <hi
rend="italic">Samingo</hi>. Is't
                            <lb/>not so?</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
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      <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
      <p>'Tis so.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
      <p>Is't so? Why then say an old man can do somwhat.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-dav">
      <speaker rend="italic">Dau.</speaker>
      <p>If it please your Worshippe, there's one <hi
rend="italic">Pistoll</hi>
         <lb/>come from the Court with newes.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
      <p>From the Court? Let him come in.</p>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Pistoll.</stage>
      <p>How now Pistoll?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
      <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
      <p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, 'saue you sir.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
      <p>What winde blew you hither, Pistoll?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
      <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
      <p>Not the ill winde which blowes none to good,
         <lb/>sweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest men in
         <lb/>the Realme.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
      <p>Indeed, I thinke he bee, but Goodman <hi
rend="italic">Puffe</hi> of
         <lb/>Barson.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
      <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
      <p>Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Coward
         <lb/>base. Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, I am thy Pistoll,
and thy Friend: helter
         <lb/>skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and
         <lb/>luckie ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of
         <lb/>price.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
        <p>I prethee now deliuer them, like a man of this
          <lb/>World.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
        <p>A footra for the World, and Worldlings base,
          <lb/>I speake of Affrica, and Golden ioyes.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
        <p>O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy newes?
          <lb/>Let King <hi rend="italic">Couitha</hi> know the truth
thereof.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-sil">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
        <p>And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
        <l>Shall dunghill Curres confront the <hi
rend="italic">Hellicons</hi>?</l>
        <l>And shall good newes be baffel'd?</l>
        <l>Then Pistoll lay thy head in Furies lappe.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
        <l>Honest Gentleman,</l>
        <l>I know not your breeding.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pist</speaker>
        <l>Why then Lament therefore.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
        <l>Giue me pardon, Sir.</l>
        <p>If sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there
          <lb/>is but two wayes, either to vtter them, or to conceale
          <lb/>them, I am Sir, vnder the King, in some Authority,</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
        <l>Vnder which King?</l>
        <l>
<hi rend="italic">Bezonian</hi>, speake, or dye.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
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            <l>Vnder King <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
            <l>
     <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> the Fourth? or Fift?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
            <l>
     <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> the fourth.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
            <l>A footra for thine Office.</l>
            <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now
is King,</l>
            <l>
     <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> the Fift's the man, I speake the truth.</l>
            <l>When Pistoll lyes, do this, and figge-me, like</l>
            <l>The bragging Spaniard,</l>
          </sp>
          <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
      <hi rend="italic">Fal.</hi>
          </fw>
          <pb facs="FFimg:axc0421-0.jpg" n="99"/>
          <fw type="rh">
            <hi rend="italic">The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.</hi>
          </fw>
          <cb n="1"/>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
            <l>What, is the old King dead?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
            <l>As naile in doore.</l>
            <l>The things I speake, are iust.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
            <l>Away <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>, Sadle my Horse,</l>
            <l>Master <hi rend="italic">Robert Shallow</hi>, choose what
Office thou wilt</l>
            <l>In the Land, 'tis thine. <hi rend="italic">Pistol</hi>, I will
double charge thee</l>
            <l>With Dignities.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-2h4-bar">
            <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
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            <l>O ioyfull day:</l>
            <l>I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
            <l>What? I do bring good newes.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
            <p>Carrie Master <hi rend="italic">Silence</hi> to bed: Master <hi rend="italic">Shallow</hi>, my
               <lb/>Lord <hi rend="italic">Shallow</hi>, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward.
