

2 Henry IV

2.4

*[A table and chairs set forth.] Enter a Drawer
[with wine] and another Drawer [with a dish of
apple-johns]*

[FIRST DRAWER] What the devil hast thou brought there±±
apple-johns? Thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an
apple-john.

[SECOND DRAWER] Mass, thou sayst true. The Prince once
set a dish of apple-johns before him; and told him, 5
there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his
hat, said 'I will now take my leave of these six dry,
round, old, withered knights.' It angered him to the
heart. But he hath forgot that.

[FIRST DRAWER] Why then, cover, and set them down; 10
and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise. Mistress
Tearsheet would fain hear some music.

[Exit the Second Drawer]

[The First Drawer covers the table.]

[Enter the Second Drawer]

[SECOND DRAWER] Sirrah, here will be the Prince and
Master Poin's anon, and they will put on two of our
jerkens and aprons, and Sir John must not know of it. 15
Bardolph hath brought word.

[FIRST DRAWER] By the mass, here will be old utis! It will
be an excellent stratagem.

[SECOND DRAWER] I'll see if I can find out Sneak.

Exeunt

Enter Mistress Quickly and Doll Tearsheet, drunk

MISTRESS QUICKLY I'faith, sweetheart, methinks now you 20
are in an excellent good temperality. Your pulside
beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your
colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good
truth, la; but i'faith, you have drunk too much
canaries, and that's a marvellous searching wine, and 25
it perfumes the blood ere we can say 'What's this?'
How do you now?

DOLL TEARSHEET Better than I was.±±Hem!

MISTRESS QUICKLY Why, that's well said! A good heart's worth gold.

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Enter Sir John Falstaff

Lo, here comes Sir John.

SIR JOHN *(sings)* `When Arthur first in court'±± *[Calls]*
Empty the jordan!±± *(Sings)* `And was a worthy king'±±
How now, Mistress Doll?

MISTRESS QUICKLY Sick of a qualm, yea, good faith. 35

SIR JOHN So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

DOLL TEARSHEET A pox damn you, you muddy rascal! Is that all the comfort you give me?

SIR JOHN You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll. 40

DOLL TEARSHEET I make them? Gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

SIR JOHN If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll. We catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that. 45

DOLL TEARSHEET Yea, Jesu, our chains and our jewels.

SIR JOHN `Your brooches, pearls, and ouches'±±for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely. 50

MISTRESS QUICKLY By my troth, this is the old fashion. You two never meet but you fall to some discord. You are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the goodyear, one must bear, *(to Doll)* and that must be you. You are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel. 55

DOLL TEARSHEET Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? There's a whole merchant's venture of Bordeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.±±Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack. Thou art going to the wars, and whether I shall ever see thee again or no there is nobody cares. 60 65

Enter a Drawer

DRAWER Sir, Ensign Pistol's below, and would speak with

you.

DOLL TEARSHEET Hang him, swaggering rascal, let him not come hither. It is the foul-mouthedest rogue in England.

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MISTRESS QUICKLY If he swagger, let him not come here. No, by my faith! I must live among my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the very best. Shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here. I have not lived all this while to have swaggering now. Shut the door, I pray you.

SIR JOHN Dost thou hear, hostess?

MISTRESS QUICKLY Pray ye pacify yourself, Sir John. There comes no swaggerers here.

SIR JOHN Dost thou hear? It is mine ensign.

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MISTRESS QUICKLY Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me. Your ensign-swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick the deputy t'other day, and, as he said to me±±'twas no longer ago than Wed'sday last, i' good faith±±'Neighbour Quickly,' says he±±Master Dumb our minister was by then±±'Neighbour Quickly,' says he, 'receive those that are civil, for,' said he, 'you are in an ill name.' Now a said so, I can tell whereupon. 'For,' says he, 'you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive. Receive,' says he, 'no swaggering companions.' There comes none here. You would bless you to hear what he said. No, I'll no swaggerers.

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SIR JOHN He's no swaggerer, hostess±±a tame cheater, i'faith. You may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound. He'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.±±Call him up, drawer.

