

# 1 Henry IV

## 2.2

*Enter Prince Harry, Poins, Harvey, [and Russell]*

**POINS** Come, shelter, shelter!

*[Exeunt Harvey and Russell at another door]*

I have removed Oldcastle's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

**PRINCE HARRY** Stand close!

*[Exit Poins]*

*Enter Sir John Oldcastle*

**SIR JOHN** Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins! 5

**PRINCE HARRY** Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! What a brawling dost thou keep!

**SIR JOHN** Where's Poins, Hal?

**PRINCE HARRY** He is walked up to the top of the hill. I'll go seek him. 10

*[Exit]*

**SIR JOHN** I am accursed to rob in that thief's company. The rascal hath removed my horse and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death, for all this±±if I scape hanging for 15 killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged. It could not be else: I have drunk medicines. 20 Poins! Hal! A plague upon you both! Russell! Harvey! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore 25 and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't when thieves cannot be true one to another!

*They whistle. [Enter Prince Harry, Poins, Harvey, and Russell]*

Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you

rogues, give me my horse, and be hanged! 30  
**PRINCE HARRY** Peace, ye fat-guts. Lie down, lay thine ear  
 close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the  
 tread of travellers.  
**SIR JOHN** Have you any levers to lift me up again, being  
 down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear my own flesh so far afoot 35  
 again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What  
 a plague mean ye to colt me thus?  
**PRINCE HARRY** Thou liest: thou art not colted, thou art  
 uncolted.  
**SIR JOHN** I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, 40  
 good king's son.  
**PRINCE HARRY** Out, ye rogue, shall I be your ostler?  
**SIR JOHN** Hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters!  
 If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads  
 made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of 45  
 sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and  
 afoot too! I hate it.  
*Enter Gadshill [visored]*  
**GADSHILL** Stand!  
**SIR JOHN** So I do, against my will.  
**POINS** O, 'tis our setter, I know his voice. Gadshill, what 50  
 news?  
**[GADSHILL]** Case ye, case ye, on with your visors! There's  
 money of the King's coming down the hill; 'tis going  
 to the King's exchequer.  
**SIR JOHN** You lie, ye rogue, 'tis going to the King's tavern. 55  
**GADSHILL** There's enough to make us all.  
**SIR JOHN** To be hanged.  
*[They put on visors]*  
**PRINCE HARRY** Sirs, you four shall front them in the  
 narrow lane. Ned Poins and I will walk lower. If they  
 scape from your encounter, then they light on us. 60  
**HARVEY** How many be there of them?  
**GADSHILL** Some eight or ten.  
**SIR JOHN** Zounds, will they not rob us?  
**PRINCE HARRY** What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?  
**SIR JOHN** Indeed I am not John of Gaunt your grandfather, 65  
 but yet no coward, Hal.  
**PRINCE HARRY** Well, we leave that to the proof.

**POINS** Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge.  
When thou needest him, there thou shalt find him.  
Farewell, and stand fast. 70

**SIR JOHN** Now cannot I strike him if I should be hanged.

**PRINCE HARRY** (*aside to Poins*) Ned, where are our disguises?

**POINS** (*aside to the Prince*) Here, hard by. Stand close.  
*[Exeunt the Prince and Poins]*

**SIR JOHN** Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say  
I; every man to his business. 75

*[They stand aside.]*

*Enter the Travellers, [amongst them the Carriers]*

**[FIRST] TRAVELLER** Come, neighbour, the boy shall lead  
our horses down the hill. We'll walk afoot a while, and  
ease their legs.

**THIEVES** *[coming forward]* Stand!

**[SECOND] TRAVELLER** Jesus bless us! 80

**SIR JOHN** Strike, down with them, cut the villains' throats!  
Ah, whoreson caterpillars, bacon-fed knaves! They hate  
us youth. Down with them, fleece them!

**[FIRST] TRAVELLER** O, we are undone, both we and ours  
for ever! 85

**SIR JOHN** Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No,  
ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here. On, bacons,  
on! What, ye knaves! Young men must live. You are  
grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, faith.

*Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt the  
thieves with the travellers*