THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

Vol. V.
THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the FIFTH.

CONTAINING

KING JOHN.
KING RICHARD II.
KING HENRY IV. Part I.
KING HENRY IV. Part II.

LONDON,

Printed for C. BATHURST, J. RIVINGTON and SONS,
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G. and T. WILKIE, SCATCHerd and WHITAKER,
T. and J. EGERTON, W. FOX, and E. NEWBERY.

MDCCLXXXV.
Persons Represented.

King John.
Prince Henry, son to the king.
Arthur, duke of Bretagne, and nephew to the king.
Pembroke,
Essex,  
Salisbury,
Hubert,
Bigot,  
Faulconbridge, bastard son to Richard the First.
Robert Faulconbridge, half brother to the bastard.
James Gurney, servant to the lady Faulconbridge.
Peter of Pomfret, a prophet.

Philip, king of France.
Lewis, the dauphin.
Arch-duck of Austria.
Cardinal Pandulpho, the pope’s legate.
Melun, a French lord.
Chatillon, ambassador from France to king John.

Constance, mother to Arthur.
Blanch, daughter to Alphonso king of Castile, and niece to king John.
Lady Faulconbridge, mother to the bastard, and Robert Faulconbridge.

Citizens of Angiers, heralds, executioners, messengers, soldiers, and other attendants.

The SCENE, sometimes in England; and sometimes in France.

3 Salisbury,] Earl of Salisbury, William Longsword, son to Hen. II. by Rowamond Clifford.  
4 Bigot,] Roger Earl of Norfolk and Suffolk. Steevens.
KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Northampton.

A room of state in the palace.

Enter king John, queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with Chatillon.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France.

5 The Troublesome Reign of King John was written in two parts, by W. Shakespeare and W. Rowley, and printed 1611. But the present play is entirely different, and infinitely superior to it.

Pope.

The edition of 1611 has no mention of Rowley, nor in the account of Rowley's works is any mention made of his conjunction with Shakspere in any play. King John was reprinted in two parts in 1622. The first edition that I have found of this play in its present form, is that of 1623, in fol. The edition of 1591 I have not seen. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson mistakes when he says there is no mention in Rowley's works of any conjunction with Shakspere: the Birth of Merlin is ascribed to them jointly; though I cannot believe Shakspere had any thing to do with it. Mr. Capell is equally mistaken when he says (pref. p. 15.) that Rowley is called his partner in the title-page of the Merry Devil of Edmonton.

There must have been some tradition, however erroneous, upon which Mr. Pope's account was founded; I make no doubt that Rowley wrote the first King John: and when Shakspere's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller re-printed the old one, with W. Sh, in the title-page. Farmer.

The
In my behaviour, to the majesty, 
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

The first edition of The Troublesome Raigne of John King of England, with the Discoverie of King Richard Cordelio's base Son, vulgarly named the Bastard Fawconbridge; also the Death of King John at Swinfield Abbey—As it was (Sundry Times) publicly acted by the Queen's Majesties Players in the honourable City of London.—Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke, 1591—has no author's name in the title. On the republication in 1611, the printer, who inserted the letters W. Sh. in order to conceal his fraud, omitted the words—publicly—in the honourable City of London, which he was aware would proclaim this play not to be Shakespeare's King John; the company to which he belonged, having no public theatre in London: that in Blackfriars being a private play-house, and the Globe, which was a public theatre, being situated in Southwark. He also, probably, with the same view, omitted the following lines addressed to the Gentlemen Readers, which are prefixed to first edition of the old play:

"You that with friendly grace of smoothed brow 
"Have entertain'd the Scythian Tamburlaine, 
"And given applause unto an insidia; 
"Vouchsafe to welcome, with like curtesse, 
"A warlike Christion and your countryman. 
"For Christ's true faith endur'd he many a storme, 
"And set himselfe against the man of Rome, 
"Until base treason by a damned wight 
"Did all his former triumphs put to flight. 
"Accept of it, sweete gentiles, in good fort, 
"And thinke it was prepar'd for your diport."

From the mention of Tamburlaine, I conjecture that Marlowe was the author of the old King John. If it was written by a person of the name of Rowley, it probably was the composition of that "Maitser Rowley," whom Meres mentions in his Wits Treasury, 1598, as "once a rare scholar of learned Pembroke Hall, in Cambridge." W. Rowley was a player in the King's Company, so late as the year 1625, and can hardly be supposed to have produced a play thirty-four years before. Malone.

Hall, Holinshed, Stowe, &c. are closely followed not only in the conduit, but sometimes in the expressions throughout the following historical dramas; viz. Macbeth, this play, Richard II. Henry IV. 2 parts, Henry V. Henry VI. 3 parts, Richard III. and Henry VIII.

"A booke called The Historie of Lord Fauconbridge, bastard Son to Richard Cordelio," was entered at Stationers' Hall, Nov. 29. 1614; but I have never met with it, and therefore know not whether it was the old black letter history, or a play on the same subject. For
KING JOHN.

Eli. A strange beginning:—borrow'd majesty!

King J. Silence, good mother; hear the embassie.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffreys son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which iways usurpingly these several titles;
And put the fame into young Arthur's hand.
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

King J. What follows, if we disallow of this?
Chat. The proud 7 controul of fierce and bloody war.
To infince these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood;
Controulment for controulment; to answer France.

Chat.

For the original K. John, see Six old Plays on which Shakspere founded, &c. published by S. Lacroft, Charing Cross.

STEEVENS.

Though this play hath the title of The Life and Death of King John, yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth year of his life; and takes in only some transactions of his reign to the time of his demise, being an interval of about seventeen years.

THEOBALD.

6 In my behaviour, — ] The word behaviour seems here to have a signification that I have never found in any other author. The king of France, says the envoy, thus speaks in my behaviour to the majesty of England; that is, the king of France speaks in the character which I here assume. I once thought that these two lines, in my behaviour, &c. had been uttered by the ambassador as part of his master's message, and that behaviour had meant the conduct of the king of France towards the king of England; but the ambassador's speech, as continued after the interruption, will not admit this meaning. JOHNSON.

7 — controul — ] Opposition, from controller. JOHNSON.

8 Here have we war for war, and blood for blood, Controulment for controulment; &c.] King John's reception of Chatillon not a little resembles that which Andrea meets with from the king of Portugal in the first part of Jeronimo &c. 1605;
KING JOHN.

Chat. Then take my king’s defiance from my mouth, The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace; 9 Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France; For ere thou canst report I will be there, The thunder of my cannon shall be heard: So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath, And 'fullen presage of your own decay.— An honourable conduct let him have;— Pembroke, look to’t: Farewell, Chatillon.

[Exeunt Chat. and Pen.

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said, How that ambitious Constance would not cease, 'Till she had kindled France, and all the world, Upon the right and party of her son? This might have been prevented, and made whole, With very easy arguments of love;

"And. Thou shalt pay tribute, Portugal, with blood,—
"Bal. Tribute for tribute then; and foes for foes.
"And. — I bid you sudden wars." STEEVENS.

9 Be thou as lightning——] The simile does not suit well: the lightning indeed appears before the thunder is heard, but the lightning is destructive, and the thunder innocent. JOHNSON.

The allusion may notwithstanding be very proper so far as Shakspere has applied it, i.e. merely to the swiftness of the lightning, and its preceding and foretelling the thunder. But there is some reason to believe that thunder was not thought to be innocent in our author’s time, as we elsewhere learn from himself. See King Lear, act iii, sc. 2. Antony and Cleopatra, act ii, sc. 5, Julius Caesar, act i, sc. 3, and still more decisively in Measure for Measure, act ii, sc. 2. This old superstition is still prevalent in many parts of the country. REMARKS.

1 —'fullen presage——] By the epithet 'fullen, which cannot be applied to a trumpet, it is plain that our author’s imagination had now suggested a new idea. It is as if he had said, be a trumpet to alarm with our invasion, be a bird of ill omen to croak out the prognostic of your own ruin. JOHNSON.

I do not see why the epithet 'fullen may not be applied to a trumpet, with as much propriety as to a bell. In our author’s Henry IV. P. II. we find

"Sounds ever after as a 'fullen bell——." MALONE.

Which
KING JOHN.

Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right;
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.—[Exit sheriff.
Our abbeys, and our priories, shall pay

Re-enter sheriff with Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip, his brother.

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Phil. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,

Born

2 — the manage—] i. e. conduct, administration. So, in K. Rich II:

" — — — for the rebels
" Expedient manage must be made; my liege."

Steevens.

3 Enter the sheriff of Northamptonshire, &c.] This stage direction I have taken from the old quarto. Steevens.

+ — and Philip, his brother.] Though Shakspeare adopted this character of Philip Faulconbridge from the old play, it is not improper to mention that it is compounded of two distinct personages.

Matthew Paris says:—"Sub illius temporis curricula, Falcofius de Brente, Neuterienus, et spririus ex parte matris, atque Battardus, qui in vili jumento maniicato ad Regis paulo ante clientelam descenderat, &c."

Matt. Paris, in his History of the Monks of St. Albans, calls him Falco, but in his General History, Falcofius de Brente, as above.

Holinsh
KING JOHN.

Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Phil. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Phil. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

Holinshed says, "that Richard I. had a natural son named Philip, who in the year following killed the viscount De Limoges to revenge the death of his father." Steevens.

I rather imagine that our author's bastard is compounded of the natural son of Richard I. above noticed, and of a personage mentioned by the Continuator of Harding's Chronicle, 1543, fol. 24.

b. ad an. 1472,—"one Falconbridge, theerle of Kent his baistarde, a fioute-harted manne." Malone.

5 But for the certain knowledge of that truth
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

The resemblance between this sentiment and that of Telemachus in the first book of the Odyssey, is apparent. The passage is thus translated by Chapman:

"My mother, certain, sayes I am his sonne;
"I know not; nor was ever simply knowne,
"By any child, the sure truth of his fire."

Mr. Pope has observed that the like sentiment is found in Euripides, Menander, and Aristotle. Shakespeare expresses the same doubt in several of his other plays. Steevens.

K. John
KING JOHN.

K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being younger born, 
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land. 
But once he slander'd me with bastardy: 
But were I be as true begot, or no, 
That still I lay upon my mother's head; 
But that I am as well begot, my liege, 
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!) 
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself. 
If old Sir Robert did beget us both, 
And were our father, and his son like him;— 
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee 
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee. 

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face; 
The accent of his tongue affecteth him: 
Do you not read some tokens of my son 
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts, 
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak, 
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Phil. Because he hath a half-face, like my father; 
With that half-face would he have all my land:

6 He hath a trick of Cœur-de-Lion's face,] The trick, or tricking, is the same as the tracing of a drawing, meaning that peculiarity of face which may be sufficiently shown by the slightest outline. This expression is used by Heywood and Rowley in their comedy called Fortune by Land and Sea:—"Her face, the trick of her eye, her leer." The following passages may more evidently prove the expression to be borrowed from delineation. Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour:
"—You can blazon the rest, Signior?"
"O ay, I have it in writing here o'purpose; it cost me two shillings the tricking." So again, in Cynthia's Revels:
"—the parish-bucketers with his name at length trick'd upon them." Steevens.

7 With half that face—] But why with half that face? There is no question but the poet wrote, as I have restored the text:
A half-fac’d groat five hundred pound a year!
Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv’d,
Your brother did employ my father much;—
Phil. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be, how he employ’d my mother.
Rob. And once dispatch’d him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn’d at my father’s;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak.
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and thores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath’d
His lands to me; and took it on his death,

With that half-face—Mr. Pope, perhaps, will be angry with me for discovering an anachronism of our poet’s in the next line, where he alludes to a coin not struck till the year 1504, in the reign of king Henry VII. viz. a groat, which, as well as the half groat, bare but half faces impressed. Vide Stow’s Survey of London, p. 47. Holinshed, Camden’s Remains, &c. The poet fancies at the meagre sharp vifage of the elder brother, by comparing him to a silver groat, that bore the king’s face in profile, so shewed but half the face, the groats of all our kings of England, and indeed all their other coins of silver, one or two only excepted, had a full face crowned; till Henry VII. at the time above mentioned, coined groats and half-groats, as also some shillings, with half faces, i.e. faces in profile, as all our coins has now. The first groats of king Henry VIII. were like those of his father; though afterwards he returned to the broad faces again. These groats, with the impression in profile, are undoubtedly here alluded to: though, as I said, the poet is knowingly guilty of an anachronism in it: for in the time of king John there were no groats at all; they being first, as far as appears, coined in the reign of king Edward III. Theobald.

The same contemptuous allusion occurs in The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington, 1601:
“Ye halfe-fac’d groat, ye thick-check’d chitty-face.”
Again, in Histriomastix, 1610:
“Whilst I behold you halfe-fac’d minion.” Steevens.

That
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazard of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's;
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: 9 This concludes—
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossessions that child which is not his?

Phil. Of no more force to dispossessions me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
9 Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Phil.

8 This concludes—] This is a decisive argument. As your father, if he liked him, could not have been forced to resign him, so, not liking him, he is not at liberty to reject him. Johnson.
9 Lord of thy presence, and no land beside? ] Lord of thy presence can signify only, master of thyself; and it is a strange expression to signify even that. However that he might be, without parting with his land. We should read: Lord of the presence, i.e. prince of the blood. Warburton.

Lord of thy presence may signify something more distinct than master of thyself: it means master of that dignity and grandeur of
Phil. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,  
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;  
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,  
My arms such eel-skins stufj;  
my face so thin,  
That

of appearance that may sufficiently distinguish thee from the vulgar, without the help of fortune.  

Lord of his presence apparently signifies, great in his own person, and is used in this sense by King John in one of the following scenes.  

JOHNSON.

1 And I had his, sir Robert’s his, like him;] This is obscure and ill expressed. The meaning is: If I had his shape—sir Robert’s—
as he bas.  

Sir Robert bis, for sir Robert’s, is agreeable to the practice of that time, when the ’s added to the nominative was believed, I think erroneously, to be a contraction of bis. So, Donac:  

"—Who now lives to age,  
"Fit to be call’d Methusalem bis page?" JOHNSON.  

This ought to be printed:  
Sir Robert bis like him.  

His according to a mistaken notion formerly received, being the sign of the genitive case. As the text before stood there was a double genitive. MALONE.

2 ——my face so thin,  
That in mine ear I durst not flick a rose,  
Left me not should say, Look, where three-farthings goes!]  

In this very obscure passage our poet is anticipating the date of another coin; humorously to rally a thin face, elipted, as it were, by a full blown reft. We must observe, to explain this allusion, that queen Elizabeth was the first, and indeed the only prince, who coined in England three-half-pence and three-farthling pieces. She coined shillings, six-pences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-half-pence, pence, three-farthings, and half-pence. And these pieces all had her head, and were alternately with the reft behind, and without the reft. The shilling, groat, two-pence, penny, and half-penny had it not: the other intermediate coins, viz. the six-pence, three-pence, three-half-pence, and three-farthlings had the reft. THEOBALD.  

Mr. Theobald has not mentioned the most material circumstance relative to these three-farthling pieces, on which the propriety of the allusion entirely depends; viz. that they were made of silver, and consequently extremely thin. From their thinness they were very liable to be cracked. Hence B. Jonson, in his Every Man in his Humour, says: “He values me at a crack’d three-farthlings.” MALONE.

So,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Left men should say, Look, where three-farthings
goes!
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Phil. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my
chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year;

So, in The Shoemaker's Holiday, &c. 1610:
"Here's a three-penny piece for thy tidings."
"First. 'Tis but three-half-pence I think: yes, 'tis three-
pence; I smell the rose." Steevens.

That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,] The sticking roses
about them was then all the court-fashion, as appears from this
passage of the Confession Catholique du S. de Saucy, l. ii. c. 1:
"Je luy ay appris à mettre des roses par tous les coins," i.e. in
every place about him, says the speaker, of one to whom he had
taught all the court-fashions. WARBURTON.
These roses were, I believe, only roses composed of ribbands.
In Marston's What you will is the following passage:
"Dupatzo the elder brother, the fool, he that bought the
half-penny ribband, wearing it in his ear, &c."
Again, in Every Man out of his Humour: "—This ribband
in my ear, or so." Again, in Love and Honour, by sir W. Da-
venant, 1649:
"A lock on the left side, so rarely hung
"With ribbanding, &c."

I think I remember, among Vandyck's pictures in the duke of
Queensbury's collection at Ambroshbury, to have seen one with
the lock nearest the ear ornamented with ribbands which termi-
nate in roses; and Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, says,
"that it was once the fashion to stick real flowers in the ear."

Steevens.

The old copy reads—It would not be. I am not sure that
the change, which was made by the editor of the second folio, is
necessary. MALONE.
KING JOHN.

Yet fell your face for five-pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Phil. Our country manners give our betters way.
K. John. What is thy name?
Phil. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose
form thou bear'st:
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;
6 Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.
Phil. Brother by the mother's side, give me your
hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land:
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away.
Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.
Phil. 7 Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What
though?
8 Something about, a little from the right,

5 [unto the death.] This expression is common among our
6 [Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.] It is a common
opinion, that Plantagenet was the surname of the royal house of
England, from the time of King Henry II. but it is, as Camden
observes in his Remains, 1614, a popular mistake. Plantagenet
was not a family name, but a nick-name, by which a grandson
of Geoffrey, the first Earl of Anjou, was distinguished, from his
wearing a broom-stalk in his bonnet. But this name was never
borne either by the first Earl of Anjou, or by Henry II. the son
of that Earl by the Empress Maude, he being always called Hen-
ry Fitz-empress; his son, Richard Cœur-de-lion;—and the prince
who is exhibited in the play before us, John sans-terre, or Lack-
land. Malone.
7 Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what though?] I am your
grandson, madam, by chance, but not by noble—what then?

8 [Something about, a little from the right, &c.] This speech,
composed of allusive and proverbial sentences, is obscure. I am,

5
KING JOHN.

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not flit by day, must walk by night;
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well-shot;
And I am I, how'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now haft thou thy desire,
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—
Come madam, and come Richard; we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Phil. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee,
For thou wait got i'the way of honesty!

[Exeunt all but Philipp.

A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—

says the sprite knight, your grandson, a little irregularly, but
every man cannot get what he wishes the legal way. He that
dares not go about his desigins by day, must make his motions in the
night; be, to whom the door is shut, must climb the window, or
leap the hatch. This, however, shall not deprefs me; for the
world never enquires how any man got what he is known to pos-
tesses, but allows that to have is to have however it was caught, and
that he who wins, shot well, whatever was his skill, whether the
arrow fell near the mark, or far off it. JOHNSON.

9 In at the window, &c.] These expressions mean, to be born
out of wedlock. So, in The Family of Love, 1608:

"Woe worth the time that ever I gave suck to a child that
came in at the window!"

So, in Northward Hoe, by Decker and Webster, 1667:

"—kindred that comes in over the hatch, and failing to
Westminster, &c."

Such another phrase occurs in Any Thing for a quiet Life:

"—then you keep children in the name of your own, which
she suspects came not in at the right door." Again, in The Witches
of Lancashire, by Heywood and Broome, 1634: "—It appears
then by your discourse that you came in at the window."

"I would not have you think I scorn my grannam's cat to leap over
the hatch." Again: "—to escap'd the dog's hath leaped in at a
window." "'Tis thought you came into the world that way.—
Because you are a bafard." STEEVENS.

1 A foot of honour——] A slip, un pas. JOHNSON.
Good den, sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow;—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversing. Now your traveller,—
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mews;

And

1—sir Richard,—] Thus the old copy, and rightly. In
act iv. Salisbury calls him sir Richard, and the king has just
knighted him by that name. The modern editors arbitrarily read,
sir Robert. Paulconbridge is now entertaining himself with ideas
of greatness, suggested by his recent knighthood.—Good den,
sir Richard, he supposes to be the salutation of a vassal, God-a-
mercy, fellow, his own supercilious reply to it. Steevens.

2 'Tis too respective, &c.] i. e. respectful. So, in the old comedy
called Michaelmas Term, 1607:
"Seem respective, to make his pride swell like a toad with dew."
So, in The Merchant of Venice, act v:
"You should have been respective, &c. Again, in The Cafe
is alter'd, by Ben Jonson, 1609:
"I pray you, sir; you are too respective, in good faith."

Steevens.

3 For your conversing.—] The old copy reads—convershon,
which may be right; meaning his late change of condition from
a private gentleman to a knight. Steevens.

4 Now your traveller,—] It is said in All's Well that
ends Well, that "a traveller is a good thing after dinner." In that
age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great
tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller. Johnson.

5 He and his tooth-pick—] It has been already remarked, that to
pick the tooth, and wear a piqued beard, were, in that time, marks
of a man affecting foreign fashions. Johnson.