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[Exit Drawer]

MISTRESS QUICKLY Cheater call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater, but I do not love swaggering, by my troth, I am the worse when one says 'swagger'. Feel, masters, how I shake, look you, I warrant you.

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DOLL TEARSHEET So you do, hostess.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Do I? Yea, in very truth do I, an 'twere

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an aspen leaf. I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and the Page

PISTOL God save you, Sir John.

SIR JOHN Welcome, Ensign Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack. Do you discharge upon mine hostess. 110

PISTOL I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

SIR JOHN She is pistol-proof, sir, you shall not hardly offend her.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no 115 bullets. I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

PISTOL Then to you, Mistress Dorothy! I will charge you.

DOLL TEARSHEET Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What, you poor, base, rascally, cheating, 120 lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

PISTOL I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

DOLL TEARSHEET Away, you cutpurse rascal, you filthy bung, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your 125 mouldy chaps an you play the saucy cuttle with me!

[She brandishes a knife]

Away, you bottle-ale rascal, you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!

[Pistol draws his sword]

Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on your shoulder! Much! 130

PISTOL God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

MISTRESS QUICKLY No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

DOLL TEARSHEET Captain? Thou abominable damned 135 cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called `captain'? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain? You slave! For what? For tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy- 140 house! He a captain? Hang him, rogue, he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain?

God's light, these villains will make the word 'captain'
odious; therefore captains had need look to't.

BARDOLPH Pray thee, go down, good ensign. 145

SIR JOHN Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

He takes her aside

PISTOL Not I! I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could
tear her! I'll be revenged of her.

PAGE Pray thee, go down.

PISTOL I'll see her damned first 150

To Pluto's damned lake, by this hand,
To th'infernal deep,
Where Erebus, and tortures vile also.
'Hold hook and line!' say I.

Down, down, dogs; down, Fates. 155

Have we not Hiren here?

MISTRESS QUICKLY Good Captain Pizzle, be quiet. 'Tis very
late, i'faith. I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

PISTOL These be good humours indeed!

Shall pack-horses 160

And hollow pampered jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty mile a day,
Compare with Caesars and with cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks?

Nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus, 165

And let the welkin roar. Shall we fall foul for toys?

MISTRESS QUICKLY By my troth, captain, these are very
bitter words.

BARDOLPH Be gone, good ensign; this will grow to a brawl
anon. 170

PISTOL

Die men like dogs! Give crowns like pins!

Have we not Hiren here?

MISTRESS QUICKLY O' my word, captain, there's none such
here. What the goodyear, do you think I would deny
her? For God's sake, be quiet. 175

PISTOL

Then feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis.

Come, give's some sack.

Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.

Fear we broadsides? No; let the fiend give fire!

Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there. 180

[He lays down his sword]

Come we to full points here? And are etceteras
nothings?

[He drinks]

SIR JOHN Pistol, I would be quiet.

PISTOL Sweet knight, I kiss thy neaf. What, we have seen
the seven stars!

DOLL TEARSHEET For God's sake, thrust him downstairs. I 185
cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

PISTOL Thrust him downstairs? Know we not Galloway
nags?

SIR JOHN Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat
shilling. Nay, an a do nothing but speak nothing, a 190
shall be nothing here.

BARDOLPH *(to Pistol)* Come, get you downstairs.

PISTOL *[taking up his sword]*

What, shall we have incision? Shall we imbrue?

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days.

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

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Untwine the Sisters Three. Come, Atropos, I say!

MISTRESS QUICKLY Here's goodly stuff toward!

SIR JOHN Give me my rapier, boy.

DOLL TEARSHEET I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not
draw. 200

SIR JOHN *(taking his rapier and speaking to Pistol)* Get you
downstairs.

Sir John, Bardolph, and Pistol brawl

MISTRESS QUICKLY Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear
keeping house afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights!

[Sir John thrusts at Pistol]

So!

