

# УИЛЪЯМ ШЕКСПИР

THE FIRST PART OF KING  
HENRY THE FOURTH

Уильям Шекспир

**The First Part of King  
Henry the Fourth**

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# **William Shakespeare**

## **The First Part of King Henry the Fourth**

### **Dramatis Personae**

King Henry the Fourth.

Henry, Prince of Wales, son to the King.

Prince John of Lancaster, son to the King.

Earl of Westmoreland.

Sir Walter Blunt.

Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester.

Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland.

Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his son.

Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.

Richard Scroop, Archbishop of York.

Archibald, Earl of Douglas.

Owen Glendower.

Sir Richard Vernon.

Sir John Falstaff.

Sir Michael, a friend to the Archbishop of York.

Poins.

Gadshill

Peto.

Bardolph.

Lady Percy, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.

Lady Mortimer, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.

Mistress Quickly, hostess of the Boar's Head in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

## SCENE. – England and Wales

### ACT I. Scene I. London. The Palace

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, [Sir Walter Blunt,] with others.

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant  
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils  
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.  
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood.  
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,  
Nor Bruise her flow'rets with the armed hoofs  
Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes  
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
And furious close of civil butchery,  
Shall now in mutual well-beseeming ranks  
March all one way and be no more oppos'd  
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies.  
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,  
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ-  
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross  
We are impressed and engag'd to fight-  
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,  
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb  
To chase these pagans in those holy fields  
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet  
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd  
For our advantage on the bitter cross.  
But this our purpose now is twelvemonth old,  
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go.  
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear  
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,  
What yesternight our Council did decree  
In forwarding this dear expedience.  
West. My liege, this haste was hot in question  
And many limits of the charge set down  
But yesternight; when all athwart there came  
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;  
Whose worst was that the noble Mortimer,  
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,  
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,

A thousand of his people butchered;  
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,  
Such beastly shameless transformation,  
By those Welshwomen done as may not be  
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

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

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

King. Here is a dear, a true-industrious friend,  
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,  
Stain'd with the variation of each soil  
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours,  
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.  
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,  
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see  
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took  
Mordake Earl of Fife and eldest son  
To beaten Douglas, and the Earl of Athol,  
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.  
And is not this an honourable spoil?  
A gallant prize? Ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin  
In envy that my Lord Northumberland  
Should be the father to so blest a son-  
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue,  
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;  
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride;  
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
Of my young Harry. O that it could be prov'd  
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd  
In cradle clothes our children where they lay,  
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!  
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.

But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,  
Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners  
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd  
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word  
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.  
West. This is his uncle's teaching, this Worcester,  
Malevolent to you In all aspects,  
Which makes him prune himself and bristle up  
The crest of youth against your dignity.  
King. But I have sent for him to answer this;  
And for this cause awhile we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.  
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we  
Will hold at Windsor. So inform the lords;  
But come yourself with speed to us again;  
For more is to be said and to be done  
Than out of anger can be uttered.  
West. I will my liege. Exeunt.

## Scene II. London. An apartment of the Prince's

Enter Prince of Wales and Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad? Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldest truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day, Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day. Fal. Indeed you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon And the seven stars, and not by Phoebus, he, that wand'ring knight so fair. And I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy Grace-Majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none- Prince. What, none? Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter. Prince. Well, how then? Come, roundly, roundly. Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty. Let us be Diana's Foresters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal. Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by,' and spent with crying 'Bring in'; now ill as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by-and-by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows. Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad- and is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench? Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle- and is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance? Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? What, in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin? Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern? Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft. Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part? Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there. Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit. Fal. Yea, and so us'd it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent- But I prithee,



sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fubb'd as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief. Prince. No; thou shalt. Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge. Prince. Thou judgest false already. I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman. Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you. Prince. For obtaining of suits? Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat or a lugg'd bear. Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute. Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe. Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor Ditch? Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art indeed the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the Council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I mark'd him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too. Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it. Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal- God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over! By the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain! I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom. Prince. Where shall we take a purse tomorrow, Jack? Fal. Zounds, where thou wilt, lad! I'll make one. An I do not, call me villain and baffle me. Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee- from praying to purse-taking. Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal. 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter Poins.

Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if  
men  
were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough  
for  
him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried  
'Stand!'  
to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? What  
says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and  
thee

about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last for  
a  
cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his  
bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs. He will  
give  
the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the  
devil.

Prince. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four  
o'clock

early, at Gadshill! There are pilgrims gong to Canterbury  
with

rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses.

I

have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves.  
Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester. I have bespoke supper  
to-morrow night in Eastcheap. We may do it as secure as  
sleep. If

you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you  
will

not, tarry at home and be hang'd!

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward: if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang  
you

for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a thief? Not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in  
thee,

nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal if thou darest not  
stand

for ten shillings.

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

Fal. Why, that's well said.

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

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the Prince and me alone. I  
will

lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall  
go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the  
ears

of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he  
hears

may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation  
sake)

prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want  
countenance. Farewell; you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallow  
summer!

### **Exit Falstaff**

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow. I  
have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff,

Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have  
already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when  
they

have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head  
off

from my shoulders.

Prince. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them and appoint  
them

a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail;  
and

then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which  
they

shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

Prince. Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our  
horses, by

our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

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

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

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred  
cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight  
longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of  
this jest will lie the incomprehensible lies that this same  
fat

rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at  
least,

he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he  
endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

Prince. Well, I'll go with thee. Provide us all things  
necessary

and meet me to-night in Eastcheap. There I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. Exit.

Prince. I know you all, and will awhile uphold

The unyok'd humour of your idleness.

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,

Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

To smother up his beauty from the world,

That, when he please again to lie himself,

Being wanted, he may be more wond'ring at

By breaking through the foul and ugly mists

Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.

If all the year were playing holidays,

To sport would be as tedious as to work;

But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

So, when this loose behaviour I throw off

And pay the debt I never promised,

By how much better than my word I am,

By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;

And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault,  
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
I'll so offend to make offence a skill,  
Redeeming time when men think least I will. Exit.

### **Scene III. London. The Palace**

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, with others.

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

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves  
The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it-  
And that same greatness too which our own hands  
Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord-

King. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see  
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.  
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
And majesty might never yet endure  
The moody frontier of a servant brow.  
You have good leave to leave us. When we need  
'Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

### **Exit Worcester**

You were about to speak.

North. Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your Highness' name demanded  
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,  
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied  
As is delivered to your Majesty.

Either envy, therefore, or misprision  
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.

But I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage and extreme toll,

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly dress'd,  
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd  
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home.  
He was perfumed like a milliner,  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose, and took't away again;  
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
Took it in snuff; and still he smil'd and talk'd;  
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
With many holiday and lady terms  
He questioned me, amongst the rest demanded  
My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf.  
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pest'red with a popingay,  
Out of my grief and my impatience  
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what-  
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman  
Of guns and drums and wounds- God save the mark! -  
And telling me the sovereignest thing on earth  
Was parmacuity for an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
So cowardly; and but for these vile 'guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier.  
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
I answered indirectly, as I said,  
And I beseech you, let not his report  
Come current for an accusation  
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.  
Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my lord,  
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said  
To such a person, and in such a place,  
At such a time, with all the rest retold,  
May reasonably die, and never rise  
To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
What then he said, so he unsay it now.  
King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,  
But with proviso and exception,  
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight  
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;

Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd  
The lives of those that he did lead to fight  
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,  
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March  
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,  
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?  
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears  
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?  
No, on the barren mountains let him starve!  
For I shall never hold that man my friend  
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer?

