

THE THIRD PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH

["I am really mightily impressed with HENRY IV Part Three, and I do not use words lightly. It is remarkably good, and at times quite splendid." — Agent Jeffrey Simmons, London]

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

King Henry the Fifth
Prince John of Lancaster
Thomas, Duke of Clarence
Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester
Archbishop of Canterbury
A Servant of Lancaster
Frederick, Servant of the King
Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench
Earl of Westmoreland
Lady Lancaster
Margaret, a waiting gentlewoman
Ghost of King Henry IV
Sir John Falstaff
Mistress Quickly, hostess
Doll Tearsheet
Pistol

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

Shallow
Bardolph
Peto
Lords, Attendants

Scene — England.

ACT I

Scene I. London. The palace.

Enter King Henry V, Clarence,
Gloucester, Lancaster,
Westmoreland, the Lord Chief Justice,
the Archbishop of
Canterbury, Lords, and attendants.

KING Now have we summoned thee,
most reverend priest,
Counselors, and, as we trust,
all friends,
To strengthen and support this
land so long
Besmirch'd with civil strife.
The weary King, our father,
dead, we hereby hold unto
Our royal self all rights,
prerogatives,
And no less griefs of
government's domain.
For duly 'nointed★ and

'nointed: anointed

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outlawed from us
Our graceless former self and
rioters ★
As would have stained the
vasty name of King,
We do command your fealty ★
and love!

WEST'D Majesty, it is thine!

[All kneel, save Lancaster.]

KING Our hearty thanks unto our
noble kin!
And yet seem not others of a
grace
To bend their knee unto this
royal calf, ★
As we perchance ★ sometime,
we grant, hath seemed.
And so we say again, where
speaks the man
Who would deny the garland
and the trust
That be for us in fee by Godly
right!

rioters: rowdy companions
fealty: allegiance
calf: offspring; also immature
perchance: by chance

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

- GLOUS Brother Henry — nay,
 dear King,— we are
 yours
As you ours in sanctified
 commandement.
- KING Would emperies didst not
 adulterate
The claims of 'gitimate
 authority.
Thus would spotless
 Christendom even now
The Holy Land enjoy, nor it
 enchafe`d be with
 infidels.
- LANC [Aside] O, seeming royal
 brother, I do fear
Thou art too boundless of thy
 kingly pitch! ★
But, bide, ★ my heart!
- KING Do other claims stand warrior
 to ours?
Our brother Lancaster, who
 late did fight
In seasons fierce in ragged
 chance of war,

pitch: height

bide: wait

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How say you to us, gracious
Lancaster?

LANC I am contented, brother.

KING Hark, good friends! Our
brother would we not
coerce
As would the heinous Turk
constrain,
But rather him embrace. Nor if
I canst not make his
knee to bend, I shall in
truth
At least his manly arms make
crook'd!

[Embraces Lancaster, who reluctantly
embraces him.]

And thus by show of concord
and respect
The pangs of England come to
bruise'd rest.
Mayst all, fair friends, thy
compact know by height
And lifting of thy Heaven-
kissing voice?

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CLAR Health and long reign betide ★
his Majesty!

ALL Health and long reign betide
his Majesty!_

KING May fortune serve!
And thus so nigh poor
England's guiltless limbs
Came close the hateful rack.
But now we must
Unto each other's sep'rate
 hearts close up,
For we are but a morsel of our
 self.

GLOU What means my Lord?

KING By every means to grip more
 near our lands,
Lorraine and Orleans, and
 more, that lie
Southernly beyond our coast,
 filche`d ★ lands
That have lacked a king
 imperial and bold,
Since Englishmen so long have
 hack`d themselves.

betide: happen to
filch`ed: stolen

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Why have we forsook lawful
Salic claim, ★
What thwarted honor marks as
England's due?
What means? The means be
our own puissant ★ selves
To wrest again from French
cur usurpers
That sovereignty which we did
owest once.
Where be the heart of Harry
Hotspur now?
Did we at Shrewsbury deeply
bury it,
And ourselves too when fell
that valiant life!
Or have we grown too darling
in this space,
Like gentlewomen deck'd
with flowerets
And trading pretty
court'sies ★ whilst they
dance?

Salic claim: claim against
French law that excluded
females from succession
puissant: powerful
court'sies: curtseys

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LANC Your Majesty would us to
saddles laugh ★
Forsooth ★ before the dust of
yesterday's
Stern battlefield be laved
away.
From horses' backs to ships
big-bellied bound for France!

KING Royal brother Lancaster, we
hear neglect
Bespeaks somewhat of less
than lion's roar.

LANC Royal brother Majesty, we
smell a haste
Bespeaks of preparations
negligent.
Shall we to Calais go, from
thence to Mars
His work without so much as
biscuit for our pains?

KING Good sir, give me but time and
ample purse
And all will be as even Jove
himself,

into saddles laugh: tease back into war
forsooth: in truth, used by commoners;
here rude

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Nor Mars alone, shall find
prodigious.
Would I a brother lose for
wanting of
Habilliments, ★ necessities, of
war?
You wrong my best intention,
Coz ★!

LANC How should I doubt great
Harry's sweetness now —
Though Harry new to sceptred
sweetness be!
[Aside] Yet bide, my wrath,
while new-made majesty
Doth strut in proof of his proud
robes!

KING You all did know that my
decease`d sire,
Who Henried forth ★ in
wondrous compass wide
Did seek for vanished justice
in this realm,
Much troubled by his eldest
son was felled

habilliments: furnishings

Coz: cousin — for princes

Henried forth: pun on Henry IV's name

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Too soon, and insomuch as I
 have help'd
Him to a forward★ tomb I
 vow to be
Revenged upon my own
 untimely wrongs
And make this kingdom sound
 with twice, and thrice,
The agile glories of our
 sinewed past!

ALL Hark!

LANC What, honored brother, shall
 we nothing see
 Of old Jack Falstaff, good
Jack Falstaff,
 Thy dear companion in
thy foolish years!
 How canst thou leave
off Eastcheap sack and pranks
 To ope thine eye to
sober counselors
 In dull and weighty
palaces at noon?

KING Thou dost well to gibe
at my sometime self,
 Yet in plain sight of this
assembled strength
 I do forswear the blot of

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drunken men

And do abjure the dross
of boyish tricks!

L'NCASTER 'Tis pity none shall
taste that tun of wine,

That rumoured mirthful
master of the jest,

The worthy jest that
never fear'd to come

Unto the very face of
royalty.

To be sure, this hall will
lack for hoarse, loud shouts

And cast-off capon's
bones of idle Jack!

forward: early

KING May none of us
constraine`d be to always bear

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Our sumless sins for all
our days, dear Coz.

L'NCASTER Belike★ thou hast been
shriven by a priest?

KING And so I have. And so
may you, my lord,
If any sin profane be in
thy heart.

L'NCASTER Oh, I can ape great
majesty, fear not!
For I sometimes have
done it pat, my liege,
Even as the snorting
steeds in armours cas'd
Did wait the sweating
gallop to their death,
Whilst others dallied
youngly★ who knows where!
Oh yea,
I will confess a fault as well
As any man more
clamorous today!

KING Bear not a viper fange`d
in thy breast,
Lest it sting thee to the
death, Lancaster.

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L'NCASTER Yet vipers live no more
in this our land,
Our happy land, now
good King Harry's foot,
His mighty foot, hath
trampled on their heads!

KING Methinks there be some
few that linger yet
Beneath the nettle's
brier. Of rose perchance?

L'NCASTER Have I not offered
obsequies ★ unto
Our new-hatched King,
a King so vigorous
He could a crown from
off a pillow ★ lift
Without the slothful
need of hallow'd church
Or ceremony else?

Enter Messenger.

MESS'GER
My liege! My liege!
This letter priz'd from
Henry, King of France
I bear, disgorgement ★
swift to thy demand

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For 'knowledge of
England's rightful sway!

KING [reading the letter] They
throw our gen'rous words into our teeth,

belike: I suppose

obsequies: acts of compliance

dallied youngly: allusion to

pillow: allusion to Hal's taking his sick
father's

Hal's notorious youth
crown before he was dead

disgorgement: information

(continued)

Pluck out our beards
and hang us by our heels!

So must we take
advising of our friends

And see which way the
wind sits toward our foes.

So Clarence, Gloucester

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come, and Westmoreland,
Retire to a privy room
more suited made

For stratagems of
policy. All else
To your accustom'd
tasks I do commend.
Unless our brother
Lancaster, thou wouldst
Make one with us, in
surety of which
We do extend our
rose★ and rough-grown hand!

L'NCASTER My gracious liege, I
pray thee me excuse,
For I am sudden with an
ague★ wrack'd,
And must withdraw to
physic my disease.

KING Thou stand excused, my
lord. And I beseech
On thy behalf thy
sickness be not green!★

Exeunt
all save Lancaster.

L'NCASTER Fear not my color,

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gracious sir, for soon

It cured shall be, I

warrant thee, and change

From salad green to

purpled, sanguis ★ red!

[Exit.]

rose: allusion to the House of
Lancaster's emblem, a red rose

ague: chill

green: the color of envy

purpled, sanguis: color of royal blood

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Scene II. The Boar's Head Tavern in
Eastcheap.

Enter Doll
Tearsheet, Bardolph, Peto, Shallow.

DOLL Hath he still the tooth-
ache?

Enter Mistress
Quickly

HOSTESS God-a-mercy, an he be
not dead-cold in two months' time I'm
no honest woman! I
hollo ★ and he answers not, save to have

me fetch him yet
another cup of sack and some two or
three

roast-meats or
sometimes cates. ★ God's light, I've not
seen

him so ere the wicked
Prince — God save the mark! ★ — the
King

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hath ordered him to
come not within ten mile of his person.

SHALLOW I warrant you a's★ in a
black humour to eat so little, for I have

seen the day when Sir
John could gurmandize★ on some two

dozen pickle-herring
and near to a hogshead of Rhenish, and
ne'er so much as a
fragment belch'd!

HOSTESS Oh, for the Sir John of
young-ey'd days!

DOLL It be but the tooth-ache.
Will repair an he have it drawn,★ or if it
rot

and tumble.

BARDOLPH 'Tis more than the
tooth-ache. 'Tis the pox of care that
chews

away his guts, Doll, and
belike we'll all keep no
more revels in

this

tavern.

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HOSTESS And yet sometimes I
hearken and hear him sigh and mumble
on
 his bed that a' will be
sent for, a' will be sent for. 'Tis the hope
 that keeps the
bullocks★ of his great heart working
yet.

PISTOL An I★ had such a
Prince to make
tenders★ of his love to
me I'd
march upon his very
citadel and
swinge★him to within a
hair's
breadth of his life for
being a most vile dog!

hollo: call

gurmandize: gourmandize

cates: sweets

pulled out

God save the mark: said
malapropism for bellows

to cancel an intemperate
or irreligious remark
overtures

drawn:

bullocks:

An I: if I
tenders:

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a's: he's

swinge: hit

HOSTESS Peace! Or you'll set on
the sheriff, who'll shut us up for
treasons!

PISTOL I say what I say, and no
flap-mouthed, forgetful Prince shall say
me other!

Enter Falstaff

FALSTAFF By the mass, I hope
doomsday be nigh! Be there no remedy
for

 the tooth-ache save
Elysium? Methinks I have forespent ★
all

 charms and
 'pothecaries. And
 sack ★ alas, doth only
 make me

sick.

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God's blood, he's a
rogue and varlet who
will not draw
this
foul devil from my
head!

PETO I trow thou need'st a
purging clyster! ★

FALSTAFF Away, lack-brain!

PISTOL By Tamburlaine's great
fist, I'll draw thy tooth, Sir John, an you
sit

 upon the joint stool and
Doll assist my tooth-drawer ★ to wrench

 it forth! My arm is like
unto brave Hercules' when he cleaned
out

 those ancient, stinking
Stygian ★ stables.

FALSTAFF I like not thy conceit! ★
Here, Pistol, here be
where it vexes me.

[Opens mouth, points.]

PISTOL I see nought but some

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scurvy gums and two or three bare-
gnawn

bones in the murky pit
within! Belzebub! ★ I
do much fear me

Hellfire now I have
beheld it with mine own
eyes!

FALSTAFF Come, prolixious ★
dolt, draw it! Draw!

PISTOL I canst not see.

FALSTAFF Yea truly, the fault lies
not in my mouth, except that I called

 out unto my sweet lad.
Too loud and too swaggeringly did him

 obeisance, ★ to the
sweetest lad of all the world.

Methinks I

 should have kept my joy
more quieter, think ye? Nay, the
fault

 lies not in my mouth.

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forespent: used up

Stygian: Pistol confuses the myth

sack: Spanish or Canary wine

of Hell and that of Hercules

purging clyster: an enema

conceit: imagery

my tooth-drawer: my role as dentist

Belzebub: a devil

prolixious: windy

obeisance: honor

HOSTESS It lies here, Sir John,
doth it not? [Touches his heart]

FALSTAFF Ay, mistress, thou hast
spoke aright.

HOSTESS Thou shall be sent for,
Sir John. Trust on it.
Give but the King

some breath 'twixt the
occasion of his

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cormorant-day★ and
his
remembrance of thee,

Sir John.

FALSTAFF And so thought I, and
so I hoped. Yet would my waist were as
slender as my hopes
have grown. He'll not
send for me. I see

that full clear; he'll not
send for me.

DOLL Be of good comfort,
lambkins! Let's have a dance! Come, a
galliard,
 or a coranto,★ will heat
thy heart and lift it!

FALSTAFF Ah, Doll, thou hast
turned alchemist and will fill me with a

strong wind and go to
make me into a fat man!

DOLL I fear me you already be
a fat man, Sir John, though I love thee
every

 pound, though thou be a
thousand weight, or more!

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FALSTAFF Calumny on top of
calamities! You do
vilify me most
perniciously!
'Zounds, ★ I've no fat
about me, ne're a whit
nor jot!

DOLL Saving your reverence,
for your knighthood, and though I affect
thee

 dear, for all that, thou
art a whoreson big-swoll'n, gross man,
Sir John!

FALSTAFF As large as bull Jove,
verily, but not gross, I say! Rather a
continent,

 rich and divers, and
who calls me gross earns my
enmity

 utterly, on my life!
Though, 'tis true, that time's not long to
be .

PETO I think thou be not so
much a continent, old fellow, as
incontinent! A

 bull at mine hostess'
round trencher! ★

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FALSTAFF Even so! Even so! Yet
of late I did leave my bed when I could

not no longer stop my
Jove-like nose against the bully chamber
lye ★ I myself
have made in mine own jordan. ★

PETO Sir John, I did but jest,
the more to make you break a better one

cormorant: malapropism for coronation
galliard, coranto: lively dances
chamber lye: contents of the chamber
pot
'Zounds: by God's wounds *round*
trencher: wooden plate, with a double
entendre
jordan: chamber pot

(continued)

across my pate. ★

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Come, have at me, and I'll buy thee two
 pints of Mistress
Quickly's most choice, though be-
fingered, ★
 double-beer!

HOSTESS Marry, Sir John, and
Peto's cost shall be but a moiety, ★ if
thou
 but resume thyself,
though I have chid thee mightily of yore
for
 that same offense.

FALSTAFF Mine hostess, I have
seen my best days, and now there art no
 more jests, no more.

SHALLOW God save you, Sir
John! Thou must not sink, Sir John,
albeit ★
 now our days be
nothing like our most honeyed youth.

FALSTAFF Had I but this mouth
abated and not presumed to distraint the
 King, that sweet,
chivalrous lad, all would be well! For in
truth
 he did not mean to
grieve me! He meant but to show his

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

peevish peers that he
would to their appeal
give assent. Nay,

he did not mean to
grieve me.

HOSTESS Thou mayst yet be sent
for, Sir John. By Jesu, I think thou wilt
be!

FALSTAFF Tut! I think it not. I
think of nothing. And so
I creep unto my

bed, for there I may
look through the
chink ★ in the wall and

spy the green fields
yond. There's a pretty sprig of herb of

grace doth grow by the
chink where my eye doth rest on the
pallet, just so!

DOLL I'll come with thee,
sweetmeat.

FALSTAFF Nay, stay thee here and
lend these others fellowship, sweet

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wench. The pallet be
too scant for two.

DOLL I' faith, I canst
remember when thou didst not complain
of scant pal-

lets, Sir John, when
indeed one place would serve exceeding
well.