Among Gascoigne's poems I find one entitled, Counsell given
to Maisler Bartholomeu Withipoll a little before his latter Journey to
Geane, 1572. The following lines may perhaps be acceptable to
the reader who is curious enough to enquire about the fashionable
follies imported in that age:

"Now, sir, if I shall see your mastership
"Come home disguised, and clad in quaint array;—
"As with a pike-tooth byting on your lippe;
"Your brave mustachios turn'd the Turkie way;
"A coptankt hat made on a Flemish blocke;
"A night-gowne cloake down trayling to your toes;
"A flender flope cloae couched to your dock;
"A curtolde slipper, and a short silk hofe, &c."

Again,
KING JOHN.

And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth and catechifie.

My piked man of countries: — My dear sir,
(Thus, leaning on my elbow I begin)

I shall beseech you — That is question now;

Again, in Cinthia's Revels by Ben Jonson, 1601:

"—A traveller, one to made out of the mixture and shreds and
forms that himself is truly deformed. He walks most commonly
with a clove or pick tooth in his mouth."

Again, in The Honest Man's Fortune by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"You have travell'd like a fidler, to make faces; and brought
home nothing but a cafe of tooth-picks." STEEVENS.

So, in sir Thomas Overbury's Characters, 1616 [Article, an
Affected Traveller]: "He cenfures all things by countenances
and shrouds, and speaks his own language with shame and lipings;
he will choke rather than confess beere good drink; and his tooth
pick is a main part of his behaviour." MALONE.

My piked man of countries: — The word piked may not
refer to the beard, but to the shoes, which were once worn of an
immoderate length. To this fashion our author has alluded in
King Lear, where the reader will find a more ample explanation.
Piked may, however, mean only spruce in dress.

Chaucer says in one of his prologues: — "Fie for and new her
geare ypiked was." And in the Merchant's Tale: — "He kemeth
him, and proineth him, and piketh." In Hy'd's translation of
Vive's Instruccion of a Christian Woman, printed in 1591, we
meet with "picketed and apparelled goodly - goodly and pickedly
arrayed. — Licurgus, when he would have women of his country to
be regarded by their virtue and not their ornaments, banished out
of the country by the law, all painting, and commanded out of
the town all crafty men of picking and apparelling."

Again, in a comedy called All Fools, by Chapman, 1602:

"Tis such a piked fellow not a hare
About his whole bulk, but it stands in print."

Again, in Love's Labour Lost: "He is too piqued, too
spruce, &c." Again, in Greece's Defence of Coney-catching,
1592, in the description of a pretended traveller: "There be in
England, especially about London, certain quaint pickt, and neat
companions, attired, &c. alamode de France, &c."

If a comma be placed after the word man: — "I catechize
My piked man, of countries."

The passage will seem to mean, "I catechize my selected man,
about the countries through which he travelled." See vol. ii.
p. 492. STEEVENS.

VOL. V. C And
KING JOHN.

And then comes answer like an ABC-book: —
Oh sir, says answer, at your best command;
At your employment: at your service, sir: ——
No, sir, says question; I, sweet sir, at yours:

And so, e'er answer knows what question would,

(Saving

6 —— like an ABC-book: ——] An ABC-book, or as they spoke and wrote it, an absey-book, is a catechism. JOHNSON.

So, in the ancient Interlude of Youth, bl. l. no date:
"In the A. B. C. of bokes the leaft,
"Ye is written, deus charitas est."

Again, in Tho. Nash’s dedication to Greene’s Arcadia, 1616:
"— make a patrimony of In speech, and more than a younger brother’s inheritance of their Abcie." STEEVENS.

7 And so, e’re answer knows what question would,

(Saving in dialogue of compliment; J

In this fine speech, Faulconbridge would shew the advantages and prerogatives of men of worship. He observes, particularly, that he has the traveller at command, (people at that time, when a new world was discovering, in the highest estimation.) At the first intimation of his desire to hear strange stories, the traveller complies, and will scarce give him leave to make his question; but "e’er answer knows what question would" — What then, why, according to the present reading, it grows toward supper-time: and is "not this worshipful society?" To spend all the time between dinner and supper before either of them knows what the other would be at. Read serving instead of sawing, and all this nonsense is avoided; and the account stands thus: "E’er answer knows what question would be at, my traveller serves him in his dialogue of compliment, which is his standing dish at all tables; then he comes to talk of the Alps and Apennines, &c. and by the time this discourse concludes, it draws towards supper." All this is sensible and humorous; and the phrase of serving in is a very pleasant one to denote that this was his worship’s second course. What follows, shews the romantic turn of the voyagers of that time; how greedily their relations were swallowed, which he calls “sweet poison for the age’s tooth; and how acceptable it made men at court —— For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising." And yet the Oxford editor says, by this sweet poison is meant flattery. WARBURTON.

This passage is obscure; but such an irregularity and perplexity runs through the whole speech, that I think this emendation not necessary. JOHNSON.

Sir W. Cornwallis’s 28th essay thus ridicules the extravagance of compliments in our poet’s days, 1601: “We spend even at his
(Saving in dialogue of compliment;
And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po)
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation;
(And so am I, whether I smack, or no)
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains 'to blow a horn before her?

Enter lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chafe mine honour up and down?

his (i.e. a friend's or a stranger's) entrance, a whole volume of
words—What a deal of cynamon and ginger is sacrificed to dif-
fimulation! Oh, how blessed do I take mine eyes for presenting me
with this fight! O Signior, the star that governs my life in contentment,
give me leave to interre myself in your arms!—Not so, sir, it is too
unworthy an inclosure to contain such preciousness, &c. &c. This,
and a cup of drink, makes the time as fit for a departure as can be.

Tollet.

8 Which though, &c.] The construction will be mended, if in-
stead of which though, we read this though. Johnson.
9 But who comes, &c.] Milton, in his tragedy, intro-
duces Dalilah with such an interrogatory exclamation. Johnson.
—to blow a horn—] He means, that a woman who
travelled about like a post, was likely to born her husband.

Johnson.

C 2 Phil.
KING JOHN.

Phil. My brother Robert? old sir Robert’s son?  
Colbrand the giant, that fame mighty man?  
Is it sir Robert’s son, that you seek so?

Lady. Sir Robert’s son! Ay, thou un reverence boy,  
Sir Robert’s son: Why scorn’st thou at sir Robert?  
He is sir Robert’s son; and so art thou.

Phi. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.  
Phi. Philip!—sparrow!—James,

There’s toys abroad; anon I’ll tell thee more.

[Exit James.

2 Colbrand—] Colbrand was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of king Athelstan. The combat is very pompously described by Drayton in his Polyolbion.

3 Good leave, &c.] Good leave means a ready assent. So, in K. Hen. VI. p. III. act iii. sc. 2:

“K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I’ll try this widow’s wit.

“Glo. Ay, good leave have you, for you will have leave.”

4 Philip!—sparrow!—James.] Dr. Grey observes, that Skelton has a poem to the memory of Philip Sparrow; and Mr. Pope in a short note remarks that a Sparrow is called Philip.

Gafcoigne has likewise a poem entitled, The preaze of Phil Sparrow; and in Jack Drum’s Entertainment, 1601, is the following passage:

“The birds sit chirping, chirping, &c.”

“Philip is treadung, treadung, &c.”

Again, in the Northern Lads, 1633:

“A bird whose pastime made me glad,

“And Philip ’twas my sparrow.”

Again, in Magnificence an ancient Interlude by Skelton, published by Raile:

“With me in kepyng fech a Phylsp Sparowe.”

5 There’s toys abroad; &c.] i.e. rumours, idle reports. So, in B. Jonson’s Sejanus:

“——Toys, mere toys,

“What wisdom’s in the streets.”

So, in a postscript to a letter from the countess of Essex to Dr. Forman, in relation to the trial of Anne Turner for the murder of sir Tho. Overbury: “——they may tell my father and mother, and fill their ears full of toys.” State Trials, vol. i. p. 322.
Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son; 
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me 
Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast: 
Sir Robert could do well; Marry to confess! 
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it; 
We know his handy-work:—Therefore good mother, 
To whom am I beholden for these limbs? 
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg. 
Lady. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too, 
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine ho-
nour? 
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave? 
Phil. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco 
like: 
What! I am dub'd; I have it on my shouder. 
But,

6 "might have eat his part in me 
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast;"

This thought occurs in Heywood's *Dialogues upon Proverbs*, 1562:

"he may his parte on good Fridaie eate,
"And fast never thewurs, for ought he shall geate."

7 Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like:"
Thus must this passage be pointed; and to come at the humour of it, I must clear up an old circumstance of stage-history. Faulconbridge's words here carry a concealed piece of satire on a stupid drama of that age, printed in 1599, and called *Soliman and Perseda*. In this piece there is a character of a bragging cowardly knight, called Basilisco. His pretension to valour is to blown, and on through, that Piflon, a buffoon-servant in the play, jumps upon his back, and will not diffenge him, till he makes Basilisco swear upon his dudgeon dagger to the contents, and in the terms he dic-
tates to him: as, for instance:

"Baf. O, I swear, I swear,
"Piff. By the contents of this blade.
"Baf. By the contents of this blade.
"Piff. I, the foresaid Basilisco.
"Baf. I, the foresaid Basilisco, knight good fellow, knight, 
knight——

"Piff. Knave, good fellow, knave, knave."

So that is clear, our poet is sneering at this play; and makes Philip, when his mother calls him knave, throw off that reproof by humorously laying claim to his new dignity of knighthood; as
K I N G  J O H N.

But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man I hope; Who was it, mother?

Lady. Haft thou deny'd thyself a Faulconbridge?

Phil. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady. King Richard Cœur-de lion was thy father;
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed;—
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!—
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Phil. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not with a better father.

Some fins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,——
Subjected to commanding love,—
Against whose fury and unmatched force

Basilisco arrogantly insists on his title of knight in the passage above quoted. The old play is an execrable bad one; and, I suppose, was sufficiently exploded in the representation: which might make this circumstance so well known, as to become the butt for a stage-farcasm.  

The character of Basilisco is mentioned in Nath's Have with you to Saffron Walden, &c. printed in 1596. Steevens.

There are fins, that whatever be determined of them above, are not much cenfured on earth. Johnson.

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose, &c.
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight, &c.

Shakspeare here alludes to the old metrical romance of Richard Cœur de lion wherein this once celebrated monarch is related to have acquired his distinguisning appellation, by having plucked out a lion's heart to whose fury he was expos'd by the duke of Austria, for having slain his son with a blow of his fist. From this ancient romance the story has crept into some of our old chronicles: but the original passage may be seen at large in the introduction to the third vol. of Reliques of ancient English Poetry.

Percy.
KING JOHN.

The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say, thou did'st not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says, it was, he lyes; I say, 'twas not.

[Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the walls of Angiers in France.

Enter Philip king of France, Lewis the dauphin, the arch-duke of Austria, Constance, and Arthur.

Lewis. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:

And

Richard, that robb'd, &c.] So, Raffal in his Chronicle: "It is saryd that a lyon was put to kynge Richard, beyng in prison, to have devoured him, and when the lyon was gapyng he put his arme in his mouth, and pulled the lyon by the harte so hard that he flewe the lyon, and therefore some say he is called Rychard de Lyon; but some say he is called Cure de Lyon, because of his boldnes and hardy flomake." Grey.

I have an old black-lettered history of lord Faulconbridge, whence Shakspeare might pick up this circumstance. Farmer.

By this brave duke came early to his grave.

The old play led Shakspeare into this error of ascribing to the
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arthur. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion’s death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lewis. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?
A:fl. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love:
That to my home I will no more return,
’Till Angiers, and the right thou haft in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac’d shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean’s roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even ’till that England, hedg’d in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even ’till that utmost corner of the west,
Salute thee for her king: ’till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Conf. O, take his mother’s thanks, a widow’s thanks,
’Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

duke of Austria the death of Richard, who lost his life at the siege
of Chaluz, long after he had been ransom’d out of Austria’s
power. Steevens.

3 At our importance——] At our importunity. See vol. ii.
p. 244, 287. Johnson.

4 —that pale, that white-fac’d shore;] England is supposed to
be called Albion from the white rocks facing France. Johnson.

5 To make a more requital, &c.] I believe it has been al-
ready observed, that more signified in our author’s time, greater.
Steevens.
KING JOHN.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.
K. Philip. Well then, to work; our cannons shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.—
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones;
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Left unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Philip. 6 A wonder, lady!—Lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I:
His marches are 7 expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother queen,

6 A wonder, lady!—] The wonder is only that Chatillon happened to arrive at the moment when Constance mentioned him; which the French king, according to a superstitious which prevails more or less in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a miraculous interposition, or omen of good. JOHNSON.
7 — expedient—] Immediate, expeditious. JOHNSON.
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king deceased:
All the unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and shall in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums [Drums beat.
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parly, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Philip. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence:
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

--- An Até, stirring him, &c.] Até was the Goddess of Revenge.
The player-editors read—an Ace.

This image might have been borrowed from the celebrated libel,
called, Leicester's Commonwealth, originally published about the
year 1584. "—She standeth like a fiend or fury at the elbow
her Amadis, to stirre him forward when occasion shall seive,"

Steevens.

--- With them a bastard of the king deceased:] This line, ex-
cept the word with, is borrowed from the old play of King John,
already mentioned. Malone.

--- Bearing their birth-rights, &c.] So, Hen. VIII:
"Many broke their backs with bearing manors on them."

Johnson.

--- Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er——]
Waft for wafted. So again in this play:
"The iron of itself, though beat red hot——"
i.e. heated. Steevens.

---seath—] Destruction, harm. Johnson.
Enter King John, Faulconbridge, Elinor, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
Whiles we, God’s wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Philip. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and, for that England’s fake,
With burthen of our armour here we sweat:
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought; its lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of povertie,
Out-faced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey’s face;—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which dy’d in Geoffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geoffrey’s right,
And this is Geoffrey’s: In the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call’d a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o’er-masterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phil. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,

3 — under-wrought —— [ i.e. underworked, undermined. ]

Steevens.
KING JOHN.

An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;  
With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;  
With them a bastard of the king deceased:  
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—  
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To draw my answer from thy articles?

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3 — under-wrought —— | i.e. underworked, undermined.

STEEVENS.
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.
K. Philip. Excuse it; 'tis to beat usurping down.
Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?
Conf. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.
Eli. Out, infidel! thy bastard shall be king:
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world!

Conf. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband: and this boy
Lik'er in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.
Conf. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!
Faulc. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

*To look into the blots and stains of right.*] Mr. Theobald reads, with the first folio, *blots,* which being so early authorized, and so much better understood, needed not to have been changed by Dr. Warburton to *bolts,* though bolts might be used in that time for *spots:* so Shakespeare calls Banquo "spotted with blood, the blood-bolter'd Banquo." The verb to *blot* is used figuratively for to disgrace a few lines lower. And perhaps, after all, *bolts* was only a typographical mistake. Johnson.

*Blot* is certainly right. The illegitimate branch of a family always carried the arms of it with what in ancient heraldry was called a *blot* or *difference.* So, in Drayton's Epistle from L. Isabel to K. Richard II:

"No bastard's mark doth blot his conqu'ring shield."

*Blots and stains* occur again together in the first scene of the third act. Steevens.
KING JOHN.

Faule. One that will play the devil, sir, with you, An a’ may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;
I’ll smoak your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to’t; ’tis faith, I will, ’tis faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion’s robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Faule. It lies as tightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides’ shoes upon an ass:—
But, ass, I’ll take that burden from your back;
Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

—You are the hare,—] So, in the Spanish Tragedy:
  “He hunted well that was a lion’s death;
  “Not he that in a garment wore his skin:
  “So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.” STEEVENS.

As great Alcides’ shoes upon an ass:—] But why his shoes in the name of propriety? For let Hercules and his shoes have been really as big as they were ever suppos’d to be, yet they. (I mean the shoes) would not have been an overload for an ass. I am persuad’d, I have retrieve’d the true reading; and let us observe the unjustnes of the compassion now. Faulconbridge in his resentment would say this to Austria: “That lion’s skin, which my great father king Richard once wore, looks as uncomely on thy back, as that other noble hide, which was borne by Hercules, would look on the back of an ass.” A double allusion was intended; first, to the fable of the ass in the lion’s skin; then Richard I. is finely set in competition with Alcides, as Austria is satirically coupled with the ass. THEOBALD.

The shoes of Hercules are more than once introduced in the old comedies on much the same occasions. So, in The Life of Cælus, by J. Day, 1606:
  “—are as fit, as Hercules’s shoe for the foot of a pigmy.”
Again, in Greene’s Epistle Dedicatory to Perimedes the Blacksmith, 1588: “—and so least I should shape Hercules’ shoe for a child’s foot, I commend your worship to the Almighty.” Again, in Greene’s Penelope’s Web, 1601: “I will not make a long harvest for a small crop, nor go about to pull a Hercules’ shoe on Achilles’ foot.” Again, ibid. “Hercules’ shoe will never serve a child’s foot.” Again, in Stephen Goffin’s School of Abuse, 1579: “—to draw the lyon’s skin upon Efop’s ass, or Hercules’ shoes on a child’s feste.” STEEVENS.
KING JOHN.

Aust. What cracker is this fame, that deafls our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Lewis, determine what we shall do strait.
K. Philip. Women, and fools, break off your conference.

King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?
K. John. My life as soon:—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.
Conf. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.
Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Conf. 7 Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw thofe heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads, heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

6 King Lewis,—] Thus the folio. The modern editors read
—Philip, which appears to be right. It is however observable,
that the answer is given in the old copy to Lewis, as if the dauphin,
who was afterwards Lewis VIII. was meant to have been
the speaker. The speech itself, indeed, seems appropriated to
the-king, and nothing can be inferred from the folio with any cer-
tainty, but that the editors of it were careless and ignorant.

Steevens.

7 Now shame upon you whe'r she does or no.] Whe'r for whether.
See note on Julius Caesar. Malone.

Eli.
KING JOHN.

Flt. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Cons. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!

Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights.

Of this oppressed boy: This is the eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;

Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation

Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Cons. I have but this to say,—

That he's not only plagued for her sin,

But

The passage appears to me very obscure. The chief difficulty arises from this, that Constance having told Elinor of her sin-conceiving womb, pursues the thought, and uses sin through the next lines in an ambiguous sense, sometimes for crime, and sometimes for offspring.

He's not only plagued for her sin, &c. He is not only made miserable by vengeance for her sin or crime; but her sin, her offspring, and she, are made the instruments of that vengeance, on this descendant; who, though of the second generation, is plagued for her and with her; to whom she is not only the cause but the instrument of evil.

The next clause is more perplexed. All the editions read:

—plagued for her,
And with her plague her sin; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child.

I point thus:

—plagued for her
And with her.—Plague her son! his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin.

That is; instead of inflicting vengeance on this innocent and remote descendant, punish her son, her immediate offspring: then the affliction will fall where it is deserved; his injury will be her injury, and the misery of her sin; her son will be a beadle, or chastiser, to her crime, which are now all punish'd in the person of this child. Johnson.

Mr.
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu’d for her,
And with her.—Plague her son; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her sin,
All punishment in the person of this child,
And all for her; A plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce

Mr. Roderick reads:

—plagu’d for her,
And with her plagu’d; her sin, his injury.

We may read:

—this I have to say,—
That he’s not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu’d for her;
And, with her sin, her plague, his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin.

i. e. God hath made her and her sin together, the plague of her most remote descendants, who are plagued for her; the fame power hath likewise made her sin her own plague, and the injury she has done to him her own injury, as a beadle to lash that sin. i. e. Providence has so order’d it, that he who is made the instrument of punishment to another, has, in the end, converted that other into an instrument of punishment for herself. Steevens.

Confiance observes that he (i.e., pointing to King John, "whom from the flow of gall she names not") is not only plagued [with the present war] for his mother’s sin, but God hath made her sin and her the plague also on this removed issue, Arthur, plagued on her account, and by the means of her sinful offspring, whose injury [the usurpation of Arthur’s rights] may be considered as her injury, or the injury of her sin-conceiving womb; and John’s injury may also be considered as the beadle or officer of correction employed by her crimes to inflict all these punishments on the person of this child. Tollet.

If part of this obscure sentence were included in a parenthesis, the sentence would, perhaps, be somewhat clearer:

But God hath made her sin and her (the plague
On this removed issue—plagued for her,
And with her) plague her son; his injury &c.

Instead of—"the beadle to her sin"—I would read—"the beadle to her sin."

Removed, I believe, here signifies remote. So, in The Midsummer Night’s Dream:

"From Athens is her house remov’d seven leagues."

Malone.

