



**BRAVE SPIRITS THEATRE
ARCHIVE**

REHEARSAL SCRIPT
Henri IV, Part One
2015

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Henri IV:
the re-gendered *Henry IV* repertory
Part One
by William Shakespeare

conceived and adapted by
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On stage, we see two beds of 3 cubes each, a blanket over each one. Next to each bed is an additional cube, over which one has a robe, the other some sort of coat.

During the blackout, HENRI and HAL enter and lay down under the blankets.

ENSEMBLE *(offstage)*

(They are singing Fleetwood Mac's The Chain. Note this arrangement is based on the "The Dance" album, not the original studio version)

(singing a capella)

LISTEN TO THE WIND BLOW

WATCH THE SUN RISE

RUN IN THE SHADOWS

DAMN YOUR LOVE

DAMN YOUR LIES

Lights up to reveal the two asleep. During this first chorus, they will wake up. Their actions should mirror each other, in timing, though not necessarily in style. Both awake as if weary of the responsibilities they hold within society)

(ENSEMBLE still singing offstage, guitar joins in with this first chorus)

AND IF YOU DON'T LOVE ME NOW

YOU WILL NEVER LOVE ME AGAIN

I CAN STILL HEAR YOU SAY

YOU WILL NEVER BREAK, NEVER BREAK THE CHAIN

AND IF YOU DON'T LOVE ME NOW

YOU WILL NEVER LOVE ME AGAIN

I CAN STILL HEAR YOU SAY

YOU WILL NEVER BREAK, NEVER BREAK THE CHAIN

(HOTSPUR enters for HENRI, FALSTAFF for HAL. They each pick up the garment and assist with putting it on.)

LISTEN TO THE WIND BLOW

WATCH THE SUN RISE

RUN IN THE SHADOWS

DAMN YOUR LOVE

DAMN YOUR LIES

BREAK THE SILENCE

DAMN THE DARK

DAMN THE LIGHT

(Sufficiently dressed, HENRI and HAL prepare themselves for the ordeals to come)

AND IF YOU DON'T LOVE ME NOW

YOU WILL NEVER LOVE ME AGAIN

I CAN STILL HEAR YOU SAY

YOU WILL NEVER BREAK, NEVER BREAK THE CHAIN
AND IF YOU DON'T LOVE ME NOW
YOU WILL NEVER LOVE ME AGAIN
I CAN STILL HEAR YOU SAY
YOU WILL NEVER BREAK, NEVER BREAK THE CHAIN

As the instrumental plays, various members of HENRI's court enter to move the blocks and reset the stage for the Throne room, around HENRI and HAL. One brings a freestanding banner pole bearing Lancaster's crest. HOTSPUR joins in, but FALSTAFF moves to a vaum, watching HAL. Three cubes become a throne, the other five are placed around the perimeter. Finally, they come together around HENRI, who stands at the throne. HAL joins FALSTAFF.

During the following refrain, HAL enters HENRI's court. HENRI will motion to her right hand side. HAL looks to FALSTAFF, back to HENRI, shakes her head no, and crosses back to FALSTAFF; they then exit. HENRI sits on the button of the song, slightly stunned. All singing is done by the members of the court on stage, and the refrain can be repeated as many times as needed for the acting moment.

CHAIN, KEEP US TOGETHER
RUNNING IN THE SHADOWS
CHAIN, KEEP US TOGETHER
RUNNING IN THE SHADOWS
CHAIN, KEEP US TOGETHER
RUNNING IN THE SHADOWS
CHAIN, KEEP US TOGETHER

ACT I, SCENE I.

Enter QUEEN HENRI, LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, WINNIE BLUNT, and others

QUEEN HENRI IV So shaken as we are, so wan with care,

 Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,

 And breathe short-winded accents of new broils

 To be commenced in strands afar remote.

 No more the thirsty entrance of this soil

 Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood.

 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,

 No more shall cut her mistress. Therefore, friends,

 We are impressed and engaged to fight,

To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now is twelve month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.

WESTMORELAND

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

QUEEN HENRI IV

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

WESTMORELAND

This match'd with other did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Hallie Percy and brave Annabel,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For she that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

QUEEN HENRI IV

Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,
Sir Winnie Blunt, new lighted from her horse.
And she hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Winnie see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the Earl of Fife and eldest child
To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honorable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

WESTMORELAND

In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

QUEEN HENRI IV

Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the mother to so blest a child,
A child who is the theme of honor's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of her,
See riot and dishonor stain the brow
Of my young Hallie. O that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, hers Plantagenet!
Then would I have her Hallie, and she mine.
But let her from my thoughts. What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which she in this adventure hath surprised,
To her own use she keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

WESTMORELAND

This is her uncle's teaching; this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes her prune herself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

QUEEN HENRI IV

But I have sent for her to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to done
Than out of anger can be uttered.

Exeunt

(The next song is sung by an ensemble member, any of the lords. The remaining lords watch HENRI leave, and the singer jumps onto the throne. With a clap, she begins to sing, accompanied offstage. As she begins to sing, the remaining lords begin transforming the stage into the local tavern. Cubes become benches, tables and chairs. Lancaster's banner is removed.

One the scene is set, HAL and FALSTAFF enter. The lords are now partying with HAL and FALSTAFF, and everyone sings the choruses. Slowly but surely, partygoers fall asleep where they are or stumble offstage, including HAL and FALSTAFF. The singer is the last one to leave, continuing to sing and party as she exits.)

AND THE BASS KEEPS RUNNIN' RUNNIN', AND RUNNIN' RUNNIN', AND RUNNIN'
RUNNIN', AND RUNNIN' RUNNIN',
AND RUNNIN' RUNNIN', AND RUNNIN' RUNNIN', AND RUNNIN' RUNNIN', AND
RUNNIN' RUNNIN', AND...

IN THIS CONTEXT, THERE'S NO DISRESPECT, SO, WHEN I BUST MY RHYME, YOU
BREAK YOUR NECKS.

WE GOT FIVE MINUTES FOR US TO DISCONNECT, FROM ALL INTELLECT COLLECT
THE RHYTHM EFFECT.

SO LOSE AN INHIBITION, FOLLOW YOUR INTUITION, FREE YOUR INNER SOUL AND
BREAK AWAY FROM TRADITION.

CAUSE WHEN WE BEAT OUT, GIRL IT'S PULLING WITHOUT.

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE HOW WE WOW STUFF OUT.

BURN IT TILL IT'S BURNED OUT.

TURN IT TILL IT'S TURNED OUT.

ACT UP FROM NORTH, WEST, EAST, SOUTH.

[CHORUS:]

EVERYBODY (YEAH), EVERYBODY (YEAH), LET'S GET INTO IT (YEAH), GET STUPID
(C'MON)

GET IT STARTED (C'MON), GET IT STARTED (YEAH), GET IT STARTED!

LET'S GET IT STARTED (HA), LET'S GET IT STARTED IN HERE.
LET'S GET IT STARTED (HA), LET'S GET IT STARTED IN HERE.
LET'S GET IT STARTED (HA), LET'S GET IT STARTED IN HERE.
LET'S GET IT STARTED (HA), LET'S GET IT STARTED IN HERE.
YEAH.

ACT I, SCENE II.

Enter HAL and FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lass?

HAL Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons and clocks the tongues of bawds and dials the signs of leaping-houses and the blessed sun herself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

FALSTAFF Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phoebus. And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art queen, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlewomen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let women say we be

women of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

HAL

Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's women doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by' and spent with crying 'Bring in;' now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

FALSTAFF

By the Lord, thou sayest true, lass. And is not my host of the tavern a most sweet boy? Well, thou hast called him to a reckoning many a time and oft.

HAL

Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

FALSTAFF

No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

HAL

Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

FALSTAFF

Yea, and so used it that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent--But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art queen? and resolution thus fobbed as

it is with the rusty curb of old mother antic the law?

Do not thou, when thou art queen, hang a thief.

HAL No; thou shalt.

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

HAL Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangwoman.

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

HAL For obtaining of suits?

FALSTAFF Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangwoman hath no lean wardrobe.

HAL Where shall we take a purse tomorrow, Jill?

FALSTAFF 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lass; I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

HAL I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

FALSTAFF Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a woman to labour in her vocation.

Enter POINS

Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a

match. O, if women were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for her? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand' to a true woman.

HAL Good morrow, Poins.

POINS Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Madame Remorse? what says Lady Jill Sack and Sugar? Jill! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

HAL Lady Jill stands to her word, the devil shall have his bargain; for she was never yet a breaker of proverbs: she will give the devil his due.

POINS Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

HAL Else she had been damned for cozening the devil.

POINS But, my girls, my girls, tomorrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be

hanged.

FALSTAFF Hear ye, Edna; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll
hang you for going.

POINS You will, chops?

FALSTAFF Hal, wilt thou make one?

HAL Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

FALSTAFF There's neither honesty, womanhood, nor good
sisterhood in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood
royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

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

FALSTAFF Why, that's well said.

HAL Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

FALSTAFF By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art
queen.

HAL I care not.