FALSTAFF Well, fare you well,
there's an end.

pate: head

be-fingered: with her fingers in the cups

moiety: half

albeit: even though

chink: small opening

Enter

Frederick as messenger.

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FREDERICK Where be one Sir John Falstaff, Knight?

FALSTAFF And what vaunting★ business wouldst thou have with him, sirrah?★

FREDERICK Vehement business, an it please you!

FALSTAFF A's not here, and spurred on a far-off journey. Nor are we answerable! And so good-den!★

FREDERICK By the looks of thee, thou be the very wight!★ A moist-ey'd

man, with much avoirdupois, a beard of white, and a nose that

hath had much traffic with fiery veins.

FALSTAFF Nay, nay, then such an one is not I, for I be puny and shriveled

like a winter apple.

FREDERICK Be he the man or no?

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PETO What intend you him?
Good or ill?

FREDERICK My employment is to
ears and eyes of one residing in the
Boar's Head

Tavern, Eastcheap,
videlicet, ★ one Sir John
Falstaff and no other. I ask
again, be he the wight ★
I seek?

FALSTAFF I do perchance know
this knight, and will deliver him what
news you
will into his manus. ★

FREDERICK So may I not unless I be
infallible of the receiver. On pain of

torture have I so sworn!

FALSTAFF And what if this Falstaff
were mortified? ★ Videlicet, ★ gone, no

more, unalive! Who
would thou then deliver
thy thund'ring

message — to his

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

carcass? Give it me and
I will see that goodman
Falstaff hath thy epistle.

vaunting: boasting

wight: pretentious word for man

sirrah: term for an inferior; here

insulting *manus*: pretentious
word for hand

vaunting: boasting

mortified: dead

good-den: good day

videlicet: viz, that is to say

FREDERICK Since none here
answers to the name I seek, I have been
given

no order to seek further,
and will again make

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haste to return
 this
letter unpicked even as I
brought it hither.

FALSTAFF Come then, let us stand
aside. I am Sir John Falstaff, or was in
happier times.

Falstaff stands aside with Frederick.

HOSTESS What think ye be this
coil? ★

DOLL I like that fellow little.

HOSTESS Be it more debts, Sir
John, I'll not pay 'em! Tilly-fally, ★
thou
 must patch me what
thou owes ere thou pay that fine fellow,
 who'er
he be, Sir John!

FALSTAFF I'm sent for! By Saint
Alban and all the saints in heaven, I'm
sent for!

FREDERICK Peace, Sir John! Peace,
in the name of he who sent me!

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FALSTAFF [dancing about] Oh,
more I must not tell! The letter plain

declares it here no more
must I tell! A secret! A
most, most

cunning, hugger-
mugger ★ secret!

HOSTESS What, prithee, ★ Sir
John? What?

FALSTAFF I cannot say! A' forbids
me to say! Oh, most royal of the lad not

to say! And so I too
speak it not! But some might say that I
am

sent for. But I shall
deny it to the death! My
lips will ne'er be op'd
though a thousand-fold
spiders and toads be
tickled on my chops!
Ha! Jolly, brave fellow,
lead the way! I follow,
as I'm bid, in soundless
silence lest I bruit ★ it
to the world and botch

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the secret! Mark how
my lips be sealed! But
mark! ★

[Falstaff rushes out with his
hand over his
mouth,
followed by Frederick.]

coil: to-do

bruit: make noise

tilly-fally: exclamation of contempt

But mark: look here, see

hugger-mugger: secret

prithee: I pray thee

Scene III. An apartment in the palace.

L'NCASTER Mistempered is the soul
that idly stands

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

To watch puffed pomp
dictate the scope

And resolution of this
thick-eyed land.

But for some year or
two our father shouldst

Have got ★ me 'twixt
our mother's licit sheets.

But for the lack of
some twelvemonth ★ am I

A homager, a bawd ★
unto my kin,

A kind King whose
prowess largely holds

In base affinity with
wanton chaff,

And who would call
me mutinous if I

Leapt in where clearly
hath blind Nature tripped

To try subduement of a
jarring ★ King,

A giddy, Maypole ★
boy when these be times

That jump so high that
they must have betimes ★

A rider more adept
bestrid!

Enter Lady Lancaster.

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LADY L

What ho!

Is't thee, my husband,
wanders through these rooms
Until the sun undroops
his courser's eye
To race with Helios ★
cross the morning clouds?
Dost thou a posset ★
need to slake thy mind?

L'NCASTER Nay, madame, but
England may.

LADY L Unfold me not what
ears now do suspect.
Come thee to bed and
mitigate thy brain.
I will the arras ★ draw
to give thee night,
Thereby to sleep thyself
into thyself.

L'NCASTER I have already, lady,
slept too long.
Though I be young, yet
be I not a babe,
A puking babe that nods
and sleeps and asks
No more than but to

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

have a tickled chin.

LADY L My dear lord, what hath
made thee sullen sick,
 Unlike thy wonted self?

got: begot

jarring: annoying *posset*: healing
drink

twelvemonth: a rationalization

Maypole: frivolous *arras*: curtain
on Lancaster's part

betimes: soon

bawd: pimp

Helios' chariot: said to carry the sun

L'NCASTER I fear you, madame.

LADY L Fear me? Fear a
woman?

L'NCASTER Not that thou shalt rain
blows upon this head,
 Or cleave my whole

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bulk with thy knitting pins.

But rather should my
reasons I dilate

I shouldst a scorpion
breed inside my tent.

LADY L I wouldst not know thy
inmost canker'd ★ heart!

L'NCASTER Ay, be it so, madame!
Pray, to thy wholesome
bed again. Adieu!

LADY L Adieu! And yet I cannot
go so soon,

And leave him distract,
ill-well, and malcontent.

Peradventure ★ a
kissing wife may like

The rising sun bring
succor and relief

Unto the wintered brow
o' this piece of earth. ★

Kisses him.

L'NCASTER I thank thee full, my
sainted sorceress.

Yet thou'st not studied
deep the witching lore

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

That needs must heat
the freezings of thy make. ★

LADY L Would twenty more,
and more, pull thee from this,
 Thy errant visitation,
thou them shouldst have.

Kisses him again.

L'NCASTER I thank thee twenty
times, and more, and yet
 It is enough. Pray cease!

LADY L
What change is here!
 I do remember me the
times when you
 Did say, "Vouchsafe
me, pray, yet one more kiss,"
 And blench'd when I
delayed to give it thee!

canker'd: eaten by a word *piece of*
earth: this man
peradventure: perhaps *make*:
marriage partner

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

(continued)

Now husband must I
sue to gain perforce

My lawful right to
buss ★ thee on the lip?

What name if not
husband? John? Sweeting?

L'NCASTER Nothing, lady. But
content thee. I will

Be thine again when I
have heaved my heart

Up to the crest befits the
name of Bolingbroke. ★

LADY L Beloved lord, take not
what is not thine.

L'NCASTER Cold comfort on so
warm and full a morn!

But hie ★ thee to thy
bed, for my defect

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

Infecteth thee, and I
would not have it so.

LADY L Now am I awake, my
lord.

L'NCASTER

Aye, but rest you!

For I must needs depart
thee whilst I

Seek others of more
manly, warlike frame

Who do my self-same
sleeplessness possess.

And though I be no
prophet prophesy I shall:

Before this day is done
may England lie

No more lie asleep in
her bright swaddling clouts, ★

Or may this head be
lopped 'mid wounding shouts!

Exit Lancaster.

LADY L My Lord!

Exit Lady Lancaster.

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

buss: kiss

his father was Henry Bolingbroke

hie: go

clouts: clothes, cloths

ACT II

Scene I. A Private Room in the Palace.

Enter

Falstaff.

FALSTAFF An it be not the King
 himself has sent for me,
 I'm a profligate
 ass!

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

Aye, that I am indeed! I
shouldst have swabbed
ere I left in
such ado. Well, I'll be
no more untucked★ presently!★ My hat

is noisome! Odious my
slops!★ My sweat doth make my

doublet stiff. Would I
sweated but here, on my codpiece!

Could hold some stiff
purpose there! And
purify eke!★ I'll
scour
my boot. It hath trod
some path whereon a
mongrel dog
— yea, a mastiff —
hath been erewhile!★
Whew! Scrape! Scrape,
boot! Or if it
notwithstanding reek
I'll tell my bonny King
'twas
haste to see him rent me
slovenly. I do believe
'tis true! And so

we shall take up, as if

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

ne'er cleaved even this
fortnight and odd

days, and we'll flout
and sport and set the
castle wagging! Yet,

not neither! I'll no
courtly fool be with
mine bauble, ★

transformed and
prancing, to make the
truant entertainment of

boasting lords who
think they can frenzy
me to lose time for

'em! I'll be hang'd! Yet
what if there be no more madcap antics

in mind at all. Rather
hath the insolent King brought me hither

to extirpate all rumors
of baseness in the kicksaw ★ friends he

hath had! Even as I
babble now, remorseless villains
may be

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

afoot to murder me!
God mend me, I have heard
tales of
daggers dread and hot
irons in the nose and practices divers ★

of sage ways magnificos
have of getting quit of goodly,

benign, harmonious
souls like mine! [Pulls sword.]
Lay on,
villains! Lay on! And
malignancies on he who cries
for a cataplasm ★
e'en so loud as kitten's
mew!

Enter the King.

KING Bodykins, ★ what do
mine eyes apprehend? A windmill? A
jakes ★
 unmoored of his seat by fiends?
Is it thou, Falstaff, or some rash,
 counterfeiting
baboon?

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

untucked: disheveled
mock
presently: soon
bauble: a fool's club
slops: large loose trousers
kicksaw: trifling
purify eke: also purify it, of VD
divers: different
erewhile: a short time before
cataplastm: a salve

bodykins: by God's little body
outhouse

flout:
jakes:

FALSTAFF Oh, royal saviour, thou
hast redeemed this damned soul from
perdition!

KING Blaspheme not, good
Sir John, lest thou call the wrath of
royal Godhead down
upon us both!

FALSTAFF Let all these old-fac'd

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

walls come toppling down about our
 heads, I would make
myself a bulwark for the body
of my appointed
 Hal and like brave
Atlas ★ keep off all harm of
mortar and brick
 that Jove himself shall
send to fright thee!

KING Then should I have a
more plenteous tent above me than e'er I
had at
 Shrewsbury, more over-
canopied that even the flattered Saracen
can
 boast not of such scope
and accommodation!

FALSTAFF By Our Lady, what an
excellent piece of work to see thee
again,
 lad! Or must perforce I
call thee Majesty now!

KING 'Tis good to see thee
too, old sow-skin! Let me make amends
that I
 did in full public view
banish thee from out my sight. I trow
thou knowst

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

I did so to —

FALSTAFF Yea, I wot of ★ thy
confederacy. But 'tis past, but a grim

 induction ★ to a second
act of more merriment and jollity than

 e'en the first was full
withal!

KING I confess I did struggle
to rid myself of thee this fortnight, and
swore I

 should have no more of
that jackanapes, ★ that roaring fat
fellow,

 and yet long it was not, till that I
felt such pangs of longing for some

 fooling nonsense upon
the chilling topmast of state that I did
send for thee.

FALSTAFF By my troth, ★ I do
embrace and thank thee for it!

KING Mistake me not,
Falstaff. To the reproof of my grave
counselors

 I canst not permit my

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

royal charge further to be held ransom.

Already some dare to
smutch ★ me at my back for my former

dalliance and in sooth
insinuate mine ignominy. They would
risk

incursions ★ if I do but
slenderly give them occasion to o'ertop
me.

Atlas: who held up the world
by my troth: truly
wot of: know of
smutch: soil, defame
induction: prelude
incursions: military uprisings
jackanapes: monkey, giddy person

FALSTAFF Who be these knaves?

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

I'll slay 'em in an instant! Where be they!

KING Peace! None must know thou art here at my devising. Thou canst

 rebuke no one, sirrah!
Here I give to understand: thou canst slay no

 one! Unless it be thou intendest to slay them with thy smell! Whew!

 Whence this dead dog thou hast about thee?

FALSTAFF 'Tis very much alive, sooth, my Majesty, or was some five

 minutes since! If thou will permit me to skirr★ and bow!

 He scrapes his boot again.

KING Even so is that which here no one must see, or sniff out! Hast thou no civet?★

FALSTAFF Nay, nought of the cat, only of the Cerberous dog!★

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

KING Sir John, if thou
wouldst stay, verily thou must be
murred ★ up within
 these walls, in some one
or two rooms, no more, and must not
show
 thy beef-witted head to
aught, not e'en pages, save that only
carrier,
 Frederick, I didst send
to thee. Or soon will be triumph'd about
the
 castle and the kingdom
that King Harry dissipates his time in
 company of those very
wantons he did swear he hath cast off,
and thus
will mine repute be twice beslubbered ★
as ere I stood enthrone`d.

FALSTAFF Ha! 'Tis a capital jest,
my liege. Fat Jack should be kept in like
 my lady's lapdog. Ho!

KING 'Tis no jest, Jack. Thou
wilt be provided for, food and drink not
 niggardly, and such
observance as when I canst sneakingly

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

come here to
visit thee I shall give. If thou canst not
abide thus dwelling
here unfree to pilgrimage as
thou was wont, then 'tis best thou

betake thyself now, and
be gone under cover of the night. But if
thou

choose, then know thou
canst no gadding more. If so, what say
you?

FALSTAFF But what of Doll and
Bardolph, and Pistol and Peto? Od's

heartlings, ★ they be
welcome eke?

skirr: to scrape his boot

Od's heartlings: by God's little
heart

civet: perfume, from civet cat

Cerberous dog: at the gates of Hell

murred up: confined

beslubbered: besmirched

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

KING Thou must ken, ★ Jack:
it must perforce no longer hold, nor can
it be. Doll
and Pistol and the rest are too raucous-
frivolous in their behaviours.
 Thou wilt not see ‘em.

FALSTAFF Not see ‘em more? And
Mistress Quickly neither?

KING Nay.

FALSTAFF Oh, Hal, ‘tis hard the
discretion thou givest me, harder than
when I had a knot of
 coxcomb ★ fellows
 under my command in
 the wars. What shall it
 be, my bonny King and
 these purlieus, ★ or all
 the world out-wall!

KING I mean not to
 circumspect thy life,
 and ‘tis agreed if thou

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

wish to take thy leave
anon. ★ Go,
remembering what
compact friends we
stood, and so let it
stand.

FALSTAFF Oh, where shall the fat
knight keep! ★

Enter

Frederick.

FREDERICK My liege, you are
sought by the Lord Chief Justice and all
the Privy Council.

Rebels to the south
imply threats uncivil unto your
royal self.

KING I feared me some
shallow, upstarting fellow doth misread
too much his own
fine powers in
despite ★; he needs
must be lessoned! I
must leave thee,
Falstaff. Show me thy
mind by tomorrow.
Longer lease than that I
cannot grant.

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

FALSTAFF I have my mind already
concluded, my liege of misrule!

KING And that be what?
Speak all.

FALSTAFF 'Sblood, I am translated
into my King's spaniel, and fool too, for

I warrant thee I cannot
bear to part from this lad!

KING I am glad on it indeed!
Sirrah, there, ★ give unto Sir John all
that he
should in reasonable
temperance require — and a little more,

ken: know, realize

coxcomb: stupid

purlieus: limitations

anon: right now, presently

keep: whether to go or stay

despite: malice

Sirrah, there: addressed to Frederick

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

(continued)

reserving only those
particulars as we had conversation
earlier. And so

I bid you good rest, great
fellow.

FALSTAFF Farewell! Come soon! I
cannot brook ★ thy absence!

KING Goodnight, dear friend.

Exit the
King.

FALSTAFF God's eyes, time lies
leaden! I've been here some five or six
hours, Frederick,
have I not?

FREDERICK In truth, Sir John, it hath
been but a moment!

FALSTAFF Truly, 'tis been a week
or more! Here I be in the bosom of the

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

King, but the time goes
haltingly, does it not?

FREDERICK Wouldst like to read
perchance? I have the Holy Writ
without.

FALSTAFF Nay, keep the Holy
Writ where it be. I am a reverend
scholar, in
truth, and thus I would
not be for rubbing out the Scriptures by

o'ermuch perusal.
Wouldst destroy the blessed Word of
God!

