

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]

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

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

'nointed: anointed *rioters*: rowdy companions *fealty*: allegiance

(continued)

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!

GLOU'TER 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.

L'NCASTER [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,
How say you to us, gracious Lancaster?

L'NCASTER 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?

CLARENCE Health and long reign betide ★ his Majesty!

ALL Health and long reign betide his Majesty!

calf: offspring; also immature *pitch*: height
perchance: by chance *bide*: wait *betide*: happen to

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- 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'TER 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.
 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?
- L'NCASTER 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.
- L'NCASTER 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,

filch`ed: stolen *puissant*: powerful *into saddles laugh*: tease back into war
Salic claim: claim against French law that excluded females from succession
court'sies: curtseys *forsooth*: in truth, used by commoners; here rude

(continued)

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

L'NCASTER 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
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!

L'NCASTER 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 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!

habilliments: furnishings

forward: early

Coz: cousin — for princes

Henried forth: pun on Henry IV's name

(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 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, 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 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.

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

cates: sweets

God save the mark: said
to cancel an intemperate
or irreligious remark

a's: he's

gurmandize: gourmandize

drawn: pulled out

bullocks: malapropism for bellows

An I: if I

tenders: overtures

swinge: hit

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

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. 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 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.

forespent: used up

sack: Spanish or Canary wine

purging clyster: an enema

my tooth-drawer: my role as dentist

Stygian: Pistol confuses the myth of Hell and that of Hercules

conceit: imagery

Belzebub: a devil

prolixious: windy

obeisance: honor

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- 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 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!
- 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!★
- 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. ★ 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 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 wench. The pallet be too scant for two.

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

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Enter Frederick as messenger.

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?

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

vaunting: boasting

sirrah: term for an inferior; here insulting

vaunting: boasting

good-den: good day

wight: pretentious word for man

manus: pretentious word for hand

mortified: dead

videlicet: viz, that is to say

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FREDERICK Since none here answers to the name I seek, I have been given no order to seek further, and will again make 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!

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 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

tilly-fally: exclamation of contempt

hugger-mugger: secret

prithee: I pray thee

bruit: make noise

But mark: look here, see

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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 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
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
peradventure: perhaps

piece of earth: this man
make: marriage partner

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(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
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.

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! 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 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 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?

untucked: disheveled

presently: soon

slops: large loose trousers

purify eke: also purify it, of VD

erewhile: a short time before

flout: mock

bauble: a fool's club

kicksaw: trifling

divers: different

cataplasm: a salve

bodykins: by God's little body

jakes: outhouse

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- 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 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 than 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 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 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
wot of: know of
induction: prelude
jackanapes: monkey, giddy person

by my troth: truly
smutch: soil, defame
incursions: military uprisings

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

FALSTAFF Who be these knaves? 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!★

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 enthroned.

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 sneakily 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

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- 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 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.
- 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

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

(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 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!

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

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

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

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! 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

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 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, 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
weal: commonwealth
franchised: legitimate

cocks: fighting cocks
gib-cats: castrated cats
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 vizements★ 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? 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!

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

(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
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
Yearns 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 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

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

- CLARENCE Methinks thou art too choleric, ★ my lord.
- L'NCASTER Methinks thou art for thy own gain, dear Coz,
Too temper'd to be 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

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

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

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 —
- FALSTAFF Yea?
- FREDERICK But that I think it be a sin to give thee back that which shouldst tempt thee to more sins. I trow ★ 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 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

trow: think

conjoin: agree

howbeit: nevertheless

hoyday: a cry of contemptuous surprise

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

- 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 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 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 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

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

- 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!
- FALSTAFF Sleep well, my wager-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!

[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

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

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 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 lees,★ 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.

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.
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-
Decease`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,
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.
But now thou must surrender up all hope
That thou shalt seize the throne!

promontory: a high headland

descent: family lineage

sib: his brother

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

- 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! ★
- 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 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! ★

gibing guise: critical fashion

ravin: to devour greedily

sweep: clear away the quarrel

(continued)

I say to thee that I no devil am!
Though verily was I corrupt in life.
Oh, learn of me and put ambition up
In thy unhurtful scabbard now.

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 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

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

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 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
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

rived: divided

certes: certainly

let: delay, hindrance

fraughtage esperant: hopeful cargo

imperseverant: giddy-headed, unready

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

- 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 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
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 husbandman★
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

quietus: settlement of account

madness ruffian: boisterous madness

though close at once: though he is in the palace

husbandsman: tiller of the soil; Cain

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

Scene II. Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

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!

BARDOLPH 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 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 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

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

- DOLL Thou must read it presently ere we all break ope! ★
- PETO “To —” The world’s light is monstrous dim! “To —”
- BARDOLPH To whom?
- 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?
- 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 decipheres — “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, 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

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

- 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."
- 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 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
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’ 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-endear’d, 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 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

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

- BARDOLPH We have't not, nor if 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 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 and follow him unto the castle, and therewithal find entrance, where Sir John be lying knocked, 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.

beshrew thee: woe to

savors: smells

so frame: bring about

sneck up: unclear insult

non-parallel: malapropism for nonpareil

sneak-cup: thief; Frederick

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

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.