POINS Lady Jill, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I
will lay her down such reasons for this adventure
that she shall go.

FALSTAFF Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and her
the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may
move and what she hears may be believed, that the

true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

HAL Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallown summer!

Exit Falstaff

POINS Now, my good sweet honey lady, ride with us tomorrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid: yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

HAL How shall we part with them in setting forth?

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

HAL Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

POINS

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

HAL

Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

POINS

Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if she fight longer than she sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, she fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities she endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

HAL

Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

POINS

Farewell, my lady.

Exit Poins

HAL

I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked humor of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

To smother up her beauty from the world,
That, when she please again to be herself,
Being wanted, she may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapors that did seem to strangle her.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behavior I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify women's hopes;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offense a skill;
Redeeming time when women think least I will.

Exit

The transition is The Animals' Please Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood. HOTSPUR sings while the rest revert the set back to the throne room. Lancaster's banner returns.

BABY SOMETIMES I'M SO CAREFREE
WITH A JOY THAT'S HARD TO HIDE
AND SOMETIMES IT SEEMS THAT ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WORRY
THEN YOU'RE BOUND TO SEE MY OTHER SIDE
BUT I'M JUST A SOUL WHOSE INTENTIONS ARE GOOD
OH LORD PLEASE DON'T LEAVE BE MISUNDERSTOOD

BUT I'M JUST A SOUL WHOSE INTENTIONS ARE GOOD
OH LORD PLEASE DON'T LEAVE BE MISUNDERSTOOD

ACT I, SCENE III.

Enter the QUEEN, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, BLUNT, with others

QUEEN HENRI IV My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,
 And you have found me; for accordingly
 You tread upon my patience: but be sure
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

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

NORTHUMBERLAND My Queen.--

QUEEN HENRI IV Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
 You have good leave to leave us: when we need
 Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

Exit Worcester

You were about to speak.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Yea, my good lady.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,

Which Hallie Percy here at Holmedon took,

Were, as she says, not with such strength denied

As is deliver'd to your majesty:

Either envy, therefore, or misprison

Is guilty of this fault and not my daughter.

HOTSPUR

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.

But I remember, when the fight was done,

When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,

Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,

She was perfumed like a milliner;

And 'twixt her finger and her thumb she held

A pouncet-box, which ever and anon

She gave her nose and took't away again;

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,

She call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,

To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse

Betwixt the wind and her nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms

She question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded

My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.

I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,

To be so pester'd with a popinjay,

Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
She should or she should not; for she made me mad
To see her shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And telling me but for these vile guns,
She would herself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of hers, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not her report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

BLUNT

The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Hallie Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die and never rise
To do her wrong or any way impeach
What then she said, so she unsay it now.

QUEEN HENRI IV

Why, yet she doth deny her prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
Her sister-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that she did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,

Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we but treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let her starve;
For I shall never hold that girl my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

HOTSPUR

Revolted Mortimer!
She never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war; to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly she took
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
She did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Never did base and rotten policy
Color her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let not her be slander'd with revolt.

QUEEN HENRI IV

Thou dost belie her, Percy, thou dost belie her;
She never did encounter with Glendower:

I tell thee,
She durst as well have met the devil alone
As Olwen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, mistress, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your daughter.
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

Exeunt Henri, Blunt, and train

HOTSPUR An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell her so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

NORTHUMBERLAND What, drunk with choler? stay and pause awhile:
Here comes your aunt.

Re-enter WORCESTER

HOTSPUR Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds, I will speak of her; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with her:
Yea, on her part I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,

But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful queen,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

NORTHUMBERLAND Sister, the queen hath made your young niece mad.

WORCESTER Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

HOTSPUR She will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's sister, then her cheek look'd pale,
And on my face she turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

WORCESTER I cannot blame her: was not she proclaim'd
By Rachel that dead is, the next of blood?

NORTHUMBERLAND She was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy queen,
--Whose wrongs in us God pardon!--did set forth
Upon her Irish expedition;
From whence she intercepted did return
To be deposed and shortly murdered.

WORCESTER And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

HOTSPUR But soft, I pray you; did Queen Rachel then
Proclaim my sister Esme Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

NORTHUMBERLAND

She did; myself did hear it.

HOTSPUR

Nay, then I cannot blame her cousin queen,
That wished her on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful woman
And for her sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo?
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
That women of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you--God pardon it!--have done,
To put down Rachel, that sweet lovely rose,
An plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
By her for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honors and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud queen, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt she owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore, I say--

WORCESTER

Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

HOTSPUR

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

NORTHUMBERLAND

Imagination of some great exploit
Drives her beyond the bounds of patience.

HOTSPUR

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks;
So she that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-faced sisterhood!

WORCESTER

She apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what she should attend.

Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

HOTSPUR

I cry you mercy.

WORCESTER

Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,--

HOTSPUR

I'll keep them all;
By God, she shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save her soul, she shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

WORCESTER

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

HOTSPUR

Nay, I will; that's flat.
She said she would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find her when she lies asleep,
And in her ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'

WORCESTER

Hear you, cousin; a word.

HOTSPUR

All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke.

WORCESTER

Farewell, cousin: I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool

Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

HOTSPUR

Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with rods,
Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
Good lady, tell your tale; I have done.

WORCESTER

Nay, if you have not, to it again;
We will stay your leisure.

HOTSPUR

I have done, i' faith.

WORCESTER

Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' child your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted. You, madam,

To Northumberland

Your child in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
The archbishop.

HOTSPUR

Of York, is it not?

WORCESTER

True; who bears hard

His sister's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.

I speak not this in estimation,

As what I think might be, but what I know

Is ruminated, plotted and set down,

And only stays but to behold the face

Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

HOTSPUR

I smell it: upon my life, it will do well.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Before the game is afoot, thou still let'st slip.

HOTSPUR

Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot;

And then the power of Scotland and of York,

To join with Mortimer, ha?

WORCESTER

And so they shall.

HOTSPUR

In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

WORCESTER

And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,

To save our heads by raising of a head;

For, bear ourselves as even as we can,

The queen will always think her in our debt,

And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,

Till she hath found a time to pay us home:

And see already how she doth begin

To make us strangers to her looks of love.

HOTSPUR

She does, she does: we'll be revenged on her.

WORCESTER Cousin, farewell: no further go in this
 Than I by letters shall direct your course.
 When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
 I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
 Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
 As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
 To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
 Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

NORTHUMBERLAND Farewell, good sister: we shall thrive, I trust.

HOTSPUR Aunt, Adieu: O, let the hours be short
 Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

Exeunt

FALSTAFF enters and sings Tori Amos's Cornflake Girl as the throne room is struck. Cubes are left at three entrances, one is left open. Lancaster's banner is struck.'

NEVER WAS A CORNFLAKE GIRL
THOUGHT THAT WAS A GOOD SOLUTION
HANGING WITH THE RAISIN GIRLS
SHE'S GONE TO THE OTHER SIDE
GIVIN US A YO HEAVE HO
THINGS ARE GETTING KIND OF GROSS
AND I GO AT SLEEPY TIME
THIS IS NOT REALLY HAPPENING
YOU BET YOUR LIFE IT IS

PEEL OUT THE WATCHWORD
JUST PEEL OUT THE WATCHWORD

SHE KNOWS WHAT'S GOIN ON
SEEMS WE GOT A CHEAPER FEEL NOW
ALL THE SWEETCAZE ARE GONE
GONE TO THE OTHER SIDE
WITH MY ENCYCLOPEDIA
THEY MUSTA PAID HER A NICE PRICE

SHE'S PUTTING ON HER STRING BEAN LOVE
THIS IS NOT REALLY HAPPENING
YOU BET YOUR LIFE IT IS

PEAL OUR THE WATCHWORD
JUST PEEL OUT THE WATCHWORD

NEVER WAS A CORNFLAKE GIRL
THOUGHT THAT WAS A GOOD SOLUTION

ACT II, SCENE I.

GADSHILL What, ho! chamberlain!

CHAMBERLAIN [*Within*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

GADSHILL That's even as fair as--at hand, quoth the
 chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking
 of purses than giving direction doth from laboring;
 thou layest the plot how.

Enter CHAMBERLAIN

CHAMBERLAIN Good morrow, Mistress Gadshill. It holds current
 that I told you yesternight: there's a farmer in the
 wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with
 her in gold: I heard her tell it to one of her company
 last night at supper. They are up already, and call for
 eggs and butter; they will away presently.

GADSHILL Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks,
 I'll give thee this neck.

CHAMBERLAIN No, I'll none of it: I pray thee keep that for the
 hangwoman; for I know thou worshippest Saint

Nicholas as truly as a woman of falsehood may.

GADSHILL

What talkest thou to me of the hangwoman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Lady Jill hangs with me, and thou knowest she is no starveling. I am joined with no foot-land rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true woman.

CHAMBERLAIN

Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

GADSHILL

Farewell, you muddy knave.

Exeunt

ACT II, SCENE II.

Enter HAL and POINS

POINS

Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and she frets like a gummed velvet.

HAL

Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

HAL Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost
thou keep!