FREDERICK Wouldst like some
broth? 'Tis cold but nourishing.

FALSTAFF Fie on thy watery broth!
Are there no great kitchens here?

FREDERICK They be shut up for the
night, Sir John.

FALSTAFF What hold you here at
night for revelry? What carouses? What
wassails?★ 'Tis 'twixt
eight and nine a' clock, no more, sure!

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

FREDERICK We had puppets here
some eight or nine month ago. 'Twas
very capable! ★

FALSTAFF Doubtless, forsooth!
Nothing else more?

FREDERICK The late wars have
almost parch'd the coffer, in
consequence of which we lead a
 peaceful life, though on
 Sunday last we had a sermon
 that was much talk'd of.

brook: bear, endure
wassails: drinking parties
capable: enjoyable

FALSTAFF Did ye! I fear I may
have spoke my full heart too soon unto
my kingly lad!

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

FREDERICK Well, good night, Sir John. The torches must be snuffed anon,

lest we burn too much wax. As my Lord Chief Justice says,
the
sun's light be all that any good man needs to see by!

FALSTAFF By the rood, ★ what gyves ★ have I clapp'd upon myself? Frederick?

FREDERICK Yes, Sir John?

FALSTAFF Hath you not heard of dicers' play? [Takes out bone dice and slams them on the table.]

FREDERICK Oh, that's gaming, sir. A vicious, repugnant vice and not to be endur'd by true Christen men!

FALSTAFF Come, sirrah, catechize me just how rank be this vicious vice!

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

Peradventure thou canst
convert me! By my halidom, ★ I prithee
come into the by-room
and therein try but to convert
me!

[Exit

Falstaff and Frederick.]

rood: Christ's cross

gyves: chains, bonds

halidom: sanctity, salvation

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

Scene II. Lancaster's apartments in the
palace.

Enter Gloucester,
Clarence, Westmoreland, and Lancaster.

L'NCASTER Noble Gloucester,
grave thanks for thy assent
To visitation to parle★
here today
Of matters relative to
our great weal.★
And you, dear
Clarence; noble Westmoreland.
Pray excuse th' bleak
comforts I offer thee.

GLOU'TER We expect not
comforts, brother Lancaster.
Give forth thy inward
heart, though think thee not
We have drawn here to

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

overbulk the franchised ★ King,
 But only in respect of
thy brave name
 And uncorrupted station
now come we here.

L'NCASTER I had hoped for kinder
words, though will I
 Yet stoop myself so far
to importune thee.

WEST'D Speak swift, my lords,
else thy brother may
 In covert and
protractive presence here
 Espy some darksome
mote of rebellion,
 When truly there be no
eruptions nigh.

L'NCASTER How canst thou so stark
pigeon-livered ★ seem,
 Back-casting glances,
 now this way and that,

 Lest
 my too-sufficient
 brother catch thee
 And beat thee, like
cocks ★ that peck but as they're bid.
 Or pet thee, more like,

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

as good gib-cats★

That lick the griping★
hand that gelds thy parts!

WEST'D Good my Lord of
Lancaster, pray not abuse
Our patience in thinking
to insult.

I am allegiant insofar
the King

Doth merit it, and thus
far he presumes

Nought any act nor
deed beneath his rank,

Or given any signs he is
aught but one

Who will our sland'red
sovereignty ensconce.★

parle: confer

cocks: fighting cocks

weal: commonwealth

gib-cats: castrated cats

franchised: legitimate

griping: holding

ensconce: fortify

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

L'NCASTER Have I the cataract? Are
these eyes blind?

 They do misprison ★
shapes of this black realm
 That will set a popinjay,
a mewling ★ boy

 To make determinations
that our
 Once regal kingdom
shall negotiate?

CLARENCE Though 'tis not our
place to school a prince,

 When did a brother
mere vizelements ★ seek,
 Convoking us today?

Now thus we must
 Entreat abatement of
thy swelling wrath,

 Against a monarchy
where be no flaw
 Except in th' colted ★
eye of the covetous.

L'NCASTER Call ye me so?

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

Methought I had thick friends
 More surer than these
seeming brothers here.

HUMPHREY We be thy blood, my
lord, but we are not
 Traitors neither!

CLARENCE
It is even so.

L'NCASTER Wouldst thou debosh★
the memory of that King
 Which did but lately
grace fair England's throne,
 Do still continue thy
affiance to
 That mounting King
who goads thee when to move.
 The boy, 'tis said, must
be my brother,
 But find I so little of
myself, or thou,
 In him sometimes I
think our dam★hath been
 Faithless to our absent
father's bed.

HUMPHREY Hold thy invenomed
tongue, John, lest it be
 Loosely thy undoing!

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

L'NCASTER

Be I afeared?

Of what? Of dwarfish
majesty? Like some

Who bleat and bow
unto impudent state.

You know me not,
though we together have

At other times
conversed, we seeming one,

And fiercely bled and
sweated in the field.

Pray, pardon me, for
thou art free to bolt.

misprison: see distortedly *colted*:
befooled

mewling: squalling *debosh*:
sully

vizements: advice *goads*:
drives like a beast

dam: mother

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

(continued)

Yea, who shall win the
race to make knee-crooks ★

To our savage Sultan,
King Hal the First!

Let me not embound
you farther, pray.

WEST'D 'Tis time we ceased the
civil wars that breach

Our severed lands and
hence to quietness,

And for a space our
armaments abridge.

L'NCASTER But good King Hal will
not a breathing space

Provide. Have ye no
ears? Have ye not heard

How raging pomp doth
say he would to France

To claim what
signories ★ and such bunched grapes

As he thinks will be
vanquished in a week?

HUMPHREY The treasuries of France
exceed bunched grapes,

My Lord, and there be
chance that England's King

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

May marry with French
Katharine and so
Comingle in one blood
contending realms
And salve at last the
bloodshed and the broils ★
That year by year do
stop and feeble us!

CLARENCE Indeed, my Lord, and
thence the high repute
Of all our worthy house
to aggravate.

L'NCASTER More natural approof
thought we to hear
Than doth in these
prorogations ★ lie!

CLARENCE Come join us, John, and
make an urgent front
Against old France that
like clustering grapes
Years to be plucked.
For sev'ral i' th' vineyard
Shall a better harvest
wrest, and in our mutual toil
A festival thrice-blessed
two lands enjoy!

L'NCASTER Nay, pray pardon me if

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

I cannot jump
 To such sleight tunes as
Good King Hal doth call,
 Or festinate★ to be
murdered in such wars
 So might he fortify his
own slim grip upon the crown.
 Know ye not that to thy
deaths thou goest?
 And yet complainings
methinks I hear not,
 Indeed, complainings
not, but yieldings rigorous!

knee-crooks: bending of the knee
signories: territories
broils: fights, wars
prorogations: delays, excuses
festinate: hurry

CLARENCE Methinks thou art too
 choleric,★ my lord.

L'NCASTER Methinks thou art for
thy own gain, dear Coz,
 Too temper'd to be

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

commodious!★

CLARENCE I shall not brook this
umber,★ brother!

HUMPHREY Brothers! Come not
these words to bloody deeds!
It is a shame upon our
blunted house★
That we should rate★
like vulgar fishmongers!

CLARENCE I'll say no more!

L'NCASTER Nor I! But pray excuse
me, all. I will
For mine own part some
fewer friends comfect★
In this sweet world will
suit their hopes to mine.
I do bid thee farewell,
sith★ thine ears are chok'd
To all but thy
preferment★ and safe gage!★

[Exeunt, at
separate doors.]

choleric: irascible, angry

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

commodious: serviceable to the king

umber: ochre, hence staining

blunted house: weakened House of
Lancaster

rate: argue

comfect: make into something sweet,

hence find better friends

sith: since

preferment: advancement

gage: pledge

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

Scene III.

An inner room in the
palace.

Enter Falstaff and
Frederick.

FALSTAFF Preach not to me, sirrah,
or I'll cudgel thee as I'm a true Christen

man! Two and twenty
pound! And I had not supplied these

dice myself I shouldst
suspect thee of cozenage! ★ [Aside] Be

these the self-same dice
I juggled? ★ By God's mother, I will be
gone!

FREDERICK Good Sir John, we can
leave off if thou desirest. I have no wish
to take

thy whole purse.

FALSTAFF Wilt give back what
thou hast gained of me?

FREDERICK In sooth I fain would be
glad to do so —

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

FALSTAFF Yea?

FREDERICK But that I think it be a
sin to give thee back that which shouldst
tempt

 thee to more sins. I
 trouwe ★ it best I keep the two and
 twenty pound,
 and thereon let's
 conjoin. ★ Where be thy purse?
 Howbeit, ★ it may
 a difficulty prove to
 carry such coin about my
 person!

FALSTAFF I have none about me.

FREDERICK Say you so? None?

FALSTAFF Peace! Said I not so!

FREDERICK Thereby, I'll be much
thy debtor if thou wilt sign this note of
debt. When can
 I expect the sum?

FALSTAFF Hoyday! ★ When thou
get'st it, by St. Judas!

FREDERICK Come, Sir John, in faith
thou wouldst not prove false in thy

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

credit. Thy hand, and
it please thee. I'll have
some portion at this
time, the remainder in
thy account, if that be
easier for the nonce.
Thy hand, and it please
you!

cozenage: cheating

juggled: fixed, loaded

trou: think

conjoin: agree

howbeit: nevertheless

hoyday: a cry of contemptuous surprise

FALSTAFF Tush, thinks thou I be
so unmannerly a slave as to refuse to
sign! Give me

the reckoning,
scrivener! ★ And so!

FREDERICK Belike the King will

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

give thee the two and twenty pound, if
thou hast it not.

FALSTAFF I wouldst not ask one
halfpenny farthing of my royal friend,
though he be as
rich as a king! Sure,
thou didst not cozen
me? Let not the King
hear one syllable of this
tally! He wouldst beat
thee for suborning★
his vowed friend!

FREDERICK I think the King still★
generous. I mean not to be importunate,
but whence
shall I have, without
quilllets,★ satisfaction of the
debt thou hast incurr'd?

FALSTAFF Thou dost torment me
like Midas, with a touch so grasping
golden that I
smother under it! Here,
give me the goose-pen and
inkhorn once more, and
I will write unto my
honest-natur'd fellows
at the Boar's Head, and
thus will Dame Partlet

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

the hen and loving Doll,
or Bardolph, between
'em raise up
some two and twenty
pound and give it to
this greedy, officed
fellow. Heigh
ho, I do but think me a
prettier thought! I will
have no more years of
corporal drudgery in
this dark-seated pit, as
though I be sentenced to
the living death,
like Prometheus, in
torment that some daily
eagle should some
gobbet of flesh — some
two and twenty gobbets
of flesh — pull from out
his liver, and, yea,
without so much as a
good potation★ or
twain to repair the
damage made!

FREDERICK Sir John, thou hast been
here yet not but one full night, and thou
hast had three

small-beer and four
pints of ale and assorted

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

biggens!★

FALSTAFF Peace! Will thou still be catechizing me! Give me the paper, and let it be writ

before my good friends
decrepitate with years
and thus not able to see
out their wither'd eyes!

FREDERICK 'Tis too late to send tonight, Sir John.

scrivener: one who draws up contracts

suborning: undermining

still: always

quilllets: sly tricks in arguments

potation: drink

biggens: nightcaps

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

FALSTAFF Fie! Fie! Nightingales
have even now sung, the very onset of
evening.

FREDERICK Truly, sir, it is the owl
thou hear'st, admonishing that we not
venture forth
 yet tonight.

FALSTAFF Go to! Go to! Ah, as
you will! The morrow
will be soon enough for
thou to be the bearer of
my scripture. Come, let
me indite! ★

FREDERICK Here's paper enough,
Sir John, to write to your heart's ease.
And so will I your
 letter bear after this
 night's sleep. By cock
 and pie, ★ I do believe
 I've been
 never so late-walking ★
 as this in all my days on
 earth!

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

FALSTAFF Sleep well, my wagher-hating partner, my initiate-fortunate almost-pick-purse! ★

I will withdraw me but
a little the more
profitable to scribble
some adorations to
those mad-brain, filthy-
mantled rogues I have
left behind! Lord, may
they piece
it out among them!

FREDERICK And so good night, Sir John. Be sparing of the candle, will thou?

FALSTAFF How hops the world when that princes must heed their pennysworths! My creditor doth but wish me good sleep that I shouldst longer live to render him the debt he hath so innocently reap'd of me this night!

FREDERICK Rest you well, Sir John!

FALSTAFF Go to! Go to!

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

[Exit separately.]

indite: write

by cock and pie: euphemistic
exclamation about God

late-walking: up so late

initiate-fortunate almost-pick-purse:
with beginner's luck and possibly as a
thief

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

Scene IV. A room in the palace.

Enter Lancaster, with
a servant

L'NCASTER The same from
poltroon★ Surrey and from York,
Whose loyalty to th'
King will not be shak'd!
I must needs wonder
now if I have been
Impertinent to bare my
heart too wide
Before I was certainer
of their tongues.
Some would congreet★
with me, sure, gave I but
Opportunity less
noticeable.
They must suspect I do
but try their pledge,
And mouth what
policy★ thinks meet to breathe,
Else ramping★ rumor
reach the orifex,★
The quick ear of the
gallows-making King.

SERVANT My lord, wouldst thou a
supper take tonight? For I can fetch

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

some broken

bread and leeks from
the hush'd chamber of
your lady wife. I fear
thou didst partake of
nought except a dram in
this day withal.

L'NCASTER Wouldst have me eat
my lady's leeks, ★ sirrah?

Some cantle ★ of rank-
scented rinds, some bit
To nourish up my meek
and meagre bones?

SERVANT Oh, my lord, I did but
wish to help thee!

L'NCASTER Make not a starveling
face, sirrah. I know

You did. I did but wish
to devil thee.

Or is it I have grown so
used to scorn

I now begin to doubt
thy loyalty?

Away, sirrah! I will not
eat tonight.

SERVANT I will away, my lord.

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

Exit servant.

L'NCASTER I do sense some
foulness pestilential
In this night, and dread
that scowling winter comes,

poltroon: coward *ramping*:
springing up *lees*: leavings
congreet: associate with *orifex*:
opening *cantle*: piece
policy: caution

(continued)

Although the calendar
deny it straight.
Sirrah, a cloak! A cloak
I shouldst have had.
But let it go. The cold
best fits my mind.

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

What sharp and pensive
ice is this I feel,
That makes my teeth to
chatter like a grate?
Holla! Who goes there?
Nothing! What ho!
I say again: Holla!
Thyself disclose!

Enter

Ghost of Henry IV.

What horrid spectacle is
this that stalks
Before me like a
phantom of my late-
Deceas'd sire, whose
shape as like to this,
As hand to hand! What
say ye, senseless form,
Art fiend or alabaster
angel? Speak!
I say, what discourse
wouldst thou have with me!

HENRY IV Be thou my son? Yea!
Yea! I think thou art,
The son for whom I am
stirr'd up
From Purgatory's
flames and pinching deeps,

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

To pull thee from that
promontory ★ whence
Thou are most like to
throw thyself headlong,
In contrariety of the
descent ★
Thy father to secure did
long contrive.

L'NCASTER Grim-grinning goblin,
spirit thou art not,
But mine own lack-
beard reach to budge the course
Of time. Lately did my
father cherish me
And would not speak to
me as thou hast spoke!

HENRY IV I'm he whose further
Purgatory is
To see my son swoll'n
mutinous and bent
To seek for strong-
winged, rightful sib ★ his death.

Oh, thou hast flay'd my
soul a thousand times
Since thou didst stand
in thine own brother's stead,
When he was baser in
the common sight.

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

But now thou must
surrender up all hope
That thou shalt seize the
throne!

promontory: a high headland
descent: family lineage
sib: his brother

L'NCASTER Avaunt! Be gone!
 For thou art not my
loving father's ghost,
 Thou supple lackey of
the living King,
 But paid to personate
late majesty!
 Avaunt, into the stews
from whence thou came
 Night-tripping in this
gibing guise! ★

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

HENRY IV Do not defy the minister
of Heav'n,
 Thy tender father
offering rebuke
 Of what unsorted lies in
thy hot spleen.

L'NCASTER No more will I attend,
unholy spright!
 I will give audience
unto my heart
 And trust alone in that
and not in thee!

