

1 Henry IV

2.5

Enter Prince Harry

PRINCE HARRY Ned, prithee come out of that fat room,
and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Enter Poins [at another door]

POINS Where hast been, Hal?

PRINCE HARRY With three or four loggerheads, amongst
three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very 5
bass-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to
a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their
christen names, as `Tom', `Dick', and `Francis'. They
take it already, upon their salvation, that though I be
but Prince of Wales yet I am the king of courtesy, and 10
tell me flatly I am no proud jack like Oldcastle, but a
Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy±±by the Lord,
so they call me; and when I am King of England I shall
command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call
drinking deep `dyeing scarlet', and when you breathe 15
in your watering they cry `Hem!' and bid you `Play it
off!' To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one
quarter of an hour that I can drink with any tinker in
his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou
hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in 20
this action. But, sweet Ned±±to sweeten which name
of Ned I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped
even now into my hand by an undersinker, one that
never spake other English in his life than `Eight shillings
and sixpence', and `You are welcome', with this shrill 25
addition, `Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in
the Half-moon!' or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time
till Oldcastle come, I prithee do thou stand in some
by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what
end he gave me the sugar, and do thou never leave 30
calling `Francis!', that his tale to me may be nothing
but `Anon!' Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Exit Poins

POINS (*within*) Francis!

PRINCE HARRY Thou art perfect.

POINS (*within*) Francis! 35

Enter Francis, a drawer

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir!±±Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph!

PRINCE HARRY Come hither, Francis.

FRANCIS My lord.

PRINCE HARRY How long hast thou to serve, Francis? 40

FRANCIS Forsooth, five years, and as much as to±±

POINS (*within*) Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir!

PRINCE HARRY Five year! By'r Lady, a long lease for the
clinking of pewter. But Francis, darest thou be so 45
valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and
show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

FRANCIS O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in
England, I could find in my heart±±

POINS (*within*) Francis! 50

FRANCIS Anon, sir!

PRINCE HARRY How old art thou, Francis?

FRANCIS Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be±±

POINS (*within*) Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, sir! (*To the Prince*) Pray, stay a little, my 55
lord.

PRINCE HARRY Nay, but hark you, Francis. For the sugar
thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

FRANCIS O Lord, I would it had been two!

PRINCE HARRY I will give thee for it a thousand pound. 60
Ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it±±

POINS (*within*) Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, anon!

PRINCE HARRY Anon, Francis? No, Francis, but tomorrow,
Francis; or, Francis, o' Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, 65
when thou wilt. But Francis.

FRANCIS My lord.

PRINCE HARRY Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-
button, knot-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-
garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch? 70

FRANCIS O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

PRINCE HARRY Why, then, your brown bastard is your

only drink! For look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

75

FRANCIS What, sir?

POINS *(within)* Francis!

PRINCE HARRY Away, you rogue! Dost thou not hear them call?

[As he departs] Poins and the Prince both call him. The Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner

VINTNER What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within.

Exit Francis

My lord, old Sir John with half a dozen more are at the door. Shall I let them in?

PRINCE HARRY Let them alone a while, and then open the door.

85

Exit Vintner

Poins!

POINS *[within]* Anon, anon, sir!

Enter Poins

PRINCE HARRY Sirrah, Oldcastle and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry?

POINS As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? Come, what's the issue?

PRINCE HARRY I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

95

[Enter Francis]

What's o'clock, Francis?

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir!

[Exit at another door]

PRINCE HARRY That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is upstairs and downstairs, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North±±he that kills me some six or

100

seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands,
and says to his wife, 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want 105
work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast
thou killed today?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says
he, and answers, 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a
trifle, a trifle.' I prithee call in Oldcastle. I'll play Percy,
and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his 110
wife. 'Rivo!' says the drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in
Tallow.