FALSTAFF Where's Poins, Hal?

HAL She is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek
her.

FALSTAFF I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the
rascal hath removed my horse, and tied her I know
not where. If I travel but four foot by the square
further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt
not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape
hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn her
company hourly any time this two and twenty years,
and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If
the rascal hath not given me medicines to make me
love her, I'll be hanged. Poins! Hal! a plague upon
you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a
foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink,
to turn true woman and to leave these rogues, I am
the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth.
Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten
miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains
know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves
cannot be true one to another!

They whistle

Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse,
you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

HAL Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the
ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of
travelers.

FALSTAFF Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down?
'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot
again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What
a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

HAL Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

FALSTAFF I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse,
good queen's daughter.

HAL Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

FALSTAFF Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters!
If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads
made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of
sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and
afoot too! I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO

GADSHILL Stand.

FALSTAFF So I do, against my will.

POINS O, 'tis our setter: I know her voice. Bardolph, what news?

BARDOLPH Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there 's money of the queen's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the queen's exchequer.

FALSTAFF You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the queen's tavern.

GADSHILL There's enough to make us all.

FALSTAFF To be hanged.

HAL Girls, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

PETO How many be there of them?

GADSHILL Some eight or ten.

FALSTAFF 'Zounds, will they not rob us?

HAL What, a coward, Lady Jill Paunch?

FALSTAFF Indeed, I am not Jill of Gaunt, your grandmother; but yet no coward, Hal.

HAL Well, we leave that to the proof.

POINS Sirrah Jill, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when

thou needest him, there thou shalt find him.

Farewell, and stand fast.

FALSTAFF

Now cannot I strike her, if I should be hanged.

HAL

Poins, where are our disguises?

POINS

Here, hard by: stand close.

Exeunt HAL and POINS

FALSTAFF

Now, my mistresses, happy woman be her dole, say

I: every woman to his business.

Enter the Travelers

FIRST TRAVELER

Come, neighbor: the boy shall lead our horses down
the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

THEIVES

Stand!

TRAVELERS

Mary bless us!

FALSTAFF

Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah!
whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate
us youth: down with them: fleece them.

TRAVELERS

O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

FALSTAFF

Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye
fat chuffs: I would your store were here! On,
bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young women must
live.

Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt

Re-enter HAL and POINS. Opposite, enter HENRI, who begins to sing CATS IN THE CRADLE under the following

MY CHILD ARRIVED JUST THE OTHER DAY
SHE CAME TO THE WORLD IN THE USUAL WAY
BUT THERE WERE PLANES TO CATCH AND BILLS TO PAY
SHE LEARNED TO WALK WHILE I WAS AWAY
AND SHE WAS TALKIN' 'FORE I KNEW IT, AND AS SHE GREW
SHE'D SAY "I'M GONNA BE LIKE YOU, MOM
YOU KNOW I'M GONNA BE LIKE YOU"
AND THE CAT'S IN THE CRADLE AND THE SILVER SPOON
LITTLE BOY BLUE AND THE MAN ON THE MOON
WHEN YOU COMIN' HOME, MOM
I DON'T KNOW WHEN, BUT WE'LL GET TOGETHER THEN
YOU KNOW WE'LL HAVE A GOOD TIME THEN
MY CHILD TURNED TEN JUST THE OTHER DAY
SHE SAID, "THANKS FOR THE SWORD, MOM, COME ON LET'S PLAY
CAN YOU TEACH ME TO DUEL", I SAID "NOT TODAY
I GOT A LOT TO DO", SHE SAID, "THAT'S OK
AND SHE WALKED AWAY BUT HER SMILE NEVER DIMMED
AND SAID, "I'M GONNA BE LIKE HER, YEAH
YOU KNOW I'M GONNA BE LIKE HER"

HAL The thieves have bound the true women. Now could
thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to
London, it would be argument for a week, laughter
for a month and a good jest for ever.

POINS Stand close; I hear them coming.

Enter the Thieves again

FALSTAFF Come, my mistresses, let us share, and then to horse
before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two
arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no
more valor in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

HAL Your money!

POINS

Villains!

As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them; they all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them

HAL

Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are all scatter'd and possess'd with fear

So strongly that they dare not meet each other;

Each takes her other for an officer.

Away, good Poins. Falstaff sweats to death,

And lards the lean earth as she walks along:

Were 't not for laughing, I should pity her.

POINS

How the rogue roar'd!

Exeunt all but HENRI, who continues singing as the stage is set for Warkworth, which includes a smaller throne and two benches, as well as Percy's banner.

AND THE CAT'S IN THE CRADLE AND THE SILVER SPOON
LITTLE BOY BLUE AND THE MAN ON THE MOON
WHEN YOU COMIN' HOME CHILD
I DON'T KNOW WHEN, BUT WE'LL GET TOGETHER THEN, MOM
YOU KNOW WE'LL HAVE A GOOD TIME THEN
I'VE LONG SINCE RETIRED, MY GIRL'S MOVED AWAY
I CALLED HER UP JUST THE OTHER DAY
I SAID, "I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU IF YOU DON'T MIND"
SHE SAID, "I'D LOVE TO, MOM, IF I CAN FIND THE TIME
YOU SEE MY NEW JOB'S A HASSLE AND KIDS HAVE THE FLU
BUT IT'S SURE NICE TALKING TO YOU, MOM
IT'S BEEN SURE NICE TALKING TO YOU"
AND AS I HUNG UP THE PHONE IT OCCURRED TO ME
SHE'D GROWN UP JUST LIKE ME
MY GIRL WAS JUST LIKE ME
AND THE CAT'S IN THE CRADLE AND THE SILVER SPOON
LITTLE BOY BLUE AND THE MAN IN THE MOON
WHEN YOU COMIN' HOME CHILD
I DON'T KNOW WHEN, BUT WE'LL GET TOGETHER THEN, MOM
WE'RE GONNA HAVE A GOOD TIME THEN

ACT II, SCENE III.

Enter HOTSPUR, solus, reading a letter

HOTSPUR ‘But for mine own part, my lady, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.’ She could be contented: why is she not, then? In respect of the love she bears our house: she shows in this, she loves her own barn better than she loves our house. Let me see some more. ‘The purpose you undertake is dangerous;’--why, that’s certain: ’tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lady fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. ‘The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.’ By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. ’Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain her with her lady’s fan. Is there not my mother, my aunt and myself? Lady Esme Mortimer, My Lord of York and Olwen Glendower? is there not besides the Douglas? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will she

to the queen and lay open all our proceedings. Hang her! let her tell the queen: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

LADY PERCY

O, my good wife, why are you thus alone?
For what offense have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Hallie's bed?
Tell me, sweet wife, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure and thy golden sleep?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
Some heavy business hath my wife in hand,
And I must know it, else she loves me not.

HOTSPUR What, ho!

Enter SERVANT

Is Gillian with the packet gone?

SERVANT She is, my lord, an hour ago.

HOTSPUR Hath Bella brought those horses from the sheriff?

SERVANT One horse, my lord, she brought even now.

HOTSPUR That roan shall be my throne.
Bid Bella lead her forth into the park.

Exit SERVANT

LADY PERCY But hear you, my lady.

HOTSPUR What say'st thou, my lady?

LADY PERCY What is it carries you away?

HOTSPUR Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

LADY PERCY Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Hallie, that I will.
I fear my sister Mortimer doth stir
About her title, and hath sent for you
To line her enterprise: but if you go,--

HOTSPUR

So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

LADY PERCY

Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask:
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Hallie,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

HOTSPUR

Away, away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have with me?

LADY PERCY

Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

HOTSPUR

Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am on horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

LADY PERCY

It must of force.

Exeunt

HAL and POINS sing Girls Just Wanna Have Fun as we transition back to the Tavern. Percy's standard is struck. Asleep in a corner is a MUSICIAN, who remains this way for the whole scene. Once the scene is set:

(H) I COME HOME IN THE MORNING LIGHT
MY MOTHER SAYS WHEN YOU GONNA LIVE YOUR LIFE RIGHT
OH MOTHER DEAR WE'RE NOT THE FORTUNATE ONES
AND GIRLS THEY WANT TO HAVE FUN
OH GIRLS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUN

(P) THAT'S ALL THEY REALLY WANT
SOME FUN
WHEN THE WORKING DAY IS DONE
GIRLS - THEY WANT TO HAVE FUN
OH GIRLS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUN

(B) SOME BOYS TAKE A BEAUTIFUL GIRL
AND HIDE HER AWAY FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD
I WANT TO BE THE ONE TO WALK IN THE SUN
OH GIRLS THEY WANT TO HAVE FUN
OH GIRLS JUST WANT TO HAVE

ACT II, SCENE IV.

Enter HAL and POINS

HAL Poins, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I
prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I
question my puny drawer to what end she gave me
the sugar; and do thou never leave calling 'Frances,'
that her tale to me may be nothing but 'Anon.' Step
aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

POINS Frances!

HAL Thou art perfect.

POINS Frances!

Exit POINS, Enter FRANCES

FRANCES Anon, anon, ma'am.