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
But by the chance of war. To prove that true  
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,  
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took  
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
In single opposition hand to hand,  
He did confound the best part of an hour  
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.  
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,  
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;  
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,  
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds  
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,  
Bloodstained with these valiant cohabitants.  
Never did base and rotten policy  
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;  
Nor never could the noble Mortimer  
Receive so many, and all willingly.  
Then let not him be slandered with revolt.

King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him!

He never did encounter with Glendower.

I tell thee

He durst as well have met the devil alone  
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.  
Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth  
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.  
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,  
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,  
We license your departure with your son. -  
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

**Exeunt King, [Blunt, and Train]**

Hot. An if the devil come and roar for them,  
I will not send them. I will after straight  
And tell him so; for I will else my heart,  
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.  
North. What, drunk with choler? Stay, and pause awhile.  
Here comes your uncle.

Enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?  
Zounds, I will speak of him, and let my soul  
Want mercy if I do not join with him!  
Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,  
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,  
But I will lift the downtrod Mortimer  
As high in the air as this unthankful king,  
As this ingrate and cank'ered Bolingbroke.  
North. Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.  
Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?  
Hot. He will (forsooth) have all my prisoners;  
And when I urg'd the ransom once again  
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,  
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.  
Wor. I cannot blame him. Was not he proclaim'd  
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?  
North. He was; I heard the proclamation.  
And then it was when the unhappy King  
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth  
Upon his Irish expedition;  
From whence he intercepted did return  
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.  
Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth  
Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.  
Hot. But soft, I pray you. Did King Richard then  
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer  
Heir to the crown?  
North. He did; myself did hear it.  
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,  
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.  
But shall it be that you, that set the crown  
Upon the head of this forgetful man,  
And for his sake wear the detested blot  
Of murderous subornation- shall it be  
That you a world of curses undergo,  
Being the agents or base second means,  
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?  
O, pardon me that I descend so low  
To show the line and the predicament

Wherein you range under this subtile king!  
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,  
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your nobility and power  
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf  
(As both of you, God pardon it! have done)  
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?  
And shall it in more shame be further spoken  
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off  
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?  
No! yet time serves wherein you may redeem  
Your banish'd honours and restore yourselves  
Into the good thoughts of the world again;  
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt  
Of this proud king, who studies day and night  
To answer all the debt he owes to you  
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.  
Therefore I say-

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more;

And now, I will unclasp a secret book,  
And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,  
As full of peril and adventurous spirit  
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud  
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim!

Send danger from the east unto the west,  
So honour cross it from the north to south,  
And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs  
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

North. Imagination of some great exploit

Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap

To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fadom line could never touch the ground,  
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,  
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear  
Without corrival all her dignities;

But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,

But not the form of what he should attend.

Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots

That are your prisoners-

Hot. I'll keep them all.

By God, he shall not have a Scot of them!



No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not.  
I'll keep them, by this hand!

Wor. You start away.

And lend no ear unto my purposes.

Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will! That is flat!

He said he would not ransom Mortimer,  
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer,  
But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holloa 'Mortimer.'

Nay;

I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him  
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin, a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy

Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke;  
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales-  
But that I think his father loves him not  
And would be glad he met with some mischance,  
I would have him poisoned with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman. I will talk to you

When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool

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

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires when I hear  
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time- what do you call the place-

A plague upon it! it is in Gloucestershire-

'Twas where the madcap Duke his uncle kept-

His uncle York- where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke-

'S blood!

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh-

North. At Berkeley Castle.

Hot. You say true.

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,'

And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin'-

O, the devil take such cozeners! – God forgive me!

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it again.

We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,

And make the Douglas' son your only mean  
For powers In Scotland; which, for divers reasons  
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd  
Will easily be granted. [To Northumberland] You, my lord,  
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,  
Shall secretly into the bosom creep  
Of that same noble prelate well-belov'd,  
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is it not?

Wor. True; who bears hard  
His brother's death at Bristow, the Lord Scroop.  
I speak not this in estimation,  
As what I think might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,  
And only stays but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it. Upon my life, it will do well.