*Enter Sir John Oldcastle, with sword and buckler,
Russell, Harvey, and Gadshill, [followed by]
Francis, with wine*

POINS Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

SIR JOHN A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance
too, marry and amen!±±Give me a cup of sack, boy.±± 115
Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew netherstocks, and mend
them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!±±
Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?
He drinketh

PRINCE HARRY Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of
butter±±pitiful hearted Titan±±that melted at the sweet 120
tale of the sun's? If thou didst, then behold that
compound.

SIR JOHN *(to Francis)* You rogue, here's lime in this sack
too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in
villainous man, yet a coward is worse than a cup of 125
sack with lime in it.

[Exit Francis]

A villainous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack, die when
thou wilt. If manhood, good manhood, be not forgot
upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring.
There lives not three good men unhanged in England, 130
and one of them is fat and grows old, God help the
while. A bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver±±I
could sing psalms, or anything. A plague of all cowards,
I say still.

PRINCE HARRY How now, woolsack, what mutter you? 135

SIR JOHN A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy
kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects
afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair

on my face more. You, Prince of Wales!

PRINCE HARRY Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter? 140

SIR JOHN Are not you a coward? Answer me to that. And Poins there?

POINS Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord I'll stab thee. 145

SIR JOHN I call thee coward? I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward, but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack. I am a rogue if I drunk today. 150

PRINCE HARRY O villain, thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkenest last.

SIR JOHN All is one for that. 155
He drinketh

A plague of all cowards, still say I.

PRINCE HARRY What's the matter?

SIR JOHN What's the matter? There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

PRINCE HARRY Where is it, Jack, where is it? 160

SIR JOHN Where is it? Taken from us it is. A hundred upon poor four of us.

PRINCE HARRY What, a hundred, man?

SIR JOHN I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them, two hours together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hacked like a handsaw. *Ecce signum.* 165
[He shows his sword]

I never dealt better since I was a man. All would not do. A plague of all cowards! *(Pointing to Gadshill, 170 Harvey, and Russell)* Let them speak. If they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

[PRINCE HARRY] Speak, sirs, how was it?

[GADSHILL] We four set upon some dozen±± 175

SIR JOHN *(to the Prince)* Sixteen at least, my lord.

[GADSHILL] And bound them.

HARVEY No, no, they were not bound.

SIR JOHN You rogue, they were bound every man of them,
or I am a Jew else, an Hebrew Jew. 180

[GADSHILL] As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh
men set upon us.

SIR JOHN And unbound the rest; and then come in the
other.

PRINCE HARRY What, fought you with them all? 185

SIR JOHN All? I know not what you call all, but if I fought
not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish. If there
were not two- or three-and-fifty upon poor old Jack,
then am I no two-legged creature.

PRINCE HARRY Pray God you have not murdered some of 190
them.

SIR JOHN Nay, that's past praying for. I have peppered
two of them. Two I am sure I have paid±±two rogues
in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a
lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my 195
old ward±±

[He stands as to fight]

here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in
buckram let drive at me.

PRINCE HARRY What, four? Thou saidst but two even
now. 200

SIR JOHN Four, Hal, I told thee four.

POINS Ay, ay, he said four.

SIR JOHN These four came all afront, and mainly thrust
at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven
points in my target, thus. 205

[He wards himself with his buckler]

PRINCE HARRY Seven? Why, there were but four even
now.

SIR JOHN In buckram?

POINS Ay, four in buckram suits.

SIR JOHN Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else. 210

PRINCE HARRY *(aside to Poins)* Prithee, let him alone. We
shall have more anon.

SIR JOHN Dost thou hear me, Hal?

PRINCE HARRY Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

SIR JOHN Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine 215
in buckram that I told thee of±±

PRINCE HARRY (*aside to Poins*) So, two more already.

SIR JOHN Their points being broken±±

POINS [*aside to the Prince*] Down fell their hose.

SIR JOHN Began to give me ground. But I followed me 220
close, came in foot and hand, and, with a thought,
seven of the eleven I paid.