               <lb/>Get on thy Boots, wee'l ride all night. Oh sweet Pistoll:
               <lb/>Away <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe:</hi> Come Pistoll, vtter more to mee: and
               <lb/>withall deuise something to do thy selfe good. Boote,
               <lb/>boote Master <hi rend="italic">Shallow</hi>, I know the young King is sick for
               <lb/>mee. Let vs take any mans Horsses: The Lawes of Eng-
               <lb/>land are at my command'ment. Happie are they, which
               <lb/>haue beene my Friendes: and woe vnto my Lord Chiefe
               <lb/>Iustice.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
            <l>Let Vultures vil'de seize on his Lungs also:</l>
            <l>Where is the life that late I led, say they?</l>
            <l>Why heere it is, welcome those pleasant dayes.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="4">
         <head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>
         <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 4]</head>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hostesse Quickly, Dol Teare-Sheete,
            <lb/>and Beadles.</stage>
         <cb n="1"/>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
            <speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>
            <p>No, thou arrant knaue: I would I might dy,
               <lb/>that I might haue thee hang'd: Thou hast drawne my
               <lb/>shoulder out of ioynt.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-off">
            <speaker rend="italic">Off.</speaker>
            <p>The Constables haue deliuer'd her ouer to mee:
               <lb/>and shee shall haue Whipping cheere enough, I warrant
               <lb/>her. There hath beene a man or two (lately) kill'd about
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            <lb/>her.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
         <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
         <p>Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile
            <lb/>tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-visag'd Rascall, if the
            <lb/>Childe I now go with, do miscarrie, thou had'st better
            <lb/>thou had'st strooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Vil-
            <lb/>laine.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
         <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
         <p>O that Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> were come, hee would
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make
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            <lb/>this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruite
            <lb/>of her Wombe might miscarry.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-off">
         <speaker rend="italic">Officer.</speaker>
         <p>If it do, you shall haue a dozen of Cushions
            <lb/>againe, you haue but eleuen now. Come, I charge you
            <lb/>both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and Pi-
            <lb/>stoll beate among you.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
         <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
         <p>Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Censor; I
            <lb/>will haue you as soundly swindg'd for this, you blew-
            <lb/>Bottel'd Rogue: you filthy famish'd Correctioner, if you
            <lb/>be not swing'd, Ile forsweare halfe Kittles.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-off">
         <speaker rend="italic">Off.</speaker>
         <p>Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
         <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
         <p>O, that right should thus o'recome might. Wel
            <lb/>of sufferance, comes ease.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
         <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
         <l>Come you Rogue, come:</l>
         <l>Bring me to a Iustice.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
         <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
         <p>Yes, come you staru'd Blood-hound.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
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            <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
            <p>Goodman death, goodman Bones.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-qui">
            <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
            <p>Thou Anatomy, thou.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-dol">
            <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
            <l>Come you thinue Thing:</l>
            <l>Come you Rascall.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-off">
            <speaker rend="italic">Off.</speaker>
            <p>Very well.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
        <cb n="2"/>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="5">
        <head rend="italic center">Scena Quinta.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 5]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter two
Groomes.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-gro.1">
            <speaker rend="italic">1. Groo.</speaker>
            <p>More Rushes, more Rushes.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-gro.2">
            <speaker rend="italic">2. Groo.</speaker>
            <p>The Trumpets haue sounded twice.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-gro.1">
            <speaker rend="italic">1. Groo.</speaker>
            <p>It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come
                <lb/>from the Coronation.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Groo.</stage>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Falstaffe,
Shallow, Pistoll, Bardolfe, and Page.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Faltasse.</speaker>
            <p>Stand heere by me, M. <hi rend="italic">Robert
Shallow</hi>, I will
                <lb/>make the King do you Grace. I will leere vpon him, as
                <lb/>he comes by: and do but marke the countenance that hee
                <lb/>will giue me.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pistol.</speaker>
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            <p>Blesse thy Lungs, good Knight.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
            <p>Come heere <hi rend="italic">Pistol</hi>, stand behind me.
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O if I had

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               <lb/>had time to haue made new Liueries, I would haue be-
               <lb/>stowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is
               <lb/>no matter, this poore shew doth better: this doth inferre
               <lb/>the zeale I had to see him.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
            <p>It doth so.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
            <p>It shewes my earnestnesse in affection.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
            <p>It doth so.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
            <p>My deuotion.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
            <p>It doth, doth, it doth.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
            <l>As it were, to ride day and night,</l>
            <l>And not to deliberate, not to remember,</l>
            <l>Not to haue patience to shift me.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
            <p>It is most certaine.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
            <p>But to stand stained with Trauaile, and sweating
               <lb/>with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting
               <lb/>all affayres in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee
               <lb/>done, but to see him.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
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            <p>'Tis <hi rend="italic">semper idem:</hi> for <hi
rend="italic">obsque hoc nibile est</hi>. 'Tis all
               <lb/>in every part.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
            <p>'Tis so indeed.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
            <p>My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liuer, and
               <lb/>make thee rage, Thy <hi rend="italic">Dol</hi>, and <hi
rend="italic">Helen</hi> of thy noble thoghts
               <lb/>is in base Durance, and contagious prison: Hall'd thi-
               <lb/>ther by most Mechanicall and durty hand. Rowze vppe
               <lb/>Reuenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecto's Snake, for
               <lb/>
         <hi rend="italic">Dol</hi> is in. Pistol, speakes nought but troth.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
            <p>I will deliuer her.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pistol.</speaker>
            <p>There roar'd the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour
               <lb/>sounds.</p>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">The Trumpets sound.
