

1 Henry IV

5.4

Alarum. Excursions. Enter King Henry, Prince Harry, wounded, Lord John of Lancaster, and the Earl of Westmorland

KING HENRY

I prithee, Harry, withdraw thyself, thou bleed'st too much.

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

JOHN OF LANCASTER

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

PRINCE HARRY *(to the King)*

I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends. 5

KING HENRY

I will do so. My lord of Westmorland,
Lead him to his tent.

WESTMORLAND *(to the Prince)*

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

PRINCE HARRY

Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help,
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive 10
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stained nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres.

JOHN OF LANCASTER

We breathe too long. Come, cousin Westmorland,
Our duty this way lies. For God's sake, come. 15

Exeunt Lancaster and Westmorland

PRINCE HARRY

By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit.
Before I loved thee as a brother, John,
But now I do respect thee as my soul.

KING HENRY

I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point 20
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

PRINCE HARRY

O, this boy lends mettle to us all!

Exit

Enter the Earl of Douglas

DOUGLAS

Another king! They grow like Hydra's heads.

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those 25

That wear those colours on them. What art thou

That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

KING HENRY

The King himself, who, Douglas, grieves at heart

So many of his shadows thou hast met

And not the very King. I have two boys 30

Seek Percy and thyself about the field;

But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,

I will assay thee; and defend thyself.

DOUGLAS

I fear thou art another counterfeit;

And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king. 35

But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,

And thus I win thee.

They fight. The King being in danger, enter Prince Harry

PRINCE HARRY

Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like

Never to hold it up again. The spirits

Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms. 40

It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,

Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

They fight. Douglas flieth

Cheerly, my lord! How fares your grace?

Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,

And so hath Clifton. I'll to Clifton straight. 45

KING HENRY Stay and breathe awhile.

Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,

And showed thou mak'st some tender of my life,

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

PRINCE HARRY

O God, they did me too much injury 50

That ever said I hearkened for your death.

If it were so, I might have let alone

The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And saved the treacherous labour of your son.

55

KING HENRY

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

Exit

Enter Hotspur

HOTSPUR

If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

PRINCE HARRY

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

HOTSPUR

My name is Harry Percy.

PRINCE HARRY

Why then, I see

60

A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more.

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

65

HOTSPUR

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

PRINCE HARRY

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

70

HOTSPUR

I can no longer brook thy vanities.

They fight.

Enter Sir John Oldcastle

SIR JOHN Well said, Hal! To it, Hal! Nay, you shall find
no boy's play here, I can tell you.

75

*Enter Douglas. He fighteth with Sir John, who falls
down as if he were dead. Exit Douglas. The Prince
killeth Hotspur*

HOTSPUR

O Harry, thou hast robbed me of my youth.
I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me.
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my
flesh.

But thoughts, the slaves of life, and life, time's fool, 80
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue. No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for±± 85

He dies

PRINCE HARRY

For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart.
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound,
But now two paces of the vilest earth 90
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal;
But let my favours hide thy mangled face, 95

He covers Hotspur's face

And even in thy behalf I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven.
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy epitaph. 100

He spieth Sir John on the ground

What, old acquaintance! Could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell.
I could have better spared a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity. 105
Death hath not struck so fat a deer today,
Though many dearer in this bloody fray.
Embowelled will I see thee by and by.
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

Exit

Sir John riseth up

SIR JOHN Embowelled? If thou embowel me today, I'll give 110

you leave to powder me, and eat me too, tomorrow.
'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant
Scot had paid me, scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I
am no counterfeit. To die is to be a counterfeit, for he
is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life 115
of a man. But to counterfeit dying when a man thereby
liveth is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect
image of life indeed. The better part of valour is
discretion, in the which better part I have saved my
life. Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, 120
though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too,
and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the
better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea,
and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as
well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody 125
sees me. Therefore, sirrah, (*stabbing Hotspur*) with a
new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes up Hotspur on his back.

Enter Prince Harry and Lord John of Lancaster

PRINCE HARRY

Come, brother John. Full bravely hast thou fleshed
Thy maiden sword.

JOHN OF LANCASTER But soft; whom have we here?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead? 130

PRINCE HARRY I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground.

(*To Sir John*) Art thou
alive?

Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prithee speak; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears. Thou art not what thou seem'st. 135

SIR JOHN No, that's certain: I am not a double man. But
if I be not Jack Oldcastle, then am I a jack. There is
Percy. If your father will do me any honour, so; if not,
let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either
earl or duke, I can assure you. 140

PRINCE HARRY

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

SIR JOHN Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given
to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath,

and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and
fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be 145
believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour
bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take't on my
death I gave him this wound in the thigh. If the man
were alive and would deny it, zounds, I would make
him eat a piece of my sword. 150

JOHN OF LANCASTER

This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

PRINCE HARRY

This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

(*To Sir John*) Come, bring your luggage nobly on your
back.

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have. 155

A retreat is sounded

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

Exeunt the Prince and Lancaster

SIR JOHN I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that
rewards me, God reward him. If I do grow great, I'll 160
grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live
cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

Exit, bearing Hotspur's body