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[Pistol thrusts at Sir John]

Murder, I warrant now! Alas, alas, put up your naked
weapons, put up your naked weapons!

Exit Pistol, pursued by Bardolph

DOLL TEARSHEET I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's
gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

MISTRESS QUICKLY *(to Sir John)* Are you not hurt i'th' 210
groin? Methought a made a shrewd thrust at your

belly.

Enter Bardolph

SIR JOHN Have you turned him out o'doors?

BARDOLPH Yea, sir. The rascal's drunk. You have hurt
him, sir, i'th' shoulder. 215

SIR JOHN A rascal, to brave me!

DOLL TEARSHEET Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas,
poor ape, how thou sweatest! Come, let me wipe thy
face; come on, you whoreson chops. Ah rogue, i'faith,
I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, 220
worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than
the Nine Worthies. Ah, villain!

SIR JOHN A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a
blanket.

DOLL TEARSHEET Do, an thou darest for thy heart. An thou 225
dost, I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter musicians

PAGE The music is come, sir.

SIR JOHN Let them play.±±Play, sirs!

[Music plays]

Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! The
rogue fled from me like quicksilver. 230

DOLL TEARSHEET I'faith, and thou followed'st him like a
church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-
pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o'days, and foining
o'nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for
heaven? 235

Enter Prince Harry and Poins, disguised as drawers

SIR JOHN Peace, good Doll, do not speak like a death's-
head, do not bid me remember mine end.

DOLL TEARSHEET Sirrah, what humour's the Prince of?

SIR JOHN A good shallow young fellow. A would have
made a good pantler; a would ha' chipped bread well. 240

DOLL TEARSHEET They say Poins has a good wit.

SIR JOHN He a good wit? Hang him, baboon! His wit's as
thick as Tewkesbury mustard; there's no more conceit
in him than is in a mallet.

DOLL TEARSHEET Why does the Prince love him so, then? 245

SIR JOHN Because their legs are both of a bigness, and a
plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and

drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the
wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint-stools,
and swears with a good grace, and wears his boot very 250
smooth like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no
bate with telling of discreet stories, and such other
gambol faculties a has that show a weak mind and an
able body; for the which the Prince admits him; for
the Prince himself is such another±±the weight of a 255
hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

PRINCE HARRY (*aside to Poins*) Would not this nave of a
wheel have his ears cut off?

POINS Let's beat him before his whore.

PRINCE HARRY Look whe'er the withered elder hath not 260
his poll clawed like a parrot.

POINS Is it not strange that desire should so many years
outlive performance?

SIR JOHN Kiss me, Doll.

They kiss

PRINCE HARRY (*aside to Poins*) Saturn and Venus this year 265
in conjunction! What says th'almanac to that?

POINS And look whether the fiery Trigon his man be not
lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his
counsel-keeper!

SIR JOHN (*to Doll*) Thou dost give me flattering busses. 270

DOLL TEARSHEET By my troth, I kiss thee with a most
constant heart.

SIR JOHN I am old, I am old.

DOLL TEARSHEET I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy
young boy of them all. 275

SIR JOHN What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive
money o'Thursday; shalt have a cap tomorrow.±±A
merry song!

[The music plays again]

Come, it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me
when I am gone. 280

DOLL TEARSHEET By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping
an thou sayst so. Prove that ever I dress myself
handsome till thy return±±well, hearken a'th' end.

SIR JOHN Some sack, Francis.

PRINCE AND POINS (*coming forward*) Anon, anon, sir. 285

SIR JOHN Ha, a bastard son of the King's!±±And art not
thou Poins his brother?

PRINCE HARRY Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what
a life dost thou lead!

SIR JOHN A better than thou: I am a gentleman, thou art 290
a drawer.

PRINCE HARRY Very true, sir, and I come to draw you out
by the ears.

MISTRESS QUICKLY O, the Lord preserve thy grace! By my
troth, welcome to London! Now the Lord bless that 295
sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

SIR JOHN (*to Prince Harry*) Thou whoreson mad compound
of majesty! By this light±±flesh and corrupt blood, thou
art welcome.