HENRY IV O list! Err not again the
self-same way
 As slaughterers in all
these ages past.
 Resolute to ravin ★ on
the power
 That feeds the realm,
implacable to heal
 The wrongs that plague
the day, and all thou bringst
 Is blood and woe unto
the court, unto
 The multitude, and
assuredly thyself!
 Do cease yet whilst
revokement be at hand.
 Turn back thy plots for

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

war and to the King
 Upturn thy cheek that
thou mayst yet prevent
 The springs of blood
that soon will flow uncheck'd.

L'NCASTER 'Twas ever so to those
who botch'd the work
 They would themselves
redeem. And since they failed
 To halt the harm they
did, they then surmise
 That others too can
never patch a deed!

HENRY.IV Unbridled, rash young
fool! Wilt not thou hear
 What God and King
hath both to thee bequeathed?

L'NCASTER Your message have I
heard, but still do think
 Thee perfect demi-
devil, not my sire,
 And thus will not give
ear unto thy tongue!

HENRY IV With more apt speech
than this I cannot sweep! ★

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

gibing guise: critical fashion
ravin: to devour greedily
sweep: clear away the quarrel

(continued)

devil am!
corrupt in life.
ambition up
scabbard now.

I say to thee that I no
Though verily was I
Oh, learn of me and put
In thy unhurtful

L'NCASTER Hence, be gone,
insubstantial messenger!
For even if thou art
from Heaven's throne
I do revolt! Yea, if thy
word doth fall
From God omnipotent, I
will not hear
And will but only mine

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

own soul obey!

HENRY IV Woe! Woe!
Exhortations more I'll not propound. ★
 Nor will I come again,
to see thy ruin.
 I will withdraw into the
hearse'd night
 And let thee live with
thy malevolence!

Exit the Ghost.

L'NCASTER Aroint, thou worm of
earth, of purpose fell,
 And come but when
thou carry me to Hell!

[Exit Lancaster.]

propound: offer

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

ACT III

Scene I: The palace.

Enter King Henry V, the Duke
of Clarence, the Duke of Gloucester,
Westmoreland, the Lord Chief
Justice, Lords, attendants.

KING A forward spring much
suits our constant end
 To send tall ships, with

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

captains and the rest,
 Munitions, strong
galleys, with victuals apt,
 ‘Cross the salt-sea,
whereby the Salic claims
 We make unto the
throne of France will speed
 And we be crowned the
King of that rived★ land.
 As I be man as much as
I be King,
 I shall both woo and
win fair Katharine,
 Of whom ‘tis said is
yet twice fairer more
 Than that fair land that
is her dwelling-house,
 And after tilting with
our lances brave,
 I swear that I will tilt
with braver lips,
 And that which we have
wrought by might
 I shall in swift and
honored marriage seal,
 To royally beget an heir
to knit
 Together these our two
dismemb’red selves
 Into a kingdom that yet,
certes,★ shall

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

Earn th' admiration and
respect of all the world!

WEST'D We do await the time
when we embark,
 My liege! How soon a
passage shall we find?

KING Presently but for
requisites of horse
 And men. What favors
this ill-favored let? ★

LORD

CHIEF

JUSTICE The ships to bear thy
fraughtage esperant, ★
 My Lord, unto the
cloven lands you name
 Do lie unsquared and
imperseverant. ★
 The wood to furnish
forth the seasoned planks
 As yet is green and
unauspicious.
 The quantity we need of
timber stout
 'Tis not rough-hewn nor
'tis it serviceable.
 Besides, raw accidents
and discontents

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

rived: divided

certes: certainly

let: delay, hindrance

fraughtage esperant: hopeful cargo

imperseverant: giddy-headed, unready

(continued)

Among the shipwrights
and the carpenters,
Too tedious to iterate,
have
All the preparations
thrown awry.

KING A plague upon delays!
Perchance the King
 Himself must skip to
supervise the fleet,
 Yea, even wield the
mallet and the nail!
 So must we all
perchance, or lose surprise
 And thus afford our
enemies defensive time ★
 That they would not

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

command if we set forth!

 It seems that even kings
must brook delays!

CLARENCE Hem! ★ Yet something
more, my Lord, though I know not
 If we should breathe of
it.

KING

Say openly!

 I wilt not see my friends
afeared to speak,
 As though coarse
tyranny doth here hold sway!

CLARENCE Privately have we met
with Lancaster,
 Lord John, our brother
nearest to the throne,
 And our whole minds
divided are somewhat
 About glib blazoning ★
of that which passed,
 Our loyalty betossed
between the love
 We bear our loving
liege and that we bear
 Our loving brother, a
brother whom we trow
 Yet doth not love all his

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

brothers equally.

KING Thomas, I have heard
these news elsewhere.

 The Prince is now too
overweening blown. ★

 Methinks the King hath
been too like to turn

 A vacant ear from this
reported tract, ★

 Appended thus as
green and inauspicious.

 No abatement doth he
show, but now doth plot

 Within these walls to
rankle up allies.

 If we delay in this, as
we delay in ships,

 Bold Lancaster indeed
may not delay

 And with his laggard
brother's blood his blade

 Incarnadine! ★

hem: a half-cough, to call attention

defensive time: time to defend

 themselves *overweening*

blown: puffed up

hem: a half-cough, to call attention

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

tract: proceeding

glib blazoning: revealing easily

incarnadine: make red

GLOU'TER My Lord, 'tis not so
grave!

KING We lack herein celerity
in faith!

 Prithee, noble
Gloucester, we crave more proof.
 Yet we are solid that
we'll not endure
 These arrant threats
upon our natural life,
 However much they
unsaluted be
 By rude conspirators. In
brief, my Lords,
 Say when and whence
Prince John must be mewed ★ up?

GLOU'TER We have consorted and
concluded that
 Prince John with his

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

pestiferous account

Will a quietus ★ make,
and thee no more deride.

'Tis but the late King's
death, so near in love,

That hath unhinged his
brain and made him prompt

To challenge thee in
madness ruffian. ★

CLARENCE With Humphrey I
concur. 'Tis but a short

And rootless
perturbation of his soul

That doth most like
already now abate.

KING Where, prithee, be this
naughty Lancaster?

Why shows he not his
haughty face to me?

To wag his
perturbations publicly?

Instead I hear him
rumble from afar,

Though close at once. ★
Where is this scolding boy?

Perchance I'll not see
him until such time

As leaping from behind
a curtain he doth strike

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

And cry, "Sweet Henry,
here I be!"

GLOU'TER 'Tis not fit that brothers
should so hate.

This unnatural enmity
must needs pass.

KING And so said Able of his
brother Cain,

Before in rage that
husbandsman ★

The brains of his same
hoodwink'd brother dash'd!

CLARENCE My liege, Prince John
but rants, so cooling thus

The passions he doth
raise, in having voiced

His machinations and
finding them reprov'd.

mewed up: confined

though close at once: though he
is in the palace

quietus: settlement of account

madness ruffian: boisterous madness

husbandsman: tiller of the soil;
Cain

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

KING Perchance the voice of
treason doth not cool
 But rather bubbles forth
with every breath,
 Like witches' broth, and
as we make excuse
 The Prince grows
hissing hot to run amok!
 His breath infects yet
more unto the fight,
 For rumors have I heard
of trusty form,
 Of th' Earl of
Cambridge, my Lord Scroop, and
Thomas Gray! ★

WEST'D Oh, my Lord, no!

KING
But yea, yea, my Lord, yes!
 'Tis time we ceased this
sloth and Harried them! ★

LORD

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

CHIEF

JUSTICE My Lord, we must
attend the readiness!

 Thy navy must needs
sail for Agincourt. ★

 To wait yet more will
risk the very pith

 Of our ordain'd and
shipboard enterprise!

KING

 And thus was ever
majesty pulled fore and aft

 By purposes and aims
dividant and dire.

 And so we choose to
seize the gage ★ of France

 And all thereto
attending, and thus to leave

 Our bubbling brother
Lancaster unwatched.

 So let us haste to
England's nether coast

 And leave behind this
plump and undressed woe, ★

 Until a fitter time, and
may it be

 That we have not here
made a fat-brained choice,

 To grasp the weaker
knot that could have stayed,

 And left knit up the one

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

we should have tamed
 Before it tangled our
whole troublous world!

[Exeunt.]

conspirators against Henry V
Harried them: pun on Harry and harry
Agincourt: battlefield in France
gage: glove thrown in challenge
plump and undressed woe: Lancaster,
but also the hidden Falstaff

Scene II. Boar's Head Tavern in
Eastcheap.

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

Enter

Frederick.

FREDERICK Halloo! Halloo! I fain
would have the ear of some that are
themselves

colleagued with Sir
John Falstaff, knight! I hold
here a letter from the
very same.

Enter

Doll, Bardolph.

DOLL Ah, bless my sweet
maidenhead, 'tis a message from my
Jack! Hallo!

BARDOPLH Will be like days of
yore perchance! Be the recreant ★
returning to us anon?

We have been moping
melancholy mad lacking him!

FREDERICK Being a faithful carrier
of correspondence privy, conscience did
not permit

me to pry into the
contents.

Enter

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

Mistress Quickly.

HOSTESS I' faith, be Sir John
here?

PETO Nay, 'tis but an epistle
from him.

HOSTESS Oh, Jesu, methought I
heard his voice and the creaking of the
floor from his
 great weight.

PETO Marry, sir, let us have
thy post!

FREDERICK I will stand off, since I
have reasoned cognizance that this self-
same letter
 doth go near unto the
 wight who hath delivered it.

PETO [Trying to read] 'Tis
Falstaff's liberal hand, I am sure!

DOLL Read it! Read it, Peto!

BARDOLPH Yea, what says the
rogue? Peradventure 'tis to tell us of his
high-soaring
 times in the palace with

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

his high-born friends!

HOSTESS Belike Sir John hath
grown so great and
thick as honeycomb
with the
King he hath sent back
all the debt he hath
owed me some sixteen
year and seven months!
Seest thou any pound within?

PETO If there be aught ★
herein, it be food only for the
salamander!

recreant: rogue
aught: anything

DOLL Thou must read it
presently ere we all break ope! ★

PETO “To —” The world’s
light is monstrous dim! “To —”

BARDOLPH To whom?

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

PETO 'Tis too scribbled to
ravel! 'Tis marred★ most vilely!

BARDOLPH Ah, go hang! The truth
be thou knowest not how to read!★

PETO Thou liest, villain! I can
read like an Oxford scholar. Yet since
thy face be as
bright as midday sun, thou canst piece it
out readily. Readest thou!

BARDOLPH Let me see! Let me!
Hoo! "To My Masters" —

HOSTESS Say on! Say on!

BARDOLPH "Augmented greetings,
and much humble service, from this
high aery!"★

The hand indeed be
hard to decline!★

PETO Ah ha, thou canst but
scarce nose out a word or two, and guess
the rest!

DOLL Canst not thou read,
Bardolph?

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

BARDOLPH ‘Zounds! I canst read! I
am a veritable schoolmaster, ipse
duxit! ★

DOLL Thou doth quake,
quake, ★ my duxit! I trow thou canst no
better read than can
mine Hostess here or me!

BARDOLPH Thou dost slander me! I
will show thee how venereally ★ I canst
read!

“To My Masters, etc.”
— for so it decipher —
“I do think on thee most
constantly, even while
now I be of the Puny
Council!”

PETO The Puny Council?

BARDOLPH Nay, ‘tis the “Privy
Council — of the King, and he” — Pox
on this light! —

“and he doth ask my
ministration on all portentous
affairs of policy, forged
and intestine — ical.”

break ope: that is,

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

with curiosity
marred: blotted
to read: none can read well
aery: eagle's lair
decline: decipher
ipse duxit: self-evident
quake, quake: sound of a duck and his
trembling
venereally: a malapropism
intestin — *ical*: made-up word

DOLL Forged and intestine —
ical?

BARDOLPH 'Tis Falstaff's madcap
hand!

HOSTESS Oh, Sir John has
become a gravy★ statesman now!

DOLL Grave indeed! And
thinks he still on us!

BARDOLPH Herein is yet more!
"Couldst thou see — Couldst thou see in
thy great-siz'd —

DOLL "Hearts."

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

BARDOLPH “Hearts.” To lend me
some two and twenty pound, which this
self-same” —

Accursed be this
squiny ★ light!

FREDERICK Which this self-same
Frederick will carry back to him. If thou
likest, I canst

read the obscur’d
remainder of the letter
aloud. Will spur the
tidings on, or Sir John
should die as old as
Saturn ★ ere the brief be
yet read through!

HOSTESS A’ wants two and
twenty pound? Oh, Sir John, thou hast
not altered one whit!

PETO Wherefore sends he for
money?

FREDERICK That, in good sooth, I
can answer sans benefit of the
troublesome missive.

Sir John hath incurr’d
what must be in honour paid.

DOLL Most like some scurvy

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

fellow hath fleec'd poor Sir John with
cheating and

cogging ways. ★

FREDERICK I assure you, mistress,
that the fellow be not in the least scurvy!

BARDOLPH My eyes are aweary
today. What doth the posterior of letter
say?

Frederick reads the letter for
them.

FREDERICK “My reason for the two
and twenty pound be that the King
himself hath
requested of me a loan, for ventures, ★
which shall be repaid
with double vantage when next
taxes be acquir'd. In good time I

shall send thee again the
two and twenty pound with
mickle ★

gravy: malapropism for grave
squiny: making him squint

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

Saturn: an aged god
cogging ways: conman's tricks
ventures: investments
mickle: much

(continued)

interest, and likewise
will I buzz a goodly
word in the kingly ear
even
now, while he doth
almost hourly seek me
out for procreant ★
advice.”

PETO Procreant, forsooth! But
the King lacks money?

FREDERICK Duty forbids
interpretation, sith that is not my errand,
but only to read what
is charactered herein.

HOSTESS If we send him these
pounds, sure, he will
render ‘em again now a’

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

be
so high exalted!

DOLL I do love the man, but I
would not swear that he would always
keep his
word though he be
Olympus-high!

HOSTESS Let me think on it a
little longer. Doth the greasy fellow say
more?

FREDERICK Aye. "I do ask thee all,
Doll, and Mistress Hen, and Bardolph
and Peto, and

Shallow, if present yet
he be ★ to come unto the castle
this very day, whereupon
I shall muffle thee in,
and we shall make
holiday and a
burgomask! ★ Bring
thee in a basket some
ale and cakes, and we'll
make merry for a day or
twain and no one need
apprehend it nought!
But note, but mark:
whate'er, do not tell this
self-

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

endeared, fine finical
Frederick that I intend
thee admittance to the
castle. Yea, let him not
hear these words, as he
is an officious, stuffed
Jack-a-lent, ★ who will
not let thee come if he
but know of our plot.”
Well! “Tell this same
jack-slave ass thou wilt
not deliver the King’s
money into his keeping
since thou dost not wot
him, nor goodman
Adam, and that the
surest way is for all of
thee to accompany
him unto the castle.
Once nigh, I’ll admit
thee, and then shall we
drink and dance and
revel, and we’ll even
gull ★ this ill-natur’d,
malignant maltworm
out of a hundred pounds
of his own, if he have so
much, the cut-throat,
and then beat him
soundly afterwards
too!” Well! Say on, Sir

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

John Falstaff!

DOLL Methinks 'tis a jest.

FREDERICK Not a jocund one
withal! I will not be the geck★ of his
insatiate scoffs!

 'Tis well I read this
letter. Nay, and I will read no
more, though there indeed
 be a sequent sequel.

Wilt thou give the two and
twenty pound or will ye not?

 I have already enough
miscarried here.

procreant: pun on fertile

he: Shallow is visiting

Jack-a-lent: small puppet thrown at
during Lent

burgomask: dance

gull: cheat, trick

geck: butt

BARDOLPH We have't not, nor if

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

we had, would we bestow it on thee,
sirrah!

DOLL Why, there it is! For
aught we know, thou didst thwack Sir
John to pen

 this letter so that thou
couldst burgle us as well as he! What
hast thou

 done with that poor,
good old man! Impart! Impart!

PETO Yea, cerify, or suffer a
cracked crown, thou whoreson
villainous leech,

 who hath done mischief
to the finest fat fellow that ever drew
breath

 betwixt Heaven and
Hell's gate!

FREDERICK I have done no harm, to
even so much as one hair of the old
man's beard!

