

# 1 Henry IV

## 5.3

*King Henry enters with his power. Alarum, and exeunt to the battle. Then enter the Earl of Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt, disguised as the King*

**BLUNT**

What is thy name, that in the battle thus  
Thou crossest me? What honour dost thou seek  
Upon my head?

**DOUGLAS** Know then my name is Douglas,  
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus  
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

5

**BLUNT** They tell thee true.

**DOUGLAS**

The Lord of Stafford dear today hath bought  
Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,  
This sword hath ended him. So shall it thee,  
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

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**BLUNT**

I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot,  
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge  
Lord Stafford's death.

*They fight. Douglas kills Blunt. Then enter Hotspur*

**HOTSPUR**

O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,  
I never had triumphed upon a Scot.

15

**DOUGLAS**

All's done, all's won: here breathless lies the King.

**HOTSPUR** Where?

**DOUGLAS** Here.

**HOTSPUR**

This, Douglas? No, I know this face full well.  
A gallant knight he was; his name was Blunt±± 20  
Semblably furnished like the King himself.

**DOUGLAS** *(to Blunt's body)*

A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!  
A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear.  
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

**HOTSPUR**

The king hath many marching in his coats.

25

**DOUGLAS**

Now by my sword, I will kill all his coats.

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,

Until I meet the King.

**HOTSPUR**

Up and away!

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

*Exeunt, leaving Blunt's body*

*Alarum. Enter Sir John Oldcastle*

**SIR JOHN** Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear 30

the shot here. Here's no scoring but upon the pate.±±

Soft, who are you?±±Sir Walter Blunt. There's honour

for you. Here's no vanity. I am as hot as molten lead,

and as heavy too. God keep lead out of me; I need no

more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my 35

ragamuffins where they are peppered; there's not three

of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the

town's end, to beg during life.

*Enter Prince Harry*

But who comes here?

**PRINCE HARRY**

What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy sword. 40

Many a noble man lies stark and stiff

Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,

Whose deaths as yet are unrevenged. I prithee

Lend me thy sword.

**SIR JOHN**

O Hal, I prithee give me leave to breathe awhile. 45

Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms

As I have done this day. I have paid Percy,

I have made him sure.

**PRINCE HARRY**

He is indeed,

And living to kill thee. I prithee

Lend me thy sword.

**SIR JOHN**

Nay, before God, Hal,

50

If Percy be alive thou gett'st not my sword;

But take my pistol if thou wilt.

**PRINCE HARRY**

Give it me. What, is it in the case?

**SIR JOHN**

Ay, Hal;

'Tis hot, 'tis hot. There's that will sack a city.

*The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack*

**PRINCE HARRY**

What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

55

*He throws the bottle at him. Exit*

**SIR JOHN** Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath. Give me life, which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end.

60

*Exit [with Blunt's body]*