PRINCE HARRY (*aside to Poins*) O monstrous! Eleven buck-
ram men grown out of two!

SIR JOHN But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten 225
knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive
at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not
see thy hand.

PRINCE HARRY These lies are like their father that begets
them±±gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou 230
clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou
whoreson obscene greasy tallow-catch±±

SIR JOHN What, art thou mad? Art thou mad? Is not the
truth the truth?

PRINCE HARRY Why, how couldst thou know these men 235
in Kendal green when it was so dark thou couldst not
see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason. What sayst
thou to this?

POINS Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

SIR JOHN What, upon compulsion? Zounds, an I were at 240
the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would
not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on
compulsion? If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries,
I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

PRINCE HARRY I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This 245
sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-
breaker, this huge hill of flesh±±

SIR JOHN 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried
neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish±±O, for
breath to utter what is like thee!±±you tailor's yard, 250
you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck±±

PRINCE HARRY Well, breathe awhile, and then to't again,
and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons,
hear me speak but this.

POINS Mark, Jack.

255

PRINCE HARRY We two saw you four set on four, and bound them, and were masters of their wealth.±±Mark now how a plain tale shall put you down.±±Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show 260 it you here in the house. And Oldcastle, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! 265 What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

POINS Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

SIR JOHN By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made 270 ye. Why, hear you, my masters. Was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct. The lion will not touch the true prince±±instinct is a great matter. I was now a coward 275 on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life±±I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.±± *(Calling)* Hostess, clap to the doors.±±Watch tonight, pray tomorrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of 280 gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry, shall we have a play extempore?

PRINCE HARRY Content, and the argument shall be thy running away. 285

SIR JOHN Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.
Enter Hostess

HOSTESS O Jesu, my lord the Prince!

PRINCE HARRY How now, my lady the Hostess, what sayst thou to me?

HOSTESS Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court 290 at door would speak with you. He says he comes from your father.

PRINCE HARRY Give him as much as will make him a

royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

SIR JOHN What manner of man is he? 295

HOSTESS An old man.

SIR JOHN What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?
Shall I give him his answer?

PRINCE HARRY Prithee do, Jack.

SIR JOHN Faith, and I'll send him packing. 300

Exit

PRINCE HARRY Now, sirs; *(to Gadshill)* by'r Lady, you
fought fair±±so did you, Harvey, so did you, Russell.
You are lions too±±you ran away upon instinct, you
will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

RUSSELL Faith, I ran when I saw others run. 305

PRINCE HARRY Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came
Oldcastle's sword so hacked?

HARVEY Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he
would swear truth out of England but he would make
you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to 310
do the like.

RUSSELL Yea, and to tickle our noses with speargrass, to
make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments
with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did
that I did not this seven year before±±I blushed to hear 315
his monstrous devices.

PRINCE HARRY O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen
years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever
since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and
sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away. What 320
instinct hadst thou for it?

RUSSELL *(indicating his face)* My lord, do you see these
meteors? Do you behold these exhalations?

PRINCE HARRY I do.

RUSSELL What think you they portend? 325

PRINCE HARRY Hot livers, and cold purses.

RUSSELL Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

[Exit]

PRINCE HARRY No, if rightly taken, halter.
Enter Sir John Oldcastle
Here comes lean Jack; here comes bare-bone. How
now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is't 330

ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

SIR JOHN My own knee? When I was about thy years,
Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could
have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague
of sighing and grief±±it blows a man up like a bladder. 335
There's villainous news abroad. Here was Sir John
Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the
morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy,
and he of Wales that gave Amamon the bastinado, and
made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true 340
liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook±±what a
plague call you him?

POINS Owain Glyndwŷr.

SIR JOHN Owain, Owain, the same; and his son-in-law
Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly 345
Scot of Scots Douglas, that runs a-horseback up a hill
perpendicular±±

PRINCE HARRY He that rides at high speed and with his
pistol kills a sparrow flying.