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.

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, 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

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

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

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
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 persevere 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 Devil's too!

tarriance: reluctance

feckless: faithless

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

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.

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, 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!

draff: refuse given to swine

quiddities: cavils

for why: because

stanch: firm

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

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

- 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 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 computate★ 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 uncertainties!
- 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 perfitly!★
- 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

computate: suppose

gripe: grip

perfitly: perfectly

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

L'NCASTER Hop, Margaret! Thy 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.]

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

Scene IV. Before a gate of the palace.

Enter Frederick

Enter Doll, Peto and Pistol

DOLL Seize yon nimble-footed roguish parasite, but now before he darts within!

PETO Holla! Give up the key to the palace gate, thou paper-fac'd villain!

FREDERICK By all the holy saints in Heaven, what pirates come hither!

PISTOL Surrender forth that poor, misus'd gorbellied★ fellow that thou hast injur'd and cudgell'd, or we shall grind thy joints within an inch of thy ulcerous life!

FREDERICK What now! Murderers! Help ho! Help, there!

Enter Mistress Quickly and Shallow.

HOSTESS Stop the rascal's loud 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 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

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

- 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 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!
- 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

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

- 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 but that ye all shall enter into this castle, howsoever 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?
- 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

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

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

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

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

ACT IV

Scene I. The private chambers of the King.

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 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 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,
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

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

(continued)

Yet 'tis not meet that I should have to tell
Thee I am chivalrous and nobly grac'd!
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, since maps for France
Are pregnant now, and will deliver soon.
I would most gladly stay with thee to moralize,
But bastinados★ 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!

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

bastinados: 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 wooed like a whore,
With half a breath's intemperate expense,
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.]

exigent: urgent

cloyed: overly satisfied

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

Scene II. Inner chamber of the palace.

Enter Falstaff and the rest.

- 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, 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? Frederick, what hath befallen thee?

Unmuffles Frederick.

costermonger: mercenary person
convertite: a convert
canary: wine
trenchermen: big eaters
gallimaufry: mixture

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

FREDERICK I thank God thou hast rescued me! I shouldst otherwise have lain here until I decayed unto the very quintessence of rubbish!

KING Well; the matter? Speak!

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, vindicative★ 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 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?

vindicative: vindictive, that is, Falstaff

clepe: call

whoobub: hubbub

lard-miller: maker of lard,

sort: clear up

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

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
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 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

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

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

- 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!
- 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?
- 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 rote: ★ "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!
- 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 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!

rote: 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 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 ruinate 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 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 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! His majestical health!

ALL His health!

KING Much thanks, dear friends.

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

pottle: tankard of two quarts

convive: were convivial together

contumelious: contemptuous

minions: favorites

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

- L'NCASTER I do hereby impugn thee publicly
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 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 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!

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

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.

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 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

frampold: quarrelsome

lay on: begin to fight with swords

forbear: cease, stop

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

(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!
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 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)

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 resolute thou dost embrace!
Divest thee of thy vassal miscreants ★
Or rawly lose thy just and lineal throne!

KING I do hear you, father, 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 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

perdurably: lastingly

redoubted: feared

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

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 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!

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 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! I assure thee, there is no spirit thither!
- L’NCASTER Doth thou presume to comfort me?
- FALSTAFF He hath a wild aspect in his eyen!★ 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!

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?
- 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 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 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

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

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

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 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 potable, ★ 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

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

- CLARENCE We wonder at the whereabouts 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!
 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
 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

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 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 John myself!
 And straightway win allegiance sworn!

CLARENCE And I a joint ambassador 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

distilling: making fine distinctions

flood: tide

parlous: perilous

primogenity: right of succession through the first-born

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

stalks: of the family

resolve. . . behold: he will have his mind made up
for him; several puns here

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

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.]

chapel: The king is stalling for time
train: retinue

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

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 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
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

carbonadoed: scored like meat

varlotry: the lower classes

drossy mechanicals: worthless lower orders

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

(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! ★

[Exeunt.]

to an inch: exactly

out of all cress: extremely

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

Collected Plays of Daniel Curzon

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 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!
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
doubtfully: uncertainly
notably: as can be noted

a herald stand: his being gone may announce something
factious Machiavel: evil plotter
unmailed: without armor

descry: notice
shores: probably not true

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

- 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 pack of wither'd wits!
- GLOU'TER Who dare to yerk ★ 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!
- 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

- 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 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. ★
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

bateless scathes: unending hurts

imputable: blameworthy

chamberlains: important bed-chamber attendants

several wish: the desire of many of you

perpend: listen

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

(continued)

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!

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,
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 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,
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

court-cupboard: packed court

exsufflicate: frivolous

Lancaster's: that is, the House of Lancaster's

The Third Part of Henry the Fourth

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 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 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, 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, abstiniuous,

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

(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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