

Henry V

2.3

Enter Ensign Pistol, Corporal Nim, Lieutenant Bardolph, Boy, and Hostess Quickly

HOSTESS Prithee, honey, sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

PISTOL

No, for my manly heart dotherne. Bardolph,
Be blithe; Nim, rouse thy vaunting veins; boy, bristle
Thy courage up. For Falstaff he is dead, 5
And we must earn therefore.

BARDOLPH Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is,
either in heaven or in hell.

HOSTESS Nay, sure he's not in hell. He's in Arthur's
bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A made 10
a finer end, and went away an it had been any christom
child. A parted ev'n just between twelve and one, ev'n
at the turning o'th' tide±±for after I saw him fumble
with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon
his finger's end, I knew there was but one way. For 15
his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a babbled of green
fields. `How now, Sir John?' quoth I. `What, man! Be
o' good cheer.' So a cried out, `God, God, God', three
or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a should
not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble 20
himself with any such thoughts yet. So a bade me lay
more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed
and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone.
Then I felt to his knees, and so up'ard and up'ard, and
all was as cold as any stone. 25

NIM They say he cried out of sack.

HOSTESS Ay, that a did.

BARDOLPH And of women.

HOSTESS Nay, that a did not.

BOY Yes, that a did, and said they were devils incarnate. 30

HOSTESS A could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he
never liked.

BOY A said once the devil would have him about women.

HOSTESS A did in some sort, indeed, handle women±±but
then he was rheumatic, and talked of the Whore of 35
Babylon.

BOY Do you not remember, a saw a flea stick upon
Bardolph's nose, and a said it was a black soul burning
in hell-fire.

BARDOLPH Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire. 40
That's all the riches I got in his service.

NIM Shall we shog? The King will be gone from
Southampton.

PISTOL

Come, let's away.±±My love, give me thy lips.

He kisses her

Look to my chattels and my movables. 45

Let senses rule. The word is `Pitch and pay'.

Trust none, for oaths are straws, men's faiths are
wafer-cakes,

And Holdfast is the only dog, my duck.

Therefore *caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals.±±Yokefellows in arms, 50

Let us to France, like horseleeches, my boys,

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

BOY (*aside*) And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

PISTOL Touch her soft mouth, and march.

BARDOLPH Farewell, hostess. 55

He kisses her

NIM I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it, but adieu.

PISTOL (*to Hostess*)

Let housewifery appear. Keep close, I thee command.

HOSTESS Farewell! Adieu!

Exeunt severally