A will,
KING JOHN.

A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Conf. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a cankered grandam's will!

K. Phil. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate:
It ill befits this presence, to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.—
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's, or John's.

[Trumpets sound.

Enter Citizens upon the walls.

1 Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phil. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England for itself:
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phil. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

2 It ill befits this presence, to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.

Dr. Warburton has well observed on one of the former plays, that
to cry aim is to encourage. I once thought it was borrowed from archery; and that aim! having been the word of command, as
we now say present! to cry aim had been to incite notice, or raise
attention. But I rather think, that the old word of applause was
J'aime, I love it, and that to applaud was to cry J'aime, which
the English, not easily pronouncing Je, funk into aime or aim.
Our exclamations of applause are still borrowed, as bravo and
encore.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's first thought, I believe, is best. So, in Beaumont
and Fletcher's Love's Cure, or The Maid of Orleans:

"———Can I cry aim
"To this against myself?"

So, in our author's Merry Wives of Windsor, act II. scene the
last, where Ford says: "—— and to these violent proceedings all
my neighbours shall cry aim." See the note on that passage.

STEEVENS.
KING JOHN.

K. John. For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us first.——

These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither March'd to your endamagement:
The cannon's have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confronts your city's eyes', your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.

But, on the fight of us, your lawful king,—
Who, painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscrath'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle:
And now, instead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
Forweary'd in this action of swift speed,
Crave weary harbourage within your city walls.

9 For our advantage;—Therefore hear us first.—] If we read for your advantage, it would be a more specious reason for interrupting Philip. Trrfffftttt.

1 Confronts your city's eyes,—] The old copy reads:—Comforts, &c. Mr. Rowe made this necessary change. SSteven%.

2 — a countercheck——] This, I believe, is one of the ancient terms used in the game of chess. So, in Macedonius:

"Post hence thyself, thou counterchecking trull."

SSteven%.

K. Phil.
KING JOHN.

K. Phil. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe;
To him that owes it; namely, this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war;
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?

3 'Tis not the roundure, &c.] Roundure means the same as the French rondeur, i. e. the circle.
So, in All's lost by Lust, a tragedy by Rowley, 1633:
"——will she meet our arms
"With an alternate roundure?"
Again, in Shakspeare's 21st sonnet:
"——all things rare,
"That heaven's air in this huge roundure hems."

STEVENS.
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And talk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; 'till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Faulc. Bастards, and else.

K. John.—To verify our title with their lives.

K. Philip. As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—

Faulc. Some bastards too.

K. Phil. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

Cit. ’Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all these souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phil. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Faulc. Saint George—that swing'd the dragon,
And c'er since,
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lion's,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide; 
And make a monster of you. [To Austria.

Aust. Peace; no more.

* I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,] So, in the old spurious play of K. John:

"But let the frolick Frenchman take no scorn,
If Philip front him with an English horn." Steevens.

Faulc.
KING JOHN.

Faulc. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.
K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth,
In best appointment, all our regiments.
Faulc. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.
K. Phil. It shall be so;—and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

After excursions, enter the Herald of France, with trumpets, to the gates.

F. He. 5 You men of Angiers, open wide your gates, And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in; Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made Much work for tears in many an English mother, Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground; Many a widow's husband groveling lies, Coldly embracing the discouler'd earth; And victory, with little loss, doth play Upon the dancing banners of the French; Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd, To enter conquerors, and to proclaim Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. 6 Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,

5 You men of Angiers, &c.] This speech is very poetical and smooth, and except the conceit of the widow's husband embracing the earth, is just and beautiful. JOHNSON.
6 Rejoice, you men of Angiers, &c.] The English herald falls somewhat below his antagonist. Silver armour gilt with blood is a poor image. Yet our author has it again in Macbeth:

"Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood." JOHNSON.
Commander of this most malicious day!
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all girt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen ⁷ come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. ⁸Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest; while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers, at several doors.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right ⁹ run on?
Whose passage next with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores?

⁷ And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen,— ] It was, I think, one of the savage practices of the chase, for all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer, as a trophy. Johnson.
⁸ Heralds, from off &c. ] These three speeches seem to have been laboured. The citizen's is the best; yet both alike we like is a poor gingle. Johnson.
⁹ —run on? ] The old copy has—range on. The alteration was made by the editor of the second folio. Malone.
KING JOHN.

Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.
K. Phil. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of
blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scrawl, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Faulc. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
Oh, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs;
And now he feast's, mouthing the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havock², kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potent's³, fiery-kindled spirits!

¹—mouthing the flesh of men,] The old copy reads—mouning. STEEVENS.
²I do not see any necessity for departing from the old copy, which reads mounjing; though it is not very easy precisely to ascertain its meaning, it is used in two other places by our author, apparently in the sense required here:
"A falcon tow'ring in her pride of place
Was by a mouining owl hawk'd at and kill'd." MACBETH.
³Again, in the Midsummer Night's Dream:
"Well mou'sd, Lion!"
Mouning, I suppose, in all these places, means mamocking; tearing to pieces, as a cat tears a mouse. MALONE.

²Cry, havock kings!] That is, command slaughter to proceed; so, in another place: "He with Até by his side, Cries, havock!" JOHNSON.
³You equal potent's,] Potents for potentates. So, in Anacreon excellent and delectabil Treatise intitul'd Philotas, &c. 1603:
"An of the potentates of the town." STEEVENS.

D 4

Then
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; 'till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. Joh. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?
K. Phil. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.
K. Phil. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. Joh. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. 'A greater power than ye, denies all this;
And, 'till it be undoubted, we do lock

Our

4 In the old copy:

A greater power than we, denie all this; —
Kings of our fears;

We should read, than ye. What power was this? their fears. It is plain therefore we should read: Kings are our fears; — i.e. our fears are the kings which at present rule us. Warburton.

Dr. Warburton saw what was requisite to make this passage sense; and Dr. Johnson, rather too hastily, I think, has received his emendation into the text. He reads:

"Kings are our fears; —"

which he explains to mean, "our fears are the kings which at present rule us."

As the same sense may be obtained by a much slighter alteration, I am more inclined to read:

"Kings of our fears; —"

"King'd is used as a participle passive by Shakspeare more than once, I believe. I remember one instance in Henry the Fifth, act ii. sc. 5. The Dauphin says of England:

"— she is so idly king'd."

It is scarce necessary to add, that, of, here (as in numberless other places) has the signification of, by. Tyrwhitt.

A greater power than we, may mean the Lord of fiction, who has not yet decided the superiority of either army; and till it be undoubted, the people of Angiers will not open their gates. Secure and confident as lions, they are not at all afraid, but are kings, i.e. masters and commanders, of their fears, until their fears or doubts about the rightful king of England, are removed. Tollet.

I see no reason for substituting ye in the room of we, which is the reading of the old copy. Before I read Mr. Tollet's note, I thought,
KING JOHN.

Our former scruple in our strong-barr’d gates:
Kings of our fears; until our fears, resolv’d,
Be by some certain king purg’d and deposit’d.

Faulc. By heaven, these scoryles of Angiers 5 flout
you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point.

thought, that by a greater power, the power of Heaven was in-
tended.

It is manifest that the passage is corrupt, and that it must have
been so worded, as that their fears should be styled their kings or
masters, and not they, kings or masters of their fears; because in
the next line mention is made of these same fears being deposited.
Mr. Tyrwhitt’s emendation produces this meaning by a very
slight alteration, and is therefore, I think, entitled to a place in
the text.

The following passage in our author’s Rape of Lucrece strongly,
in my opinion, confirms his conjecture:

“So shall these slaves [the passions of lust, flame, &c.] be kings,
and thou their slave.”

Again, in King Lear:

“———It seems she was a queen
“Over her passion, who most rebel-like,
“Sought to be king o’er her.”

The participle king’d is again used by our author in Richard II:

“Then I am king’d again.”

This passage in the folio is given to Faulconbridge, and in a
subsequent part of this scene, all the speeches of the citizens are
given to Hubert; which I mention, because these and innumera-
able other instances, where the same error has been committed in
that edition, justifies some licence in transferring speeches from
one person to another. From too great a scrupulousness in this
respect, a speech in Measure for Measure is yet suffered to stand in
the name of the Clown, though it evidently belongs to Abberson.
See vol. ii. p. 113. MALONE.

Admitting the emendation proposed by Dr. Warburton, and
received by Dr. Johnson, may not “Kings are our fears,” mean
—We are afraid of plurality of kings, we wish one certain king.

HENDERSON.

5 —these scoryles of Angiers—] Escrovelles, Fr. i.e. scabby
scrophulous fellows.

Ben Jonson uses the word in Every Man in his Humour:

“———hang them scoryles!” STEEVENS.
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul’d by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount;
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
’Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl’d down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I’d play incessantly upon these jades,
Even ’till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, disferron your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then, in a moment, fortune shall call forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well;—France, shall we knit our powers,

---

6 At your industrious scenes—— I strongly suspect the poet wrote illusrious. So, in the next line:
Your royal presences, &c.
Faulconbridge, in his former speech, enlarges much on the high dignity of the combatants:
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire——

---

7 Be friends a while, &c.] This advice is given by the Baillie in the old copy of the play, though comprized in fewer and less spirited lines. Stevens.

---

8 Till their soul-fearing clamours—— i. e. soul-apalling, Malone.

---

And
KING JOHN.

And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Faulc. An if thou haft the mettle of a king,—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these faucy walls:
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phil. Let it be so; Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom,

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phil. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town,

Faul. O prudent discipline! From north to south;
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth;

[Aside.

I'll stir them to it: Come, away, away!

Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke, or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear,

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch, is near to England; Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch,
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?

6—the lady Blanch.] The lady Blanch was daughter to Alphonso the Ninth, king of Castile, and was niece to king John by his sister Eleanor. Steevens.

7 If zealous love, &c.] Zealous seems here to signify piou, or influenced by motives of religion. Johnson.
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete\(^8\), O say, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he.
He is the half part of a blessed man\(^9\),
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
Oh, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match:\(^1\)
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we sling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but, without this match,
The lea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

\(^8\) If not complete of, say, &c.] Sir T. Hanmer reads, O! say.

\(^9\) He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she:]
Dr. Thirlby prescribed that reading, which I have here restored to the text. Theobald.

\(^1\) —— at this match,
With swifter spleen &c.]
Our author uses spleen for any violent hurry, or tumultuous speed. So, in the Midsummer's Night's Dream he applies spleen to the lightning. I am loath to think that Shakspeare meant to play with the double of match for nuptial, and the match of a gun. Johnson.
Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
Out of his rags! ———

I cannot but think that every reader wishes for some other word in the place of stay, which though it may signify an hindrance, or man that hinders, is yet very improper to introduce the next line. I read:

Here's a flaw,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death.

That is, here is a gulf of bravery, a blast of menace. This suits well with the spirit of the speech. Stay and flaw, in a careles hand are not easily distinguished; and if the writing was obscure, flaw being a word less usual, was easily missed. Johnson.

Shakespeare seem to have taken the hint of this speech from the following in the Famous History of Tho. Stukely, 1606. bl. 1.

"Why here's a gallant, here's a king indeed!
"He speaks all Mars: —tut, let me follow such
"A lad as this: —This is pure fire:
"Ev'ry look be casts a Japheth like lightning:
"There's mettle in this boy.
"He brings a breath that sets our sails on fire:
"Why now I see we shall have cuffs indeed."

Perhaps the force of the word stay is not exactly known. I meet with it in Damon and Pythias, 1582:

"Not to prolong my lyfe thereby, for which I reckon not this,
"But to set my things in a stay."

Perhaps by a stay, in this instance, is meant a steady posture. Shakespeare's meaning may therefore be: —"Here's a steady, resolute fellow, who shakes &c." So, in Fenton's Tragical Doycours, bl. l. 4to, 1567, "— more apt to follow th' inclination of vaine and lascivious deyer than disposed to make a staye of her selfe in the trade of honest vertue." A stay, however, seems to have been meant for something active, in the following passage in the 6th canto of Drayton's Baron's Wars:

"Oh could ambition apprehend a stay,
"The giddy course it wandereth in, to guide."

Again, in Speenser's Faery Queen, b. ii. c. 10:
"Till riper years he rauhed, and stronger stay."

Perhaps the metaphor is from navigation. Thus, in Chapman's version of the tenth book of Homer's Odyssey:

"Our ship lay anchor'd close, nor needed we
"Feare harm on any stays."

A marginal note adds: "For being cast on the strakes, as ships are by weather." Strèvens.
Out of his rags! here’s a large mouth, indeed;
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and sea;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoak, and bounce;
He gives the baftinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgel’d; not a word of his;
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so betumped with words,
Since I first call’d my brother’s father, dad.

Eli. Son, lift to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur’d assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no fun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit;
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their souls
Are capable of this ambition;
Left zeal, now melted 1, by the windy breath

Mr. Malone says in a subsequent scene in this play to play signifies to support, and after quoting instances from Caesar and Pompey, 1607, Davies’s Scourge of Folly, Tancred and Gismondo, 1592, adds “these instances induce me to think that our author utes play here for a partizan or supporter of a cause”—“Here’s an extraordinary supporter of the cause of France, that shakes, &c.” “There is (he continues), I apprehend, no necessity that the metaphor here should suit with the image in the next line, which Dr. Johnson by his emendation seems to have thought requisite. Shakspeare seldom attends to the integrity of his metaphors.”

3 Left zeal, now melted, —— ] We have here a very unusual, and, I think, not very just image of zeal, which, in its highest degree, is represented by others as a flame, but by Shakspeare, as a frost. To repress zeal, in the language of others, is to cool in Shakspeare’s to melt it; when it exerts its utmost power it is commonly said to flame, but by Shakspeare to be congealed.

Sure the poet means to compare zeal to metal in a state of fusion, and not to dissolving ice. Steevens.

The allusion might, I think, have been to dissolving ice, and yet not subject to Dr. Johnson’s objection.

The
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phil. Speak England first, that hath been for-
ward first
To speak unto this city: What say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieged)
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princels of the world.

The sense may be—Left the now zealous and well-affected
heart of Philip, which but lately was as cold ice, and has newly
been melted and softened by the warm breath of petitions, &c.
should again be congealed and frozen.—I rather incline to think
this was the poet's meaning, because in a subsequent scene we
meet a similar thought couched in nearly the same expressions:

"This act to evilly born shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal."

We again meet with the same thought in King Henry VIII:

"This makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them. MALONE."

*4 In old editions:

For Angiers and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea,
Except this city now by us besieged,
Find liable, &c.]

What was the city besieged, but Angiers? King John agrees to
give up all he held in France, except the city of Angiers, which
he now besieged and laid claim to. But could he give up all ex-
cept Angiers, and give up that too? Anjou was one of the pro-
vinces which the English held in France. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald found, or might have found, the reading which
he would introduce as an emendation of his own, in the old quarto.

STEEVENS.

*2

K. Phil.
**KING JOHN.**

*K. Phil.* What say’st thou, boy? look in the lady’s face.

*Lewis.* I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form’d in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never lov’d myself,
’Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

*[Whispers with Blanch.*

*Faulc.* Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
Hang’d in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter’d in her heart!—he doth espy
Himself love’s traitor: This is pity now,
That hang’d and drawn, and quarter’d there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

*Blanch.* My uncle’s will, in this respect, is mine:
If he see ought in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or, if you will, (to speak more properly)
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge)
That I can find should merit any hate.

*K. John.* What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

*Blanch.* That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.

*K. John.* Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

*Lewis.* Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

*K. John.*
KING JOHN.

K. John. Then do I give Volquesfen, Touraine, Maine,
Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee: and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.
K. Phil. It likes us well;—Young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd, That I did so, when I was first assur'd.
K. Phil. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates, Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel, presently, The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?—
I know, she is not; for this match, made up, Her presence would have interrupted much:—
Where is she and her son; tell me, who knows?
Lewis. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.
K. Phil. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her sadness very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way, To our own vantage.

[Volquesfen, ———] This is the ancient name for the country now called the Vexin, in Latin, Pagus Velocassinus. That part of it called the Norman Vexin, was in dispute between Philip and John. Steevens.

Poisiers and Anjou, &c.] This is borrowed from the old play already mentioned. Malone.

—I am well assur'd, That I did so when I was first assur'd.]

Assur'd is here used both in its common sense, and in an uncommon one, where it signifies assuaged, contracted. So, in the Comedy of Errors:

“Called me Dromio, swore I was assur'd to her.” See vol. ii. p. 216. Steevens.

VOL. V. E K. John.
K. John. We will heal up all:
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so
That we shall stop her exclamation,
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlock'd for unpardoned pomp.

[Exeunt all but Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John; to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly 7 departed with a part:
And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on;
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier) 8 rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that fly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
(Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that)
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,—
Commodity, the bias of the world; 9
The world, who of itself is peised well,

7 — departed with a part. To part and to depart were formerly synonymous. See vol. ii. p. 422. Steevens.
8 — rounded in the ear. i. e. whispered in the ear. See vol. iv. p. 314. Steevens.
9 Commodity, the bias of the world;] Commodity is interest. So, in Damon and Pythias, 1582:
"—— for vertue's sake only.
"They would honour friendship, and not for commoditie."
Again:
"I will use his friendship to mine own commoditie."
Steevens.

So, in Cupid's Whirligig, 1607:
"O the world is like a byas bowle, and it run all on the rich men's sides." Henderson.

Made
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he had not woo'd me yet;
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice, but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worship thee! [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The French king's pavilion.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be marry'd! gone to swear a peace!
Falsé blood to falsé blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:

[—clutch my hand.] To clutch my hand, is to clasp it close.
See note on Macbeth, act ii. sc. 1. Steevens.

for, ] i.e. because. See vol. i. p. 189. vol. ii. p. 34.

Editor.

E2

It
KING JOHN.

It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so;
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man,
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
3 For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears:
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,
With my vexed spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
4 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
5 Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my laying true.

Conf. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,

3 For I am sick, and capable of fears; i.e. I have a strong sensibility; I am tremulously alive to apprehension. So, in Hamlet:

"His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to fowes,
Would make them capable. Malone.

4 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds? This seems to have been imitated by Marston in his "Infatiate Countess," 1613:

"Then how much more in me, whose youthful veins,
Like a proud river, overflow their bounds——" Malone.

5 Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words? For this reading there is no authority. Both the first and second folio, the only authentick copies of this play, read:

"Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?"
There is clearly no need of change. The sad signs are—the shaking of his head—laying his hand on his breast, &c. Malone.

2 As
KING JOHN.

As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! Oh, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy fight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Conf. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Conf. If thou\(^6\), that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and land’rous to thy mother’s womb,
Full of unpleasing blot’s, and fightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious\(^8\),
Patch’d with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join’d to make thee great:
Of nature’s gifts thou may’st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang’d, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck’d on France

\(^6\) If thou, &c.] Maffinger appears to have copied this passage in
The Unnatural Combat:

——“If thou haft been born
  “Deform’d and crooked in the features of
  “Thy body, as the manners of thy mind,
  “Moor-lip’d, flat-nos’d, &c. &c.
  “I had been blest.” STEEVENS,

\(^7\) fightles

\(^8\) prodigious.] The poet uses fightles for that which we
now express by unfightly, disagreeable to the eyes. JOHNSON.

In this sense it is used by Decker in the first part of the Honest
Whore, 1635:
——“yon comet shews his head again;
  “Twice hath he thus at crofs-turns throwed on us
  “Prodigious looks.” See vol. iii. p. 134. STEEVENS.

E 3 To
KING JOHN.

To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John:
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone,
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may’st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his own stout 5.
To me, and to the state of my great grief, 6
Let kings assemble; for my grief’s so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up; here I and sorrows sit;

5 — makes its owner stout.] The old editions have:—makes its owner floot: the emendation is Hanmer’s. JOHNSON.
So, in Daniel’s Civil Wars, b. vi:
“Full with stout grief and with disdainful woe.” STEEVENS.

6 To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; ———
In Much Ado about Nothing, the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief that a thread may lead him. How is it that grief in Leonato and lady Constance produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow oftens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible, but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn; angry alike at those that injure, and at those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer’s knowledge of the passions. JOHNSON.

7 — here I and sorrows sit.] I believe the author meant to personify sorrow, and wrote:
— here I and Sorrow fit;
which gives a more poetical image.
The transcriber’s care might cally have deceived him, the two readings, when spoken, sounding exactly alike.

Marlowe
KING JOHN.

Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[Throws herself on the ground]

Enter king John, king Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, Faulconbridge, and Austria.

K. Phil. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,

Marlowe had before our author introduced the same personage in his Edward II:

"While I am lodg'd within this cave of Care,
"Where Sorrow at my elbow still attends." MALONE.