Enter King Henrie the
               <lb/>Fift, Brothers, Lord Chiefe
               <lb/>Iustice.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
            <p>Saue thy Grace, King <hi rend="italic">Hall</hi>, my Royall
<hi rend="italic">Hall</hi>.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
            <p>The heauens thee guard, and keepe, most royall
               <lb/>Impe of Fame.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
            <p>'Saue thee my sweet Boy.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
            <p>My Lord Chiefe Iustice, speake to that vaine
               <lb/>man.</p>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
       <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
       <l>Haue you your wits?</l>
       <l>Know you what 'tis you speake?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
       <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
       <p>My King, my Ioue; I speake to thee, my heart.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-hn4">
       <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
       <l>I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:</l>
       <l>How ill white haires become a Foole, and Iester?</l>
       <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">I haue</fw>
       <pb facs="FFimg:axc0422-0.jpg" n="100"/>
       <fw type="rh">
        <hi rend="italic">The second Part of King Henry the
Fourth.</hi>
       </fw>
       <cb n="1"/>
       <l>I haue long dream'd of such a kinde of man,</l>
       <l>So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so prophane:</l>
       <l>But being awake, I do despise my dreame.</l>
       <l>Make lesse thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,</l>
       <l>Leaue gourmandizing; Know the Graue doth gape</l>
       <l>For thee, thrice wider then for other men.</l>
       <l>Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne Iest,</l>
       <l>Presume not, that I am the thing I was,</l>
       <l>For heauen doth know (so shall the world perceiue)</l>
       <l>That I haue turn'd away my former Selfe,</l>
       <l>So will I those that kept me Companie.</l>
       <l>When thou dost heare I am, as I haue bin,</l>
       <l>Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou was't</l>
       <l>The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots:</l>
       <l>Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death,</l>
       <l>As I haue done the rest of my Misleaders,</l>
       <l>Not to come neere our Person, by ten mile.</l>
       <l>For competence of life, I will allow you,</l>
       <l>That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euill:</l>
       <l>And as we heare you do reforme your selues,</l>
       <l>We will according to your strength, and qualities,</l>
       <l>Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)</l>
       <l>To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit King.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
       <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
       <p>Master <hi rend="italic">Shallow</hi>, I owe you a thousand
pound.</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
          <p>I marry Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, which I beseech you to let me
            <lb/>haue home with me.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
          <p>That can hardly be, M. <hi rend="italic">Shallow</hi>, do not you grieue
            <lb/>at this: I shall be sent for in priuate to him: Looke you,
            <lb/>he must seeme thus to the world: feare not your aduance-
            <lb/>ment: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.</p>
        </sp>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
          <p>I cannot well perceiue how, vnlesse you should
            <lb/>giue me your Doublet, and stuffe me out with straw. I
            <lb/>beseech you, good Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, let mee haue fiue hundred of
            <lb/>my thousand.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
          <p>Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you
            <lb/>heard, was but a colour.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-shl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Shall.</speaker>
          <p>A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
          <l>Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:</l>
          <l>Come Lieutenant <hi rend="italic">Pistoll</hi>, come <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>,</l>
          <l>I shall be sent for soone at night.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
          <l>Go carry Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn Falstaffe</hi> to the Fleete,</l>
          <l>Take all his Company along with him.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-2h4-fal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
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                <p>My Lord, my Lord.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
                <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
                <p>I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone:
                    <lb/>Take them away.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-pis">
                <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
                <l>Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit. Manet
Lancaster and Chiefe Iustice.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
                <speaker rend="italic">John.</speaker>
                <l>I like this faire proceeding of the Kings:</l>
                <l>He hath intent his wonted Followers</l>
                <l>Shall all be very well prouided for:</l>
                <l>But all are banisht, till their conuersations</l>
                <l>Appeare more wise, and modest to the world.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
                <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
                <p>And so they are.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
                <speaker rend="italic">John.</speaker>
                <l>The King hath call'd his Parliament.</l>
                <l>My Lord.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-lcj">
                <speaker rend="italic">Ch. Iust.</speaker>
                <l>He hath.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-2h4-joh">
                <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
                <l>I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire,</l>
                <l>We beare our Ciuill Swords, and Natiue fire</l>
                <l>As farre as France. I heare a Bird so sing,</l>
                <l>Whose Musicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.</l>
                <l>Come, will you hence?</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
        </div>
        <trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
        </div>
    <div type="epilogue">
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0423-0.jpg"/>
        <head rend="center">EPILOGVE.</head>
        <sp>
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          <p rend="italic">
              <c rend="decoratedCapital">F</c>IRST, my Feare: then, my Curtsie:
last, my Speech.