 Beshrew thee! ★

BARDOLPH Where hast thou
murdered him? Where be his corse even
now? Confess the guts!

FREDERICK Enough! I will stay no

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

more and hear such accusations and
abuses from such
a load of dropsical scum
as thou! I will away,
never to return unto thy
uncleanly savors, ★
which God so frame! ★

Exit Frederick.

PETO Sneck up! ★ So please
you!

DOLL A scurvy fellow, sure!
And yet, what of Sir Jack? What if he
stand in
need! What if he stand
bleeding where he lies, where that felon
has
knocked him on the
head and then made him write that
letter!

PETO Yea, whereby it was so
vilely written I could scarce decipher!
We must do
somewhat to succor Sir Jack!

BARDOLPH In God's name, let's
after that yon loathly, drone-like fellow

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

and follow him

unto the castle, and
therewithal find
entrance, where Sir
John be lying knock-
pated, sure! And we
shall rescue him!

HOSTESS I fear me my old legs
won't carry me, but for Sir John,
worshipful,

non-parallel ★ Sir John,
I'll venture mine ear to be nailed to the
pillory!

So let us after. But,
peace, we must strike not a
noise or yon sneak-cup ★
will hear us.

bespew thee: woe to

savors: smells
so frame: bring about

sneak up: unclear insult
non-parallel: malapropism for
nonpareil
sneak-cup: thief; Frederick

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

PETO Let us go apace, before
he walks invisible! ★

Enter

Shallow.

SHALLOW What ho, my masters? I
did but try a nodding nap, yet heard I a

hurly-burly here.

HOSTESS Come, Justice Shallow,
put on thy cloak over thy nightgown and
come with us anon, as
we go march, though wearisome a
journey it

prove unto the castle, to
save poor, blessed Jack Falstaff from the
very doornail ★ of
death!

Exit

Hostess, Doll, Peto, and Bardolph.

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

SHALLOW Hem, boys! ★ I be not
yet awake! And yet will I after them, or
I am an egg-
 sucking weasel!

[Exit Shallow, running, in his
nightshirt.]

walks invisible: disappears from sight
doornail: malapropism for doorstep
hem, boys: a convivial cry

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

Scene III. Lancaster's apartments.

Enter Lady Lancaster and Margaret.

LADY L Hast more linen for
beneath the vantbrace? ★
 'Tis almost done, save
for stitchery.
 Dost think my husband
will admire it?

MARGARET The nearer question is,
not if he dote,
 But, madame, if he even
don it once.

LADY L Margaret, I know not
what thou intends.

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

MARGARET 'Tis rumored that the
Prince ill-suited is
For our well-suited
expedition.

LADY L Thou shouldst not fill
thy ears with rumors wild.
They oft are slippery
reliances.

My husband hath
requested that his shield
Be crested so, and all
his equipage, ★
To buoy ★ his own
contingent o' gallant troops.

MARGARET Hath my good lord
found it a fitful ★ fit?

LADY L Well enough! Well
enough! Trouble me not
With thy saucy tongue!

Enter Lancaster.

How now, my lord! We
have much missed thee of late!

L'NCASTER Hast thou? Pray, pardon
me. I have been sick.
Not wishing to infect,

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

have kept aloof.

So few I know seem
prone to catch
My dark'ning and
culpable disease.

LADY L Margaret, I am devoid
of rose-red thread.

Pray fetch me some
from the neighbour room.

Or if ye find it not
within, sift ★ more.

vantbrace: armor for the arm
equipage: equipment for war
buoy: lift up, inspire
fitful: troublesome

sift: search

MARGARET How much rose-red
thread doth my lady wish?

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

LADY L Be bountiful! Indeed, be
boundless, pray!
 For we must trim all
things to suit the King!

MARGARET Yes, my lady.

Exit Margaret.

L'NCASTER What did her 'haviour
signify?

LADY L We must close, for thou
canst no more rankle
 In this humour. In the
court there be few
 Who do not guess it
may herald perfidy!

L'NCASTER Bid me not what I must
do and what not do.
 Prithee what is this thou
makest here?

LADY L Some trifle.

L'NCASTER Yea, and more than
trifle too.
 Is it apparel for thy
husband's wars

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

To wear beside the
King in frosty France?
Ha! What assurance
hast thou had he'll stir!

LADY L Thou must! The King
doth know thy tarriance, ★
 And I do fear me
Margaret a spy,
 Who lisps to every ear
what here befalls.

L'NCASTER I will wield the
wand'ring sword I choose to wield,
 Not that decreed by
brother or by wife!

LADY L No choice be ours! So
adamant the course
 For conquest is that to
persever more
 Against it now is to
define thyself
 A feckless ★ traitor.
Thus have I equipage
 Quaintly ordered, so
that Henry Monmouth
 Will us love, forgive,
and not misdoubt.

L'NCASTER A busy hand can be the

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

Devil's too!

tarrance: reluctance

feckless: faithless

Re-enter

Margaret.

MARGARET Madame, I cannot find
the rose-red thread.

LADY L Then seek you in the
leaden case! Go, pray!

MARGARET Well, I'll look then in
the leaden case!

Exit Margaret.

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

L'NCASTER Have we so basely sunk,
our words so carved,
Lest servitors o'erhear
us, our greatness shrunk
To fawn on any draff ★
who holds the power?

LADY L I have endur'd thy
moods and quiddities, ★
But I will not stand still
to let thee lop
Thy highmost rank and
that of thy sweet babes,
For why ★ thou art but
full of deadly weeds
Of discontent and
envy's hidden sting!

L'NCASTER Nor will I this
whispering adopt,
This sniveling stealth as
though turned criminal!
Come, let us call thy
Margaret back and speak
Forthrightly to her face.
It could not be
That her report be
worse than what she guess
We are a-grumbling
here! I do not like
The scoundrel King,

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

and there I say it plain,
 Like a nobleman. If this
be traitorous,
 Then is dear, shivering
Britain this day cursed,
 For why no man may
hold opinion stanch ★
 Save that of he who
names the tune melodious,
 And every knave doth
o'er self now trip
 To jig the dance the
way he is but told!

LADY L Our children, John!
Hath thee no thought for them?

L'NCASTER My thoughts with them
are rich. 'Tis thus I think
 What they would think
of their wrath-kindled sire,
 If he were lesser true to
his true thoughts
 Than those behowled in
this strappado ★ court!

druff: refuse given to swine

quiddities: cavils

for why: because

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

stanch: firm

strappado: an instrument of torture,
arms tied behind and then lifted

LADY L Much good will all thy
vaulting ★ honor yield,
 Or yield thy babes, if
thou be vaulting dead!

L'NCASTER Hast sped so far? The
King already shifts
 To mure ★ me up or
drown me in the Thames?

LADY L I know not what be his
aim, but were I he
 And had I a basilisk ★
in my sight,
 Yea, in my very native
residence,
 I would resolve his eye-
strings to be crack'd,
 And if need grew, I
would my enemy dispatch,
 And hence would

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

peaceful-mindedness ensue.

L'NCASTER Even thou contemn me?

LADY L I do not understand thy ranting mind!

The King acquits his quondam★ reputation.
Thou alone doth frame thy heart in flint!

L'NCASTER None do seem to compute★ his frauds,
How he doth secure a feeble gripe★ upon the crown
By raising foreign strife! What hath he held
For England's good, but new-bankrupted her,
Yet more with more and more incertainties!

LADY L When every breeze doth blow but southerly,
'Tis stubborn-hard the ship that travels north!
Come! Here! But try this sleeve, to see the fit.
For thee I trust I've made it perfity!★

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

L'NCASTER Away from me, thou
 grovelling, frantic wretch!
 I will not stink of one
 slight, slobb'ring smell
 That says I be a base,
 hand-licking cur!

LADY L I do but try to save thee
 from thy fate!

Re-

enter Margaret.

vaulting: leaping

mure: wall

basilisk: fabled serpent, supposed to kill
 by its look

quondam: former

compute: suppose

gripe: grip

perfitly: perfectly

L'NCASTER Hop, Margaret! Thy

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

lady doth need aid

In stitching all this

hop'd-for frippery!

To fly to France's

frighted, fatal fields!

She herself perchance in

war this shall don

And shed her striding

blood, like Amazon!

Exit Lancaster.

[Exit Lady Lancaster and
Margaret.]

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

Scene IV. Before a gate of the
palace.

Enter

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

alarums! Mutate ★ him!

SHALLOW Muzzle his hue and cry!

They subdue Frederick.

BARDOPH Here's a pretty piece of
work!

FREDERICK Oh, help! I am almost
slain!

PISTOL Givest thy key!

FREDERICK Not I! The gods
forefend ★ that ever shouldst thou enter
into the palace to
do unmannerly and
vilely murderous deeds therein!

Throws the
keys over the palace gate.

Pause there,
ratsbane! ★ Seest now how thou canst
bring harms to those
within by knocking
down these hurtless stones!

PISTOL Oh, rogue most

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

ignominious! [To the others] Canst not
find the keys?

gorbellied: big-bellied

mutate him: malapropism for make him
mute

forefend: prevent

ratsbane: rat poison; insult here

DOLL Nay, they be swallowed
by the sharp furzes, prickly goss, ★ and
thorns on

t'other side!

SHALLOW I swear I shall break this
door in twain! God-a-
mercy, I have
deposed ★ my
finger!

HOSTESS What's to do? What's to
do?

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

FREDERICK Go off, I discard you!
Go!

SHALLOW I go near to have a
 thought! [Softly]
 Halloo, Sir John!
 Halloo, if thou beest
 within!

PETO Pray, what if we give
intelligence hereby unto friends
erroneous?★

SHALLOW There is no help! Join
us together! Halloo, Sir John!

HOSTESS Halloo, my overwhem'd
lodger and my friend!

DOLL Halloo!

PETO Halloo and holla!
Halloo!

FREDERICK What hallowing is this!

PETO We are at Hallowmas,★
sirrah! Get thee hence!

PISTOL [Loudly] Sir John! Sir

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

John!

PETO Peace, welkin-ringing★
thunderbolt! Or thou wilt wake the dead
souls in their
graves through all of Christendom!

Enter

Falstaff above.

FALSTAFF What be these hideous
volleys! I did think I heard my name
proclaim'd.

Yet must I not be
memoriz'd,★ save by the King.
Who calls there?

PISTOL Who answerest there?

FALSTAFF I will not answer until
thou sayest who thou be!

furzes, goss: gorse *Hallowmas* :pun
on halloing and the Feast of All Saints
(All Hallows)

deposed: dislocated

welkin-ringing:

heaven-ringing

friends erroneous: the wrong people

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

memoriz'd: seen

PISTOL Nor will we neither,
until thou sayest who thou be!

FALSTAFF Reveal thyself ere thou
earn the wrath of reverend authority,
and
 ponderous weight, from
this high-peering summit!

PISTOL Nay, reveal thyself that
we may determine whether we indeed
speak
 with some great worthy!

FALSTAFF I shall not bark one
word upon compulsion!

PISTOL We had rather die like
brave Achilles★ drawn
by his dainty heel★
from
Hector's chariot than
give over to thy

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

importunate demands!

FALSTAFF A pox on all this
 playing mouse and cat!
 I am starv'd half dead
 and
 thirsty too! I have been
 here one whole night
 and half a day with

 nought to eat or drink! I
say, who dares approach this seat of
majesty!

DOLL Sir John, is it thee,
chuck?★

FALSTAFF Doll? Is't possible that
 the voice which
 summons me from these
 ripe
 battlements is the
 siren's song?★ Doll?

DOLL Great walking butt'ry
bar, 'tis thee forsooth!

FALSTAFF My true-bred, loving
dish clout,★ beshrew my heart! I can
scarce

credit these eyes!

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

HOSTESS By the memory of my maidenhead, 'tis the old fat knight himself!

FALSTAFF Aye, every inch a knight! Hast thou then been news-cramm'd with my letter?

HOSTESS That are we truly, Sir John, and have come hither to save thee from
most certain dread peril!

FALSTAFF Hast thou then brought food and drink for this poor, famish'd rogue!

HOSTESS Nay, Sir John, we were away too fast to bear anything but ourselves.

Achilles: Pistol has the event backwards, confused

chuck: term of endearment

siren's song: a temptress; not Doll

dish clout: dishcloth

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

FALSTAFF I welcome thee, but I
have had enough of fast! Where we that

avaricious Frederick,
whom I did engrave ★ with my letter?

PETO This be the same,
trammeled up like beldame sow.

FREDERICK All of thee shall suffer
foul Hell for this!

DOLL Come with us straight
away, dear Jack! Let us back to the
Boar's Head!

FALSTAFF I am faint, if I do not eat
yet some morsel within the very minute!

HOSTESS Methinks I will likewise
faint! I needs must rest! We have come
a long journey!

FALSTAFF There's nought to do

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

but that ye all shall enter into this castle,
howsomever
that may be!

PISTOL This coney★ hast
thrown the keys o'er the gate! Canst see
them, Jack?

FALSTAFF Nay, I see them not. Yet
I shall descend to let
thee enter if I can. But
we must
not be spied!

BARDOLPH We thought thou wert
massy★ in the King 's grace, and well
nigh did overtop
all in governance!

FALSTAFF I do! Verily I do! But
dost thou think my sovereign wants such
a tatter'd pack
of lubberly louts as thou
transgressing here! Stay, and I
will seek out the key!

Falstaff descends.

PETO What shalt we do with
this tranquil knave?

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

PISTOL Throw thy keys away,
wilt ye!

FREDERICK Help! Help ho!

PISTOL This silences thee,
howling calf!

Frederick is gagged.

engrave: imprint

coney: rabbit, dupe

massy: big, important

FALSTAFF I am at the gate! Where
be the key?

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

- DOLL Gape, Jack! Gape! ★
- FALSTAFF I see it not!
- HOSTESS Sir John!
- FALSTAFF Ah, I descry it in the
 thorns!
- DOLL Hast it now?
- FALSTAFF I behold it, but I cannot
 bend to pluck it up!
- DOLL Prithee, bend, good
 Jack! Bend, like bulky Jupiter!
- FALSTAFF I cannot bend! I be too
 fat! Aha, I do bethink
 me! I shall lie among
 the
 thorns! Hum! Hum! ★
- DOLL Jack?
- FALSTAFF I have the key! Hoo! ★ I
 have also been galled by a monstrous
 prickle!
- [Opens gate.] Masters, I
 am dead, but I am yours! No
 noise, and enter!

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

HOSTESS Oh, sweet Jack, it is
because of God's sweet
provocation ★ that I can

see thee again!

FALSTAFF Aye, mistress! It is
provident indeed! And
now let old Jack
Falstaff,
sweet Jack Falstaff,
pricked Jack Falstaff,
play host to one and all

within his royal estate!
Come, but come in hugger-mugger!

PETO What of this humble-
mouthed fellow here?

FALSTAFF Lug him with us! He'll
othergates ★ attract more eyes, or divest
himself

of his gyves and bawl
like goat new-born and spoil all
our sport!

Exit
carrying Frederick.

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

Aye, I must confess! I
didst sorely miss thee,
and never knewest it
'til this self-same
moment, when I set
eyes upon thee all
again! O, come,
 ye wags, when
old Jack Falstaff calls!
Will be some merriment
within these walls!

[Exeunt.]

gape: look *Hum! Hum!* : noises of
exertion

Hoo!: exclamation of triumphant joy

provocation: malapropism for
providence

othergates: otherwise

A
CT IV

Scene I. The private chambers of the
King.

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

Enter

King Henry V, with servant.

KING When he doth come, do
grant him entrance mute. ★

SERVANT I'll stand afore the door,
my lord, to wait, lest any danger hap to
thee.

KING 'Tis not needful.

SERVANT But, Majesty!

KING I shall not have in
ballads chronicled,
 That I my brother
treated like a thief!
 I have said!

SERVANT Yes, Majesty.

KING O, come ye shadow of
my father's soul,
 And teach me how to be
a Solomon! ★

Enter

Lancaster.

L'NCASTER Thy mighty hest hath

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

summoned me, my King,
 And thus I cringe like
timorous babe
 When his strict nurse
doth smite his finger-ends,
 Lest he be more
chastised and sent to bed
 With sudden stripes, ★
and supperless!

mute: quietly

Solomon: wise in judgment

stripes: a beating

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

KING Coz, I have bid thee
hither so to have
 More dear
expostulation★ with my friend.
 ‘Twas not a baleful
summons. [To servant] Leave us, sirrah!