HAL Come hither, Frances.

FRANCES My lady?

HAL How long hast thou to serve, Frances?

FRANCES Forsooth, five years, and as much as to--

POINS [*Within*] Frances!

FRANCES Anon, anon, ma'am.

HAL Five year! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of
pewter. But, Frances, darest thou be so valiant as to
play the coward with thy indenture and show it a
fair pair of heels and run from it?

FRANCES O Lord, ma'am, I'll be sworn upon all the books in
England, I could find in my heart--

POINS [*Within*] Frances!

FRANCES Anon, ma'am.

HAL How old art thou, Frances?

FRANCES Let me see--about Michaelmas next I shall be--

POINS [*Within*] Frances!

FRANCES Anon, ma'am. Pray stay a little, my lady.

HAL Nay, but hark you, Frances: for the sugar thou gavest
me,'twas a pennyworth, wast't not?

FRANCES O Lord, I would it had been two!

HAL I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me
when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

POINS [*Within*] Frances!

FRANCES Anon, anon.

HAL Anon, Frances? No, Frances; but to-morrow,
Frances; or, Frances, o' Thursday; or indeed, Frances,
when thou wilt. But, Frances!

FRANCES My lady?

POINS [*Within*] Frances!

HAL Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go

Enter QUICKLY

QUICKLY What, standest thou still, and hearest such acalling?
Look to the guests within.

Exit Frances

My lady, old Lady Jill, with half-a-dozen more, are at
the door: shall I let them in?

HAL Let them alone awhile, and then open the door.

Exit QUICKLY

Poins!

Re-enter POINS

POINS Anon, anon, ma'am.

HAL Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

POINS As merry as crickets, my lass.

Re-enter FRANCES

HAL What's o'clock, Frances?

FRANCES Anon, anon, ma'am. *Exit*

HAL That ever this girl should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the daughter of a man! Her industry is upstairs and downstairs; her eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; she that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes her hands, and says to her wife 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Hallie,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says she; and answers 'Some fourteen,' an

hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.' I prithee, call in Falstaff.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO; FRANCES following with wine

POINS Welcome, Jill: where hast thou been?

FALSTAFF A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too!
marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, girl. Is
there no virtue extant?

She drinks

You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is
nothing but roguery to be found in villainous
woman: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack
with lime in it. A villainous coward! Go thy ways,
old Jill; die when thou wilt, if womanhood, good
womanhood, be not forgot upon the face of the
earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not
three good women unchanged in England; and one
of them is fat and grows old: God help the while! a
bad world, I say.

HAL How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

FALSTAFF A queen's daughter! If I do not beat thee out of thy
kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy
subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll
never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of
Wales!

HAL Why, you whoreson round woman, what's the matter?

FALSTAFF Are not you a coward? answer me to that: and Poins there?

POINS 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

FALSTAFF I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

HAL O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkenest last.

FALSTAFF All's one for that.

She drinks

 A plague of all cowards, still say I.

HAL What's the matter?

FALSTAFF What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

HAL Where is it, Jill? where is it?

FALSTAFF Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

HAL What, a hundred, girl?

FALSTAFF I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw! A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the daughters of darkness.

HAL Speak, sirs; how was it?

GADSHILL We four set upon some dozen--

FALSTAFF Sixteen at least, my lady.

GADSHILL And bound them.

PETO No, no, they were not bound.

FALSTAFF You rogue, they were bound, every one of them.

GADSHILL As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh women set upon us--

FALSTAFF And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

HAL What, fought you with them all?

FALSTAFF All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jill, then am I no two-legged creature.

HAL Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

FALSTAFF Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me--

HAL What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

FALSTAFF Four, Hal; I told thee four.

POINS Ay, ay, she said four.

FALSTAFF These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

HAL Seven? why, there were but four even now.

FALSTAFF In buckram?

POINS Ay, four, in buckram suits.

FALSTAFF Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

HAL Prithee, let her alone; we shall have more anon.

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear me, Hal?

HAL Ay, and mark thee too, Jill.

FALSTAFF Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in
 buckram that I told thee of--

HAL So, two more already.

FALSTAFF Their points being broken,--

POINS Down fell their hose.

FALSTAFF Began to give me ground: but I followed me close,
 came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of
 the eleven I paid.

HAL O monstrous! eleven buckram women grown out of
 two!

FALSTAFF But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten
 knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let
 drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst
 not see thy hand.

HAL These lies are like their mother that begets them;
 gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-
 brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou

whoreson, obscene, grease tallow-catch,--

FALSTAFF

What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth
the truth?

HAL

Why, how couldst thou know these women in
Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not
see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest
thou to this?

POINS

Come, your reason, Jill, your reason.

FALSTAFF

What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an I were at all
the racks in the world, I would not tell you on
compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If
reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would
give no woman a reason upon compulsion, I.

HAL

I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine
coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker,
this huge hill of flesh,--

FALSTAFF

'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's
tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O for breath
to utter what is like thee! you tailor's-yard, you
sheath, you bowcase; you vile standing-tuck,--

HAL (*simultaneously*)

Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when
thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me
speak but this.

POINS

Mark, Jill.

HAL

We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were mistresses of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

POINS

Come, let's hear, Jill; what trick hast thou now?

FALSTAFF

By the Lord, I knew ye as well as she that made ye. Why, hear you, my mistresses: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, friends,

I am glad you have the money. Host, clap to the doors: watch tonight, pray tomorrow. Gallants, children, hearts of gold, all the titles of good sisterhood come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

HAL Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

FALSTAFF Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter QUICKLY

QUICKLY O Jesu, my lady the prince!

HAL How now, my lord the host! what sayest thou to me?

QUICKLY Marry, my lady, there is a noblewoman of the court at door would speak with you: she says she comes from your mother.

HAL Give her as much as will make her a royal woman, and send her back again to my father.

FALSTAFF What manner of woman is she?

QUICKLY An old woman.

FALSTAFF What doth gravity out of her bed at midnight? Shall I give her her answer?

HAL Prithee, do, Jill.

FALSTAFF 'Faith, and I'll send her packing.

Exit FALSTAFF

HAL Now, sirs: by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

BARDOLPH 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

HAL 'Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

PETO Why, she hacked it with her dagger, and said she would swear truth out of England but she would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

BARDOLPH Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true women. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear her monstrous devices.

HAL O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Re-enter FALSTAFF

Here comes lean Jill, here comes bare-bone.

How now, my sweet creature of bombast!

FALSTAFF

There's villainous news abroad: here was Lady Jane Bracy from your mother; you must to the court in the morning. That same madwoman of the north, Percy, and she of Wales...

POINS

O, Glendower.

FALSTAFF

Olwen, Olwen, the same; and her daughter-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—Well, she is there too and a thousand blue-caps more. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

HAL

Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

FALSTAFF

Well, thou wert be horribly chid tomorrow when thou comest to thy mother: if thou love me, practice an answer.

HAL

Do thou stand for my mother, and examine me

upon the particulars of my life.

FALSTAFF

Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

HAL

Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

FALSTAFF

Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept.

HAL

Well, here is my leg.

FALSTAFF

And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

QUICKLY

O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

FALSTAFF

Weep not, sweet king; for trickling tears are vain.

QUICKLY

O the Father, how she holds her countenance!

FALSTAFF

For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful king;
For tears do stop the flood-gates of his eyes.

QUICKLY

O Jesu, she doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

FALSTAFF

Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.
Hallie, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy

time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. If then thou be daughter to me, here lies the point; why, being daughter to me, art thou so pointed at? There is a thing, Hallie, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Hallie, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous woman whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not her name.

HAL

What manner of woman, an it like your majesty?

FALSTAFF

A goodly portly woman, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, her age some fifty, or inclining to three score; and now I remember me, her name is Falstaff: if that woman should be lewdly given, she deceiveth me; for, Hallie, I see virtue in her looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: her keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty

varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

HAL
Dost thou speak like a queen? Do thou stand for me,
and I'll play my mother.

FALSTAFF
Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so
majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up
by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

HAL
Well, here I am set.

FALSTAFF
And here I stand: judge, my masters.

HAL
Now, Hallie, whence come you?

FALSTAFF
My noble lady, from Eastcheap.

HAL
The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FALSTAFF
'Sblood, my lady, they are false: nay, I'll tickle ye for
a young prince, i' faith.

HAL
Swearest thou, ungracious girl? henceforth ne'er look
on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace:
there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old
fat woman; a ton of woman is thy companion. Why
dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that
bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of
dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed
cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with
the pudding in her belly, that reverend vice, that

grey iniquity, that mother ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is she good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

FALSTAFF I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

HAL That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff.

FALSTAFF My lady, the woman I know.

HAL I know thou dost.

FALSTAFF But to say I know more harm in her than in myself, were to say more than I know. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old hostess that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean cattle are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jill Falstaff, kind Jill Falstaff, true Jill Falstaff, valiant Jill Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as she is, old Jill Falstaff, banish not her thy Hallie's company, banish not her thy Hallie's company:

banish plump Jill, and banish all the world.