                  <lb/>My Feare, is your Displeasure: My Curtsie, my Dutie:
                  <lb/>And my speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a
                  <lb/>good speech now, you vndoe me: For what I haue to say, is
                  <lb/>of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I should say, will
                  <lb/>I (I doubt) prooue mine owne marring. But to the Purpose,
                  <lb/>and so to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very
                  <lb/>well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing Play, to
pray your Patience
                  <lb/>for it, and to promise you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to
pay you with this,
                  <lb/>which if (like an ill Venture) it come vnluckily home, I
breake; and you, my gen-
                  <lb/>tle Creditors lose. Heere I promist you I would be, and heere
I commit my Bodie
                  <lb/>to your Mercies: Bate me some, and I will pay you some,
and (as most Debtors do)
                  <lb/>promise you infinitely.</p>
              <p rend="italic">If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me:
will you command me to vse
                  <lb/>my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance
out of your debt: But
                  <lb/>a good Conscience, will make any possible satisfaction, and
so will I. All the Gen-
                  <lb/>tle women heere, haue forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen will
not, then the Gentlemen
                  <lb/>do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was neuer seene
before, in such an As-
                  <lb/>sembly.</p>
              <p rend="italic">One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too
much cloid with Fat Meate,
                  <lb/>our humble Author will continue the story (with <hi
rend="roman">Sir Iohn</hi> in it) and make you
                  <lb/>merry, with faire <hi rend="roman">Katherine</hi> of <hi
rend="roman">France</hi>: where (for any thing I know <hi rend="roman">Fal-
                  <lb/>staffe</hi> shall dye of a sweat, vnlesse already he be kill'd
with your hard Opinions:
                  <lb/>For <hi rend="roman">Old-Castle</hi> dyed a Martyr, and
this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie,
                  <lb/>when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so
kneele downe before you:
                  <lb/>But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.</p>
          </sp>
          </div>
          <div type="dramatisPersonae">
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0424-0.jpg"/>
            <head rend="center">THE <lb/>ACTORS <lb/>NAMES.</head>
            <list>
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            <item>
        <c rend="decoratedCapital">R</c>VMOVR the Presentor.</item>
          <item>King <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the Fourth.</item>
            <item>Prince <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, afterwards Crowned
King <hi rend="italic">Henrie</hi> the Fift.</item>
            <item>
              <list>
                <item>Prince <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> of Lancaster.<pc
rend="3line">}</pc>
            </item>
                  <item>
          <hi rend="italic">Humphrey</hi> of Gloucester.</item>
                  <item>
          <hi rend="italic">Thomas</hi> of Clarence.</item>
          </list>
                <hi rend="rightJustified">Sonnes to <hi
rend="italic">Henry</hi> the Fourth,
              &amp; brethren to <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> 5.</hi>
          </item>
            <item>
            <list>
            <item>Northumberland.<pc rend="8line">}</pc>
          </item>
            <item>The Arch Byshop of Yorke.</item>
            <item>Mowbray.</item>
            <item>Hastings.</item>
            <item>Lord Bardolfe.</item>
            <item>Trauers.</item>
            <item>Morton.</item>
            <item>Coleuile.</item>
          </list>
            <hi rend="rightJustified">Opposites against King <hi
rend="italic">Henrie</hi> the<lb/> Fourth.</hi>
          </item>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <item>
              <list>
            <item>Warwicke.<pc rend="6line">}</pc>
          </item>
              <item>Westmerland.</item>
              <item>Surrey.</item>
              <item>Harecourt.</item>
              <item>Gowre.</item>
              <item>Lord Chiefe ustice.</item>
            </list>
            <hi rend="rightJustified">Of the Kings<lb/> Partie.</hi>
          </item>
            <cb n="2"/>
            <item>
            <list>
```

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            <item>Pointz.<pc rend="6line">}</pc>
         </item>
            <item>Falstaffe.</item>
            <item>Bardolphe.</item>
            <item>Pistoll.</item>
            <item>Peto.</item>
            <item>Page.</item>
      </list>
         <hi rend="rightJustified">Irregular<lb/> Humorists.</hi>
      </item>
         <cb n="1"/>
            <item>
            <list>
               <item>Shallow.<pc rend="2line">}</pc>
         </item>
            <item>Silence.</item>
            </list>
         <hi rend="rightJustified">Both Country<lb/>Iustices.</hi>
      </item>
         <item>Dauie, Seruant to Shallow.</item>
         <item>Phang, and Snare, 2. Serieants</item>
         <item>
            <list>
            <item>Mouldie.<pc rend="5line">}</pc>
         </item>
            <item>Shadow.</item>
            <item>Wart.</item>
            <item>Feeble.</item>
            <item>Bullcalfe.</item>
            </list>
         <hi rend="rightJustified">Country Soldiers.</hi>
      </item>
            <cb n="2"/>
            <item>Drawers</item>
               <item>Beadles.</item>
               <item>Groomes</item>
         <cb n="3"/>
            <item>Northumberlands Wife.</item>
            <item>Percies Widdow.</item>
            <item>Hostesse Quickly.</item>
            <item>Doll Teare-sheete.</item>
            <item>Epilogue.</item>
         </list>
      </div>
         </div>

   </body>
</text>
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</TEI>