"Bid kings come bow to it." I must here account for the liberty I have taken to make a change in the division of the 2d and 3d acts. In the old editions, the 2d act was made to end here; though it is evident, lady Constance here, in her despair, seats herself on the floor: and she must be supposed, as I formerly observed, immediately to rise again, only to go off and end the act decently; or the first scene must shut her in from the sight of the audience, an absurdity I cannot excuse Shakspeare for. Mr. Gildon and some other critics fancied, that a considerable part of the 2d act was lost; and that the chasm began here. I had joined in this suspicion of a scene or two being lost; and unwittingly drew Mr. Pope into this error. "It seems to be so, says he, and it were to be wished the restorer (meaning me) could supply it." To deserve this great man's thanks, I'll venture at the task; and hope to convince my readers, that nothing is lost; but that I have supplied the suspected chasm, only by rectifying the division of the acts. Upon looking a little more narrowly into the constitution of the play, I am satisfied that the 3d act ought to begin with that scene which has hitherto been accounted the last of the 2d act; and my reasons for it are these: the match being concluded, in the scene before that, betwixt the Dauphin and Blanch, a messenger is sent for lady Constance to king Philip's tent, for her to come to Saint Mary's church to the solemnity. The princes all go out, as to the marriage; and the baillard staying a little behind, to prevent on interest and commodity, very properly ends the act. The next scene then, in the French king's tent, brings us Salisbury delivering his message to Constance, who, refusing to go to the solemnity, sets herself down on the floor. The whole train returning from the church to the French king's pavilion, Philip expresses such satisfaction on occasion of the happy solemnity of that day, that Constance rises from the floor, and joins in the scene by entering her protest against their joy, and curving the business of the day.
KING JOHN.

Ever in France shall be kept festival: To solemnize this day, the glorious sun Stays in his course, and plays the alchemyst; Turning, with splendor of his precious eye, The meagre cloudy earth to glittering gold: The yearly course, that brings this day about, Shall never see it but a holy-day.

1 Confl. A wicked day, and not a holy-day! —

[Rising.

What hath this day deferv'd? what hath it done;

That day. Thus, I conceive, the scenes are fairly continued; and there is no chain in the action, but a proper interval made both for Salisbury's coming to lady Constance, and for the solemnization of the marriage. Besides, as Faulconbridge is evidently the poet's favourite character, it was very well judged to close the act with his soliloquy. THEOBALD.

This whole note seems judicious enough; but Mr. Theobald forgets that there were, in Shakspeare's time, no moveable scenes in common playhouses. JOHNSON.

It appears from many passages that the ancient theatres had the advantages of machinery as well as the more modern stages. See a note on the fourth scene of the fifth act of Cymbeline.

How happened that Shakspeare himself should have mentioned the act of shifting scenes, if in his time there were no scenes capable of being shifted. Thus in the chorus to King Henry V:

“Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.”

This phrase was hardly more ancient than the custom which it describes. STEEVENS.

8 To solemnize this day, &c. From this passage Rowe seems to have borrowed the first lines of his Fair Penitent. JOHNSON.

9 —— and plays the alchemyst: Milton has borrowed this thought, Paradise Lost, b. iii; —— when with one virtuous touch

Th' arch-chemic sun, &c. STEEVENS.

1 A wicked day, &c. There is a passage in The Honest Whore, by Decker, 1604, so much resembling the present that I cannot forbear quoting it.

Curst be that day for ever, that robb'd her
Of breath, and me of bliss! henceforth let it stand
Within the wizzard's book (the calendar)
Mark'd with a marginal finger, to be chosen
By thieves, by villains, and black murderers,
As the best day for them to labour in,

“ If
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the kalendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
Left that their hopes prodigiously be crost:
But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phil. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

"If henceforth this adulterous bawdy world
Be got with child, with treason, sacrilege,
Atheism, rapes, treacherous friendship, perjury,
Slander (the beggars fin), lies (the fin of fools),
Or any other damn'd impieties,
On Monday let them be delivered, &c."

---high tides, i.e. solemn seasons, times to be observed above others. Steevens.
---prodigiously be crost: i.e. be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, a monster. So, in the Midsummer Night's Dream:

"Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity." Steevens.

But on this day,
No bargains break, &c.

That is, except on this day. Johnson.

In the ancient almanacs (one of which I have in my possession, dated 1562) the days supposed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains, are distinguished among a number of other particulars of the like importance. This circumstance is alluded to in Webster's Duchess of Malfy, 1623:

"By the almanac, I think
To choose good days and shun the critical."

Again, in The Elder Brother of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"---an almanac
Which thou art daily poring in, to pick out
Days of iniquity to dozen fools in." Steevens.
KING JOHN.

Confl. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit; Resembling majesty; which being touch'd, and try'd,
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;
6 You came in arms to spill mine enemy's blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league:—
Arm. arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sun-set;
7 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me, oh, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Confl. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
8 O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: Thou slaye, thou wretch, thou coward;

Thou

5 You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty;] i. e. a false coin.—A counterfeit formerly meant also a portrait. — A representation of the king being usually impressed on his coin, the word seems to be here used equivocally. MALONE.
6 You came in arms to spill mine enemy's blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:]
I am afraid here is a clinch intended; You came in war to destroy my enemies, but now you strengthen them in embraces. JOHNSON.
7 Set armed discord, &c.] Shakspeare makes this bitter curse efectual. JOHNSON.
8 O Lymoges! O Austria! —] The propriety or impropriety of these titles, which every editor has suffered to pass unnoted, deserves a little consideration. Shakspeare has, on this occasion, followed the old play, which at once furnished him with the character of Faulconbridge, and ascribed the death of Richard I. to the duke of Austria. In the person of Austria, he has conjoined the two well-known enemies of Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison, in a former expedition; but the castle of Chalus, before which he fell, belonged to Vidomar, viscount of Limoges; and the archer who pierced his shoulder...
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'lt up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Haft thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gour-}

The editors seem hitherto to have understood Lymages as

being an appendage to the title of Austria, and therefore enquired

no further about it.

Holinshed says on this occasion: “The same yere, Phillip,

bailiff sonne to king Richard, to whom his father had given the

castell and honor of Coineacke, killed the viscount of Limages,
in revenge of his father's death, &c.” Austria, in the spurious

play, is called Lymages the Austrich duke.

With this note, I was favoured by a gentleman to whom I have

yet more considerable obligations in regard to Shakspere. His
extensive knowledge of history and manners, has frequently sup-
plied me with apt and necessary illustrations, at the same time that
his judgment has corrected my errors; yet such has been his con-
stant solicitude to remain concealed, that I know not but I may
give offence while I indulge my own vanity in affixing to this note
the name of my friend HENRY BLAKE, esq. STEEVENS.

8 doff it for shame,] To doff is to do off; to put off. So, in

Fainus. Troes. 1603:

“Sorrow must doff her fable weeds.” STEEVENS.

9 And hang a calf's skin on these recreant limbs.] When fools

were kept for diversion in great families, they were distinguished
by a calf's skin coat, which had the buttons down the back; and
this they wore that they might be known for fools, and escape the
resentment of those whom they provoked with their waggeries.

In a little penny book, intituled The Birth, Life, and Death of

John Franks, with the Franks he played though a mere Fool, men-
tion is made in several places of a calf's skin. In chap. x. of this

book,
KING JOHN.

Aust. O, that a man would speak those words to me!
Faulc. And hang a calf’s-skin on those recreant limbs.
Aust. Thou dar’st not say so, villain, for thy life.
Faulc. And hang a calf’s-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phil. Here comes the holy legate from the pope.
Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.

I Pan-

book, Jack is said to have made his appearance at his lord’s table, having then a new calf-skin, red and white-spotted. This fact will explain the sarcasm of Constance and Faulconbridge, who mean to call Auloria a fool. SIR J. HAWKINS.

I may add, that the custom is still preferred in Ireland; and the fool in any of the legends which the mummers act at Christmas, always appears in a calf’s or cow’s skin. In the prologue to Wily Beguiled, are the two following passages:

"I'll make him do penance upon the flags in a calf’s-skin."

Again:

"His calf’s-skin jeers from hence are clean exil’d."

Again, in the play:

"I'll come wrapp’d in a calf’s-skin, and cry bo, bo."——

Again:—"I'll wrap me in a routin calf-skin suit, and come like some Hobgoblin."——"I mean my Christmas calf-skin suit."

STEEVES.

It does not appear that Constance means to call Auloria a fool, as Sir John Hawkins would have it; but the certainly means to call him coward, and to tell him that a calf’s skin would suit his recreant limbs better than a lion’s. They still say of a dastardly person that he is a calf-hearted fellow; and a run-away school boy is usually called a great calf. REMARKS.

9 Here Mr. Pope infers the following speeches from the old play of K. John, printed in 1591, (before Shakspeare appears to have commenced a writer) with the following note upon them:

"Aust. Methinks, that Richard’s pride, and Richard’s fall,
"Should be a precedent to fright you all.

"Faulc. What words are these? how do my finesse shake!
"My father’s foe clad in my father’s spoil!
"How doth Alecfo whisper in my ear?"
KING JOHN.

I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop

"Delay not, Richard, kill the villain traitor;
"Disrobe him of the matchless monument,
"Thy father's triumph o'er the savage,—
"Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,
"Twice will I not review the morning's rise,
"Till I have torn that trophy, from thy back,
"And split thy heart, for wearing it so long.

"Methinks, that Richard's pride, &c.] What was the ground of this quarrel of the bastard to Austria is no where specified in the present play: nor is there in this place, or the scene where it is first hinted at (namely the second of act II.) the least mention of any reason for it. But the story is, that Austria, who killed king Richard Cœur-de-lion, wore as the spoil of that prince, a lion's hide which had belonged to him. This circumstance renders the anger of the Bastard very natural, and ought not to have been omitted. In the first sketch of this play (which Shakspere is said to have had a hand in, jointly with William Rowley) we accordingly find this instilled upon, and I have ventured to place a few of those verses here."—Here Dr. Johnson adds:

"To the insertion of these lines I have nothing to object. There are many other passages in the old play of great value. The omission of this incident, in the second draught, was natural. Shakspere, having familiarized the story to his own imagination, forgot that it was obscure to his audience; or, what is equally probable, the story was then so popular, that a hint was sufficient at that time to bring it to mind, and those plays were written with very little care for the approbation of posterity."

STEEVES.

Aust. Methinks, &c.] I cannot by any means approve of the insertion of these lines from the other play. If they were necessary to explain the ground of the Bastard's quarrel to Austria, as Mr. Pope supposes, they should rather be inserted in the first scene of the second act, at the time of the first altercation between the Bastard and Austria. But indeed the ground of their quarrel seems to be as clearly expressed in the first scene as in these lines: so that they are unnecessary in either place; and therefore, I think, should be thrown out of the text, as well as the three other lines, which have been inserted with as little reason in act iii. &c. 2.

Thus hath king Richard's, &c. TYRWHITT.
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our forefald holy father’s name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?

Thou

What earthly name to interrogatories] This must have been at
the time when it was written, in our struggles with popery, a very
captivating scene.

So many passages remain in which Shakspere evidently takes
his advantage of the facts then recent, and of the passions then in
motion, that I cannot but suspect that time has obscured much of
his art, and that many allusions yet remain undiscovered,
which perhaps may be gradually retrieved by succeeding commentators.

The speech stands thus in the old spurious play: “And what
haist thou or the pope thy master to do to demand of me how I em-
ploy mine own? Know, sir priest, as I honour the church and holy
churchmen, so I score to be subject to the greatest prelate in the
world. Tell thy master so from me; and say John of England said
it, that never an Italian priest of them all, shall either have tythe,
toll or polling penny out of England; but as I am king, so will I
reign next under God, supreme head both over spirituall and tem-
poral: and he that contradicts me in this, I’ll make him hop
headles.” Steevens.
The old copy reads:

What earthly name——
Can taste, &c.

Earthy occurs in another of our author’s plays:

“To do his earthly and abhor’d commands.”

To taste is used ludicrously in Twelfth Night: “That puts
quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour.”—To “taste
the breath,” is, however, a very harsh phrase; and can hardly be
right.

Breath for speech is common in our author. So, in a subsequent
scene in this play:

“The latest breath that gave the sound of words.”

Again:

“Or let the church, our mother, breathe here curfe.”

In another play we meet—“breathing courtefly,” for—“ver-
bal courtefly.”

In this passage there should, I think, be a comma after inter-
rogatories.—What earthly name, subjoined to interrogatories, can
force a king to speak and answer them? Malone.

The emendation may be justified by the following passage in
K. Henry IV. P. i:

“How
KING JOHN.

Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So flight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurped authority.

K. Phil. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddlesome priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that tale, sells pardon for himself:
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Conf.

"How show'd his tauffling? seem'd it in contempt?"
Again, in K. Henry V:
"That tacl our thoughts concerning us and France."

Steevens.

2 That takes away by any secret course, &c.] This may allude to
the bull published against queen Elizabeth. Or we may suppose,
since
Confi. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Confi. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'ft thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Confi. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Faulc. And hang a calf-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,

Because—

Faulc. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'ft thou to the cardinal?

Confi. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Levis. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,!
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forgo the easier.

since we have no proof that this play appeared in its present state before the reign of king James, that it was exhibited soon after the popish plot. I have seen a Spanish book in which Garnet, Faux, and their accomplices are registered as traitors. [Johnson.

1 Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome.†] It is a political maxim, that kingdoms are never married. Lewis, upon the wedding, is for making war upon his new relations. [Johnson.
Blanch. That’s the curse of Rome.
Confi. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here

4. —— the devil tempts thee here,

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.]
Though all the copies concur in this reading; yet as untrimmed cannot bear any signification to square with the sense required, I cannot help thinking it a corrupted reading. I have ventured to throw out the negative, and read:

In likeness of a new and trimmed bride.

i.e. of a new bride, and one decked and adorned as well by art as nature. Theobald.

—— a new untrimmed bride.] Mr. Theobald says, “that as untrimmed cannot bear any signification to square with the sense required,” it must be corrupt; therefore he will cancel it, and read, and trimmed; in which he is followed by the Oxford editor; but they are both too hasty. It squares very well with the sense, and signifies unsteady. The term is taken from navigation. We say too, in a similar way of speaking, not well manned.

Warburton.

I think Mr. Theobald’s correction more plausible than Dr. Warburton’s explanation. A commentator should be grave, and therefore I can read these notes with proper severity of attention; but the idea of trimming a lady to keep her steady would be too ridiculous for any common power of face. Johnson.

Trim is dress. An untrimmed bride is a bride undressed. Could the tempter of mankind assume a semblance in which he was more likely to be successful? The devil (says Constance) raises to your imagination your bride disencumbered of the forbidding forms of dress, and the memory of my wrongs is lost in the anticipation of future enjoyment.

Ben Jonson, in his New Inn, says:

“Bur. Here’s a lady gay.
“Tip. A well-trimm’d lady!”

Again, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona:

“And I was trimm’d in madam Julia’s gown.”

Again, in K. Henry VI. p. iii. act 2:

“Trimm’d like a younker prancing to his love.”

Again, in Reginald Scott’s Discovery of Witchcraft, 1584:

“—a good huswife and also well trimm’d up in apparel.”

Mr. Collins inclines to a colder interpretation, and is willing to suppose that by an untrimmed bride is meant a bride unadorned with the usual pomp and formality of a nuptial habit. The propriety of this epithet he infers from the haste in which the match was made, and further justifies it from K. John’s preceding words:

Vol. V.
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,—
That faith will live again by death of need:
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aufl. Do so, king Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Faulk. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phil. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What can't thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate, and curse?

K. Phil. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit;
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath, that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;

"Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unbook'd for, unprepared pomp."

Mr. Tollet is of the same opinion, and offers two instances which untrimmed indicates a dehabille or a frugal vesture. In Minshew's Dictionary, it signifies one not finely drest or attired. Again, in Villas's Instruction of a Christian Woman, 1592, p. 98, and 99: "Let her [the mistress of the house] bee content with a maide not faire and wanton, that can sing a ballad with a clere voice, but sad, pale, and untrimmed." Steevens.
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
Heaven knows, they were bein'ard and over-stain'd
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both?
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jett with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impress
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased lion by the mortal paw,

A fast—

5 —so strong in both,] I believe the meaning is, love so strong
in both parties. Johnson.
Rather, in hatred and in love; in deeds of blood or amity. Henley.

6 —this kind regret?] A regret is an exchange of salutation. See vol. iii. p. 104. Steevens.

7 A cased lion——] All the modern editors read, a chafed lion.
I see little reason for change. A cased lion is a lion irritated by
confinement. So, in K. Henry VI. P. iii. act i. sc. 3:
"So looks the penitent lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws, &c.

F 4  The
KING JOHN.

A fasting tyger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phil. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'ft thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, ser'ft oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First-made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd?
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou swor't, is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself:
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss, when it is truly done?
And being not done, where doing tends to ill:
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mislook
Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
The author might, however, have written, a chased lion.

Casted, I believe, is the true reading. So, in Rowley's When you see Me you know Mr. 1632:
"The Lyon in his cage is not so serene
"As royal Henry in his wrathful spleene." Malone.

Is not amiss, when it is truly done?] This is the conclusion de travers. We should read:
Is yet amiss,—
The Oxford editor, according to his usual custom, will improve it further, and reads, most amiss. Warburton.
I rather read:
Is't not amiss, when it is truly done?
as the alteration is left, and the sense which Dr. Warburton first discovered, is preferred. Johnson.
The old copies read:
Is not amiss when it is truly done.
Pandulph having conjured the king to perform his first vow to heaven,—to be champion of the church,—tells him that what he has since sworn is sworn against himself, and therefore may not be performed by him: for that, says he, which you have sworn to do amiss is not amiss (i.e. becomes right when it is done truly)—(that is, as he explains it, not done at all) and being not done where it would be a sin to do it, the truth is most done when you do it not.
So, in Love's Labour's Lost:
"it is religion to be thus forsworn." Remarks.

Yet
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
But thou haft sworn against religion:

9 But thou haft sworn against religion, &c.] In this long speech,
the legate is made to shew his skill in casuistry; and the strange
heap of quibble and nonsense of which it consists, was intended to
ridicule that of the schools. For when he assumes the politician,
at the conclusion of the third act, the author makes him talk at
another rate. I mean in that beautiful passage where he speaks of
the mischiefs following the king's loss of his subjects hearts. This
conduct is remarkable, and was intended, I suppose, to shew us
how much better politicians the Roman couriers are, than divines.

Warburton.

I am not able to discover here any thing inconsequent or ridi-
culously subtle. The propositions, that the voice of the church is
the voice of heaven, and that the pope utters the voice of the church,
neither of which Pandiseph's auditors would deny, being once
granted, the argument here used is irresistible; nor is it caly, nor-
withstanding the gingle, to enforce it with greater brevity or
propriety:

But thou hast sworn against religion;

By what thou swearest, against the thing thou swearest:

And make an oath the surety for thy truth,
Against an oath the truth thou art unsure
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn.

By what. Sir T. Hanmer reads, by that I think it should be
rather by which. That is, thou swearest against the thing, by which
thou swearest; that is, against religion.

The most formidable difficulty is in these lines:

And make an oath the surety for thy truth,
Against an oath the truth thou art unsure
To swear, &c.

This Sir T. Hanmer reforms thus:

And make an oath the surety for thy truth,
Against an oath; this truth thou art unsure—
To swear, &c.

Dr. Warburton writes it thus:

Against an oath the truth thou art unsure—

which leaves the passage to me as obscure as before.

I know not whether there is any corruption beyond the omission
of a point. 'The sense, after I had considered it, appeared to me
only this: In swearing by religion against religion, to which thou

half
By which thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st;  
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth  
Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure  
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;  
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear  
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;  
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.  
Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,  
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:  
And better conquest never canst thou make,  
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts  
Against these giddy loose suggestions:  
Upon which better part our prayers come in,  
If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,  
The peril of our curses light on thee;  
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,  
But in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Faule. Will't not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,—

Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?

O husband, hear me!—aye, alack, how new

Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

hast already sworn, thou makest an oath the security for thy faith  
against an oath already taken. I will give, says he, a rule for con-  
science in these cases. Thou may'st be in doubt about the matter  
of an oath; when thou swearest thou may'st not be always sure to  
swear rightly, but let this be thy settled principle, swear only not  
to be forsworn; let not the latter oaths be at variance with the  
former.

Truth, through this whole speech, means: _rectitude of conduct._

Johnson.

Upon
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Conf. Oh, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Conf. That which upholdeth him that thee up-
holds,

His honour: Oh, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lewis. I mule, your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Philip. Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fall
from thee.

Conf. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O soul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within
this hour.