HAL I do, I will.

A knocking heard

Exeunt QUICKLY, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH. Re-enter BARDOLPH, running

BARDOLPH O, my lady, my lady! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

FALSTAFF Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter QUICKLY

QUICKLY O Jesu, my lady, my lady!

HAL Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: what's the matter?

QUICKLY The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear, Hal?

HAL Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

FALSTAFF Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

HAL Call in the sheriff.

Exeunt all except PRINCE HENRY and PETO

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier

Now, mistress sheriff, what is your will with me?

SHERIFF First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain women unto this house.

HAL What women?

SHERIFF One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat woman.

CARRIER As fat as butter.

HAL The woman, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd her.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send her to answer thee, or any woman,
For any thing she shall be charged withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

SHERIFF I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

HAL It may be so: if she have robb'd these women,
She shall be answerable; and so farewell.

SHERIFF Good night, my noble lord.

HAL I think it is good morrow, is it not?

SHERIFF Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier

HAL This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call her forth.

PETO Falstaff!--Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

HAL Hark, how hard she fetches breath. Search her pockets.

She searcheth her pockets, and findeth certain papers.

What hast thou found?

PETO Nothing but papers, my lady.

HAL Let's see what they be: read them.

PETO [*Reads*] Item, A capon,. . . 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce,. . . 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, ob.

HAL O monstrous! but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep

close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let her
sleep till day. I'll to the court in the
morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place
shall be honorable. I'll procure this fat rogue a
charge of foot; and I know her death will be a march
of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again
with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning;
and so, good morrow, Peto.

Exeunt. The MUSICIAN wakes up and begins to play.

PETO Good morrow, good my lady.

PETO beings to sing One Tin Soldier

LISTEN, CHILDREN, TO A STORY
THAT WAS WRITTEN LONG AGO
ABOUT A KINGDOM ON A MOUNTAIN
AND A VALLEY FOLK DOWN BELOW

*On "Mountain," HOTSPUR appears in the vaum where his camp will be placed, WORCESTER
behind. On "Valley," HENRI does the same, with HAL behind.*

ON THE MOUNTAIN WAS A TREASURE
BURIED DEEP BENEATH A STONE
AND THE VALLEY PEOPLE SWORE
THEY'D HAVE IT FOR THEIR VERY OWN
GO AHEAD AND HATE YOUR NEIGHBOR
GO AHEAD AND CHEAT A FRIEND
DO IT IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN
YOU CAN JUSTIFY IT IN THE END
BUT THERE WON'T BE ANY TRUMPETS BLOWING
COME THE JUDGMENT DAY
ON THE BLOODY MORNING AFTER
ONE TIN SOLDIER RIDES AWAY

On "Valley," others enter behind HENRI. On "Kingdom," others enter behind HOTSPUR.

SO THE PEOPLE OF THE VALLEY
SENT A MESSAGE UP THE HILL
ASKING FOR THE BURIED TREASURE
TONS OF GOLD FOR WHICH THEY'D KILL
CAME AN ANSWER FROM THE KINGDOM
WITH OUR SISTERS, WE WILL SHARE
ALL THE RICHES OF OUR MOUNTAIN
ALL THE SECRETS BURIED THERE

All others join in to sing except HOTSPUR/WORCESTER and HENRI/HAL, who continue to stare at each other.

NOW THE VALLEY CRIED WITH ANGER
MOUNT YOUR HORSES, DRAW YOUR SWORDS
AND THEY KILLED THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE
SO THEY WON THEIR JUST REWARDS
NOW THEY STOOD BESIDE THE TREASURE
ON THE MOUNTAIN DARK AND RED
TURNED THE STONE AND LOOKED BENEATH IT
PEACE ON EARTH, WAS ALL IT SAID
GO AHEAD AND HATE YOUR NEIGHBOR
GO AHEAD AND CHEAT A FRIEND
DO IT IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN
YOU CAN JUSTIFY IT IN THE END
THERE WON'T BE ANY TRUMPETS BLOWING
COME THE JUDGMENT DAY
ON THE BLOODY MORNING AFTER
ONE TIN SOLDIER RIDES AWAY

INTERMISSION

ACT III, SCENE I.

The tavern has changed back to Hotspur's place, complete with smaller throne, map table and standard. Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER

MORTIMER These promises are fair, the parties sure,

 And our induction full of prosperous hope.

HOTSPUR Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,

 Will you sit down?

 And you Aunt Worcester: a plague upon it!

 I have forgot the map.

GLENDOWER No, here it is.
 Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
 For by that name as oft as Lancaster
 Doth speak of you, her cheek looks pale and with
 A rising sigh she wisheth you in heaven.

HOTSPUR And you in hell
 As oft as she hears Olwen Glendower spoke of.

GLENDOWER I cannot blame her: at my nativity
 The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
 Of burning cressets; and at my birth
 The frame and huge foundation of the earth
 Shaked like a coward.

HOTSPUR Why, so it would have done at the same season, if
 your father's cat had but kittened, though yourself
 had never been born.

GLENDOWER I say the earth did shake when I was born.

HOTSPUR And I say the earth was not of my mind,
 If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

GLENDOWER The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

HOTSPUR O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
 And not in fear of your nativity.

GLENDOWER Cousin, of many women

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common women.

HOTSPUR

I think there's no woman speaks better Welsh.
I'll to dinner.

MORTIMER

Peace, cousin Percy; you will make her mad.

GLENDOWER

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

HOTSPUR

Why, so can I, or so can any woman;
But will they come when you do call for them?

GLENDOWER

Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

HOTSPUR

And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth: tell truth and shame the devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!

MORTIMER

Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

GLENDOWER Three times hath Henri Bolingbroke made head
 Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
 And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent her
 Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

HOTSPUR Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
 How 'scapes she agues, in the devil's name?

GLENDOWER Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right
 According to our threefold order taen?

MORTIMER The archdeacon hath divided it
 Into three limits very equally:
 England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
 By south and east is to my part assign'd:
 All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
 And all the fertile land within that bound,
 To Olwen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you
 The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
 Tomorrow, cousin Percy, you and I
 And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
 To meet your mother and the Scottish power,
 As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
 My mother Glendower is not ready yet,
 Not shall we need her help these fourteen days.
 Within that space you may have drawn together
 Your tenants, friends and neighboring gentlemen.

GLENDOWER A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:
And in my conduct shall your partners come;
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your loves and you.

HOTSPUR Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

GLENDOWER Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.

MORTIMER Yea, but mark how she bears her course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.

WORCESTER Yea, but a little charge will trench her here
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then she runs straight and even.

HOTSPUR I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

GLENDOWER I'll not have it alter'd.

HOTSPUR Will not you?

GLENDOWER No, nor you shall not.

HOTSPUR Who shall say me nay?

GLENDOWER Why, that will I.

HOTSPUR Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.

GLENDOWER I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

HOTSPUR Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

GLENDOWER Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

HOTSPUR I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

GLENDOWER

The moon shines fair; you may away by night:
I'll haste the writer and withal
Break with your loves of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much he doteth on his Mortimer.

Exit GLENDOWER

MORTIMER

Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my mother!

HOTSPUR

I cannot choose: sometime she angers me.
She held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were her lackeys: I cried 'hum,' and 'well, go to,'
But mark'd her not a word. O, she is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have her talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

MORTIMER

In faith, she is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion.
She holds your temper in a high respect
And curbs herself even of her natural scope
When you come 'cross her humor; faith, she does:
I warrant you, that woman is not alive

Might so have tempted her as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

WORCESTER

In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put her quite beside her patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,--
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,--
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain:
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth women's hearts and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

HOTSPUR

Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!
Here come our loves, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER with LORD MORTIMER and LADY KATE

MORTIMER

This is the deadly spite that angers me;
My spouse can speak no English, I no Welsh.

GLENDOWER

My dear son weeps: he will not part with you;
He'll be a soldier too, he'll to the wars.

MORTIMER Good mother, tell him that he and my aunt Percy
 Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

Glendower speaks to him in Welsh, and he answers him in the same

GLENDOWER He is desperate here; a peevish self-wind harlotry,
 One that no persuasion can do good upon.

LORD MORTIMER speaks in Welsh

MORTIMER I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
 Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens
 I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
 In such a parley should I answer thee.

LORD MORTIMER speaks again in Welsh

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learned thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair king in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to his lute.

GLENDOWER Nay, if you melt, then will he run mad.

LORD MORTIMER speaks again in Welsh

MORTIMER O, I am ignorance itself in this!

GLENDOWER He bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down
 And rest your gentle head upon his lap,
 And he will sing the song that pleaseth you
 And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep.

MORTIMER With all my heart I'll sit and hear him sing:
 By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

GLENDOWER Do so.

HOTSPUR Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down.
 Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

LADY PERCY Go, ye giddy goose.

The music plays. It is a very slow, soft and tender version of Metallica's Enter Sandman.

HOTSPUR Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
 And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.
 By'r lady, he is a good musician.