Exit Servant.

L’NCASTER What saith my dread
lord? Tremble I to hear.

KING I understand thee not,
John Lancaster!
 Wherein so gross have I
affronted thee?
 Have I not still uplifted
and befriended thee?
 Have I not wink’d at all
these whisperings
 Of cuffs against my
state which thou hast made?
 I had as lief★ yoke me
in this little room
 With seven great head-
lugged★ and reakless★ bears,
 Unfenced by any
guardians of myself,
 Or bare my throat to the

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

assassin's blade,
As speak to thee so
bitterly in this,
Didst I not wish
perforce to conquer thee
With brother's bond and
not a monarch's hate!

L'NCASTER Oh, thinkest thee not I
am thy cat,
Who'd rather beg than
catch a bird himself?
Thou hast grown careful
of my love
Since thou hast weigh'd
I may to thee be doom!

KING 'Tis felonious of thee so
to say!

L'NCASTER At last my fester'd rage
is now bespoke,
And not kept hid, as
false-fac'd liars do!

KING Dost not thou know that
I can wield a word
And thou be hoist ★ out
of my worrying?
Why canst thou not
again with me be joined,

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

As in our early and
more comely days?

L'NCASTER Ah, thou dost mirror
princely manners now.

Yea, hast them almost
mastered, like a player.

Thou hast been tutor'd
well since thou turned King.

KING Thou doth try my
tortured patience, brother.

I do not act a tutor'd
princeliness!

expostulation: conversation, discussion

had as lief: had as soon

head-lugged: ripped by dogs

reakless: maddened, enraged

hoist: removed

(continued)

Yet 'tis not meet that I
should have to tell

Thee I am chivalrous
and nobly grac'd!

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

Accept my open hand in
peace, or no,
But call me not an
arrant counterfeit!

L'NCASTER Why sueth ★ thou to me
when thou canst clap
And ninety leagues of
ministers — Oh yea,
Even hosts of Heaven's
cherubim — will rush
To save thy fall before
thou dash thy foot
Against a stone! Why
needeth thou my love
When thou hast such
idolatry from men?
For thou hast nought to
lose in losing me,
Since I alone do stand
disorbing ★ thee.
Sure, thou canst live
without this hindmost ★ heart,
Or art so keen and
greedy of thy thralls
Thou wilt not be
content until thou makes
The wide world cry
Hosannas to thy name!

KING Longer I can not stay,

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

since maps for France

Are pregnant now, and
will deliver soon.

I would most gladly
stay with thee to moralize,

But bastinadoses ★
arbitrate the hour.

The King doth hope
thou wilt remain his friend.

— I prithee, John, do
come with me to France! —

It is not good for thee to
cloud and storm,

To make thine anger'd
fierceness yet more hot.

Come, do take but thou
this fav'ring hand,

Dissembling not ★ and
lying weaponless!

L'NCASTER I do warrant ★ thy
silver'd utterance.

And confess, a moment
hence I almost quailed

And clasped thee to my
flatter'd breast,

Almost quell'd, I say,
until I didst recover me

And didst avert thy
gliding, oily tongue!

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

KING Brother!

L'NCASTER If you will pardon me
for mine own part,
 My waxen ★ soul I'll
keep two seconds yet.

sueth: petition
disorbing: pushing out of orbit
hindmost: behind the others
bastinadoes: beatings, for France
dissembling not: tricking not
warrant: acknowledge
waxen: easily effaced; also growing

(continued)

I do not wish to be
cramm'd in thy ranks,
 Wherein such panting
time as thou mayst steal
 Between and 'twixt
appointments exigent! ★
 Nay, I'll be not won and
wooded like a whore,
 With half a breath's
intemperate expense,

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

And paid some airy toys
or petty coins,
And then disgorg'd
again when thou art cloyed! ★

KING Thou doth anger me!
Yet wilt I love thee!

L'NCASTER Good den. Good den,
my loving kin!

Exit Lancaster.

KING This sinks my heart, and
yet incites it too,
For I must strip this
thistle from my brain!
Or it will thrive to
choke my latter days.
And yet I cannot strike
him in my wrath!
I will love him, and will
not injure him!
Not yet!

[Exit the King.]

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

exigent: urgent

cloyed: overly satisfied

Scene II. Inner chamber of the palace.

Enter

Falstaff and the rest.

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

FALSTAFF Stow that worm-eaten
costermonger ★ thither! Be absolute he
be secure!

BARDOLPH ‘Tis done, Sir John!
He’ll keep some fifty year or more, like
a rigorous kernel
 out of a pomegranate, or
I’ll be hang’d!

FALSTAFF Pray he keep at least an
hour and a quarter, or we shall all be
quarter’d in
 an hour, and hang’d
too! Come, to the kitchens, ever
hungry corpse of us,
 and Doll and mine
Hostess, so! Fie upon this quiet
life, shut up and sitting
 like a sickly
convertite ★! We’ll find cheese,
bull-beeves and pies and eggs
 and verily some thirst-
killing sweet canary, ★ or we’ll
die in a pitch’d battle
 for ‘em else!

HOSTESS Heigh! Hang-hog!
Methinks I could eat a piece of mouldy
sheep’s leather,

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

I be that hungerly!

PISTOL Let loose these
trenchermen ★ at will!

FALSTAFF And may all be burnt
with a bubbling stew
who try to thwart our
way, even the King
himself, say I!

Exeunt, with shouts.

Enter King, alone,
at another door.

KING How now, Falstaff!
Couldst thou not abate for me this extant
moment?

Shouts within.

Here be some seditious
rout perchance! Or the Dauphin
howsomever has
 marshalled thronging troops and
is advanced here to Pomfret to stem our
 bravery! What
gallimaufry ★ of old clothes is this?

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

Frederick, what hath
befallen thee?

Unmuffles Frederick.

costermonger: mercenary person

convertite: a convert

canary: wine

trenchermen: big eaters

gallimaufry: mixture

FREDERICK I thank God thou hast
rescued me! I shouldst otherwise have
lain here until

I decayed unto the very
quintessence of rubbish!

KING
Speak!

Well; the matter?

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

FREDERICK Those inhospitable
villains my charge it was to seek have
underta'en to

ransack thy doom'd
Pomfret!

KING Ransack? Who?

FREDERICK The most wicked and
disrelish'd pack of stretch-mouth'd,
vindictive ★ outlaws

and illiterate
malefactors that have
e'er set foot in this
castle! And led by that
putrified lard-miller ★
renegado that
thou didst tofore
clepe ★ thy friend.

KING Falstaff?

Shouts within.

FREDERICK Even now the purse-
taking villain doth cut the throats of thy
soldiers and noble

family!

KING Come, Frederick, I'll

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

disencumber thee from
out these tangled clouts,
and let us follow this
whoobub, ★ and God
sort ★ all!

Exit

King and Frederick.

Enter Falstaff
and the rest at another door.

FALSTAFF By Tantalus' manacled
appetite, where be the kitchens!

HOSTESS Wilt they be soon, Sir
John? By Our Lady, I doubt me many
more steps ere
I falter and swoon!

FALSTAFF Courage, Mistress
Quickly! Courage, all! Neither we, the
quick, nor even
Quickly, slow, shall die
this day, either slowly or
quickly! On, soldiers, on!
We shall taste tooth
picker victory yet!

DOLL What be that yonder
portal, Sir John?

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

vindicative: vindictive, that is, Falstaff
clepe: call
whoobub: hubbub
lard-miller: maker of lard,
sort: clear up

FALSTAFF Heurecca! ★ As cried
that bathing Greek! Thither — it looks
like a larder!

 And be a larder nigh,
 canst our slippery king of
 kitchens be far off?

 Exeunt, with shouts.

 Enter King
and Frederick at another door.

KING We must snare ‘em and
 noose their tongues ere they blast the
 palace

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

entirely! Frederick, we
shall muffle that deaf'ning bladder of
wind, but

thou must not harm
him, on thy honor! But haste! Ere it be
said that I still

be indrench'd with
mean-born knaves and not ripe to hold
the staff of state!

FREDERICK This way, my lord, I do
well believe!

Exit
the King and Frederick.

Enter Falstaff
and the rest, eating and drinking.

FALSTAFF I wot there had to be
some foison★ of food somewhere in
this Pomfret place!

Eat up, homely wags!

PETO And here be a stoup★
of wine! I didst find it in the pantry
beset★ behind this
gammon of bacon!★

FALSTAFF Skilled fellow! Bring it
hither! And let us all

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

drink jolly grapes
enough to make
plumpy, snoring
Bacchus ★ awake again,
and then in awe ★ dance
attendance here!

HOSTESS I have found some
proud cups else!

DOLL And some repasture
more!

FALSTAFF Chew! Quaff! ★ 'Tis
enough here to last a month or more,
what an if we eat
seventy and seven times
a day!

PETO And be forgiven as
many times too for eating so much!

PISTOL 'Tis good enough to
quench such a thirst as even plated ★
Mars might have
got in loving powdered
Venus!

Heurecca: Eureka, said by Archimedes

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

foison: rich harvest

stoup: drinking vessel

beset: pun on set there; also neglected

gammon: a smoked ham

Bacchus: god of wine

in awe: because these revelers can out-drink him

quaff: drink

plated: in armor

FALSTAFF Come, Doll, let's kick
up our heels with but a paltry lavolta! ★

DOLL In course, ★ sweet
leaping knight!

Dance; leaping,
with others

Enter King
and Frederick above.

FREDERICK There be the very
rogues! They do profane thy pantry with
gluttony and

 sloth and lechery, and,
 and — I wot not how many
 other of the deadly
 seven sins!

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

KING I have been too ill-
conceiving fond of that great dancing
bloat bear!

FALSTAFF All we lack now for one
mutual happiness is the presence of the
loving King
 himself!

BARDOLPH Would he not forsooth
curb such disports as these?

FALSTAFF An if he should utter a
word to rebuke us for this night's
celebration,
 I would but tell him,
"‘Twas mine edict!" and the King would
say,
 "All's well, Falstaff! I
do but live to serve thee!"

KING God's eyes! The rogue
doth strain!

FREDERICK Shalt I swinge this
swinge-buckler, ★ my liege, tear out his
tongue and place
 it on a pole on London
 Bridge to let it wag as a
 lesson to all the sinning
 world?

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

BARDOLPH I am amaz'd how thy
fortunes have upswarm'd★ so utterly
since that the King
forbade thee his
presence by ten mile!

FALSTAFF He doth affect me much,
and but yesternight swore he wouldst
make
me his heir.

PETO La, la, la! la!★ 'Tis
truly so?

lavolta: a leaping dance
in course: of course
swinge-buckler: riotous fellow
upswarm'd: improved
La, la, la, la: pooh

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

FALSTAFF Would I lie? His very
words I've noted: ★ "Beloved Falstaff, I
shall

thee adopt as my son
and let thee have the
throne itself in but some
two
or three month, for I do
avouch ★ thou wouldst
be a truer king than I!"

HOSTESS The King?

FALSTAFF Dost thou doubt? When
I am King, I shall appoint to high office
only thus far as have
trusted and believed in me!

HOSTESS And those which have
lent thee money too!

FALSTAFF Yea, in sincere verity,
they too. Dame Hostess, thou shalt be
Duchess Quickly, if
there is any truth in me at all!

HOSTESS Sooth, la! I'd love to be
a Duchess!

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

FALSTAFF And Bardolph and
 Shallow shall frame
 employment as my
 chiefest
 ministers. And we'll
 stand ceremonious and
 paragon'd in
 circumstance,
 and all the earth will
 marvel at the
 glimmering reign of
 good King Falstaff,
 blessed King Falstaff
 the First!

SHALLOW This health to King
Falstaff and his merry court!

ALL All health to Falstaff!

KING Enough! Out of doubt I
have let this garden grow unweeded!
Peace, thou
 usurpers of first my food and
now my very diadem!

FALSTAFF Good God, I am thrice-
double undone!

KING Think but how thou

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

dost shake the very bulwarks to the
ground! Dost wot
 where thou art? Have you no
sense of manners proportionable!

FREDERICK Now you'll sow some
rue! ★ Ha!

FALSTAFF I knew that majesty was
nigh! I could sense it in these awe-filled

 bones! Good King, thou
didst not think —

KING Do not dissemble, Jack
Falstaff! This time thou hast o'erstepped
my patience!

FREDERICK Hack off their heads,
my liege! Hack off!

roted: learned by rote
sow some rue: herb signifying sorrow
avouch: assert

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

FALSTAFF Good my friend
Frederick, salutation
and gentle greeting! We
have felt thy absence!
Aye, my liege, thou hast
in Frederick one of thy
perfect'st retainers!★

KING Thou art too impudent,
sirrah! We gave thee occasion to
prosper, and thou
 hast planted cankers!

FALSTAFF Thou dost not change
color at this, thy little
fold?★ This prayer-
filled convocation of
some old friends?
Wouldst have us pine
and languish, my King?

KING Yea, pine, languish, and
be expell'd all! Thou hast turned the
castle into a
 roynish★ bawdy-house!

FALSTAFF Oh, my liege! Where is
the hearty Hal I used to
sport withal? In his
place I see only a

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

laughterless sepulcher!

KING The world is not led by
giddy fools who sit and glut or dance
and dice!

FALSTAFF 'Tis not we kitchen
revelers who ruate the world, my lord,
for we but amble,
 and do not kick and
 grasp in Bedlam★ and
 ambitious humor.

FREDERICK And Falstaff owes me
two and twenty pound besides, my king,
moreover some
 thousand more for an
 action of batt'ry!

FALSTAFF A thousand pound!
Thou are not worth one crack'd groat!★

KING Enough, I say! 'Tis time
that all of thee scattered and dispersed.
Away!

FALSTAFF Verily, methinks I smell
some trick! I do spy a whoreson grin in
the sly corner
 of his cheek, as in the
 old fool'ry when he didst rob

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

me in a cloak on Gadhill,
and then did dress in
guise like a tavern
drawer, ★ and serve me
so vilely I didst but take
him for the meanest
wretch I have dealt
withal!

KING Now am I a new man.

FALSTAFF And so are we all, my
lord! Let's to chapel presently ★ and
together steal a
 prayer-book!

retainers: followers

fold: of sheep

roynish: vile

Bedlam: insane place

groat: a coin worth four pence

drawer: waiter

presently: right away

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

KING Thou thinkest to laugh
me out of my resolve'd purpose, Sir
John, but 'tis too
 resolute.

FALSTAFF My liege, I do concur.
Our laughing 'tis in the stocks, and
thereupon are we
 laughing-stocks. Come,
 friends, we must leave.

FREDERICK And straightaway too,
thou proficient varlet!

FALSTAFF Alack, my royal
seigneur. I go! So do we all! We go and
give no other word
 but mum! ★ We take
 our leave! Farewell!
 Good-den! Adieu! And
 yet, wouldst thou not
 share one pottle ★ ere
 thou leave? One
 scantling ★ sip of sack
 in remembrance of the
 dear times when we did
 convive! ★ Sooth, thy
 majesty

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

wilt not deny one
waterish token of what
once was blithe! What
says friend Hal, now
exalted Henry?

KING I should not show too
vulgar. Yet I were a plaguy king if I
wouldst not
 share with thee one
lingering dram — but none else — ere
thou goest!

BARDOLPH God save my Majesty!

 Pours
wine.

FALSTAFF I have a health to King
Henry! The fifth of that great name!
And he who will
 not salute is of the tag-
rag rabble and a
contumelious★ dastard!
d! His majestical health!

ALL His health!

KING Much thanks, dear
friends.

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

Enter

Lancaster.

L'NCASTER In sooth, what alliance
have we here! Is't not the King of
England amid this
 surfeiting, base band of
 ravenous minions! ★

KING Mistake not, brother!
'Tis not what it doth seem.

L'NCASTER Certes, 'tis not, brother!
Certes! Pray, let me withdraw, for I
would not interrupt
 such ado! Not whilst
 huge and covert matters
 of state and policy are
 to be decided by thy
 band of counselors!

mum: being quiet

contumelious: contemptuous

pottle: tankard of two quarts

minions: favorites

convive: were convivial together

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

KING Brother Lancaster, we
need not devise excuse of ourself to
thee!

FALSTAFF We were all here
parting, for aye! ★

L'NCASTER I cry amen!