DOLL TEARSHEET How, you fat fool? I scorn you. 300

POINS (*to Prince Harry*) My lord, he will drive you out of
your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take
not the heat.

PRINCE HARRY (*to Sir John*) You whoreson candlemine you,
how vilely did you speak of me now, before this honest, 305
virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

MISTRESS QUICKLY God's blessing of your good heart, and
so she is, by my troth!

SIR JOHN (*to Prince Harry*) Didst thou hear me?

PRINCE HARRY Yea, and you knew me as you did when 310
you ran away by Gads Hill; you knew I was at your
back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

SIR JOHN No, no, no, not so, I did not think thou wast
within hearing.

PRINCE HARRY I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful 315
abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

SIR JOHN No abuse, Hal; o'mine honour, no abuse.

PRINCE HARRY Not? To dispraise me, and call me `pantler'
and `bread-chipper' and I know not what?

SIR JOHN No abuse, Hal. 320

POINS No abuse?

SIR JOHN No abuse, Ned, i'th' world, honest Ned, none.
I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked
might not fall in love with him; (*to Prince Harry*) in
which doing I have done the part of a careful friend 325

and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks
for it. No abuse, Hal; none, Ned, none; no, faith, boys,
none.

PRINCE HARRY See now whether pure fear and entire
cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous 330
gentlewoman to close with us. Is she of the wicked? Is
thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is thy boy of the
wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his
nose, of the wicked?

POINS *(to Sir John)* Answer, thou dead elm, answer. 335

SIR JOHN The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph
irrecoverable, and his face is Lucifer's privy kitchen,
where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the
boy, there is a good angel about him, but the devil
outbids him, too. 340

PRINCE HARRY For the women?

SIR JOHN For one of them, she's in hell already, and burns
poor souls. For th'other, I owe her money, and whether
she be damned for that I know not.

MISTRESS QUICKLY No, I warrant you. 345

SIR JOHN No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit
for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee,
for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary
to the law, for the which I think thou wilt howl.

MISTRESS QUICKLY All victuallers do so. What's a joint of 350
mutton or two in a whole Lent?

PRINCE HARRY You, gentlewoman±±

DOLL TEARSHEET What says your grace?

SIR JOHN His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.
Peto knocks at door within

MISTRESS QUICKLY Who knocks so loud at door? *(Calls)* 355
Look to th' door there, Francis.

Enter Peto

PRINCE HARRY Peto, how now, what news?

PETO

The King your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north; and as I came along 360
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bareheaded, sweating, knocking at the taverns,

And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

PRINCE HARRY

By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame
So idly to profane the precious time, 365
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarm'd heads.±±
Give me my sword and cloak.±±Falstaff, good night.

Exeunt Prince Harry and Poins

SIR JOHN Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, 370
and we must hence and leave it unpicked.

Knocking within. [Exit Bardolph]

More knocking at the door!

Enter Bardolph

How now, what's the matter?

BARDOLPH

You must away to court, sir, presently.
A dozen captains stay at door for you. 375

SIR JOHN *[to the Page]* Pay the musicians, sirrah. Farewell,
hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how
men of merit are sought after. The undeserver may
sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell,
good wenches. If I be not sent away post, I will see 380
you again ere I go.

[Exeunt musicians]

DOLL TEARSHEET *[weeping]* I cannot speak. If my heart be
not ready to burst±±well, sweet Jack, have a care of
thyself.

SIR JOHN Farewell, farewell! 385

Exit [with Bardolph, Peto, and the Page]

MISTRESS QUICKLY Well, fare thee well. I have known thee
these twenty-nine years come peascod-time, but an
honester and truer-hearted man±±well, fare thee well.

[Enter Bardolph]

BARDOLPH Mistress Tearsheet!

MISTRESS QUICKLY What's the matter? 390

BARDOLPH Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

[Exit]

MISTRESS QUICKLY O run, Doll; run, run, good Doll!

Exeunt [Doll at one door, Mistress Quickly at

another door]