LADY PERCY Then should you be nothing but musical for you are
 altogether governed by humors. Lie still, ye thief,
 and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

HOTSPUR I had rather hear Lady, my hound, howl in Irish.

LADY PERCY Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

HOTSPUR No.

LADY PERCY Then be still.

HOTSPUR Peace! he sings.

Here LORD MORTIMER sings a Welsh song

SAY YOUR PRAYERS, LITTLE ONE
DON'T FORGET, MY LOVE
TO INCLUDE EVERYONE
I TUCK YOU IN, WARM WITHIN
FREE FROM SIN
TIL THE SANDMAN HE COMES
SLEEP WITH ONE EYE OPEN
GRIPING YOUR PILLOW TIGHT
EXIT LIGHT
ENTER NIGHT
TAKE MY HAND
WE'RE OFF TO NEVER NEVER LAND

HOTSPUR Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

LADY PERCY Not mine, in good sooth.

HOTSPUR Not yours, in good sooth! Heart! you swear like a
comfit-maker's husband.

LADY PERCY I will not sing.

HOTSPUR 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast
teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away
within these two hours; and so, come in when ye
will.

Exit

GLENDOWER Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn; we'll but seal,

And then to horse immediately.

MORTIMER With all my heart.

GLENDOWER and MORTIMER Exeunt. LADY KATE remains. LORD MORTIMER returns with a guitar. LORD MORTIMER says something in Welsh, but KATE indicates she can't understand. LORD MORTIMER offers KATE the guitar, but KATE just shakes her head no. LORD MORTIMER considers, then begins to play Susan Tedeschi's It Hurt So Bad. LADY KATE begins to sing, first to herself, then out.

I MISS THE ARMS THAT USED TO HOLD ME
THE TENDER WAY WE USED TO KISS
I MISS THE WAY THAT YOU TOUCH ME
I MISS THE SWEET TASTE OF YOUR LIPS
I WAS A FOOL TO EVER LEAVE YOU
YOU WERE A FOOL TO LET ME GO

OH IT'S SO LONESOME LONESOME HERE WITHOUT YOU
OH HOW I MISS YOU SO
IT HURTS... IT HURTS... IT HURTS SO BAD
CAUSE OOH YOU ARE THE BEST WOMAN I EVER HAD
WHY WAS I SO BLIND TO SEE
AND NOW THE BIGGEST FOOL IS ME

HOTSPUR returns

I MISS THE ARMS THAT USED TO HOLD ME
THE TENDER WAY WE USED TO KISS
OOO... YES... OOO... I MISS THE WAY THAT YOU TOUCH ME
I MISS THE SWEET TASTE OF YOUR LIPS
IT HURTS IT HURTS IT HURTS SO BAD
YOU ARE THE BEST WOMAN I EVER HAD
WHY WAS I SO BLIND TO SEE
AND NOW THE BIGGEST FOOL IS ME

HOTSPUR kisses KATE passionately and the two exit as the song resolves. LORD MORTIMER continues to play as the scene is changed. When it is set, he gives a satisfied nod and walks off.

ACT III, SCENE II.

Enter QUEEN HENRI IV and HAL

QUEEN HENRI IV I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,

That, in her secret doom, out of my blood
She'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level with thy royal heart?

HAL

So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offenses with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

QUEEN HENRI IV

God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Hallie,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost.

Which by thy younger sister is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every woman
Prophetically doth forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A female of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from women's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned queen.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new.
The skipping queen, she ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded her state,
Mingled her royalty with capering fools,
Had her great name profaned with their scorns;

Grew a companion to the common streets,
That, being daily swallow'd by women's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
And in that very line, Hallie, standest thou;
For thou has lost thy royal privilege
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

HAL

I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lady,
Be more myself.

QUEEN HENRI IV

For all the world
As thou art to this hour was Rachel then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
She hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession;
For of no right, nor color like to right,
She doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on

To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Hallie, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination and the start of spleen
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog her heels and curtsy at her frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

HAL

Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your child;
When I will wear a garment all of blood
And stain my favors in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honor and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Hallie chance to meet.

For every honor sitting on her helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled; for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
Her glorious deeds for my indignities.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if She be pleased I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

QUEEN HENRI IV

A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Enter BLUNT

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

BLUNT

So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury
A mighty and a fearful head they are
As ever offer'd foul play in the state.

QUEEN HENRI IV

The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;

With her my daughter, Lord Joan of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:
On Wednesday next, Hallie, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds her fat, while women delay.

Exeunt

As the stage is reset for the Tavern, an instrumental version of Dylan's Masters of War plays. The MUSICIAN is back, asleep.

Act III, Scene III.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH. Enter QUICKLY

FALSTAFF How now! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

QUICKLY Why, Lady Jill, what do you think, Lady Jill? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my wife, woman by woman, girl by girl, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

FALSTAFF Ye lie, host: Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a man, go.

QUICKLY Who, I? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

FALSTAFF

Go to, I know you well enough.

QUICKLY

No, Lady Jill; You do not know me, Lady Jill. I know you, Lady Jill: you owe me money, Lady Jill; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. You owe money here, Lady Jill, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

FALSTAFF

(to BARDOLPH) She had her part of it; let her pay.

QUICKLY

She? alas, she is poor; she hath nothing.

FALSTAFF

How! poor? look upon her face; what call you rich? let them coin her nose, let them coin her cheeks: I'll not pay a penny. shall I not take mine case in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandmother's worth forty mark.

QUICKLY

O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell her, I know not how oft, that ring was copper!

FALSTAFF

How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'sblood, an she were here, I would cudgel her like a dog, if she would say so.

Enter HAL and PETO, marching, and FALSTAFF meets them playing on his truncheon like a life

How now, lass! is the wind in that door, i' faith?
must we all march?

BARDOLPH Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

QUICKLY My lady, I pray you, hear me.

HAL What sayest thou, Master Quickly?

FALSTAFF Prithee, let him alone, and list to me.

HAL What sayest thou, Jill?

FALSTAFF The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras
and had my pocket picked: this house is turned
bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

HAL What didst thou lose, Jill?

FALSTAFF Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of
forty pound apiece, and a seal-ring of my
grandmother's.

HAL A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

QUICKLY So I told her, my lady; and I said I heard your grace
say so: and, my lady, she speaks most vilely
of you, like a foul-mouthed woman as she is; and
said she would cudgel you.

HAL What! she did not?

QUICKLY There's neither faith, truth, nor manhood in me else.

FALSTAFF There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune;
nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn

fox; and for manhood.... Go, you thing, go.

QUICKLY Say, what thing? what thing?

FALSTAFF What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

QUICKLY I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest woman's husband: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

FALSTAFF Setting thy manhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

QUICKLY Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

FALSTAFF What beast! why, an otter.

HAL An otter, Lady Jill! Why an otter?

FALSTAFF Why, he's neither fish nor flesh; a woman knows not where to have him.

QUICKLY Thou art an unjust woman in saying so: thou or any woman knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

HAL Thou sayest true, host; and she slanders thee most grossly.

QUICKLY So she doth you, my lady; and said this other day you owed her a thousand pound.

HAL Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

FALSTAFF A thousand pound, Ha! a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love.

QUICKLY Nay, my lady, she called you Jack, and said she would cudgel you.

FALSTAFF Did I, Bardolph?

BARDOLPH Indeed, Lady Jill, you said so.

FALSTAFF Yea, if she said my ring was copper.

HAL I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

FALSTAFF Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but woman, I dare: but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of a lion's whelp.

HAL And why not as the lion?

FALSTAFF The queen is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy mother? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

HAL O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest man with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything

in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

FALSTAFF

Dost thou hear, Hal? Thou seest I have more flesh than another woman, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket?

HAL

It appears so by the story.

FALSTAFF

Host, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy wife, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone.

Exit QUICKLY

Now Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lass, how is that answered?

HAL

O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

FALSTAFF

O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

HAL I am good friends with my mother and may do any thing.

FALSTAFF Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

BARDOLPH Do, my lady.

HAL I have procured thee, Jill, a charge of foot.

FALSTAFF I would it had been of horse.

HAL Bardolph!

BARDOLPH My lady?

HAL Go bear this letter to Lord Joan of Lancaster, to my sister Joan; this to my Lord of Westmoreland.

Exit Bardolph

Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.

Exit Peto

Jill, meet me tomorrow in the temple hall

At two o'clock in the afternoon.

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either we or they must lower lie.

Exit FALSTAFF, nudging the MUSICIAN, who sits up and begins to play Green Day's Good Riddance (Time Of Your Life) . HAL, watching FALSTAFF leave, begins to sing as the stage is reset for the Rebel camp, including HOTSPUR'S standard. The camp should be contained to one vaum, the same HOTSPUR appeared in before intermission.