SIR JOHN You have hit it. 350

PRINCE HARRY So did he never the sparrow.

SIR JOHN Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he
will not run.

PRINCE HARRY Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to
praise him so for running! 355

SIR JOHN A-horseback, ye cuckoo, but afoot he will not
budge a foot.

PRINCE HARRY Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

SIR JOHN I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too,
and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more. 360
Worcester is stolen away tonight. Thy father's beard is
turned white with the news. You may buy land now
as cheap as stinking mackerel.

PRINCE HARRY Why then, it is like, if there come a hot
June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy 365
maidenheads as they buy hobnails: by the hundreds.

SIR JOHN By the mass, lad, thou sayst true; it is like we
shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art
not thou horrible afeard? Thou being heir-apparent,
could the world pick thee out three such enemies again 370

as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil
Glyndwŷr? Art thou not horribly afraid? Doth not thy
blood thrill at it?

PRINCE HARRY Not a whit, i'faith. I lack some of thy
instinct. 375

SIR JOHN Well, thou wilt be horribly chid tomorrow when
thou comest to thy father. If thou love me, practise an
answer.

PRINCE HARRY Do thou stand for my father, and examine
me upon the particulars of my life. 380

SIR JOHN Shall I? Content. This chair shall be my state,
this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.
He sits

PRINCE HARRY Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy
golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious
rich crown for a pitiful bald crown. 385

SIR JOHN Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of
thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack
to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I
have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do
it in King Cambyzes' vein. 390

PRINCE HARRY (*bowing*) Well, here is my leg.

SIR JOHN And here is my speech. (*To Harvey, Poins, and
Gadshill*) Stand aside, nobility.

HOSTESS O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i'faith.

SIR JOHN

Weep not, sweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain. 395

HOSTESS O the Father, how he holds his countenance!

SIR JOHN

For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful Queen,
For tears do stop the floodgates of her eyes.

HOSTESS O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry
players as ever I see! 400

SIR JOHN

Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.±±
Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy
time, but also how thou art accompanied. For though
the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it
grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it 405
wears. That thou art my son I have partly thy mother's

word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous
trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether
lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me,
here lies the point. Why, being son to me, art thou so 410
pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a
micher, and eat blackberries?±±A question not to be
asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take
purses?±±A question to be asked. There is a thing,
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known 415
to many in our land by the name of pitch. This pitch,
as ancient writers do report, doth defile. So doth the
company thou keepest. For Harry, now I do not speak
to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in
passion; not in words only, but in woes also. And yet 420
there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in
thy company, but I know not his name.

PRINCE HARRY What manner of man, an it like your
majesty?

SIR JOHN A goodly, portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; 425
of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble
carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r
Lady, inclining to threescore. And now I remember me,
his name is Oldcastle. If that man should be lewdly
given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his 430
looks. If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as
the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speak it±±
there is virtue in that Oldcastle. Him keep with; the
rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell
me, where hast thou been this month? 435

PRINCE HARRY Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand
for me, and I'll play my father.

SIR JOHN (*standing*) Depose me. If thou dost it half so
gravely, so majestically both in word and matter, hang
me up by the heels for a rabbit sucker, or a poulter's 440
hare.

PRINCE HARRY (*sitting*) Well, here I am set.

SIR JOHN And here I stand. (*To the others*) Judge, my
masters.

PRINCE HARRY Now, Harry, whence come you? 445

SIR JOHN My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

PRINCE HARRY The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

SIR JOHN 'Sblood, my lord, they are false. *[To the others]*
Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

PRINCE HARRY Swearest thou, ungracious boy? Hence- 450
forth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away
from grace. There is a devil haunts thee in the likeness
of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion.
Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours,
that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of 455
dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-
bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the
pudding in his belly, that reverend Vice, that grey
Iniquity, that father Ruffian, that Vanity in Years?
Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? 460
Wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and
eat it? Wherein cunning, but in craft? Wherein crafty,
but in villainy? Wherein villainous, but in all things?
Wherein worthy, but in nothing?