Faulc. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton
time,

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair day,
adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And, in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st loye;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.
KING JOHN.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—[Exit Faulconbridge.]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;  
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,  
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,  
The blood, and dearest valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phil. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn  
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:  
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms, let's hie!  

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A field of battle.

Alarums, excursions; enter Faulconbridge, with Austria's head.

Faulc. Now, by my life, this day grows wond'rous hot;  
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,

And

9 To arms, let's hie.] I would point thus:—To arms let's hie.—The proposition is, I believe, single. Let us be gone to arms!  

M. LONE.

1 Some airy devil—] We must read: Some fiery devil, if we will have the cause equal to the effect. Warburton.

There is no end of such alterations; every page of a vehement and negligent writer will afford opportunities for changes of terms, if mere propriety will justify them. Not that of this change the propriety is out of controversy. Dr. Warburton will have the devil fiery, because he makes the day hot; the author makes him airy, because he hovers in the sky, and the heat and mischief are natural consequences of his malignity. Johnson.

Shakespeare here probably alludes to the distinctions and divisions of some of the demonologists, so much read and regarded in his time.
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there; While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip, make up:  
My mother is affailed in our tent,  
And ta'en, I fear.

Faulc. My lord, I rescu'd her;  
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:  
But on, my liege; for very little pains  
Will bring this labour to an happy end.  

[Exeunt.

(time. They distributed the devils into different tribes and classes, each of which had its peculiar qualities, attributes, &c.

These are described at length in Burton's Anatomic of Melancholy, part i. sect. 2. p. 45. 1642:

"Of these sublunary devils, Ptellus makes six kinds; fiery, aerial, terrestrial, watery, and subterranean devils, besides those fairies, satyres, nymphes, &c."

"Fiery spirits or devils are such as commonly work by blazing flares, fire-drakes, and counterfeit funnes and moones, and fit on ship's masts, &c. &c."

"Aerial spirits or devils are such as keep quarter most part in the aire, cause many tempests, thunder and lightnings, teare oakes, fire steeples, houses, strike men and beasts, make it raine stones, &c. &c."

Percy.

There is a minute description of different devils or spirits, and their different functions, in Pierce Penniless his Supplication, 1592: With respect to the passage in question, take the following:

"—The spirits of the aire will mixe themselves with thunder and lightnings, and so infect the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainly great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants — the spirits of the fire have their mansions under the region of the moone."

Henderson.

Here Mr. Pope, without authority, adds from the old play already mentioned:

"Thus hath king Richard's son performed his vow,  
"And offer'd Austria's blood for sacrifice  
"Unto his father's ever-living soul." Steevens.

3 Philip] Here the king, who had knighted him by the name of Sir Richard, calls him by his former name. Mr. Tyrwhitt would read:

"Hubert, keep [thou] this boy, &c. Steevens.

SCENE
KING JOHN.

SCENE III.

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Re-enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,
[To Elinor.
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:
[To Arthur.
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.
Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.
K. John. Cousin, away for England; haste before:
[To Faulconbridge.
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace

Must

4 ——— the fat ribs of peace

Must by the hungry now, be fed upon.]
This word now seems a very idle term here, and conveys no satisfactory idea. An antithesis, and opposition of terms, is perpetual with our author, requires:

Must by the hungry now, be fed upon.

War, demanding a large expence, is very poetically said to be hungry, and to prey on the wealth and fat of peace. Warburton.

This emendation is better than the former, but yet not necessary. Sir T. Hanmer reads, hungry now, with less deviation from the common reading, but with not so much force or elegance as war. Johnson.

Either emendation is unnecessary. The hungry now is this hungry infant. Shakspeare perhaps uses the word now as a substantive; in Measure for Measure:

“—— till this very now,
“When men were fond, I smil’d and wonder’d how.”

Steevens.

This passage has, I think, been misunderstood, for want of a proper punctuation. There should be, I apprehend, a comma after the word hungry and now:

Must by the hungry now be fed upon.

i. e. by the hungry troops, to whom some share of this ecclesiastical
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Faulc. 5 Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me
back.

When gold and silver beck me to come on.
I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewel, gentle cousin.


Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[Exit. Faulc.

Eli. Taking him to one side of the stage.

cal spoil would naturally fall. The expression, like many other
of our author's, is taken from the sacred writings: ‘And there
he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for
habitation.’ 107th Psalm. —Again: ‘He hath filled the hun-
gry with good things, &c.’ St. Luke, i. 53.

This interpretation is supported by the passage in the old play,
which is here imitated:

‘Philip, I make thee chief in this affair;
‘Ransack their abbeys, cloysters, priories,
‘Convert their coin unto my soldiers' use.’

When I read this passage in the old play, the first idea that sug-
gested itself was, that a word had dropped out at the press, in the
controverted line, and that our author wrote:

Must by the hungry soldiers now be fed on.

But the punctuation above recommended renders any alteration
unnecessary. Malone.

5 Bell, book, and candle, &c.] In an account of the Romish curse
given by Dr. Grey, it appears that three candles were extinquish-
ed, one by one, in different parts of the execration. Johnson.

I meet with the same expression in Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks,
1611:

‘I'll have a priest shall mumble up a marriage
‘Without bell, book, or candle.’ Steevens.

In Archbishop Winchelsea's sentences of excommunication,
anno 1298, (see Johnson's Ecclesiastical Laws, vol. ii.) it is di-
rected that the sentence against infringers of certain articles should
be ‘—throughout explained in order in English, with bells tolling
and candles lighted, that it may cause the greater dread; for lay-
men have greater regard to this solemnity, than to the effect of
such sentences.’ See Dedley's Old Plays, vol. xii. p. 397, edit. 1780. Editor.

K. John.
KING JOHN.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
we owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
there is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
and with advantage means to pay thy love:
and, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
but I will fit it with some better time. 6
by heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
to say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:
but thou shalt have; and crepy time ne'er so slow,
yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
attended with the pleasures of the world;
is all too wanton, and too full of gawds 7,
to give me audience:—if the midnight bell
did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
sound on unto the drowsy race of night; 8

6 But I will fit it with some better time.] The first and second folio both read—tune; which, I think, can hardly be right.
We meet, however, in Macbeth:
"Mac. Went it not so?"
"Banq. To the self-lame tune and words." MALONE.
In the handwriting of Shakspere's age, the words time and tune are scarcely to be distinguished from each other. STEEVENS.
7 ——full of gawds,] Gawds are any showy ornaments. So, in the Dumb Knight, 1633:
"To caper in his grave, and with vain gawds
"Trick up his coffin." STEEVENS.
8 Sound on unto the drowsy race of night;) We should read:
Sound one.—WARBURTON.
I should suppose sound on (which is the reading of the old copy) to be the true one. The meaning seems to be this; if the midnight bell, by repeated strokes, was to hasten away the race of beings who are busy
KING JOHN.

If this fame were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possess'd with a thousand wrongs;

busy at that hour, or quicken night itself in its progress, the morning bell (that is, the bell that strikes one) could not, with strict propriety, be made the agent; for the bell has ceased to be in the service of night, when it proclaims the arrival of day. Sound on has a peculiar propriety, because by the repetition of the strokes at twelve, it gives a much more forcible warning than when it only strikes one.

Such was once my opinion concerning the old reading; but on re-consideration, its propriety cannot appear more doubtful to any one than to myself.

It is too late to talk of hastening the night when the arrival of the morning is announced; and I am afraid that the repeated strokes have left of solemnity than the single notice, as they take from the horror and awful silence here described as so propitious to the dreadful purposes of the king. Though the hour of one be not the natural midnight, it is yet the most solemn moment of the poetical one; and Shakspeare himself has chosen to introduce his Ghost in Hamlet:

"The bell then beating one."

Mr. Malone observes, "that one and on, are perpetually confounded in the old copies of our author." STEEVENS.

One and on seem in our author's time to have been pronounced alike. Hence the transcriber's ear might have been easily deceived.

That these words were sometimes pronounced in the same manner, appears from a quibbling passage in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:

"Speed. Sir, your glove.
"Valiant. Not mine; my gloves are on.
"Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

So, once was anciently written, as it was probably pronounced, on.

In Chaucer, and other old writers, one is usually written on. See the Glossary to the Canterbury Tales, Tyrwhitt's edition, 1775.

The instances that are found in the original editions of our author's plays, in which on is printed instead of one, are so numerous, that there cannot, in my apprehension, be the smallest doubt that the latter is the true reading in the line before us. Thus, in Coriolanus, edit. 1623:

"——This double worship,
"Where on past does disdain with cause, the other
"Inflict without all reason."

Again,
KING JOHN.

Or if that furly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep mens' eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
(A passion hateful to my purposes)
Or if that thou could'tt see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, 'using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of broad-ey'd 'watchful day,

Again, in Cymbeline, edit. 1623, p. 380:

"—Perchance he spake not,
"But like a full acorn'd boare, a Jarmen on, &c."

Again, in Romeo and Juliet, edit. 1623, p. 66:

"And thou and Romeo prefs on heviec bier."

Again, in The Comedy of Errors, edit. 1623, p. 98:

"On, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel."

Again, in All's Well that End's Well, edit. 1623: "A traveller
is a good thing after dinner,—but on that lies two thirds, &c."

Again, in Love's Labour's Lost, 4to. 1598:

"On, whom the musick of his own vain tongue—"

Again, ibid. edit. 1623:

"On, her hair were gold, chrysal the other's eyes."

I should not have produced so many passages to prove a fact, of
which no one can be ignorant, who has the slightest knowledge
of the early editions of these plays, had not the author of Remarks,
&c. on the last edition of Shakespeare asserted, (p. 238.) with that
modesty and accuracy which distinguishes his writings, that the foregoing
observation was made by one totally unacquainted with the
old copies, and that "it would be difficult to find a single instance"
in which on and one were confounded in those copies. —Malone.

9 ——using conceit alone.—Conceit here, as in many other
places, signifies conception, thought. See vol. vii. p. 89.

Malone.

[—broad-ey'd—] The old copy reads—brooded. Mrs
Pope made the alteration, which, however elegant, may be un-
necessary. All animals while brooded, i. e. with a brood of young
ones under their protection, are remarkable vigilant. The King
says of Hamlet:

"—something's in his soul

O'er which his melancholy fits at broods" Steevens.

Hub.
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know, thou would'st?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Doft thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.


Hub. My lord?


Hub. He shall not live.


I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee.

2 Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!

[Exeunt.

2 This is one of the scenes to which may be promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection, and time itself can take nothing from its beauties. Steevens.
Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandolph, and attendants.

K. Phil. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
A whole armado of collected sail  
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.  
K. Phil. What can go well, when we have run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?  
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?

A whole armado &c.] This similitude, as little as it makes for the purpose in hand, was, I do not question, a very taking one when the play was first represented; which was a winter or two at most after the Spanish invasion in 1588. It was in reference likewise to that glorious period that Shakspeare concludes his play in that triumphant manner:

"Thus England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror, &c."

But the whole play abounds with touches relative to the then posture of affairs.  
Warburton.

This play, so far as I can discover, was not played till a long time after the defeat of the armado. The old play, I think, wants this simile. The commentator should not have affirmed what he can only guess.  
Johnson.

Armado is a Spanish word signifying a fleet of war. The armado in 1588 was called so by way of distinction.  
Steevens.

2 of collected sail] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads—connivled.  
Steevens.

The true reading, I believe, is, connivled: u is constantly used in the folio for o; in the present instance one of the u's might have been turned upside down in the press, an accident which frequently happens. The words scattered and disjoued support this conjecture. Connivled, however, may be right, and might have meant subdued, destroyed, from the Latin participle conviuatus, or from the French convaincre. To convince is used, with equal licence, in the sense of to conquer:

"This malady convirces  
The great asly of art——" Macbeth.  
Malone.

And
KING JOHN.

And bloody England into England gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, spite of France?

Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd;
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd;
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example; Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phil. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phil. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance.

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death:—Oh amiable lovely death!

in so fierce a cause, We should read course, i. e. march.
The Oxford editor confides to this emendation.

Warburton.

A fierce cause is a cause conducted with precipitation. "Fierce wretchedness," in Timon, is, basly, sudden misery. Steevens.

a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit against her will;
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:] I think we should read earth. The passage seems to have been copied from Sir Thomas More: "If the body be to the soul a prison, how strait a prison maketh he the body, that slueth it with riff-raff; that the soul can have no room to stirre itself—but is, as it were, encloset not in a prison, but in a grave." Farmer.

Perhaps the old reading is justifiable. So in Measure for Measure:

"To be imprisoned in the violeus winds." Steevens.

No, I defy &c.] To defy anciently signified to refuse. See vol. ii. p. 93. Steevens.
KING JOHN.

Thou odoriferous stench! found rottenness! Arise forth from the couch of lasting night, Thou hate and terror to prosperity, And I will kiss thy defetable bones; And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows; And ring these fingers with thy household worms; And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust, And be a carrion monster like thyself; Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st, And buis thee as thy wife! Misery's love, Oh, come to me!

K. PHIL. Oh fair affliction, peace.

CONF. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth! Then with a passion would I shake the world; And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy, Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice, Which scorns a modern invocation.

6 And stop this gap of breath—] The gap of breath is the mouth; the outlet from whence the breath issues. MALONE.

7 And buis thee as thy wife!] Thus the old copy. The word bus, however, being now only used in vulgar language, our modern editors have exchanged it for kiss. The former is used by Drayton in the 5th canto of his Barons' Wars, where queen Isabel says:

"And we by signs sent many a secret kiss."

Again, in Spenser's Faery Queen, b. iii. c. 10:

"But every satyre first did give a kiss.
To Hellenore; so kisses did abound."

Again, Stanyhurst the translator of Virgil, 1582, renders

"—oocula libavit nata—

"Kiss his prittye parrat prating &c." STEEVENS.

8 O that my tongue &c.] So, in The Petite Palace of Pleasure, 4to. bl. l. "O that my mouth could cause my wordes to mount above the skyes to make the Gods bend down their eyes."

HENDERSON.

9 —modern invocation.] It is hard to say what Shakespeare means by modern: it is not opposed to ancient. In All's Well that ends Well, speaking of a girl in contempt, he uses this word: "her modern grace." It apparently means something slight and inconsiderable. JOHNSON.

Modern, I believe, is trite, common. See vol. iv. p. 150.

STEEVENS.

Pand. 
KING JOHN.

Pam. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Confl. 1 Thou art unholy to belie me so;
I am not mad;—this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
For then 'tis like I should forget myself:
Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son;
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phil. 2 Bind up those tresses: Oh, what love I
note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends;
Do glew themselves in social grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Confl. To England, if you will.

1 Thou art unholy——] The old copy has:
Thou art holy——

Rowe reads:
"Thou art not holy to believe me so." MALONE.

2 Bind up those tresses——] It was necessary that Constance
should be interrupted, because a passion so violent cannot be borne
long. I with the following speeches had been equally happy;
but they only serve to shew, how difficult it is to maintain the
pathetic long. JOHNSON.

3 ——wiry friends] The old copy reads, wiry fiends. Wiry
is an adjective used by Heywood in his Silver Age, 1613:
"My vaillal furies, with their wiry strings,
"Shall lath thee hence." STEEVENS.
K. Phil. Bind up your hairs.

Cons. Yes, that I will; And wherefore will I do it? I tore them from their bonds; and cry’d aloud,

Ob that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!

But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,

That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;

For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday suspiros,

There was not such a gracious creature born.

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,

And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague’s fit;

And so he’ll die; and, rising so again,

When I shall meet him in the court of heaven

I shall not know him: therefore never, never

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Cons. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Cons. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;

4 — but yesterday suspiros, ] To suspiros in Shakspere, I believe, only means to breathe. So, in K. Henry IV. P. II:

"Did he suspiros; that light and weightless down

"Perforce must move." STEEVES.

5 — a gracious creature born.] Gracious, i. e. graceful. See vol. i. p. 199. STEEVES.

6 Grief fills the room up of my absent child,]

"Perfruitur lachrymis et amat pro conjugue lacustum." Lucan, lib. ix.

A French poet, Maynard, has the same thought:

"Mon deuil me plaist et me doit toujours plaire,

"Il me tient lieu de celle que je plains." MALONE.

Puts
KING JOHN.

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: 7 had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[Tearing off her head-dress.

When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! [Exit.

K. Phil. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[Exit.

Lewis. There's nothing in this world, can make
me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all shew evil:
What have you loft by losing of this day?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange, to think how much king John hath loft

7 had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort——]
This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever
cannot help himself calms his eyes on others for assistance, and often
mistakes their inability for coldness. JOHNSON.

8 There's nothing in this &c.] The young prince feels his defeat
with more sensibility than his father. Shame operates most
strongly in the earlier years; and when can disgrace be less welcome
than when a man is going to his bride? JOHNSON.
KING JOHN.

In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lewis. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak, with a prophetic Spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, of one quiet breath of rest:
A fleeter, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lewis. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lewis. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. 9 How green you are, and fresh in this old world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you:
For he, that steep's his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That none so small advantage shall step forth,

9 Howe green &c.] Hall in his Chronicle of Richard III. says,
"—what neede in that grene worlde the protector had &c."

Henderson.

1 —true blood,] The blood of him that has the just claim.

Johnson.

The expression seems to mean no more than innocent blood in general. Remarks.
KING JOHN.

To check his reign, but they will cherish it:
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No escape of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lewis. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ranfacking the church,
Offending charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,

2 No escape of nature.—] The author very finely calls a monstrous birth, an escape of nature. As if it were produced while she was busy elsewhere, or intent on some other thing. But the Oxford editor will have it, that Shakespeare wrote:
No shape of nature. ——— WARBURTON.

The old copy reads: —No scope, &c. STEEVES.

The word abortives in the latter part of this speech, referring apparently to these escapes of nature, confirms the emendation of the old copy that has been made. MALONE.

3 ——they would be as a call——] The image is taken from the manner in which birds are caught; one being placed for the purpose of drawing others to the net, by his note or call.

M A L O N E.

4 Or, as a little snow.—] Bacon, in his History of Henry VII. speaking of Simnel's march, observes, that "their snow-ball did not gather as it went." JOHNSON.

G 4

Anon
KING JOHN.

Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent:
Now that their souls are top-full of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lewis. Strong reasons make strong actions: Let
us go;
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

England.

Northampton. A room in the castle.

Enter Hubert, and executioners.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou
stand
Within the arras; when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair; be heedful: hence, and watch,

Exe. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruple! Fear not you: look
to't.—[Exeunt executioners.
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Artb. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Artb. As little prince (having so great a title

---strong actions:---] The oldest copy reads: ---strong actions:--- the folio 1632: ---strong. Steevens.
KING JOHN.

To be more prince) as may be. — You are sad.

Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body should be sad, but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
"Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sdden, and dispatch. [Aside.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur—— [Shewing a paper.
How now, foolish rheum! [Aside.

"Young gentlemen &c.] It should seem that this affection had
found its way into England, as it is ridiculed by Ben Jonson in the
character of Master Stephen in Every Man in his Humour. Again,
in Beaumont and Fletcher's Queen of Corinth, Onos says:
"Come let's be melancholy."
Again, in Lilly's Midas, 1692: "Melancholy! is melancholy a
word for a barber's mouth? Thou should't say, heavy, dull, and
doth: melancholy is the creft of courtiers, and now every base
companion, &c. says he is melancholy." Again, in the Life and
Death of the Lord Cromwell, 1632:
"My nobility is wonderful melancholy.
"Is it not most gentleman like to be melancholy?"

STEEVENS.

Lilly, in his Midas, ridicules the affection of melancholy:
"Now every base companion, being in his mable fables, says, he
is melancholy.—Thou should't say thou art lumpish. If thou en-
croach on our courtly terms, wecele trounce thee." FARMER.

Turning
Turning dispitceous torture out of door?
I must be brief; left resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did
but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The belt I had, a princefs wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon chear’d up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man’s son would have lain still,
And ne’er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning: Do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas’d that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?
Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And

7 Turning dispitceous torture out of door?] For torture sir T. Haumer reads nature, and is followed, I think, without necessity, by Dr. Warburton. Johnson.
8 would drink my tears,
And quench this fiery indignation,]
And quench this fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer’d iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ’d him; no tongue, but Hubert’s.

[Hubert stamps, and the men enter.]
Hub. Come forth; do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out.

These last words are taken from the Bible. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, we read—“a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation.” ch. x. v. 27. Whalley.