ANOTHER TURNING POINT A FORK STUCK IN THE ROAD
TIME GRASS YOU BY THE WORST DIRECTS YOU WHERE TO GO
SO MAKE THE BEST OF THIS TEST AND DON'T ASK WHY
ITS NOT A QUESTION BUT A LESSON LEARNED IN TIME
ITS SOMETHING UNPREDICTABLE BUT IN THE END IS RIGHT
I HOPE YOU HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE

SO TAKE THE PHOTOGRAPHS AND STILL FRAMES IN YOUR MIND
HANG IT ON A SHELF IN GOOD HEART AND GOOD TIME
TATTOOS OF MEMORY AND DEAD SKIN ON TRIAL
FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, IT WAS WORTH ALL THE WHILE
IT'S SOMETHING UNPREDICTABLE BUT IN THE END IS RIGHT
I HOPE YOU HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE

Exit

ACT IV, SCENE I.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS

HOTSPUR Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter; I do defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no woman than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lady.

DOUGLAS Thou art the queen of honor:

No woman so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard her.

HOTSPUR Do so, and 'tis well.

Enter a Messenger with letters

What letters hast thou there?--I can but thank you.

MESSENGER These letters come from your mother.

HOTSPUR Letters from her! why comes she not herself?

MESSENGER She cannot come, my lord; she is grievous sick.

HOTSPUR 'Zounds! how has she the leisure to be sick
In such a rustling time? Who leads her power?
Under whose government come they along?

MESSENGER Her letters bear her mind, not I, my lord.

WORCESTER I prithee, tell me, doth she keep her bed?

MESSENGER She did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
She was much fear'd by her physicians.

HOTSPUR Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
She writes me here, that inward sickness stays her,
And that her friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn, nor did she think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed but on her own.
Yet doth she give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us;
For, as she writes, there is no quailing now.
Because the queen is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

WORCESTER

Your mother's sickness is a maim to us.

HOTSPUR

A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:
And yet, in faith, it is not; her present want
Seems more than we shall find it: were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

WORCESTER

But yet I would your mother had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why she is away,

That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence.
This absence of your mother's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

HOTSPUR

You strain too far.
I rather of her absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for women must think,
If we without her help can make a head
To push against a kingdom, with her help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

DOUGLAS

As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter LADY RACHEL VERNON

HOTSPUR

My cousin Vernon, welcome, by my soul.

VERNON

Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lady.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with her Prince Joan.

HOTSPUR

No harm: what more?

VERNON

And further, I have learn'd,

The queen herself in person is set forth,
With strong and mighty preparation.

HOTSPUR

She shall be welcome too. Where is her daughter,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And her comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

VERNON

All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plumed like estridges that with the wind
Baited like eagles having lately bathed;
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.

HOTSPUR

No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come:
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
Bellona mailed shall on her altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Hallie to Hallie shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corpse.
O that Glendower were come!

VERNON

There is more news:

FALSTAFF Lay out, lay out.

BARDOLPH This bottle makes an angel.

FALSTAFF An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

BARDOLPH I will, captain: farewell.

Exit

FALSTAFF If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the queen's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good house-holders; inquire me out contracted spinsters; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlewomen of companies, and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-women, younger daughters to younger sisters: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and

husks. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter the PRINCE and WESTMORELAND

HAL How now, blown Jill!

FALSTAFF What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lady Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honor had already been at Shrewsbury.

WESTMORELAND Faith, Lady Jill, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The queen, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

FALSTAFF Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

HAL I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jill, whose fellows are these that come after?

FALSTAFF Mine, Hal, mine.

HAL I did never see such pitiful rascals.

FALSTAFF Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, woman, mortal women, mortal women.

WESTMORELAND Ay, but, Lady Jill, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

FALSTAFF 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

HAL No I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

FALSTAFF What, is the queen encamped?

WESTMORELAND She is, Lady Jill: I fear we shall stay too long.

FALSTAFF Well, to the latter end of a fray
And the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest.

Exeunt

Lights down on street and up on HOTSPUR'S camp.

ACT IV, SCENE III.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON

HOTSPUR We'll fight with her tonight.

WORCESTER It may not be.

DOUGLAS You give her then the advantage.

VERNON Not a whit.

HOTSPUR Why say you so? looks she not for supply?

VERNON So do we.

HOTSPUR Hers is certain, ours is doubtful.

WORCESTER Good cousin, be advised; stir not tonight.

VERNON Do not, my lady.

DOUGLAS You do not counsel well:
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

VERNON Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.

DOUGLAS Yea, or tonight.

VERNON Content.

HOTSPUR Tonight, say I.

VERNON Come, come it nay not be. I wonder much,
Being women of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
And your aunt Worcester's horse came but today;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of herself.

HOTSPUR So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.

WORCESTER The number of the queen exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

The trumpet sounds a parley

Enter BLUNT and a soldier bearing HENRI'S standard from the opposite vaum.

BLUNT I come with gracious offers from the queen,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

HOTSPUR Welcome, Sir Winnie Blunt; and would to God

You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

BLUNT

And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty.
But to my charge. The queen hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching her duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the queen
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which she confesseth to be manifold,
She bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.

HOTSPUR

The queen is kind; and well we know the queen
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My mother and my uncle and myself
Did give her that same royalty she wears;
And when she was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,

A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My mother gave her welcome to the shore;
And when she heard her swear and vow to God
She came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue her livery and beg her peace,
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,
My mother, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore her assistance and perform'd it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to her,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
She presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than her vow
Made to my mother, while her blood was poor,
And now, forsooth, takes on her to reform,
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over her country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did she win
The hearts of all that she did angle for.

BLUNT

Tut, I came not to hear this.

HOTSPUR

Then to the point.

In short time after, she deposed the queen;

Soon after that, deprived her of her life;

To make that worse, suffer'd her cousin Mortimer,

Who is, if every owner were well placed,

Indeed her queen, to be hostaged in Wales,
Disgraced me in my happy victories,
Rated mine uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my mother from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withal to pry
Into her title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

BLUNT

Shall I return this answer to the queen?

HOTSPUR

Not so, Sir Winnie: we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the queen; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my aunt
Bring her our purposes: and so farewell.

BLUNT

I would you would accept of grace and love.

HOTSPUR

And may be so we shall.

BLUNT

Pray God you do.

BLUNT retreats to the opposite vaum with the standard. Lights down, but during game the next scene HENRY'S camp will populate. The effect is camps on opposite sides of the space. The following takes place center stage.

ACT IV, SCENE IV.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK and LADY MICHELLE

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Hie, good Sir Michelle; bear this sealed brief
With winged haste to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do to import, you would make
haste.

LADY MICHELLE My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Like enough you do.
Tomorrow, good Sir Michelle, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand women
Must bide the touch; for, ma'am, at Shrewsbury,
The queen with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Hallie: and, I fear, Sir Michelle,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
And what with Olwen Glendower's absence thence,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the queen.

LADY MICHELLE Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK No, Mortimer is not there.

LADY MICHELLE But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Hallie Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head

Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK And so there is: but yet the queen hath drawn
The special head of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord Joan of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt;
And many more corrivals and dear women
Of estimation and command in arms.

LADY MICHELLE Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michelle, speed:
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the queen
Dismiss her power, she means to visit us,
For she hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against her:
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michelle.

Exeunt. Lights up on HENRY'S camp. HENRY enters: the rest are there already.

ACT V, SCENE I.

Enter QUEEN HENRI, HAL, LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, BLUNT, and FALSTAFF

QUEEN HENRI IV How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At her distemperature.

HAL The southern wind

Doth play the trumpet to her purposes,
And by her hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

QUEEN HENRI IV

Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

The trumpet sounds

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This curlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light?

WORCESTER

Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

QUEEN HENRI IV

You have not sought it! how comes it, then?

FALSTAFF

Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

HAL

Peace, chewet, peace!

WORCESTER

It pleased your majesty to turn your looks
Of favor from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lady,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Rachel's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand.
It was myself, my sister and her daughter,
That brought you home and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, ruler of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
You took occasion to be quickly wood
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
Out of sight and raise this present head;
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,

And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

QUEEN HENRI IV

These things indeed you have articulate,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine color that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents;
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colors to impaint her cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

HAL

In both your armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your niece,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henri Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off her head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear she doth account me too;
Yet this before my mother's majesty--
I am content that she shall take the odds

Of her great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with her in a single fight.

QUEEN HENRI IV

And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both she and they and you, every woman
Shall be my friend again and I'll be hers:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What she will do: but if she will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON

HAL

It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

QUEEN HENRI IV

Hence, therefore, every leader to her charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

Exeunt all but HAL and FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

HAL Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

FALSTAFF I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.

HAL Why, thou owest God a death.

Exit HAL

FALSTAFF 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay her before her day. What need I be so forward with her that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honor set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honor? a word. What is in that word honor? what is that honor? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? she that died o' Wednesday. Doth she feel it? no. Doth she hear it? no. 'Tis insensible, then. Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism.

Exit. Lights switch to HOTSPUR'S camp.

ACT V, SCENE II.

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON

WORCESTER O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Rachel,
The liberal and kind offer of the queen.

VERNON 'Twere best she did.

WORCESTER Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The queen should keep her word in loving us;
She will suspect us still and find a time
To punish this offense in other faults.
My niece's trespass may be well forgot;
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
All her offenses live upon my head
And on her mother's; we did train her on,
And, her corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Henri know,
In any case, the offer of the queen.