KING What mean you to
disburse? ★

L'NCASTER Why so, brother! Dost
suspect me a tell-tale? I will let these
news of thy new
 Privy Council buzz ★
 quite helpless, with ne'er one
 syllable from me!

KING Thou knowest these
persons be not my Privy Council.

L'NCASTER Nay, then they be thy
warlike troops with which thou shalt
disseat the King
 of France!

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

KING I am loath to overhear
my present soul.
 Yet now 'tis manifest
that it was thou
 Who was the lurking
pickthanks ★ that didst pour
 A poison 'gainst me in
the naked porches
 Of our sire's ear!

L'NCASTER
Though thou be King,
 Thou'st not prerogative
to slander me
 With accusations false,
unpolicied! ★
 I never spake unto our
royal sire
 Near thy reputation!
When first I spake
 Of thy indictments,
'twas when first I saw
 A dwarf in robes of
borrowed majesty
 And apprehended how
distinct thou art
 From one who is a king
legitimate,
 Howsomever all else
may be beguiled
 By outward shows and

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

foulest golden words!

KING Methinks thou must be
milk-white rose of York,
 And not the red of
Lancaster, for thou thyself
 Wouldst borrow
majesty from majesty!
 It doth not take, say I, a
soothsayer
 To read thy damn'd and
overweening heart,
 For thou dost wear it on
thy very sleeve!

for aye: forever
disburse: inform
buzz: in gossip

pickthanks: person trying to gain favor
unpolicied: ill-considered

L'NCASTER I do hereby impugn thee
publicly

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

Before assembled
ministers of worth!
By living actions thou
dost stand accus'd!
Aught here wouldst be a
better king than thou!
Yea, he who buckled on
his braving arms
With vaward★ valor,
and unstintingly,★
To fight in bloody field
next to our sire,
Precedent to thy
ascension magical,
From low ditch to
preferment glorious!
Who didst dutifully
attend on royal deeds,
On regal obligation and
servile bonds?
Who didst ever do the
honorable thing?
Yet what use my
mannerly devotion?
Naught! Nothing!
Outgone by an outfacing,★
Frivolous brother who
will destroy
The state my father and
I didst groan to clutch
And which he★ died to

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

hold legitimate!

Nor will I yet more
suffer thee to rend
The garments of sweet
England's bleeding corse,
With worthless,
roisting, castaway clodpoles
Like those thou dost
surround thyself withal!
For thereupon our
whole descendant breed
Shall lose what we have
labored to attain!

FREDERICK Amen, amen, say I!
And that same skulking fat-paunch
knight who
dost now sneak away is
of the worst degree! He doth owe me
two
and twenty pound, and
yet, as I am a gentleman, he doth refuse
to pay!

FALSTAFF Peace, loud-howling
bull-calf! Thou dost dissever this
brotherly
considerance★ with thy
petty brabble!★

PISTOL Yea, peace, petitionary

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

pickbone!

PETO Yea!

SHALLOW Yea!

FREDERICK You have said now! ★

vaward: vanguard

unstintingly: without stop

outfacing: dissembling

he: Henry IV

considerance: serious discussion

brabble: quarrel

You have said now: Oh, yeah!

KING Peace, on every side!
Thou dost keep a racket that demeans us
all!

L'NCASTER Yea, I must congy ★
with this congregation! I have already

demeaned myself by too
long stay.

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

KING Where means my
brother Lancaster to hie?
 Thou hast now placed
me in a posture strait! ★
 To let thee go is not
appertinent, ★
 Sith surely thou wilt
drop a mocking hint
 Of what thou thinks
thou saw, though thou saw not.
 Yet to bridle thee
perforce much troubleth —

L'NCASTER
 What!
 Thinkest thou, my boy,
to teder ★ me,
 Under circumstances
whatsoever!
 Foh! Foh! ★ I yield me
no man's prisoner!
 I'll make a raging ghost
of him who tries!

KING I do not wish to potch ★
at mine own flesh
 And blood, but thou
dost fore-recite my choice!

FALSTAFF Friends, hide thy

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

bodies! It looks to be a monstrous,
frampold ★ din!

L'NCASTER Farewell, detested
villain! As thou wilt, lay on! ★

KING Forth, sword, and guard
the true and only King of all our
commonwealth!

King and
Lancaster fight.

Enter the Ghost of
King Henry IV.

GHOST Forbear! Forbear ★ at
once, I say! Forbear!
Vile is the sight when
sons of mine upraise
Their gory and
opposing swords against

congy: take leave of

strait: difficult

appertinent: becoming

teder: tether, tie

Foh! Foh!: exclamation of contempt

potch: thrust

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

frampold: quarrelsome
lay on: begin to fight with swords
forbear: cease, stop

(continued)

Themselves and sweat
to spill the blood of kin,
When there are foes
without would gladly see
Both Lancaster and
Henry Monmouth dead!

L'NCASTER Father, thou comest to
me yet once more!

GHOST I do but leave one
swart★ and burning fire,
A demi-Hell, to see a
demi-Hell
In this ireful chamber!
No more! No more!
I do command thee
both, upon thy souls!

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

Thou mayst one
moment more no longer brook
The will of mighty
God! Now ye desist!

KING Is't thou, father, or dost
some conjurer
Practice on my tax'd
and credulous brain,
To make me drowse
and render up my sword!

L'NCASTER Thou seest our buried
father?

KING I' faith, it doth much
mock★ him!

FALSTAFF Look where the brothers
stare and do converse with vacancy, as
though they see visions
to marvel at!

DOLL 'Tis passing strange
indeed!

HOSTESS Marry, I see nought!

GHOST Under pain of
excommunication
From thy future

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

Heavenly estate
Patch this unnatural ★
quarrel now,
And never more do
make it requisite
I palpably ★ return to
intercede
'Twixt ranting, rival
brother-enemies!
Have I made plain the
watchful will of God,
Or must I yet more
governance display?

L'NCASTER O noble visitor —

GHOST Thou most of all, my
over-haughty child!
I gave thee strict and
dire admonishment,

swart: black

mock: imitate

unnatural: because between brothers

palpably: in a physical apparition

(continued)

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

Which thou hast
requited with thy scorns!
Dispute my fullest
bidding yet again
And thou shalt banished
be from both my love
And all my fatherly
appurtenance, ★
As well eternal love and
dread aproof
Of Him who is most
fatherly of all!
And, as for thee, thou
first-born son of mine,
Thou thrives as I had
hoped to see thee great,
And yet thou hast
forsworn thy vows
Made both to me and to
the general ★
To ne'er again
assubjugate thyself
To lawless resolutes
thou dost embrace!
Divest thee of thy
vassal miscreants ★
Or rawly lose thy just
and lineal throne!

KING I do hear you, father,

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

and will obey.

FALSTAFF What ho, my King!
How goes it with thee, Hal?

GHOST Now must I take my
leave to purify
 My soul in depths
bedewed alone by tears,
 Judicious punishment
for some time more,
 And therefore I depart
perdurably. ★
 More than this the other
world cannot send.
 Thy woes now must ye
mortals mend!

Exit Ghost.

L'NCASTER I do fear me, brother,
we have conversations and therewithal
 conversions to
conclude.

KING Very like.

L'NCASTER Whereout, by hest of
this redoubted ★ ghost,
 From yond thick and

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

inky lower world,
I offer thee my honest
hand in pledge
Of my consent with
thee for compromise,
To see how far we
peradventure come
To an agreement sound,
though tardily,
Most like with
regentship for brothers both.

appurtenance: accessories
to the general: publicly
vassal miscreants: misbehaving
followers
perturably: lastingly
redoubted: feared

KING I offer too my honest
hand in pledge
In check of our
conflicting regiment. ★
And, by constraint, to
seal this covenant
In interest of all who

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

here be touched,
I hereby do arrest thee,
Lancaster,
And private art thou
forthwith to be held,
For practices against
our seniory,
Until all treachery the
time unfold! ★
Frederick! Falstaff!
Pistol! Peto, and the rest,
Snatch up this
low'ring ★ commodity
And him conduct
whereto I shall ordain!
Allay your quarrelling
in furtherance
Of your endanger'd
King ye say ye love
And will esteem up to
your very death!

FALSTAFF Come, caitiff ★
Frederick, make one with us! My Lord
of Lancaster,
'tis right thou dost
surrender without more carping broil! ★

L'NCASTER Not this king's son!

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

A struggle. They subdue him.

KING Let us away to bite this
woe post-haste.

 May it not prove a bitter
wormwood taste!

[Exeunt.]

regiment: rule

unfold: any plots reveal

low'ring: glaring, glowering

caitiff: wretch

broil: disturbance

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

Act V.

Scene 1. A dungeon in the palace.

Enter Lancaster,
guarded by Falstaff, Pistol, Bardolph,
Peto,

Shallow,
Frederick, Doll, and Mistress Quickly.

FALSTAFF Place this triumphant
prize where he no more shall threat the
rightful
heir of this blessed isle!

FREDERICK By Saint George, he is
my prisoner, not thine! Avail thee,
Prince John,
of such provender★ as
there be in this pitiless sty.

FALSTAFF 'Tis not thy prisoner,
bull's pizzle! The King
set his charge to all this

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

company. Go to! Go to!

L'NCASTER Have I thus far fallen in
the world that I have come to this gear,
defeated once

by commands divine,
and now, the very
bottom of my life, held
captive by such
wrangling slaves as
these?

PISTOL Speak not obstinately, if
thou know thy good!

L'NCASTER Teach me not the way to
speak, thou braying ass! Where art thou
now, churlish

apparition? Wouldst
thou have thy son in this
filthy sink and lift not
one shadowy finger to
rescue him?

FALSTAFF He yet doth invoke
creatures insubstantial and expect 'em to
answer him.

Methinks it possible his
brains be crack'd by
some dark malady!
Comfort, good my lord!

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

I assure thee, there is no
spirit thither!

L'NCASTER Doth thou presume to
comfort me?

FALSTAFF He hath a wild aspect in
his eye!★ In God's name, I do think
we must physic

 him for the worms!
What ho! Mistress, hast thou in
thy apron some of those
 swift grains thou was
wont to use to redeem the guts
of thy poor jade?★

HOSTESS Marry, I have it not, Sir
John!

FALSTAFF O devil take us!

provender: food for animals

eyen: eyes

jade: decrepit horse

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

DOLL Yet have I in this
pouncet-box ★ some powder of
mummy! ★ Though
 'twas meant as
med' cine erewhile, lest I untimely be
brought with child.

FALSTAFF 'Twill serve! 'Twill
serve! Give me! Here, poor, distracted
Lancaster! Some
 mummy for thy fuming
 brain!

L'NCASTER Off! Out! Ill-doing,
larded lackey! I want no remedy of
thine!

DOLL He will not physic, Sir
John!

FALSTAFF Then must we cram it in
his neck! Grasp well, my fellow
surgeons, and let us
 save this unwilling
 patient from himself!

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

They seize Lancaster.

L'NCASTER Oh, God! 'Tis an evil death to have assassins paid to steal into this dungeon and

dispatch me mercilessly
with poniard★ and
rapier! But to die by
having powders for sick
whores shov'd down
my throat — 'tis
enough to cleave the
heart of the gods
themselves! O, ye
ministers on high!

FALSTAFF And still he doth
imagine abhorred spirits peep at him!
Hold him, friends! I will

rid him of these lunatic
worms, or I am not Doctor Jack
Falstaff! Even so!

L'NCASTER My throat! Oh, brother
Henry, thou hast robbed me of my regal
dignity!

FALSTAFF Look! He doth mend
already! The craz'd curds in his eyen do
defuse, is't not so?

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

PETO Most certain!

FALSTAFF How now, my Lord of
Lancaster? Art thou recovered from thy
worms?

L'NCASTER Now am I fit for worms
indeed! ★

FALSTAFF Dost thou know me?

L'NCASTER Aye, I know thee!

pouncet-box: with perforated lid, for
medicines

mummy: powdered parts of human or
animal, used as medicine

poniard: knife

for worms indeed: fit to be buried

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

FALSTAFF Ho! He doth know me!

L'NCASTER I know thee for a
cowardly, drunken dolt that hath stabbed
the corpse of Harry

Percy and claimed thou
wert his conqueror. I
know thee for a
swaggering, whoring
pilferer of time, a
beggarly knight who
acts as most absolute
dunghill abject trash!

PETO Verily he doth know
thee, Jack!

FALSTAFF Peace, tedious rogue! I
think the powder hath not shook the
worms entirely. My
 lord still doth gather his
 head!

L'NCASTER Thou art all brazen-
fac'd, clay-brained, crimeful, licentious,
low-born foolish, be-
 spittled gnats!

FREDERICK So hath he described

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

thee pat!

FALSTAFF He doth mean thee as well, thou petty bearer of messages — and formless
grudges!

FREDERICK I am of the castle! I am not like the rest of thee! Am I not of the castle, my lord?
Tell them I be of the castle!

L'NCASTER I will no more deliver to any of ye! Not one word.

FREDERICK Just one nod then, my lord. Pray tell them I be not of common rate, as they be!
My lord?

FALSTAFF Prate no more, shoe-licking dog-heart! Doth not see this royal prisoner, who was
past cure, is restor'd,
phoenix-like, from our cordial, and no longer doth converse with air!

FREDERICK I do not prate! Beshrew thee! Nor have I not forgotten thy debt

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

to me, Sir John!

Pay it thou must, or I
shall have a judgment in court
against thee!

SHALLOW Dost need a Justice? I
am such! One Justice Shallow!

FREDERICK Go sleep and snore, old
dullard, or I'll justle★ thee!

L'NCASTER Come, soothing death,
and ease this tangled brain that must
endure these raving
coxcombs! I beseech
thee, come apace!

justle: jostle, hit

FREDERICK I'll have my debt, with
interest, or I'll be revenged upon thee,
Falstaff!

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

FALSTAFF Peace, usurer! Thou dost disturb the cradled rest of our high-born

prisoner. If we but avail us of this occasion, the King will welcome

all unto his bosom, and throughout the land we shall be proclaim'd reverend jailers! And, moreover, receive the Order of the Garter!

Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense ★ shall be stitched above our knees!

Next we — Admiral Falstaff — shall even lead the royal fleet cross

the channel!

HOSTESS And be the first to land upon the shores of India!

PISTOL Think you it 'twill be so, Sir John?

FALSTAFF It cannot be otherwise! Did not the King himself, my friend, give

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

us
this charge, and have
we not executed it, as
the King hath said,

without harm to this
frantic brother? 'Tis but the first of
many
valiant deeds, and more
preferments else!

PETO I do suspect the King
had no election at the time save to
employ us in his
service.

FALSTAFF O, ye of little faith! Tut,
man! We shall be at dinner at the King's
table ere a
fortnight make us older!

Lancaster groans.

Methinks we must see
that our refresh'd
prisoner gets more
succor
further! Let's carry him
to an alchemist to
obtain the aurum

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

potabile, ★
and for our great pains
to rid him of his great
pains, we shall be much
rewarded!

[Exeunt, carrying Lancaster.]

Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense: Evil to him
who thinks evil
aurum potable: Latin for tincture of
gold; cure-all

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

Scene II. The King's chambers.

Enter King.

Enter Westmoreland, Gloucester,
Clarence,
and the Lord Chief Justice, at another
door.

WEST'D Ah, good my liege, we
thee have lately sought,
 With news, but couldst
not thee detect abroad!

KING We are returned. We
did perform some task,
 Some mean
employment, at the castle's marrow.

WEST'D In our quest almost did
we thither send,
 But that we did surmise
thy absence from
 Our breath of parley of
deepest consequence.

KING Indeed it be. What
purpose ye, my lords?

GLOU'TER We sail for France!

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

Within twelve hours we
gain the wind and tide!

WEST'D We herein await thy
kingly hoist!

KING At last our greater
greatness shall begin!
 But much unfledged ★
doth lie ere we embark.
 Have shipwrights
wrought all yards and boresprits ★ yet?

CLARENCE They are yare, ★ my
liege!

KING
And of top-gallants? ★

WEST'D The highmost, and
prepar'd, my lord!

KING It is good! In brief time
we will sail!

CLARENCE In this alone our
dispositions lack,
 My lord, unsettled and
unperfect still.

KING Yea, Thomas?

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

unfledged: undone, not ready for flight
yards and boresprits: frames for sails
and bowsprits
yare: ready
top-gallants: high-masted ships

CLARENCE We wonder at the
whereabout of John.
 His weeping wife
likewise knows not his sight.
 Perchance of late hast
held discourse with thee?