9 I would not have believ’d a tongue but Hubert’s.] Thus Mr. Pope found the line in the old editions. According to this reading it is supposed that Hubert had told him, he would not put out his eyes; for the angel who says he would, is brought in as contradicting Hubert. Mr. Theobald, by what authority I don’t know, reads:

I would not have believ’d him: no tongue, but Hubert’s.

which is spoiling the measure, without much mending the sense. Shakespeare, I am persuaded, wrote:

I would not have believ’d a tongue but Hubert;

i.e. abate, disparage. The blunder seems to have arisen thus: but signifies except, saving; so the transcribers, taking it in this sense, substituted the more usual word but in its place. My alteration greatly improves the sense, as implying a tenderness of affection for Hubert; the common reading, only an opinion of Hubert’s veracity; whereas the point here was to win upon Hubert’s pawsions, which could not be better done than by shewing affection towards him. Warburton.

I do not see why the old reading may not stand. Mr. Theobald’s alteration, as we find, injures the measure, and Dr. Warburton’s corrupts the language, and neither can be said much to mend the sense. Johnson.

Mr. Theobald’s reading is the reading of the old copy. I have therefore restored it.

—— rivatur de lana spec. caprina.

Shakespeare very probably meant the last line to have been broken off imperfectly; thus:

I would not have believ’d him: no tongue, but Hubert’s——
The old reading is, however, sense. Steevens.

Even
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boistrous-rough? I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound! Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.
Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart;—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a moth in
yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious fenfe!
Then, feeling what small things are boistrous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your
tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!

9 Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue.] This is according
so nature. We imagine no evil so great as that which is near us.

JOHNSON.

Lo,
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* 'No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with
  grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this frame very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports,
And, pretty child, sleep doubtles's, and secure,

1 *No, in good sooth; &c.*] The sense is: *the fire, being created*
*not to hurt, but to comfort, is dead with grief for finding itself used*
*in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have not deserved.*

2 *There is no malice in this burning coal;*] [Dr. Grey says, "that*
*no malice in a burning coal" is certainly absurd, and that we should*
*read :

"There is no malice burning in this coal." *Steevans.*

That
KING JOHN.

That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: 'Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The court of England.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. * This once again, but that your highness
pleas'd,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stain'd with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
 To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue

7 Go closely in with me:] i.e. secretly, privately. So, in
Albumazar, 1610. act iii. sc. 1.

"I'll entertain him here, mean while, fiscal you

Closely into the room, &c.

Again, in The Atheist's Tragedy 1612, act iv. sc. 1:

"Enter Frisco closely."

Again, in Sir Henry Wotton's Parallel:

"That when he was free from restraint, he should closely take
an out lodging at Greenwich." Editor.

8 This once again,—was once superfluous:] This one time more
was one time more than enough. Johnson.
It should be remembered that King John was at present crowned
for the fourth time. Steven.

9 To guard a title that was rich before,] To guard, is to fringe.

Johnson.

Unto
King John.

Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale now told;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unreasonnable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes found opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness:
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness
To over-bear it; and we are all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

1 They do confound their skill in covetousness: i. e. Not by their avarice, but in an eager emulation, an intense desire of excelling; as in Henry V: “But if it be a sin to covet honours,” Theobald.

2 Than did the fault — — —
Fault means blench: Steevens.

3 Must make a stand — — — The only authentick ancient copy reads:
Doth make a stand.

The change, I suppose, was made, because it was thought that all required a plural verb; but all here signifies the whole. Since the whole, and each particular part, of our wishes, doth make a stand &c. The old reading therefore may remain. Malone.

E. John.
KING JOHN.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have posses’d you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong (when lefser is my fear) *
I shall endue you with: Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform’d, that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your request.

Pemb. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
To found the purposes of all their hearts)
Both for myself and them (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies) heartily requent
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—

6 If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears (which, as they say, attend

The

3 Some reasons of this double coronation
I have posses’d you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong (the lesser is my fear)
I shall endue you with: ]

The present text is given according to Theobald, whose reading I
cannot understand, though the true one is obvious enough:

5 To found the purposes— To declare, to publish the desires of
all these. Johnson.

6 If what in rest you have — The argument, I think, re-
quires that we should read:
If what in rest you have, in right you hold not.
The word not might have dropped out at the press. If this was
not the case, and the old reading be the true one, there ought to
be a note of interrogation after the word exercise, at the end of

Steevens.
The steps of wrong should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance; and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise:
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on your depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter Hubert:

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?
Pemb. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe; 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience;
the sentence; so that the meaning might be—If you are entitled to
what you now quietly possesst, why then should your fears move you, &c.

MALONE.

Perhaps we should read:

If what in wrest you have, in right you hold.—
i. e. if what you possesst by an act of seizure or violence, &c.

So again, in this play:

The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Wrest is a substantive used by Spenser, and by our author in
Troilus and Cressida. STEEVENS.

6 good exercise: ] In the middle ages the whole education
of princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises, &c.
These could not be easily had in a prison, where mental improve-
ments might have been afforded as well as any where else; but this
fort of education never entered into the thoughts of our active,
warlike, but illiterate nobility. PERCY.

7 Between his purpose and his conscience.] Between his conscions
not of guilt, and his design to conceal it by fair professions.

JOHNSON.

VOL. V.

H

Like
KING JOHN.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have posses'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong (when leffer is my fear)*
I shall endue you with: Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pemb. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
5 To found the purpoises of all their hearts)
Both for myself and them (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies) heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
6 If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears (which, as they say, attend

3 Some reasons of this double coronation
I have posses'd you with, and think them strong:
And more, more strong (the leffer is my fear)
I shall endue you with: ————.
I have told you some reasons, in my opinion strong, and shall tell
more yet stronger; for the stronger my reasons are, the less is my fear
of your disapprobation. This seems to be the meaning. JOHNSON.

4 And more, more strong, (the leffer is my fear)
I shall endue you with: ————.
The first folio reads:
———(then leffer is my fear)
The present text is given according to Theobald, whose reading I
cannot understand, though the true one is obvious enough:
———(when leffer is my fear) TYRWHITT.
I have done this reading the justice to place it in the text.

5 To found the purpoises——] To declare, to publish the desires of
all thofe. JOHNSON.

6 If what in rest you have ———] The argument, I think, re-
quires that we should read:
If what in rest you have, in right you hold not.—
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not the case, and the old reading be the true one, there ought to
be a note of interrogation after the word exercife, at the end of

The
KING JOHN.

The steps of wrong) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance; and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise:
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
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Than whereupon our weal, on your depending,
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He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
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of princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises, &c.
These could not be easily had in a prison, where mental improvements
might have been afforded as well as any where else; but this
form of education never entered into the thoughts of our active,
warlike, but illiterate nobility. Percy.

7 Between his purpose and his conscience.] Between his conscious-
ness of guilt, and his design to conceal it by fair professions.

JOHNSON.
LIKE HERALDS, 'TWIXT TWO DREADFUL BATTLES SET:  
HIS PASSION IS SO RIPE, IT NEEDS MUST BREAK.

Pemb. And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
THE SOUL CORRUPTION OF A SWEET CHILD'S DEATH.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—
GOOD LORDS, ALTHOUGH MY WILL TO GIVE IS LIVING,
THE SWEET WHICH YOU DEMAND IS GONE AND DEAD;
HE TELLS US, ARTHUR IS DECEASE'D TO-NIGHT.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.
Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
BEFORE THE CHILD HIMSELF FELT HE WAS SICK:
THIS MUST BE ANSWER'D, EITHER HERE, OR HENCE.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on
me?

Think you, I bear the sheers of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it;—
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.
Pemb. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [Exeunt.

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

9 Like heralds, 'twixt two dreadful battles set:] But heralds are
not planted, I presume, in the midst betwixt two lines of battle;
though they, and trumpets, are often sent over from party to
party, to propose terms, demand a parley, &c. I have therefore
ventured to read, sent. Theobald.

This Dr. Warburton has followed without much advantage;
set is not fixed, but only placed; heralds must be set between
battles, in order to be sent between them. Johnson.

1 And, when it breaks,———] This is but an indelicate meta-
phor, taken from an impollhumated tumour. Johnson.
KING JOHN.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?

Melf. From France to England:—Never such a power.
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them:
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care;
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Melf. My liege, her ear
Is stop't with dust; the first of April, dy'd
Your noble mother; And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue.
I idly heard, if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France?
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That, thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

Melf. Under the Dauphin.

2 From France to England.—[ The king asks how all goes in France, the messenger catches the word goes, and answers, that whatever is in France goes now into England. Johnson.

3 O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept?

So, in Macbeth:

"Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dreft yourself? hath it slept since?" Steevens.

H 2

Enter
Enter Faulconbridge and Peter of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Faulc. But, if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Faulc. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Posset'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhimes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst
thou say so?

Peter. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,
[Exit Hubert with Peter.
Hear'lt thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

* Deliver him to safety.———] That is, Give him into safe custody. JOHNSON.
KING JOHN

Faulc. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire)
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Faulc. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.—
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of flour invasion!—
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faulc. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[Exit.

Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mes. With all my heart, my liege. [Exit.

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night:

---five moons were seen to-night, &c.] This incident is mentioned by few of our historians; I have met with it no where but in Matthew of Westminster and Polydore Virgil, with a small alteration. These kind of appearances were more common about that time, than either before or since. Grey.

This incident is likewise mentioned in the spurious copy of the play. Steevens.
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he, that speaks, doth grip the hearer's wrist;
While he, that hears, makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus;
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste

Had

4 —— slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet)]

I know not how the commentators understand this important passage, which in Dr. Warburton's edition is marked as eminently beautiful, and on the whole, not without justice. But Shakespeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frightened or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems to be disturbed by the disorder which he describes.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson forgets that ancient slippers might possibly be very different from modern ones. Scott in his Discoverie of Witchcraft tells us: "He that receiveth a mischance, will consider, whether he put not on his shirt the wrong side outwards, or his left shoe on his right foot." One of the jests of Scogan by Andrew Borde, is how he defrauded two shoemakers, one of a right foot boot, and the other of a left foot one. And Davies in one of his epigrams, compares a man to "a lost-knit hose: that serves each leg."
KING JOHN.

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hast none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did not you provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Ist foote. Then when his master sawe all his lether cut for the
2nd foote, then 'asked he Howleglas if there belonged not to the
3rd foote a righthe foote. Then sayd Howleglas to his maister, If that
he had tolde that to me before, I would have cut them, but an it
plea' you I shall cut as mani right fornone unto them." STEEVENS.

See Martin's Description of the Western Islands of Scotland, 1703,
p. 207: "The generality now only wear shoes having one thin
sole only, and shaped after the right and left foot, so that what is for
one foot will not serve the other." The meaning seems to be,
that the extremities of the shoes were not round or square, but
were cut in an oblique angle, or aflat from the great toe to the
little one. See likewise, the Philosophical Transactions abridged,
vol. iii. p. 432, and vol. vii. p. 23, where are exhibited shoes
and sandal shaped to the feet, spreading more to the outside
than the inside. TOLLET.

It is the curse of kings, &c.] This plainly hints at Davison's
case, in the affair of Mary queen of Scots, and so must have been
inferred long after the first representation. WARBURTON.

That the allusion mentioned by Dr. Warburton, was intended
by Shakespeare, is highly probable.—But why need we suppose
this passage added after the piece was finished? The queen of
Scots was beheaded in 1587, some years, according to the best
account, before our author had produced any play on the stage.

MALONE.

H4

Hub.
King John.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven
and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done? Hadesst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted 6, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhor'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head 7, or made
a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face;
Or bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:

6 Quoted—i. e. observed, distinguish'd. See Vol. i. p. 168.
7 Hadst thou but shook thy head, &c.] There are many touches
of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man en-
gaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer
the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hu-
bert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind
swelling with consciousness of a crime, and defirous of discharging
its misery on another.

This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn ab iphis receffibus
mentis, from the intimate knowledge of mankind, particularly
that line in which he says, that to have bid him tell his tale in ex-
press words, would have struck him dumb; nothing is more certain,
than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves,
palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide
themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subter-
fuges. Johnson.
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav’d,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin’s death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I’ll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never entered yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,

And

The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,) Nothing can be
taller than what Hubert here says in his own vindication; yet it
was the poet’s purpose that he should speak truth; for we find,
from a preceding scene, the motion of a murderous thought had en-
tered into him, and that very deeply; and it was with difficulty
that the tears, the entreaties, and the innocence of Arthur had
diverted and suppressed it. Nor is the expression, in this reading,
at all exact, i it not being the necessary quality of a murderous
thought to be dreadful, affrighting, or terrible: for it being com-
monly excited by the flattering views of interest, pleasure, or re-
venge, the mind is often too much taken up with those ideas to at-
tend, steadily, to the consequences. We must conclude therefore
that Shakespeare wrote:

——— a murderer’s thought.

And this makes Hubert speak truth, as the poet intended he should.
He had not committed the murder, and consequently the motion
of a murderer’s thought had never entered his bosom. And in this
reading, the epithet dreadful is admirably just, and in nature.
For after the perpetration of the fact, the appetites, that hurried
their owner to it, lose their force; and nothing succeeds to take
possession of the mind, but a dreadful consciousness, that torments
the murderer without respite or intermission. Warburton.

I do
KING JOHN.

And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A street before a prison.

Enter Arthur on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This sprite-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,

I do not see any thing in this change worth the vehemence with which it is recommended. Read the line either way, the sense is nearly the same, nor does Hubert tell truth in either reading when he charges John with flandering his form. He that could once intend to burn out the eyes of a captive prince, had a mind not too fair for theruled form. JOHNSON.

9 The spurious play is divided into two parts, the first of which concludes with the king's dispatch of Hubert on this message; the second begins with "Enter Arthur, &c," as in the following scene. STEEVENS.

I'll
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[Leaps down.
Oh me! my uncle’s spirit is in these stones:
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

[Dies.

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund’s-Bury;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pemb. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me, of the Dauphin’s love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather then set forward: for ’twill be
Two long days’ journey, lords, or e’er we meet.*

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Once more to-day well met, distemper’d
lords!
The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal.

* Whose private &c.] i. e. whose private account of the Dauphin’s affection to our cause, is much more ample than the letters.

Pope.

**—— or e’er we meet.] This phrase, so frequent in our old writers, is not well understood. Or is here the same as ere, i. e. before, and should be written (as it is still pronounced in Shropshire) ore. There the common people use it often. Thus, they say, Ore to-morrow, for ere or before to-morrow. The addition of ever, or e’er, is merely augmentative.

That or has the full sense of before; and that e’er when joined with it is merely augmentative, is proved from innumerable passages in our ancient writers, wherein or occurs simply, without e’er, and must bear that signification. Thus, in the old tragedy of Master Arden of Feversham, 1599, quarto, (attributed by some, though falsely, to Shakespeare) the wife says:

** He
KING JOHN.

Sal. The king hath disposessed'd himself of us; We will not line his thin besmeared cloak With our pure honours, nor attend the foot That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks: Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

Fault. What e'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Fault. But there is little reason in your grief.
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

Pemb. Sir, sir, impatience hath its privilege.

Fault. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison: What is he lies here?

[Seeing Arthur.

Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty! The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done, Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Bigot. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to the grave, Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? You have beheld.

Or

"He shall be murdered or the guests come in."

Sig. H. B. III. PERCY.

So, in All for Money, an old Morality, 1574:

"I could sit in the cold a good while I swear,

"Or I would be weary such suitors to hear."

Again, in Every Man, another Morality, no date:

"As, or we departe, thou shalt know."

Again, in the interlude of the Disobedient Child, black letter, no date:

"To send for victuals or I came away."

That or should be written ore, I am by no means convinced. The vulgar pronunciation of a particular county, ought not to be received as a general guide. Ere is nearer the Saxon primitive, ap.

STEEVENS.

3 —— reason now. To reason, in Shakespeare, is not so often to argue, as to talk. JOHNSON.

4 You have beheld &c.] So both the folios, and I think, rightly.
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,
Prevented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pemb. All murders past do stand excus'd in this:
And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sins of time;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.

Faulk. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue;
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to this breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow 4;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
'Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge 5.

the sense being clearly, if you had not beheld, (as you do) could
you have credited, &c. Late editions read—Have you beheld &c.

Henderson.

4 ——— a holy vow:

Never to taste the pleasures of the world;

This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of superstition and
chivalry. Johnson.
KING JOHN.


Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I'm hot with haste in seeking you: Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.
Sal. Oh, he is bold, and blushes not at death:—Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Must I rob the law? [Drawing his sword.
Faulc. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.
Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.
Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,

5—the worship of revenge.] The worship is the dignity; the
honour. We still say worshipful of magistrates. Johnson.

*Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.]

I think it should be—a glory to this head—Pointing to the dead
prince, and using the word worship in its common acceptation. A

glory is a frequent term:

"Round a quaker's beaver call a glory,"
fays Mr. Pope: the solemn confirmation of the other lords seems
to require this sense. The late Mr. Gray was much pleased with
this correction. Farmer.

The old reading seems right to me, and means—'till I have
famed and renowned my own hand by giving it the honour of revenge
for so foul a deed. Glory means splendor and magnificence in Saint
Matthew, iv. 29. So in Markham's Husbandry, 1631, p. 353:

"But if it be where the tide is scant, and doth no more but bring
the river to a glory," i.e. fills the banks without overflowing. So,
in act ii. sc. 2. of this play:

"Oh, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in."

A thought almost similar to the present, occurs in Ben Jonson's
Cataline, who, act iv. sc. 4.: says to Cethegus: "When we
meet again we'll sacrifice to liberty. Cet. And revenge. That
we may praise our hands once!"
i.e. Oh! that we may set a glory, or procure honour and praise,
to our hands, which are the instruments of action. Tollet.
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;  
Left I, by marking of your rage, forget  
Your worth, your greatness and nobility.

Bigot. Out, dunghill! dar'ft thou brave a nobleman?  
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend  
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;  
Yet, I am none: Whose tongue so'er speaks false,  
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.

Fauc. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you, Faulconbridge.

Fauc. Thou wert better gaul the devil, Salisbury:  
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,  
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;  
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,  
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Bigot. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?  
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Bigot. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:  
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep  
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
For villainy is not without such rheum;  
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem

--- true defence;] Honest defence; defence in a good cause.  
JOHNSON.

7 Do not prove me so;  
Yet, I am none:—]  
Do not make me a murderer by compelling me to kill you; I am  
bitherto not a murderer. JOHNSON.

8—your toasting-iron.] The same thought is found in K.  
Hen. V: "I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine  
iron. It is a simple one, but what though? it will toast cheese."  
STEEVENS.
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly favours of this slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this finell of sin.

_Bigot._ Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!
_Pemb._ There, tell the king, he may enquire us out.

[Exeunt lords.

_Faule._ Here's a good world!—Knew you of this
fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

_Hub._ Do but hear me, sir.

_Faule._ Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd so black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

_Hub._ Upon my foul,—

_Faule._ If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or, would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to fizzle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.

_Hub._ If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,

9 There is not yet, &c.] I remember once to have met with a
book, printed in the time of Henry VIII. (which Shakspere possibly might have seen) where we are told that the deformity of the condemned in the other world is exactly proportioned to the degrees of their guilt. The author of it observes how difficult it would be, on this account, to distinguish between Belzebub and Judas Iscariot. Steevens.
KING JOHN.

Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Faul. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz’d, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy doft thou take all England up!
From forth this morzel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug, and scramble, and to part by the teeth
The un-owed interest ¹ of proud-swelling state.
Now, for the bare-pick’d bone of majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarlth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)
The imminent decay of wrested pomp ².
How happy he, whose cloak and cincture ³ can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I’ll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [Exeunt.

¹ The un-owed interest—— i.e. the interest which has no proper owner to claim it. STEVENS.
² The imminent decay of wrested pomp.] Wrested pomp is greatness obtained by violence. JOHNSON.
³ — and cincture——] The old copy reads—center, probably for cincture. Fr. STEVENS.
KING JOHN.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Court of England.

Enter King John, Pandulph, and attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand The circle of my glory. [Giving up the crown.

Pand. Take again From this my hand, as holding of the pope, Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French; And from his holiness use all your power To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd. Our discontented counties do revolt; Our people quarrel with obedience; Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul, To stranger blood, to foreign royalty. This inundation of mistemper'd humour Rests by you only to be qualify'd. Then pause not; for the present time's so sick, That present medicine must be ministred, Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up, Upon your stubborn usage of the pope: But, since you are a gentle convertite, My tongue shall hush again this storm of war, And make fair weather in your blustering land. On this Ascension-day, remember well, Upon your oath of service to the pope, Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [Exit.

*4 a gentle convertite.] A convertite is a convert. So, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"No, governour, I'll be no convertite." STEEVENS.