VERNON Deliver what you will; I'll say 'tis so.

Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS

HOTSPUR My uncle is return'd:
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.
Uncle, what news?

WORCESTER The queen will bid you battle presently.

DOUGLAS Defy her by the Lord of Westmoreland.

HOTSPUR Lord Douglas, go you and tell her so.

DOUGLAS Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

Exit

WORCESTER There is no seeming mercy in the queen.

HOTSPUR Did you beg any? God forbid!

WORCESTER I told her gently of our grievances,
Of her oath-breaking; which she mended thus,
By now forswearing that she is forsworn:
She calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter the DOUGLAS

DOUGLAS Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in Queen Henri's teeth,
Which cannot choose but bring her quickly on.

WORCESTER The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the queen,
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

HOTSPUR

O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no woman might draw short breath today
But I and Hallie Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd her tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

VERNON

No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a sister should a sister dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
She gave you all the duties of a woman;
Trimm'd up your praises with a royal tongue,
Making you ever better than her praise
By still dispraising praise valued with you;
If she outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in her wantonness.

HOTSPUR

Cousin, I think thou art enamored
On her follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.
But be she as she will, yet once ere night
I will embrace her with a soldier's arm,
That she shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm with speed: and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER My lord, here are letters for you.

HOTSPUR I cannot read them now.
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger

MESSENGER My lord, prepare; the queen comes on apace.

HOTSPUR Let each woman do her best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.

The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt

ACT V, SCENE III.

KING HENRY enters with his power. Alarum to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT

BLUNT What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honor dost thou seek
Upon my head?

DOUGLAS Know then, my name is Douglas;

HOTSPUR

Up, and away!

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

Exeunt

Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF, solus

FALSTAFF

Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft! who are you? Lady Winnie Blunt: there's honor for you! God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter HAL

HAL

What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unrevenged: I prithee,
Lend me thy sword.

FALSTAFF

O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile. I have paid Percy, I have made her sure.

HAL

She is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword.

FALSTAFF Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

HAL Give it to me: what, is it in the case?

FALSTAFF Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city.

HAL draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack

HAL What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

She throws the bottle at her. Exit

FALSTAFF Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce her. If she do come in my way, so: if she do not, if I come in hers willingly, let her make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honor as Lady Winnie hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honor comes unlooked for, and there's an end.

Exit FALSTAFF

ACT V, SCENE IV.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter HAL, LANCASTER, and WESTMORELAND

QUEEN HENRI IV I prithee, Hallie, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.
Lord Joan of Lancaster, go you with him.

LANCASTER Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

HAL I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

QUEEN HENRI IV

I will do so.

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead her to her tent.

WESTMORELAND

Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

HAL

Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:

And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,

Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,

And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

LANCASTER

We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies; for God's sake come.

Exeunt LANCASTER and WESTMORELAND

HAL

By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:

Before, I loved thee as a sister, Joan;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

QUEEN HENRI IV

I saw her hold Lord Percy at the point

With lustier maintenance than I did look for

Of such an ungrown warrior.

HAL

O, this girl

Lends mettle to us all!

Exit

Enter DOUGLAS

DOUGLAS

Another queen! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colors on them: what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a queen?

QUEEN HENRI IV

The queen herself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart
So many of her shadows thou hast met
And not the very queen. I have two girls
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.

DOUGLAS

I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a queen:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

They fight. KING HENRY being in danger, HAL enters

HAL

Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but she means to pay.

They fight: DOUGLAS flies

Cheerly, my lord how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succor sent,

And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

QUEEN HENRI IV

Stay, and breathe awhile:

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,

And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

HAL

O God! they did me too much injury

That ever said I hearken'd for your death.

If it were so, I might have let alone

The insulting hand of Douglas over you,

Which would have been as speedy in your end

As all the poisonous potions in the world

And saved the treacherous labor of your daughter.

QUEEN HENRI IV

Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.

Exit

Enter HOTSPUR

HOTSPUR

If I mistake not, thou art Hallie Monmouth.

HAL

Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

HOTSPUR

My name is Hallie Percy.

HAL

Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Hallie Percy and the Prince of Wales.

HOTSPUR

Nor shall it, Hallie; for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

HAL

I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honors on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

HOTSPUR

I can no longer brook thy vanities.

They fight

Enter FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF

Well said, Hal! to it Hal! Nay, you shall find no girl's
play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls

HOTSPUR

O, Hallie, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than sword my flesh:
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust
And food for--

Dies

HAL For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough: this earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

She spieth FALSTAFF on the ground

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jill, farewell!
I could have better spared a better woman:
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer today,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

Exit HAL

FALSTAFF

[*Rising up*] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day,
I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too
tomorrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that
hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too.
Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die is to be
a counterfeit; for she is but the counterfeit of a
woman who hath not the life of a woman: but to
counterfeit dying, when a woman thereby liveth, is
to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image
of life indeed. The better part of valor is discretion;
in the which better part I have saved my life.
'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy,
though she be dead: how, if she should counterfeit
too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid she would
prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make her
sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed her. Why may not
she rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes,
and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah,

Stabbing her

with a new wound in your thigh, come you along
with me.

Takes up HOTSPUR on his back

Re-enter HAL and LANCASTER

HAL
Come, sister Joan; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

LANCASTER
But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat woman was dead?

HAL
I did; I saw her dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou
alive?
Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

FALSTAFF
No, that's certain; I am not a double woman: but if I
be not Jill Falstaff, then am I a Jill. There is Percy:

Throwing the body down

if your mother will do me any honor, so; if not, let
her kill the next Percy herself. I look to be either earl
or duke, I can assure you.

HAL
Why, Percy I killed myself and saw thee dead.

FALSTAFF
Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to
lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and
so was she: but we rose both at an instant and fought
a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be
believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valor
bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon

my death, I gave her this wound in the thigh: if the woman were alive and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make her eat a piece of my sword.

LANCASTER This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

HAL This is the strangest fellow, sister Joan.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

A retreat is sounded

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

Exeunt HAL and LANCASTER

FALSTAFF I'll follow, as they say, for reward. She that rewards me, God reward her! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a noblewoman should do.

Exit

ACT V, SCENE V.

The trumpets sound. Enter QUEEN HENRI IV, HAL, LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, with WORCESTER and VERNON prisoners

QUEEN HENRI IV Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.

Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace,
Pardon and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?

WORCESTER

What I have done my safety urged me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

QUEEN HENRI IV

Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.

Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded

How goes the field?

HAL

The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when she saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from her,
The noble Percy slain, and all her women
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, she was so bruised
That the pursuers took her. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of her.

QUEEN HENRI IV

With all my heart.

HAL

Then, sister Joan of Lancaster, to you
This honorable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver her
Up to her pleasure, ransomless and free:

Her valor shown upon our crests today
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

LANCASTER

I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

QUEEN HENRI IV

Then this remains, that we divide our power.
You, son Joan, and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself and you, son Hallie, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose her sway,
Meeting the cheque of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

SUGGESTION FOR ENDING SONG: House Lancaster, victorious, sings Rascal Flatts: Unstoppable

SO, SO YOU MADE A LOT OF MISTAKES
WALKED DOWN THE ROAD A LITTLE SIDEWAYS
CRACKED A RIB WHEN YOU HIT THE WALL
YEAH, YOU'VE HAD A POCKET FULL OF REGRETS
PULL YOU DOWN FASTER THAN A SUNSET
HEY, IT HAPPENS TO US ALL
WHEN THE COLD HARD RAIN JUST WON'T QUIT
AND YOU CAN'T SEE YOUR WAY OUT OF IT

[CHORUS:]

YOU FIND YOUR FAITH HAS BEEN LOST AND SHAKEN
YOU TAKE BACK WHAT'S BEEN TAKEN
GET ON YOUR KNEES AND DIG DOWN DEEP

YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU THINK IS IMPOSSIBLE
KEEP ON BELIEVING, DON'T GIVE IN
IT'LL COME AND MAKE YOU WHOLE AGAIN
IT ALWAYS WILL, IT ALWAYS DOES
LOVE IS UNSTOPPABLE

LOVE, IT WEAR THE RING OF STONE
BRING YOU BACK TO BEING BORN AGAIN
OH, IT'S A HELPING HAND WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST
A LIGHTHOUSE SHINING ON THE COAST
THAT NEVER GOES DIM
WHEN YOUR HEART IS FULL OF DOUBT
AND YOU THINK THAT THERE'S NO WAY OUT

[CHORUS:]

YOU FIND YOUR FAITH HAS BEEN LOST AND SHAKEN
YOU TAKE BACK WHAT'S BEEN TAKEN
GET ON YOUR KNEES AND DIG DOWN DEEP
YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU THINK IS IMPOSSIBLE
KEEP ON BELIEVING, DON'T GIVE IN
IT'LL COME AND MAKE YOU WHOLE AGAIN
IT ALWAYS WILL, IT ALWAYS DOES
LOVE IS UNSTOPPABLE

Exeunt