

2 Henry IV

5.5

Enter [two] Grooms, strewing rushes

FIRST GROOM More rushes, more rushes!

SECOND GROOM The trumpets have sounded twice.

[FIRST] GROOM 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from
the coronation.

Exeunt

*Enter Sir John Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph,
and the Page*

SIR JOHN Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow. I will 5
make the King do you grace. I will leer upon him as a
comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he
will give me.

PISTOL God bless thy lungs, good knight.

SIR JOHN Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. *(To Shallow)* 10
O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would
have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you!
But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better; this
doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

[SHALLOW] It doth so. 15

SIR JOHN It shows my earnestness of affection±±

PISTOL It doth so.

SIR JOHN My devotion±±

PISTOL It doth, it doth, it doth.

SIR JOHN As it were, to ride day and night, and not to 20
deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to
shift me±±

SHALLOW It is most certain.

[SIR JOHN] But to stand stained with travel and sweating
with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting 25
all affairs in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to
be done but to see him.

PISTOL 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*: 'tis all in
every part.

SHALLOW 'Tis so indeed. 30

PISTOL

My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,

And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance and contagious prison,
Haled thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand.
Rouse up Revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's
snake,
For Doll is in. Pistol speaks naught but truth.

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SIR JOHN I will deliver her.
[Shouts within.] Trumpets sound

PISTOL
There roared the sea, and trumpet-clangour sounds!
*Enter King Harry the Fifth, Prince John of
Lancaster, the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester,
the Lord Chief Justice, [and others]*

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SIR JOHN
God save thy grace, King Hal, my royal Hal!

PISTOL
The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of
fame!

SIR JOHN God save thee, my sweet boy!

KING HARRY
My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE *(to Sir John)*
Have you your wits? Know you what 'tis you speak? 45

SIR JOHN
My king, my Jove, I speak to thee, my heart!

KING HARRY
I know thee not, old man. Fall to thy prayers.
How ill white hairs becomes a fool and jester!
I have long dreamt of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane;
But being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace.
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest.
Presume not that I am the thing I was,
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turned away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.

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When thou dost hear I am as I have been, 60
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots.
Till then I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile. 65
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evils;
And as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strengths and qualities,
Give you advancement. (*To Lord Chief Justice*) Be it
your charge, my lord, 70
To see performed the tenor of our word. (*To his train*)
Set on!

Exeunt King Harry and his train

SIR JOHN Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

SHALLOW Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to
let me have home with me.

SIR JOHN That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you 75
grieve at this. I shall be sent for in private to him. Look
you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your
advancements. I will be the man yet that shall make
you great.

SHALLOW I cannot perceive how, unless you give me your 80
doublet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you,
good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

SIR JOHN Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you
heard was but a colour.

SHALLOW A colour I fear that you will die in, Sir John. 85

SIR JOHN Fear no colours. Go with me to dinner. Come,
Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph. I shall be sent for
soon at night.

*Enter the Lord Chief Justice and Prince John,
with officers*

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE (*to officers*)

Go carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet.

Take all his company along with him. 90

SIR JOHN My lord, my lord!

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

I cannot now speak. I will hear you soon.±±

Take them away.

PISTOL

Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.

Exeunt all but Prince John

and Lord Chief Justice

PRINCE JOHN

I like this fair proceeding of the King's. 95

He hath intent his wonted followers

Shall all be very well provided for,

But all are banished till their conversations

Appear more wise and modest to the world.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE And so they are. 100

PRINCE JOHN

The King hath called his parliament, my lord.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE He hath.

PRINCE JOHN

I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,

We bear our civil swords and native fire

As far as France. I heard a bird so sing, 105

Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the King.

Come, will you hence?

Exeunt