

1 Henry IV

3.1

*Enter Hotspur, the Earl of Worcester, Lord
Mortimer, and Owain Glyndwŷr, with a map*

MORTIMER

These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

HOTSPUR

Lord Mortimer and cousin Glyndwŷr,
Will you sit down? And uncle Worcester?
[Mortimer, Glyndwŷr, and Worcester sit]
A plague upon it, I have forgot the map! 5

GLYNDWŷR

No, here it is. Sit, cousin Percy, sit,
Good cousin Hotspur;
[Hotspur sits]

For by that name

As oft as Lancaster doth speak of you,
His cheek looks pale, and with a rising sigh
He wisheth you in heaven.

HOTSPUR

And you in hell, 10

As oft as he hears Owain Glyndwŷr spoke of.

GLYNDWŷR

I cannot blame him. At my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth 15
Shaked like a coward.

HOTSPUR

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

GLYNDWŷR

I say the earth did shake when I was born.

HOTSPUR

And I say the earth was not of my mind 20
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

GLYNDWŷR

The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble±±

HOTSPUR

O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Disease—Ad nature oftentimes breaks forth 25
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinched and vexed
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb, which for enlargement striving
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down 30
Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemp'rature,
In passion shook.

GLYNDWŴR Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth 35
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have marked me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do show 40
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipped in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupil or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but woman's son 45
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

HOTSPUR *[standing]*

I think there's no man speaketh better Welsh.
I'll to dinner.

MORTIMER

Peace, cousin Percy, you will make him mad. 50

GLYNDWŴR

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

HOTSPUR

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

GLYNDWŴR

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

HOTSPUR

And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil, 55

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

MORTIMER

Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

60

GLYNDWŶR

Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottomed Severn have I sent him
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

HOTSPUR

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

65

GLYNDWŶR

Come, here's the map. Shall we divide our right,
According to our threefold order ta'en?

MORTIMER

The Archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally.

70

England from Trent and Severn hitherto
By south and east is to my part assigned;
All westward±±Wales beyond the Severn shore
And all the fertile land within that bound±±

To Owain GlyndwŶr; (*to Hotspur*) and, dear coz, to you 75
The remnant northward lying off from Trent.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn,
Which, being sealeÁd interchangeably±±
A business that this night may execute±±

Tomorrow, cousin Percy, you and I 80

And my good lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.

My father, GlyndwŶr, is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days. 85
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

GLYNDWŶR

A shorter time shall send me to you, lords;
And in my conduct shall your ladies come,
From whom you now must steal and take no leave;

90

For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

HOTSPUR

Methinks my moiety north from Burton here
In quantity equals not one of yours.
See how this river comes me cranking in, 95
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle, out.
I'll have the current in this place dammed up,
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel fair and evenly. 100
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

GLYNDWŶR

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

MORTIMER

Yea, but mark how he bears his course, and runs
me up
With like advantage on the other side, 105
Gelding the opposeÁd continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.

WORCESTER

Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land,
And then he runs straight and even. 110

HOTSPUR

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

GLYNDWŶR I'll not have it altered.

HOTSPUR Will not you?

GLYNDWŶR No, nor you shall not.

HOTSPUR Who shall say me nay? 115

GLYNDWŶR Why, that will I.

HOTSPUR

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

GLYNDWŶR

I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was trained up in the English court,
Where, being but young, I frameÁd to the harp¹²⁰
Many an English ditty lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament±±
A virtue that was never seen in you.

HOTSPUR

Marry, and I am glad of it, with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten and cry `mew' 125
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turned,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry. 130
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

GLYNDWŴR Come, you shall have Trent turned.

HOTSPUR

I do not care. I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain±±mark ye me±± 135
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? Shall we be gone?

GLYNDWŴR

The moon shines fair. You may away by night.
I'll haste the writer, and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence. 140
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

Exit

MORTIMER

Fie, cousin Percy, how you cross my father!

HOTSPUR

I cannot choose. Sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant, 145
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-winged griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff 150
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me last night at the least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys. I cried, `Hum!' and, `Well,
go to!'

But marked him not a word. O, he is as tedious 155
As a tired horse, a railing wife,

Worse than a smoky house. I had rather live
With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer house in Christendom. 160

MORTIMER

In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin? 165
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you come 'cross his humour; faith, he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done 170
Without the taste of danger and reproof.
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

WORCESTER *(to Hotspur)*

In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame,
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite besides his patience. 175
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault.
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood±±
And that's the dearest grace it renders you±±
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government, 180
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain,
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation. 185

HOTSPUR

Well, I am schooled. Good manners be your speed!
*Enter Glyndwŷr with Lady Percy and Mortimer's
wife*
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.
*[Mortimer's wife weeps, and speaks to him in
Welsh]*

MORTIMER

This is the deadly spite that angers me:

My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

GLYNDWŶR

My daughter weeps she'll not part with you. 190

She'll be a soldier, too; she'll to the wars.

MORTIMER

Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy

Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*GlyndwŶr speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers
him in the same*

GLYNDWŶR

She is desperate here, a peevish self-willed harlotry,

One that no persuasion can do good upon. 195

The lady speaks in Welsh

MORTIMER

I understand thy looks. That pretty Welsh

Which thou down pourest from these swelling
heavens

I am too perfect in, and but for shame

In such a parley should I answer thee.

The lady kisses him, and speaks again in Welsh

MORTIMER

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine, 200

And that's a feeling disputation;

But I will never be a truant, love,

Till I have learnt thy language, for thy tongue

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penned,

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower 205

With ravishing division, to her lute.

GLYNDWŶR

Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

*The lady [sits on the rushes and] speaks again in
Welsh*

MORTIMER

O, I am ignorance itself in this!

GLYNDWŶR

She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down

And rest your gentle head upon her lap, 210

And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,

And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,

Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,

Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep

As is the difference betwixt day and night 215
The hour before the heavenly-harnessed team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

MORTIMER

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

He sits, [resting his head on the Welsh lady's lap]

GLYNDWŨR

Do so, and those musicians that shall play to you 220
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here. Sit and attend.

HOTSPUR

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

LADY PERCY (*sitting*) Go, ye giddy goose! 225

*Hotspur sits, resting his head on Lady Percy's lap.
The music plays*

HOTSPUR

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

LADY PERCY

Then should you be nothing but musical,
For you are altogether governed by humours. 230
Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

HOTSPUR I had rather hear Lady my brach howl in Irish.

LADY PERCY Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

HOTSPUR No.

LADY PERCY Then be still. 235

HOTSPUR Neither±±'tis a woman's fault.

LADY PERCY Now God help thee!

HOTSPUR To the Welsh lady's bed.

LADY PERCY What's that?

HOTSPUR Peace; she sings. 240

Here the lady sings a Welsh song

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

LADY PERCY Not mine, in good sooth.

HOTSPUR Not yours, in good sooth! Heart, you swear like
a comfit-maker's wife: `Not you, in good sooth!' and

`As true as I live!' and 245
`As God shall mend me!' and `As sure as day!';
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths
As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave `in sooth' 250
And such protest of pepper gingerbread
To velvet-guards and Sunday citizens.
Come, sing.

LADY PERCY I will not sing.

HOTSPUR 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast 255
teacher. (*Rising*) An the indentures be drawn, I'll away
within these two hours; and so come in when ye will.

Exit

GLYNDWŴR

Come, come, Lord Mortimer. You are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn. We'll but seal, 260
And then to horse immediately.

MORTIMER (*rising*) With all my heart.
The ladies rise, and all exeunt