K. John.
KING JOHN.

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet say, that, before Ascension-day at noon, my crown I should give off? Even so I have: I did suppose, it should be on constraint; but, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out, but Dover castle: London hath receiv'd, like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers: your nobles would not hear you, but are gone to offer service to your enemy; and wild amazement hurries up and down the little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again, after they heard young Arthur was alive?

Faulc. They found him dead, and cast into the streets; an empty casket, where the jewel of life, by some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

Faulc. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew. But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad? be great in act, as you have been in thought; let not the world see fear, and fad distrust, govern the motion of a kingly eye: be stirring as the time; be fire with fire; threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes, that borrow their behaviours from the great, grow great by your example, and put on the dauntless spirit of resolution. Away; and glister like the god of war, when he intendeth to become the field: shew boldness, and aspiring confidence. What, shall they seek the lion in his den? and fright him there; and make him tremble there?
KING JOHN.

Oh, let it not be said!—Forage, and run;
To meet displeasure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Faulc. Oh inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Infusion; parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd filken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike foil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Faulc. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.   [Exeunt.

SCENE

5 —Forage, and run] To forage is here used in its original sense, for to range abroad. JOHNSON.

6 Mocking the air with colours——] He has the same image in Macbeth:

"Where the Norwegian banners float the sky,
"And fan our people cold." JOHNSON.

From these two passages, Mr. Grey seems to have formed the first stanza of his celebrated ode:

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
"Confusion on thy banners wait!
"Though fan'd by conquest's crimson wing,
"They mock the air in idle state." MALONE.

7 Away then, with good courage; yet I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.]
Let us then away with courage; yet I do well know the faintness of our party, that I think it may easily happen that they shall encounter enemies who have more spirit than themselves. JOHNSON. Dr.
KING JOHN.

SCENE II.

The Dauphin’s camp at St. Edmund’s-Bury.

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lewis. My lord Melun, let this be copied out, and keep it safe for our remembrance: return the precedent to these lords again; that, having our fair order written down, both they, and we, perusing o’er these notes, may know wherefore we took the sacrament, and keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sol. Upon our sides it never shall be broken. And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear a voluntary zeal, and an unurg’d faith, to your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince, I am not glad that such a sore of time should seek a plaister by contemn’d revolt.

Dr. Johnson is, I believe, mistaken. Faulconbridge means; for all their boasting I know very well that our party is able to cope with one yet prouder and more confident of its strength than theirs. Faulconbridge would otherwis’ dispirit the king, whom he means to animate. STEEVENS.

—at St. Edmund’s-Bury. I have ventur’d to fix the place of the scene here, which is specified by none of the editors, on the following authorities. In the preceding act, where Salisbury has fixed to go over to the Dauphin; he says:

Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmund’s-Bury.

And count Melun, in this last act, says:

—and many more with me,

Upon the altar at St. Edmund’s-Bury;

Even on that altar, where we swore to you.

Dear amity, and everlasting love.

And it appears likewise from The Troublesome Reign of King John, in two parts, (the first rough model of this play), that the interchange of vows betwixt the Dauphin and the English barons, was at St. Edmund’s-Bury. THEOBALD.

—the precedent, &c. i.e. the original treaty between the Dauphin and the English lords. STEEVENS.

I 3.

And
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many! Oh, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; oh, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

*Lewis.* A noble temper dost thou shew in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
Oh, what a noble combat haft thou fought,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect!*

*And grapple thee, &c.*] The old copy reads: *And cripple thee, &c.* Perhaps our author wrote *grippe,* a word used by Drayton in his *Poliphili,* song 1:

"That thrills his grippe hand into her golden maw."

**Steevens.**

*Between compulsion, and a brave respect!*] This compulsion was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, according to Salisbury's opinion (who, in his speech preceding, calls it an *enforced*
KING JOHN:

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend thee waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—Io, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your finew to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulph, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:—
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
And on our actions let the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,

forced can't? could only be procured by foreign arms: and the
brave respect was the love of his country. Yet the Oxford editor,
for compassion, reads compassion. WARBURTON.

— an angel spake: Sir T. HAMNER, and after him Dr.
Warburton read here: — an angel speeds. I think unnecessarily.
The Dauphin does not yet hear the legate indeed, nor pretend to
hear him; but seeing him advance, and concluding that he comes
to animate and authorize him with the power of the church, he
cries out, at the sight of this holy man, I am encouraged as by the
voice of an angel. JOHNSON.

I 4

That
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in shew.

Lewis. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be property'd,
To be a secondary at controul,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns? 4

4 —— as I have bank'd their towns?] Bank'd their towns may mean, thrown up entrenchments before their towns.
The spurious play of K. John, however, leaves this interpretation extremely disputable. It appears from thence that these salutations
KING JOHN. 121

Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play’d for a crown?
And shall I now give o’er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lewis. Outside or inside, I will not return
’Till my attempt so much be glorify’d
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull’d these fiery spirits from the world,
To out-look conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[Trumpet sounds.

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter Faulconbridge, attended.

Faulc. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he’ll not lay down his arms.

Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breath’d,
The youth says well:—Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar’d; and reason too, he should:

Intimations were given to the Dauphin as he failed along the banks
of the river. This I suppose Shakspere calls baking the towns.

Echo apace replied, Vive le roy!

From thence along the wanton rolling glade,
To Troynovant, your fair metropolis.

We still say to coast and to flank; and to bank has no less of
propriety, though it is not reconciled to us by modern usage.

Skevans.
This
KING JOHN.

This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sawciness, and boyish troops;
The king doth smite at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch ⁵;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;

5 This unheard of sawciness, and boyish troops.] Thus the printed copies in general; but unheard is an epithet of very little force or meaning here; besides, let us observe how it is coupled. Faulconbridge is sneering at the Dauphin's invasion, as an unadvised enterprise, favouring of youth and indiscretion; the result of childishness, and unthinking rashness; and he seems altogether to dwell on this character of it, by calling his preparation boyish troops, dwarfish war, pigmy arms, &c. which, according to my emendation, is very well with unhair'd, i.e. unbearded sawciness.

Theobald.

Yet another reading might be recommended:

This unair'd sawciness,—
i.e. untravelled rudeness. In this sense the word is used in the
Queen of Corinth, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—'tis a main posture,
And to all unair'd gentlemen will betray you."

Again, in the Winter's Tale: "—though I have been, for the most part, aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones, &c."

Steevens.

6 —— take the batch;] To take the batch, is to leap the batch.
To take a hedge or a ditch is the hunter's phrase. Steevens.

So, in Mafiinger's Fatal Dourey, 1632 :
"I look about and neigh, take hedge and ditch,
"Feed in my neighbour's pastures." Malone.

And
And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,
To soule annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate: revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb.
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale-vilag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,
Their needls to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant, thou canst out-scold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Fault. No, I will speak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither:—
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Fault. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: Do, but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead fits

---like an eagle o'er his aery towers,] An aery is the nest of an eagle. See vol. vii. p. 35. Steevens.
8 Their needl's to lances,——] Here we should read needls, as in the Midsummer Night's Dream.

"Have with our needls created both one flower:"
Fairfax has the same contraction of the word. Steevens.

A bare-
KING JOHN.

A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.
Faulc. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[Execunt.

SCENE III.

A field of battle.

Alarums. Enter King John, and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? oh, tell me, Hubert.
Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?
K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; Oh, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Defires your majesty to leave the field;
And send him word by me, which way you go.
K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mef. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard; but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.
K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [Execunt.

9—Richard—] Sir Richard Faulconbridge;—and yet the
king a little before (act iii. sc. 2.) calls him by his original name
of Philip. Steevens.

SCENE
KING JOHN. 125
SCENE IV.
The French camp.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the king so staid with friends.
Pemb. Up once again; put spirit in the French; If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge, In spight of spight, alone upholds the day.
Pemb. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter Melun wounded, and led by soldiers.

Melun. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.
Pemb. It is the count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold; 'Unthread the rude eye of rebellion, And welcome home again discarded faith. Seek out king John, and fall before his feet; For, if the French be lords of this loud day, He means to recompence the pains you take, By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn, And I with him, and many more with me,

[Unthread the rude eye of rebellion.] Though all the copies concur in this reading, how poor is the metaphor of unthreading the eye of a needle? And besides, as there is no mention made of a needle, how remote and obscure is the allusion without it? The text, as I have restored it, is easy and natural; and it is the mode of expression, which our author is everywhere fond of, to tread and untread, the way, path, steps, &c. Theobald.
The metaphor is certainly harsh, but I do not think the passage corrupted. Johnson.
Shakespeare elsewhere uses the same expression, threading dark ey'd night. Steevens.

Upon
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible! may this be true!
Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax;
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false; since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearyed sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandfère was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts

2 — even as a form of wax] This is said in allusion to the images made by witches. Holinshed observes that it was alleged against dame Eleanor Cobham and her confederates, “that they had devised an image of wax, representing the king, which by their sorceries by little and little consumed, intending thereby in conclusion to waste and destroy the king’s person.” Steevens.

3 — rated treachery,] It were easy to change rated to had for an easier meaning, but rated suits better with fine. The Dauphin has rated your treachery, and set upon it a fine which your lives must pay. Johnson.
KING JOHN.

In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And bespew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. — Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newness, that intends old right.

[Exeunt; leading off Melun.

SCENE V.

A different part of the French camp.

Enter Lewis, and his train.

Lewis. The sun of heaven, methought, was loth
to set;
But stayed, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measur'd backward their own
ground
In faint retire: Oh, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;

4 Right in thine eye. — This is the old reading. Right signifies immediate. It is now obsolete. Some of the modern editors read, right, i.e. pitched as a tent is; others, fight in thine eye.

Steevens.

5 — happy newness, &c.] Happy innovation, that purposed the restoration of the ancient rightful government. Johnson.

And
KING JOHN.

And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!—

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lewis. Here!—What news?
Mes. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
And your supplies, which you have wished so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.
Lewis. Ah! foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The fumbling night did part our weary powers?
Mes. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lewis. Well; keep good quarter, and good care
to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [Exeunt.

6 —tatter'd—] For tatter'd, the folio reads tottering.

JOHNSON.

It is remarkable through such old copies of our author as I have hitherto seen, that wherever the modern editors read tatter'd, the old editions give us totter'd in its room. Perhaps the present broad pronunciation, almost particular to the Scots, was at that time common to both nations.

So, in Marlow's K. Edward II. 1622:
"This tottered ensign of my ancestors."

AGAIN:
"As doth this water from my totter'd robes."

So, in The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington, 1601:
"I will not bid my ensign-bearer wave"
"My totter'd colours in this worthless air." STEEVENS.

7 And your supplies,—] The old copy has supply. There is no need of change. The poet has already used the word as a noun of multitude:
"—for the great supply"
"Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands." MALONE.

SCENE
KING JOHN.

SCENE VI.

An open place in the neighbourhood of Steinfeldr abbey.

Enter Faulconbridge and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Faulc. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Faulc. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may I not demand

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Faulc. Hubert, I think:

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:

I will, upon all hazards, well believe

Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well;

Whò art thou?

Faulc. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,

Thou may'st befriènd me so much, as to think

I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eycles's night,

Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,

That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,

Should 'cape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Faulc. Come, come; fans compliment, what news abroad?

[——thou, and endless's night.] We should read, cycles. So,

Pindar calls the moon, the eye of night. Warburton.

This epithet I find in Jarvis Markham's English Arcadia, 1607:

"O eycle's night, the portraiture of death!"

Again, in Gower De Confessione Amantis, lib. v. fol. 102. b.

"The daie made ende, and lost his light,

"And comen was the darke night,

"The which all the daies eis blent." Steevens.

Vol. V. K Hub.
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Malone.

Scene
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"The daie made ende, and left his light,

And comen was the darke night,

The which all the daies sic bluent." Steevens.

Vol. V. K. Hub.
Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night, To find you out.

Faulc. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O my sweet sir, news fitted to the night, Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Faulc. Shew me the very wound of this ill news; I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk: I left him almost speechless, and broke out To acquaint you with this evil; that you might The better arm you to the sudden time, Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Faulc. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolv'd villain, Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king Yet speaks, and peradventure, may recover.

Faulc. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company; At whose request the king hath pardon'd them, And they are all about his majesty.

Faulc. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven, And tempt us not to bear above our power!— I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night, Passing these flats, are taken by the tide, These Lincoln washes have devoured them; Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.

Why know you not? the lords are all come back, And brought prince Henry in their company; At whose request the king hath pardon'd them; And they are all about his majesty. MALONE.
KING JOHN.

Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come.  [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

The orchard in Swinstead-abbey.

Enter prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His highness yet doth speak; and holds be-
lien,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which affaileth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage?

Pemb. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he fung.

Hen. O vanity of fickleness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them: invisible is his siege is now,
Against the mind, the which he prick's and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;

"Is touch'd corruptibly." Corruptibly for corruptively. The
mistake was, however, probably the author's. MALONE.

"Leaves them: invisible is his siege is now,
Against the mind,"
Thus the old copy, except that it reads:---invisible and &c. Mo-
dern editors read, without authority, Leaves them insensible:---
STEEVENS.

Which,
KING JOHN.

Which, in their throne and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should sing.—
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their last resting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

King John brought in.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Hen. How fares your majesty?
K. John. Poison'd;—ill-fare;—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw:

Nor

9—in their throne and press—] In their tumult and hurry of resorting to the last tenable part. Johnson.
1—you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left, so shapeless and so rude.]
A description of the Chaos almost in the very words of Ovid:
Quem dixere Chaos, rudis indigestaque moles. Met. i.
Whalley.

2 This scene has been imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher in The Wife for a Month, act iv. Steevens.
3 To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;] Dekker, in the Gull's Hornbook, 1609, has the same thought: "—the morning waxing cold, thrust his frothy fingers into thy bosom."
Again, in a pamphlet intituled The great Froth, Cold Doing, etc.
KING JOHN.

Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

_Hen._ Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

_K. John._ The fault of them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

_Enter Faulconbridge._

_Faul._ Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

_K. John._ Oh cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt;
And all the throats, wherewith my life should fail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,

In London, 1608. "The cold hand of winter is thrust into our bosoms." _Steevens._

There is so strong a resemblance not only in the thought, but in the expression, between these lines and the following passages, that we may fairly suppose an imitation:—

"Oh I am dull, and the cold hand of sleep
"Hath thrust his icy fingers in my breast,
"And made a frost within me." _Lusis Dominion._

_Again:_

"O poor Zabina, O my queen, my queen,
"Fetch me some water for my burning breast,
"To cool and comfort me with longer date." _Tamburlaine, 1591._

_Lusis Dominion_, like many of the plays of that time, remained unpublished for a great number of years, and was first printed in 1657, by one Kirkman. It must, however, have been written before 1593, in which year Marlowe died. _Malone._

K 3 Which
Which holds but 'till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Faulc. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him:
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [The king dies.

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

Faulc. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—

Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Shew now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To put destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we:
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Faulc. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well fixed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:

With
KING JOHN.

With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Faulc. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar’d,
Shall wait upon your father’s funeral.

Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr’d;
For so he will’d it.

Faulc. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjegation everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Faulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, (nor never shall,) lye at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [Exeunt omnes.

If England to itself do rest but true.] This sentiment is borrowed from the conclusion of the old spurious play:

"If England’s peers and people join in one,
"Nor pope, nor France, nor Spain, can do them wrong."

STEEVENS.

Shakespeare’s conclusion seems rather to have been borrowed from these two lines of the old play:

"Let England live but true within itself,
"And all the world can never wrong her state."

MALONE.

The tragedy of King John, though not written with the utmost power of Shakespeare, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of
of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is very affecting; and the character of the bawdard contains that mixture of greatness and levity which this author delighted to exhibit. **Johnson.**

There is extant another play of **King John**, published in 1611. Shakspeare has preserved the greatest part of the conduct of it, as well as some of the lines. A few of those I have pointed out in the notes, and others I have omitted as undeserving notice. What most inclines me to believe it was the work of some contemporary writer, is the number of quotations from Horace, and similar scraps of learning scattered over it. There is likewise a quantity of rhyming Latin, and ballad-metre, in a scene where the Bawdard is represented as plundering a monastery; and some strokes of humour, which seem, from their particular turn, to have been most evidently produced by another hand than that of Shakspeare.

Of this historical drama there is said to have been an edition in 1591 for Sampson Clarke, but I have never seen it; and the copy in 1611, which is the oldest I could find, was printed for John Helme, whose name appears before no other of the pieces of Shakspeare. I admitted this play some years ago as our author's own, among the twenty which I published from the old editions; but a more careful perusal of it, and a further conviction of his custom of borrowing plots, sentiments, &c. disposes me to recede from that opinion. **Steevens.**
KING RICHARD II.
Persons Represented.

King Richard the Second.
Edmund of Langley, duke of York, uncle to the king.
John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, afterwards king Henry the Fourth, son to John of Gaunt.
Duke of Aumerle, son to the duke of York.
Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Surrey.
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl Berkley.
Bushy.
Bagot, creatures to king Richard.
Green.
Earl of Northumberland.
Percy, son to Northumberland.
Lord Ros.
Lord Willoughby.
Lord Fitzwater.
Bishop of Carlisle.
Sir Stephen Scroop.
Lord Marshal; and another lord.
Abbot of Westminster.
Sir Pierce of Exton.
Captain of a band of Welchmen.

Queen to king Richard.
Dutchers of Gloucester.
Dutchers of York.

Ladies attending on the queen.

Heralds, two gardiners, keeper, messenger, groom, and other attendants.

SCENE, dispersedly, in England and Wales.

--- Duke of Aumerle, Aumerle, or Amale, is the French for what we now call Albemarle, which is a town in Normandy. The old historians generally use the French title. Steevens.
Earl Berkley, it ought to be Lord Berkley. There was no Earl Berkley till some ages after. Steevens.
Lord Ros, now Ipelt Ros, one of the duke of Rutland's titles. Steevens.
Act I. Scene I.

The Court.

Enter king Richard, John of Gaunt, with other nobles and attendants.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time honour'd Lancaster,

Haft

[The History comprises little more than the two last years of this prince. The action of the drama begins with Bolingbroke's appealing the duke of Norfolk, on an accusation of high treason, which fell out in the year 1398; and it closes with the murder of King Richard at Pomfret-castle towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the ensuing year. Theobald.

It is evident from a passage in Camden's Annals, that there was an old play on the subject of Richard the Second; but I know not in what language. Sir Gelles Merrick, who was concerned in the hair-brained business of the earl of Essex, and was hanged for it, with the ingenious Cuffe, in 1601, is accused amongst other things, "quod exoltem tragœdiam de tragicâ abdicatione regis Ricardi Secundi in publico theatro coram conjuratis datâ pecuniâ agi curaret."

I have since met with a passage in my lord Bacon, which proves this play to have been in English. It is in the arraignments of Cuffe and Merick, vol. iv. p. 412. of Mallor's edition: "The afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing king Richard the Second;—when
Haft thou, according to thy oath and band, 
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;

Here

—when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was old, and they should have left in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play, and so thereupon played it was."

It may be worth enquiry, whether some of the rhyming parts of the present play, which Mr. Pope thought of a different hand, might not be borrowed from the old one. Certainly, however, the general tendency of it must have been very different; since, as Dr. Johnson observes, there are some expressions in this of Shakespeare, which strongly inculcate the doctrine of indefeasible right.

It is probable, I think, that the play which Sir Gilly Merick procured to be represented, bore the title of Henry IV. and not of Richard II.

Camden calls it—"exuletam tragediam de tragicâ abdicatione regis Richardi secundi," and lord Bacon (in his account of The Effect of that which passed at the arrangement of Merick and others) says, "That, the afternoon before the rebellion, Merick had procured to be played before them, the play of deposing King Richard the Second." But in a more particular account of the proceeding against Merick, which is printed in the State Trials, vol. vii. p. 60, the matter is stated thus: "the story of Henry IV. being set forth in a play, and in that play there being set forth the killing of the king upon a stage; the Friday before, Sir Gilly Merick and some others of the earl's train having an humour to see a play, they must needs have the play of Henry IV. The players told them, that was stale; they should get nothing by playing that; but no play else would serve; and Sir Gilly Merick gives forty shillings to Philips the player to play this, besides whatsoever he could get.

Augustine Philipps was one of the patentees of the Globe playhouse with Shakespeare in 1603; but the play here described was certainly not Shakespeare's Henry IV. as that commences above a year after the death of Richard. Tyrwhitt.

This play of Shakespeare was first entered at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wife, Aug. 29, 1597. Steevens.

5—thy oath and band.] When these public challenges were accepted, each combatant found a pledge for his appearance at the time and place appointed. So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iv. c. 3. st. 3:

"The day was set, that all might understand,
"And pledges pawn'd the same to keep a right.""
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou founded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;

Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, ha'ft as fire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.