SIR JOHN I would your grace would take me with you. 465
Whom means your grace?

PRINCE HARRY That villainous, abominable misleader of
youth, Oldcastle; that old white-bearded Satan.

SIR JOHN My lord, the man I know.

PRINCE HARRY I know thou dost. 470

SIR JOHN But to say I know more harm in him than in
myself were to say more than I know. That he is old,
the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it. But
that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that
I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help 475
the wicked. If to be old and merry be a sin, then many
an old host that I know is damned. If to be fat be to
be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No,
my good lord, banish Harvey, banish Russell, banish
Poins, but for sweet Jack Oldcastle, kind Jack Oldcastle, 480
true Jack Oldcastle, valiant Jack Oldcastle, and therefore
more valiant being, as he is, old Jack Oldcastle,
Banish not him thy Harry's company,
Banish not him thy Harry's company.
Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world. 485

PRINCE HARRY I do; I will.

Knocking within. [Exit Hostess.]

Enter Russell, running

RUSSELL O my lord, my lord, the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

SIR JOHN Out, ye rogue! Play out the play! I have much to say in the behalf of that Oldcastle. 490

Enter the Hostess

HOSTESS O Jesu! My lord, my lord!

PRINCE HARRY Heigh, heigh, the devil rides upon a fiddlestick! What's the matter?

HOSTESS The sheriff and all the watch are at the door. They are come to search the house. Shall I let them 495 in?

SIR JOHN Dost thou hear, Hal? Never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit±±thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

PRINCE HARRY And thou a natural coward without 500 instinct.

SIR JOHN I deny your major. If you will deny the sheriff, so. If not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up. I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another. 505

PRINCE HARRY Go, hide thee behind the arras. The rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Exeunt Poins, Russell, and Gadshill

SIR JOHN Both which I have had, but their date is out; and therefore I'll hide me. 510

He withdraws behind the arras

PRINCE HARRY (to Hostess) Call in the sheriff.

Exit Hostess

Enter Sheriff and a Carrier

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

SHERIFF

First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath followed certain men unto this house.

PRINCE HARRY What men? 515

SHERIFF

One of them is well known, my gracious lord, A gross, fat man.

CARRIER As fat as butter.

PRINCE HARRY

The man, I do assure you, is not here,
For I myself at this time have employed him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee 520
That I will by tomorrow dinner-time
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For anything he shall be charged withal.
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

SHERIFF

I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen 525
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

PRINCE HARRY

It may be so. If he have robbed these men,
He shall be answerable. And so, farewell.

SHERIFF Good night, my noble lord.

PRINCE HARRY

I think it is good morrow, is it not? 530

SHERIFF

Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier

PRINCE HARRY

This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.
Go call him forth.

HARVEY Oldcastle!

[He draws back the arras, revealing Sir John asleep]

Fast asleep

Behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

PRINCE HARRY

Hark how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. 535

*Harvey searcheth his pocket and findeth certain
papers. He [closeth the arras and] cometh forward*

What hast thou found?

HARVEY Nothing but papers, my lord.

PRINCE HARRY Let's see what they be. Read them.

[HARVEY] *(reads)*

Item: a capon. 2s. 2d.

Item: sauce. 4d.

Item: sack, two gallons. 5s. 8d. 540

Item: anchovies and sack after supper. 2s. 6d.

Item: bread. ob.

[PRINCE HARRY] O monstrous! But one halfpennyworth of
bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is
else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage. There 545
let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning.
We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be
honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot,
and I know his death will be a march of twelve score.
The money shall be paid back again, with advantage. 550
Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good
morrow, Harvey.

HARVEY Good morrow, good my lord.
Exeunt [severally]