

## 2 Henry IV

### 5.3

*[A table and chairs set forth.] Enter Sir John Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Davy [with vessels for the table], Bardolph, and the Page*

**SHALLOW** *(to Sir John)* Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of mine own grafting, with a dish of caraways, and so forth±±come, cousin Silence±±and then to bed.

**SIR JOHN** Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and 5  
a rich.

**SHALLOW** Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all,  
Sir John. Marry, good air.±±Spread, Davy; spread, Davy.  
*[Davy begins to spread the table]*  
Well said, Davy.

**SIR JOHN** This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your 10  
serving-man and your husband.

**SHALLOW** A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet,  
Sir John.±±By the mass, I have drunk too much sack  
at supper.±±A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit  
down. *(To Silence)* Come, cousin. 15

**SILENCE** Ah, sirrah, quoth-a, we shall  
*(sings)*

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,  
And praise God for the merry year,  
When flesh is cheap and females dear,  
And lusty lads roam here and there 20  
So merrily,  
And ever among so merrily.

**SIR JOHN** There's a merry heart, good Master Silence! I'll  
give you a health for that anon.

**SHALLOW** Good Master Bardolph!±±Some wine, Davy. 25

**DAVY** *[to Sir John]* Sweet sir, sit. *[To Bardolph]* I'll be with  
you anon. *[To Sir John]* Most sweet sir, sit. Master page,  
good master page, sit.

*[All but Davy sit. Davy pours wine]*

Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink;  
but you must bear; the heart's all. 30

**SHALLOW** Be merry, Master Bardolph and my little soldier  
there, be merry.

**SILENCE** (*sings*)

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,  
For women are shrews, both short and tall,  
'Tis merry in hall when beards wags all, 35  
And welcome merry shrovetide.

Be merry, be merry.

**SIR JOHN** I did not think Master Silence had been a man  
of this mettle.

**SILENCE** Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere 40  
now.

*Enter Davy [with a dish of apples]*

**DAVY** There's a dish of leather-coats for you.

**SHALLOW** Davy!

**DAVY** Your worship! I'll be with you straight. [*To Sir  
John*] A cup of wine, sir? 45

**SILENCE** [*sings*]

A cup of wine  
That's brisk and fine,  
And drink unto thee, leman mine,  
And a merry heart lives long-a.

**SIR JOHN** Well said, Master Silence. 50

**SILENCE** And we shall be merry; now comes in the sweet  
o'th' night.

**SIR JOHN** Health and long life to you, Master Silence!  
*He drinks*

**SILENCE** Fill the cup and let it come. I'll pledge you a mile  
to th' bottom. 55

**SHALLOW** Honest Bardolph, welcome! If thou want'st  
anything and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart! (*To the  
Page*) Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome indeed,  
too!±±I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the  
cavalieros about London. 60

*He drinks*

**DAVY** I hope to see London once ere I die.

**BARDOLPH** An I might see you there, Davy!

**SHALLOW** By the mass, you'll crack a quart together, ha,  
will you not, Master Bardolph?

**BARDOLPH** Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot. 65

**SHALLOW** By God's liggens, I thank thee. The knave will  
stick by thee, I can assure thee that; a will not out;  
'tis true-bred.

**BARDOLPH** And I'll stick by him, sir.

**SHALLOW** Why, there spoke a king! Lack nothing, be 70  
merry!

*One knocks at the door within*

Look who's at door there, ho! Who knocks?

*[Exit Davy]*

*[Silence drinks]*

**SIR JOHN** *[to Silence]* Why, now you have done me right!

**SILENCE** *[sings]*

Do me right,  
And dub me knight±± 75  
Samingo.

Is't not so?

**SIR JOHN** 'Tis so.

**SILENCE** Is't so?±±Why then, say an old man can do  
somewhat. 80

*[Enter Davy]*

**DAVY** An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come  
from the court with news.

**SIR JOHN** From the court? Let him come in.

*Enter Pistol*

How now, Pistol?

**PISTOL** Sir John, God save you. 85

**SIR JOHN** What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

**PISTOL**

Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.  
Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in  
this realm.

**SILENCE** By'r Lady, I think a be±±but goodman Puff of 90  
Bar'son.

**PISTOL** Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!±±  
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,  
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee, 95  
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,  
And golden times, and happy news of price.

**SIR JOHN** I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this

world.

**PISTOL**

A foutre for the world and worldlings base! 100  
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

**SIR JOHN**

O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?  
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

**SILENCE** [*singing*]

`And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.'

**PISTOL**

Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons? 105  
And shall good news be baffled?  
Then Pistol lay thy head in Furies' lap.

**SHALLOW** Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

**PISTOL** Why then, lament therefor.

**SHALLOW** Give me pardon, sir. If, sir, you come with news 110  
from the court, I take it there's but two ways: either  
to utter them, or conceal them. I am, sir, under the  
King in some authority.

**PISTOL**

Under which king, besonian? Speak, or die.

**SHALLOW**

Under King Harry.

**PISTOL** Harry the Fourth, or Fifth? 115

**SHALLOW**

Harry the Fourth.

**PISTOL** A foutre for thine office!

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king.  
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth.  
When Pistol lies, do this, (*making the fig*) and fig me,  
Like the bragging Spaniard.

**SIR JOHN** What, is the old King dead? 120

**PISTOL**

As nail in door. The things I speak are just.

**SIR JOHN** Away, Bardolph, saddle my horse! Master Robert  
Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land; 'tis  
thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

**BARDOLPH** O joyful day! 125

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

**PISTOL** What, I do bring good news?

**SIR JOHN** (*to Davy*) Carry Master Silence to bed.

*[Exit Davy with Silence]*

Master Shallow±±my lord Shallow±±be what thou wilt,  
I am fortune's steward±±get on thy boots; we'll ride 130  
all night.±±O sweet Pistol!±±Away, Bardolph!

*[Exit Bardolph]*

Come, Pistol, utter more to me, and withal devise  
something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master  
Shallow! I know the young King is sick for me. Let us  
take any man's horses±±the laws of England are at my 135  
commandment. Blessed are they that have been my  
friends, and woe to my Lord Chief Justice.

**PISTOL**

Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!  
`Where is the life that late I led?' say they.  
Why, here it is. Welcome these pleasant days. 140

*Exeunt*