KING Yea, have I much
discoursed with him of late.

CLARENCE How then? Still
sulphurous and sullen-sour?

KING More solitary and
contemplative!

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

Though, yea, unhappy
he when last we met.

His vex'd self, he saith,
doth need a curfew rung.

GLOU'TER We here shouldst lend a
visitation all,

To our afflicted brother
in this spleen,

To rouse him from his
stiff and fitful choler. ★

In fine, to add his
strength to ours for France,

And therewith solder all
this shameful rift.

CLARENCE Let's go at once to
cease this home-bred strife!

Whither be the prince,
my liege?

KING Gladly would I lead
thee thitherward,

And towards abatement
of this pricking spur,

But that our brother
didst with sternness beg

To let him lull and snow
his scalded brains,

Allow him scope
wherein to recollect

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His functions as our ally
and our friend,
Or peradventure as our
enemy.

Whatever stand he doth
in sooth espouse!

GLOU'TER By your leave,
notwithstanding his request
It is our duty as his
native kin

To go without an
eyewink of delay
To tell him neither
respite nor repose
Befits what only union
of we four
Can make contentious
forces tremble at!

CLARENCE I do agree most heartily!

WEST'D And I! Shall please his
majesty to form
he primest★ in our
eager retinue?

choler: the humour of irritability
primest: foremost

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

KING But what if in our haste
to reap the prince
 We reap the fruits of
rashness by our train,
 Intruding wrongly at the
very point
 Which serves to drive
him wholly from our camp!
 So froward★ is that
hostile ‘complice John,
 As ye well know, that
he will not be moved
 Until the hour that he
himself prefers.

GLOU’TER Yet this indulgence can
we not permit
 Our fine, distilling★
brother at this flood!★
 His humour is self-
loving and unmeet.

CLARENCE We needs must hoop
him to our side.
 For bustling rumor is

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abroad that says

 There is dissension in
this parlous ★ court.

 At present, common
tongues do slander us

 And grievous
whisperings provoke the air.

 Insinuation comes much
near our line,

 Against our royal
primogenity. ★

 We must, therefore,
together draw to link

 With John to show the
House of Lancaster

 Irrevocably,
indissolubly

 Knows not one blot of
base, ignoble stain,

 Of whatsoever sort
unworthiness.

GLOU'TER Well said, Thomas!

What liking has the King,

 Our friend majestic,
hereof this aim?

KING [Aside] A Gordian
knot, ★ and not a sword at hand!

GLOU'TER I'll go in embassy to

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

John myself!

And straightway win
allegiance sworn!

CLARENCE And I a joint
embassador will prove,

Thus Lancaster, 'twixt
two upholding stalks, ★

Resolve shall he
behold, ★ and it be held!

Where did you last give
leave to him, my lord?

froward: contentious

stalks: of the family

distilling: making fine distinctions

resolve. . . *behold*: he will have his mind
made up

flood: tide

for him; several puns here

parlous: perilous

primogenity: right of succession through
the first-born

Gordian knot: the knot “solved” with a
sword by Alexander the Great

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KING Give leave? In the
chapel, ★ as I think.

CLARENCE Let us thither now, all
one constancy,
 Led aptly by your
kingly personage,
 And ever will we
solemnize this time
 That ruptures in both
family and realm
 Today didst by this
stroke regenerate!
 Wilt go, my liege?

KING It seems that that even
kings' authority
 Cannot prevent the
press of circumstance!
 I will away, last in my
royal train, ★
 And hope this not the
last of my brief reign!

[Exeunt.]

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

chapel: The king is stalling for time
train: retinue

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Scene III. Another room in the palace.

Enter

Falstaff, Pistol, Peto, Shallow,

Frederick,

Doll, and Mistress Quickly, carrying

Lancaster on a pallet.

FALSTAFF This palace is
unprovided★ of all
alchemists! Damn it!
Damn them!
Well, on! Where be a
surgeon for the prince!
Halloo! A surgeon here!
There's no help! A
bareboned barber★
must it be!

SHALLOW Perchance at the next
turning!

DOLL Truly, for my part, this

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

way!

L'NCASTER I pray I die ere long!
Never have I so roughly been yoked and
knocked about

as I have in this past
hour! Even the Sultan
Solyman★ knows not such
cruelty!

FALSTAFF Fear not, my lord,
betimes we will find thee a barber, and
if he not

bleed thee with the
finest leeches in all of England, then let
me be

carbonadoed★ like a
joint of mutton!

DOLL Belike we shouldst not
have given him the gutsgriping mummy!
His

tender, princely
stomach had no stomach for it!

FALSTAFF Our leechcraft will cure
him of all powders, and all else, yea,
e'en

disloyalty to the King!
Take up the fatal pallet
once more! We'll not

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let until
we have found a healing
barber!

SHALLOW Most certain the King's
touch will heal thee!

L'NCASTER Why not murder
outright instead of tumbling me to
death! This is the most
infamous, degraded
death e'er suffered by a
prince in all the history
of the joinder 'twixt the
nobility and the
varlotry ★!

FREDERICK My lord, forgive me
that I have to guard thee in company
with these drossy
mechanicals, ★ but thou
and I do know we are nigh the
same rank and station,

unprovided of: without
barber: who sometimes performed
surgery
Sultan Solyman: Turkish ruler noted for
cruelty

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

carbonadoed: scored like meat

varlotry: the lower classes

drossy mechanicals: worthless lower orders

(continued)

and we must congrue in
spirit, even if we are not
to an inch★ at present
in league! Heave him!
Let us our quenchless
quest from out these
bowels until
we find some help! If
my lord Lancaster
expires, the King will
be angry out
of all cress!★

FALSTAFF Away! Away, to a
barber! Veni, Vidi, Vici!★

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[Exeunt.]

to an inch: exactly

out of all cess: extremely

allusion to Julius Caesar's "I came, I
saw, I conquered!"

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

Scene IV. The chapel of the palace.

Enter the
King, Clarence, Gloucester,
Westmoreland,
and the Lord Chief Justice.

WEST'D Trow'st ★ thou that
thou dost lead doubtfully? ★
 Where parted from our
brother, say'st thou?

KING Most certain was it
here, but notably ★
 Our brother has
dissolved. 'Twere best that we
Forego this search and

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now return again

To paving road by sea
toward surly France!

If Lancaster cannot be
found, then sure

Heaven doth not wish
us to discover him!

To persever in such
wise is to defy

The blazoned will of
God. Besides, now must

We sail at once or lose
the enterprise!

CLARENCE But in John's absence
may a herald stand, ★

Of stealthy plots near to
our headless necks.

And if we do not steady
him but now,

He'll amble like some
factious Machiavel, ★

And next conspire to
capture us unmailed, ★

To hold us hostage to
his rearing blood!

KING I' faith, I fear me not
Lord Lancaster!

His intrigues are as
bubbles are, soon burst!

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

And so, let us agree no
more to look
Into the vents and
crannies here about,
Lest we as gulls may
blush for shame and seem
As cap'ring fools to
those who may descry. ★
Mean time, the Dauphin
and his dauntless dad
Prepare forthwith to sail
to England's shores! ★
I think it good that we
do count the clock.
More assay on this truce
we may not spend!

The
King and his party begin to exit.

Enter Falstaff and his party.

Trow'st: do you think *a herald*
stand: his being gone may announce
something
doubtfully: uncertainly *factionous*
Machiavel: evil plotter
descry: notice

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notably: as can be noted *unmailed:*
without armor *shores:*
probably not true

FALSTAFF God's benison! ★ Why,
how now, your grace! Here trots thy
own lieutenant of
 the royal Garter!

HOSTESS God's venison indeed!

FALSTAFF My King! My perfect
Jove!

KING 'Tis as I feared, alas, the
worst!

CLARENCE Hoyday! Is't not the
impious Falstaff here,
 That thou has banished
from thyself ten mile,
 Come hither with some

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

pack of wither'd wits!

GLOU'TER Who dare to yerke ★
about our brother John,
 Bestain him with their
smutchy fingers too!
 What means this
impudence?

FALSTAFF We do but bear a sore
sick man that needs some husbandry
befitting a slip of the
 royal stock!

PISTOL Thou might have
thought us unhouseled ★ lackeys, my
liege, who would be
 undone by this hard
misfortun'd mishap, but
thou seest thou hast
most fortunately found
us, and all shall we
well!

KING We, of necessity, ★ do
thank thee!

FALSTAFF He doth thank us! I
knew we were capital men to bring
Prince John from the
 dungeon!

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KING [Aside] So are we now
all capital ★ men!

CLARENCE We demand exposition
of this gibber!

GLOU'TER My eyes do almost start
from out their orbs
 Because my sight is
witness to this fault!
 Who will speak first,
our brother Hal or John?

benison: blessing

yerk about: jerk about

unhouseled: not receiving the
sacrament; in sin

of necessity: because there is no
avoiding them now

capital: unintentional pun on death

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

L'NCASTER I will now put to voice
and utterance
 The cures incurable and
fumbling jars
 That have bechanced
this lord and, yea, this court —
 Yet can I not beget my
breath — because,
 Because I am
bethumped with bateless scathes, ★
 That all my tongue is
sealed and cannot speak!

KING Then will I speak, and
all illuminate.
 I do here in this place of
God confess
 That I did violate
strong-bonded oaths,
 And didst sequester
here yon boastful knight,
 Here in Pomfret's
nether chambers in deceit.
 I stand accus'd, unable
to divest myself
 Of ribald and unlawful
company.
 These others I deny, and
know not how
 They cam'st into this

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high and breachless place!

Yet do I accept the
blemish and the blame
Since, very like, they
crept by way of him,

Yclipt ★ Sir John,
whereof imputable ★

I am for crimes that he
or they have done!

PISTOL We shall be made
chamberlains ★ at the very least!

FALSTAFF Hush, oracle! Thou
apprehendest like a block.

CLARENCE My lord, I am much
amazed, and cannot know what to think.

KING I will not make defence
of my foul mire.

I stand in judgment
now, a prodigal.

My brothers may
instead more fitly reign.

Though titled lordship
is my right by birth,

I am prepar'd to yield
again my throne

If that renouncement be
thy several wish. ★

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

How says this court?

L'NCASTER

Perpend, ★ all ye herein!

Much nobleness in this

I do perceive!

Oh, nought becomes

this king his coronet

So much as this, such

worthy leaving it!

I stand amazed, nor

little thought could be.

yclipt: called

chamberlains: important bed-chamber attendants

bateless scathes: unending hurts

several wish: the desire of many of you

imputable: blameworthy

perpend: listen

(continued)

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 If thou unclog★ but
what thou means to hold
 With quagmire Falstaff
and his muddy crew,
 I'll further listen with
attending ear.

KING I will not say I banish
that old man,
 It would double
forswearing★ to forswear,
 To break an oath twice
in so short a time.
 If thou wouldst have me
as thy breathing king,
 Then must thou take Sir
John my loyal squire,
 Though not a counselor
of sacred state!
 Is not a king a man?

CLARENCE
 Your grace, it cannot be!

HUMPHREY It soon would render us
ridiculous
 In all the kingdoms of
this earth, my lord!

KING Then it's my letting go,
and there's the end!

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

FALSTAFF Yet stay thy hand from
off thy crown, dear King!

I had as lief unkindly
rip thy limbs!

I have confession too
before this heap. ★

I had thought to grow
by thy great eminence,

To lengthen bawdy,
scurrile Eastcheap ★ ways

Within these ancient
stones. But now I see

That if I stay you'll
forfeit glory's crest.

I did but think to make
thee laugh sometimes,

And, sooth, perchance
drown care as well for me,

But I cannot this
consummation wish,

To let thee disannul
these holy oils. ★

And thus I banish
Falstaff from this seat.

He must depart
immediately, and will,

So thou retain thy
crown and prove a king,

As it is meet and just
thou shouldst,

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A king for years replete
with radiance!

KING Now I am much
amazed!

unclog: make clear
forswearing: oath-breaking
heap: group
Eastcheap: where the Boar's Head
Tavern stands
holy oils: used to anoint a king

L'NCASTER Yet more amazed am I,
my gracious lord!
 This fatted reprobate,
despite my will,
 Hath won my
wondering allegiance.
 Such sacrifice
bewrays ★ true nobleness!
 Maugre ★ my aches, I
cancel all my hate
 To his enlargement in

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

this royal court,

A friending nor even I
would disseat.

A general buzz.

KING What sayst large
Falstaff to this enlargement?

FALSTAFF By your leave, I trow it
best, all things justly weigh'd, including
me,

that I seek out some
tranquil isle to spend
my latter days, and let
this
court-cupboard★ and
all the nobles bustle
with their busy
business!
Farewell, my King, and
all! The rest be rest! I
must do so! And so
adieu!

Exit Falstaff.

L'NCASTER I learn me how to copy
virtue here,

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From this
exsufflicate, ★ so-seeming, man!
I too will walk some
time away from court,
To dwell in some less
fretful element,
To pause, to
contemplate, in penitence,
Till fortune blow my
testy humour cool.
One day I may again
my brothers join,
And we'll recant old,
blust'ring weather,
And smile to see
Lancaster's ★ summer morn.

KING My gentle brother, I do
thee embrace!
Go, yet go thee Duke of
Bedford as thy place!

L'NCASTER My lawful liege!

Exit Lancaster.

bewrays: uncovers
maugre: despite

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

court-cupboard: packed court

exsufflicate: frivolous

Lancaster's: that is, the House of
Lancaster's

KING Our fate, on tickle
point, ★ a moment hence
 By infant's breath or
beating heart aslant
 Might now by this or
that fall like a leaf.
 Man's life upthrust,
man's life o'erthrown,
 By brother poisonous.
Or politic ★?
 But now that I have
back my diadem,
 These rose cankers, ★
now my saviours, being gone,
 I swear an oath so
strong that all the world
 Shall soon take note and

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never more have cause
 To doubt our sure,
impregnable resolve.
 For God's my life, is
young Hal old and dead,
 And from his grave
mounts Henry king at last!
 By all the teeming
saints, he'll do his part
 To be a potent, good,
and loving king!
 Thus these wanton wit-
crackers I do forgive.
 Take thy leave, but
leave all furniture! ★
 Come, friends, we have
hard dealing of much sway
 On this our second
coronation day!

[Exeunt.]

Enter Falstaff as
the Epilogue, dressed as a monk.

FALSTAFF I trow I may have been
a fool, leaving the King and court!
'Twas an ostent show
 of gloss, ★ yea for
because now am I not a

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

liegeman, but am
debased to this! I have
lost six and twenty
pounds this while. Yea,
though it be hard to
discern, since they be
'round my waist. But,
by God's elbow, I have!
I have not had a stoup
of sherris-sack since
Saint Crispin's Day. I
have traded sherris-sack
for cloth of sack, and
ashes too. Ye do not
credit me? Who gives
me the lie in the throat,
this parched throat?
Aye, I even now paid
whoreson Frederick his

two and twenty
screaming pound! Though, verily, it cost
much more than

money to give that
bastardly rogue one
blessed mark! Save the
mark! And Jesu bless
him too! I beseech thee,
one word more, good
friends! Prithee pray for
the pious soul of poor,

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fasting John Falstaff
and help shrive him of
his sins, whereupon he
may speed toward the
brazen gates of Heaven
when these
clicking bones crumble
and this native case★
be cast off — though
not until! [Shows dice.]
Yea, but truly one small
word more, and then
I'm done! I am a novice
now of a monastery, of
true holy friars, who do
live chaste, abstinious,

on tickle point: precarious
Or politic?: perhaps John was just
cunning, knowing he could not win
show of gloss: showy gesture
rose cankers: worms in the Lancastrian
rose, that is, Falstaff and Lancaster
furniture: anything else
native case: his body

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

(continued)

and meek. The sole road
whereby we save our
souls, and gain our daily
sustenance, is by
beggars' pleas. So, if ye
would, pray ope thy
sinful purses
and grant some
charitable alms to aid
poor, hungry Friar Jack!
By Our Holy Lady, ye
need not give much,
nought but a slender
pittance to help him
save his wretched soul!
Wouldst not deny him
such a petty boon,
would ye, dear friends?
By God's nose, come!
At least give something
of thy hands, and
there's an end!

[He begs.]

The End

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