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

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot.

And then the power of Scotland and of York  
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,  
To save our heads by raising of a head;  
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,  
The King will always think him in our debt,  
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,  
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.  
And see already how he doth begin  
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does! We'll be reveng'd on him.

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

North. Farewell, good brother. We shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu. O, let the hours be short  
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

Exeunt.

## ACT II. Scene I. Rochester. An inn yard

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

1. Car. Heigh-ho! an it be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd.  
Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not  
pack'd. – What, ostler!

Ost. [within] Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in  
the  
point. Poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2. Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is  
the

next way to give poor jades the bots. This house is turned  
upside  
down since Robin Ostler died.

1. Car. Poor fellow never joyed since the price of oats rose.  
It  
was the death of him.

2. Car. I think this be the most villanous house in all London  
road  
for fleas. I am stung like a tench.

1. Car. Like a tench I By the mass, there is ne'er a king  
christen  
could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2. Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we  
leak in

your chimney, and your chamber-lye breeds fleas like a loach.

1. Car. What, ostler! come away and be hang'd! come away!

2. Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be  
delivered as far as Charing Cross.

1. Car. God's body! the turkeys in my pannier are quite  
starved.

What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy  
head? Canst not hear? An 'twere not as good deed as drink to  
break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be  
hang'd!

Hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1. Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I prithee lend me this lantern to see my gelding in the  
stable.

1. Car. Nay, by God, soft! I know a trick worth two of that,  
i' faith.

Gads. I pray thee lend me thine.

2. Car. Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth he?  
Marry,

I'll see thee hang'd first!

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.  
Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen. They will  
along with company, for they have great charge.

### **Exeunt [Carriers]**

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. At hand, quoth pickpurse.

Gads. That's even as fair as- 'at hand, quoth the chamberlain';  
for

thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving  
direction

doth from labouring: thou layest the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I  
told

you yesternight. There's a franklin in the Wild of Kent hath  
brought three hundred marks with him in gold. I heard him  
tell it

to one of his company last night at supper- a kind of  
auditor;

one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They  
are

up already and call for eggs and butter. They will away  
presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks,  
I'll

give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it. I pray thee keep that for the  
hangman;

for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man  
of

falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? If I hang, I'll  
make

a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with  
me,

and thou knowest he is no starveling. Tut! there are other

Troyans that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake  
are

content to do the profession some grace; that would (if  
matters

should be look'd into) for their own credit sake make all  
whole.

I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny  
strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued maltworms;  
but

with nobility, and tranquillity, burgomasters and great  
oneyers,

such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak,  
and

speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray; and yet,  
zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the  
commonwealth, or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her,  
for

they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? Will she hold out  
water

in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will! Justice hath liquor'd her. We steal  
as in

a castle, cocksure. We have the receipt of fernseed, we walk  
invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the  
night

than to fernseed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand. Thou shalt have a share in our  
purchase, as

I and a true man.

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

Gads. Go to; 'homo' is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler  
bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy  
knave.

### **Exeunt**

## **Scene II. The highway near Gadshill**

Enter Prince and Poins.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter! I have remov'd Falstaff's horse,  
and

he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

Prince. Stand close. [They step aside.]

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poin's! Poin's, and be hang'd! Poin's!

Prince. I comes forward I Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal! What a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poin's, Hal?

Prince. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill. I'll go seek him.

[Steps aside.]

Fal. I am accurs'd to rob in that thief's company. The rascal hath

removed my horse and tied him I know not where. If I travel but

four foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind.

Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his

company

hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd

with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd. It could not be

else. I have drunk medicines. Poin's! Hal! A plague upon you both!

Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to turn true man and to leave

these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles

afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another! (They whistle.) Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my

horse, you rogues! give me my horse and be hang'd!

Prince. [comes forward] Peace, ye fat-guts! Lie down, lay thine ear

close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood,

I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin

in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me

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