Boling. Many years of happy days befal
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Mowbr. Each day still better others happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appearceth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First (heaven be the record to my speech!) In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,

So, in the Comedy of Errors:
"My matter is arrested on a band." See vol. ii. p. 226.

And
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth;
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note;
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, (to please my sovereign) ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my six right-drawn sword may prove.

Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me,
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him—a flanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground: inhabitable

Where

6 —right-drawn—] Drawn in a right or just cause. Johnson.
7 —inhabitable,] That is, not habitable, uninhabitable. Johnson.
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Bolingbroke. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of a king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
'What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.'

Mowbray. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulter,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great, that can inherit us.

Ben Jonson uses the word in the same sense in his "Catale".
"And pour'd on some inhabitable place." Steevens.
So, in Brathwaite's "Survey of Histories," 1614: "Others, in imitation of some valiant knights, have frequent deserts and inhabitand provinces, echoing in every place their own vanities, endorning their names on the barkes of trees." Malone.

"What I have spoke or thou canst worse devise." The folio reads:
What I have spoken or what thou canst devise.
The quarto of 1615, according to the text. Malone.
9 And when I mount, alive may I not light,

The quartos 1608, and 1615, read:
And when I mount alive, alive may I not light. Steevens.
1 that can inherit us &c.] To inherit is no more than to possess, though such a use of the word may be peculiar to Shakespeare. Again, in "Romeo and Juliet," act i. sc. 2:
"Such delight"
"Among fresh female buds shall you this night"
"Inherit at my house." Steevens.

Again,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I said, my life shall prove it true:
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Befides I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years' Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;
Suggest his foolish-believing adversaries;
And, consequentially, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me, for justice, and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'lt thou to this?

Mowbr. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
'Till I have told this flander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son)

Again, in a subsequent scene in this play:
"—Gaunt as a grave
"Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones."

MALONE.
Now by my scepter's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unsoothing firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, Mowbray, to art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Marpb. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Dibsurs'd I to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lic.——For Gloster's death,—
I slew him not; but, to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.——
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,—
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my griev'd soul:
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this over-weening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

—my scepter's awe——] The reverence due to my scepter.

JOHNSON.
K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.
Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age:—
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.
K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.
Gaunt. When, Harry? when?

3 This we prescribe, though no physician; &c.] I must make one remark, in general, on the rhymes throughout this whole play; they are so much inferior to the rest of the writing, that they appear to me of a different hand. What confirms this, is, that the context does every where exactly (and frequently much better) connect without the inserted rhymes, except in a very few places; and just there too, the rhyming verses are of a much better taste than all the others, which rather strengthens my conjecture.

Pope.

"This observation of Mr. Pope's," says Mr. Edwards, "happens to be very unluckily placed here, because the context, without the inserted rhymes, will not connect at all. Read this passage as it would stand corrected by this rule, and we shall find, when the rhyming part of the dialogue is left out, king Richard begins with disfavouring them from the duel, and, in the very next instance, appoints the time and place of their combat."

Mr. Edwards's cenfure is rather hasty; for in the note, to which it refers, it is allowed that some rhymes must be retained to make out the connection.

4 When, Harry?—] This obsolete exclamation of impatience, is likewise found in Heywood's Silver Age, 1613:

"Fly into Affrick; from the mountains there,
"Chuse me two venomous serpents: thou shalt know them
"By their fell poison and their fierce aspect.
"When, Iris?
"Iris. I am gone."

Again, in Look about you, 1600:

"—-I'll cut off thy legs,
"If thou delay thy duty. When, proud John?"

STEEVENS.

Obedience
KING RICHARD II. i47

Obedience bids, I should not bid again.
K. Rich: Norfolk; throw down; we bid; there is
no boot:5
Mowb. Myself I throw; dread sovereign; at thy
foot:

My life thou shalt command; but not my shame:
The one, my duty owes; but 6 my fait name;
(Despight of death, that lives upon my grave)
To dark dishonour’s use thou shalt not have:
I am disgrac’d, impeach’d, and baffled here?
Pierc’d to the soul with Flander’s venom’d spear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath’d this poison:
K. Rich: Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage:—Lions make leopards tame.
Mowb. Yea; but not change their spots: take but
my shame;
And I resign my gage: My dear dear lord;
The purest treasure mortal times afford,

5 — no boot.] That is, no advantage, no use, in delay of use.

6 — my fait name; &c.] That is, my name that lives on my
grave in despiight of death. This easy passage most of the editors
seem to have mistaken. Johnson.

7 — and baffled here;] Baffled in this place means treated
with the greatest ignominy imaginable. So, Holinshed, vol. iii.
p. 527; and 1218, or annis 1519, and 1570, explains it:
" Baffling says he, is a great disgrace among the Scots, and it
is used when a man is openly perjured, and then they make of him
an image painted, revered, with his heels upward with his
name, wondrous; crying; and blowing out of him with horns."
Spenser’s Faery Queen, b. v. c. 3. st. 37; and b. vi. c. 7. st. 27;
has the word in the same significature. Toller.

The same expression occurs again in Twelfth Night, sc. ult.
" Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?"
Again, in K. Hen. IV. P. I. act i. sc. 2:
" an I do not, call me villain, and baffled me."
Again, in The London Prodigal, 1605: "— chill be baffled
up and down the town, for a meffel," i.e. for a beggar, or rather a

L 2
£ 3
KING RICHARD II.

Is—spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times barr’d-up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. Oh, heaven defend my soul from such foul sin!

Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father’s flight?
Or with pale beggar face impeach my height
Before this out-dar’d daftard? Ere my tongue Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong
Or found so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The flaviest motive of recanting fear;
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray’s face.

[Exeunt Gaunt and others.

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command:
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,

\[that away
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.\]

In England’s Parnassus, 1600, this line is quoted with some variation:

"Men are but gilded trunks or painted clay."

The first and all the subsequent quartos, however, have loam. Perhaps the editor of England’s Parnassus, quoted from a MS. His reading may be the true one. It was anciently the custom to bestow very costly ornaments on the outside of trunks.

MALONE.

9 Or with pale beggar face—] i. e. with a face of supplication. But this will not satisfy the Oxford editor, he turns it to beggar fear. Warburton.

—beggar fear is the reading of the first folio and one of the quartos. STEEVENS.

\[The flaviest motive—] Motive, for instrument. Warburton.

Rather that which fear puts in motion. JOHNSON.

Be
KING RICHARD II. 149

Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon saint Lambert's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate;
Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
Justice decide the victor's chivalry.—
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The duke of Lancaster's palace.

Enter Gaunt, and duchess of Gloster.

Gaunt. Alas! 1 the part I had in Gloster's blood
Dost more solicit me, than your exclains,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But, since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault which we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offender's heads.

Duchess. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches, springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dry'd by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—

9 Justice decide——] The old copies concur in reading—Justice design. Mr. Pope made the alteration, which may be unnecessary. Designa, Lat. signifies to mark out, to point out: "Notat designatur quem oculos ad eadem unumqueque nostrum." Cicero in Catilinam. Steevens.

1 —— the part I had—] That is, my relation of consanguinity to Gloster. Hanmer.

2 —— in Gloster's blood] The three elder quartos read:—in Woodflock's blood. Steevens.

L 3 One
§ 50 KING RICHARD II.
One phial full of Edward’s sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
Is crack’d, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack’d down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy’s hand, and murder’s bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That metal, that self-mould, that fashion’d thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv’st and breath’st,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father’s death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father’s life,
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter’d,
Thou shew’st the naked path-way to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is—to venge my Gloster’s death.

Gaunt. Heaven’s is the quarrel; for heaven’s sub-
stitue,
His deputy anointed in his fight,
Hath caus’d his death: the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Dutch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?*

Gaunt.

* One phial, &c.] Though all the old copies concur in the present regulation of the following lines, I would rather read:
One phial full of Edward’s sacred blood
Is crack’d, and all the precious liquor spill’d;
One flourishing branch of his most royal root
Is hack’d down, and his summer leaves all faded.

Some of the old copies in this instance, as in many others, read waded, a mode of spelling practised by several of our ancient writers. After all, I believe the transposition to be needless.

Steevens.

4—may I complain myself?] To complain is commonly a verb.
Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Dutch. Why then, I will, Farewel, old Gaunt. Thou go'ft to Coventry, there to behold Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight: O, fit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear, That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast! Or if misfortune miss the first career, Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom, That they may break his foaming courser's back, And throw the rider headlong in the lists: A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford! Farewel old Gaunt; thy sometime brother's wife, With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Dutch. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where it falls, Not with the empty hollowness, but weight: I take my leave before I have begun; For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done. Commend me to my brother, Edmund York, Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so: Though this be all, do not so quickly go; I shall remember more. Bid him—Oh, what?— With all good speed at Plashy visit me, Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
KING RICHARD II.

But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls, ⁶
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stONES? ⁷
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there;
To seek out sorrow, that dwells every where:
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;
The last leaf of thee takes my weeping eye. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The lift's, at Coventry.

Enter the lord Marshal and Aumerle.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.
Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.
Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing, but his majesty's approach. [Flourish.

The trumpet sounds, and the king enters with Gaunt, Bussy,
Bagot, and others; when they are set, enter the duke of
Norfolk in armour.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:

--- unfurnish'd walls.] In our ancient castles the naked stone walls were only covered with tapistry, or arras, hung upon tenter hooks, from which it was easily taken down on every removal of the family. See the preface to the Household Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland, begun in 1512. STEEVENS.

--- Let him not come there
To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere.
Perhaps the pointing might be reformed without injury to the sense:

--- let him not come there
To seek out sorrow.——That dwells everywhere. WHALLEY.

Ask
KING RICHARD II. 153

Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou
art,
[To Mowbray.
And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms;
Against what man thou com'st and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath,
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Mowbray. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of
Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heaven defend, a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke, appellant, in
armour.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally according to our law

And so— The old copies read: As so— Steevens.
Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, observes, both from Matthew Paris and Holinshed, that the duke of Hereford, appellant, entered the lists first; and this indeed must have been the regular method of the combat; for the natural order of things requires, that the accuser or challenger should be at the place of appointment first. Steevens.

—his succeeding issue, Such is the reading of the first folio; the later editions read my issue. Mowbray's issue, was by this accusation, in danger of an attainder, and therefore he might come, among other reasons, for their sake; but the old reading is more just and grammatical. Johnson.
The three oldest quartos read my. Steevens.

De-
KING RICHARD II.

Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before king Richard, in his royal lifts? [T. Boling.
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
In lifts, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lifts;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,

[To K. Rich.
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms,
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. Oh, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear;
As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;—
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle;—

Note
KING RICHARD II.

Not sick, although I have to do with death;
But lufty, young, and clearly drawing breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
Oh thou, the earthly author of my blood,—

[To Gaunt.

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance’s point.
That it may enter Mowbray’s waxen coat 1,
And furnish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lufty ’haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous,
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouze up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency, and Saint George to thrive!

Mowbr. However heaven, or fortune, cast my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to king Richard’s throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroul’d enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate

1 —waxen coat.] Waxen may mean either soft, and consequently penetrable, or flexible. The brigandines or coats of mail, then in use, were composed of small pieces of steel quilted over one another, and yet so flexible as to accommodate the dress they form, to every motion of the body. Of these many are to be seen in the Tower of London. Steevens.

2 And furnish——] Thus the quarto 1615. The folio reads:
—furnish. Either word will do, as to furnish in the time of Shakespeare signified to drest. So, twice in As you like it:—“furnished like a huntman.” “—furnished like a beggar.” See vol. iii. p. 408. Steevens.

This
This feast of battle:—
Most noble liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle, and as jocund, as to jest,
Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewel, my lord: securely I esp'y
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby;
Receive thy lance; and heaven defend the right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance to Thomas duke of Norfolk.

1 Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk; Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And darts him to set forward to the fight.

2 Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve

3 This feast of battle——[“War is death's feast,” is a proverbial saying. See Ray’s Collection. Steevens.
4 As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,] Not to neither. We should read, to jest; i.e. to tilt or tourney, which was a kind of sport too. Warburton.
The sense would perhaps have been better if the author had written what his commentator substitutes; but the rhyme, to which sense is too often enslaved, obliged Shakspeare to write jest, and obliges us to read it. Johnson.
The commentators forget that to jest sometimes signifies in old language to play a part in a mask. Thus, in Hieronymo:
  “He promised us in honour of our guest,
  “To grace our banquet with some pompous jest,”
and accordingly a mask is performed. Farmer.
Dr. Farmer has well explained the force of this word. So, in the third part of K. Henry VI:
  “——as if the tragedy
  “Were play'd in jest by counterfeited actors.” Tollet.

Henry
KING RICHARD II. 157

Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin. [A charge founded.
Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.
Stay, the king has thrown his warden down.
K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets, and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again:—
Withdraw with us;—and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—
[A long flourish; after which, the king speaks to the combatants.

Draw near,
And lift, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour's swords;
"And for we think, the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on
To wake our peace?, which in our country's cradle
Draws

4 ——— hath thrown his warden down.] A warden appears to
have been a kind of truncheon carried by the peron who presided
at their single combats. So, in Daniel's Civil Wars, &c. b. i:
"When lo, the king suddenly chang'd his mind
"Cafts down his warden to arrest them there." STEEVENS,
5 With that dear blood which it hath fostered;] The quartos
read:
"With that dear blood which it hath been foster'd."
I believe the author wrote,
With that dear blood which it hath been foster'd.
MALONE.
6 And for we think, the eagle-winged pride, &c.] These five
verses are omitted in the other editions, and restored from the first
of 1598. POPE.
7 To wake our peace,——
Which thus rose'd up——
Might fright fair peace.]
KING RICHARD II.

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so rouz'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
And hard-refounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood,—

Thus the sentence, though in the common reading, absurdly enough; which made the Oxford editor, instead of "fright fair peace," read, be affrighted; as if these latter words could ever, possibly, have been blundered into the former by transcribers. But his business is to alter as his fancy leads him, not to reform errors, as the text and rules of criticism direct. In a word then, the true original of the blunder was this; the editors before Mr. Pope had taken their editions from the folios, in which the text stood thus:

--- the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour swords;
Which thus rouz'd up—
--- fright fair peace.

This is sense. But Mr. Pope, who carefully examined the first printed plays in quarto (very much to the advantage of his edition) coming to this place, found five lines, in the first edition of this play printed in 1598, omitted in the first general collection of the poet's work; and, not enough attending to their agreement with the common text, put them into their place. Whereas, in truth, the five lines were omitted by Shakespeare himself, as not agreeing to the rest of the context; which, on revive, he thought fit to alter. On this account I have put them into hooks, not as spurious, but as rejected on the author's revise; and, indeed, with great judgment; for,

To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
as pretty as it is in the image, is absurd in the sense; for peace awake is still peace, as well as when asleep. The difference is, that peace asleep gives one the notion of a happy people sunk in sloth and luxury, which is not the idea the speaker would raise; and from which state the sooner it was awakened the better.

WARBURTON.

To this note, written with such an appearance of taste and judgment, I am afraid every reader will not subscribe. It is true, that peace awake is still peace, as well as when asleep; but peace awakened by the tumults of these jarring nobles, and peace indulging in profound tranquillity, convey images sufficiently opposed to each other for the poet's purpose. To awake peace is to introduce discord; peace asleep, is peace exerting its natural influence, from which it would be frighted by the clamours of war. STEEVENS.

Therefore,
Therefore, we banish you our territories.—
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
'Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Bolingbroke: Your will be done: This must my comfort be,—
That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly-flow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—
The hopeless word of—never to return,
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mowbray. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege;
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim;
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hand.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstrunged viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue;
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips;

--- The fly-flow hours———] The old copies read: The fly-flow hours. Mr. Pope made the change; whether it was necessary or not, let the poetical reader determine. Stevens.

9 A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
Have I deserved———]
To deserve a merit is a phrase of which I know not any example, I wish some copy would exhibit:

A dearer mede, and not so deep a maim.
To deserve a mede or reward, is regular and easy. Johnson.

And
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate;
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.
Mowbr. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.
K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves)
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall, (to help you truth and heaven!) Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor ever look upon each other's face;
Nor ever write, regret, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or compleat any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.
Boling. I swear.
Mowbr. And I, to keep all this.
Boling. Norfolk,—so far as to mine enemy;—

---compassionate | for plaintive. WARBURTON.
(Our part, &c.) It is a question much debated amongst the writers of the law of nations, whether a banished man may be still tied in his allegiance to the state which sent him into exile. Tully and lord chancellor Clarendon declare for the affirmative: Hobbes and Puffendorf hold the negative. Our author, by this line, seems to be of the same opinion. WARBURTON.
Norfolk—so far, &c.] I do not clearly see what is the sense of this abrupt line; but suppose the meaning to be this. Hereford immediately after his oath of perpetual enmity addresses Norfolk, and, fearing some misconstruction, turns to the king and says
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd! this frail sepulcher of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly this realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul,

Mowbr. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege:—Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[Exit.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glass of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart; thy sad aspect

says—to far as to mine enemy—that is, I should say nothing to him but what enemies may say to each other.

Reviewing this passage, I rather think it should be understood thus. Norfolk so far I have addressed myself to thee as to mine enemy, I now utter my last words with kindness and tenderness;

Confess thy treasons. Johnson.

The first folio reads fare; the second, farre. Remarks.

—so fare, as to mine enemy; —] i.e. he only wishes him to fare like his enemy, and he disdains to say fare well as Aumerle does in the next scene. Tollet.

Bolingbroke only uses the phrase by way of caution, left Mowbray should think he was about to address him as a friend. Norfolk, says he, so far as a man may speak to his enemy, &c.

Remarks.

—this frail sepulcher of our flesh] So afterwards:

—thou King Richard's tomb,

And not King Richard.—

And Milton, in Sampson Agonistes:

"Myself my sepulcher a moving grave." Henley.

—all the world's my way.] Perhaps Milton had this in his mind when he wrote these lines:

"The world was all before them where to chuse
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide." Johnson.

Vol. V. M Hath
KING RICHARD II.
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away;—Six frozen winters spent,
[To Boling.
Return with welcome home from banishment.
Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word; Such is the breath of kings.
Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He shortens four years or my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dryd lamp, and time-bewafted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son,
K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.
Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with fullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to surrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.
K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Where to thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to pour?
Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion
four.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father:—
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I would have been more mild:

5 And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow: ] It is matter of very melancholly consideration, that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good. Johnson.

6 O, had it been a stranger, ] This couplet is wanting in the folio. Steevens.
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,  
I was too strict, to make mine own away;  
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,  
Against my will, to do myself this wrong:  
A partial slander? sought I to avoid,  
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid him so;  
Six years we banish him, and he shall go. [Flourish.  
[Exit.  

Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,

From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. Oh, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words.

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breath the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Bolin. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The fullen passage of thy weary steps
Ereem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

[Partial slander—] That is, the reproach of partiality.
This is a just picture of the struggle between principle and affection.

JOHNSON.

This couplet, which is wanting in the folio edition, is arbitrarily placed by the modern editors at the conclusion of Gaunt's speech. In the three oldest quartos it follows the fifth line of it. In the fourth quarto, which seems copied from the folio, the passage is omitted. STEEVENS.
KING RICHARD II.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make,
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign pastages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens;
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the king did banish thee;
But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not—the king exil’d thee: or suppose,
Devouring perversity hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy foul holds dear, imagine it

8 Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make] This, and the six verses which follow, I have ventured to supply from the old quarto. The allusion, it is true, to an apprenticeship, and becoming a journeyman, is not in the sublime style; nor, as Horace has expressed it, “spirat tragicum satis;” however, as there is no doubt of the passage being genuine, the lines are not so delpicable as to deserve being quite lost. Theobald.

9 — journeyman to grief?] I am afraid our author in this place designed a very poor quibble, as journey signifies both travel and a day’s work. However, he is not to be confounded for what he himself rejected. Johnson.

The quarto, in which these lines are found, is said in its title-page to have been corrected by the author; and the play is indeed more accurately printed than most of the other single copies. There is now however no certain method of knowing by whom the rejection was made. Steevens.

1 All places that the eye of heaven visits, &c.] The fourteen verses that follow are found in the first edition. Pope.

I am inclined to believe that what Mr. Theobald and Mr. Pope have restored were expunged in the revision by the author; if these lines are omitted, the scene is more coherent. Nothing is more frequent among dramatic writers, than to shorten their dialogues for the stage. Johnson.
To lie that way thou go’st, not whence thou com’st:
Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass wherein thou tread’st, the presence shrow’d;
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more,
Than a delightful measure or a dance:
For gnarling sorrow hath left no power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Boling. 3 Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer’s heat?
Oh, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse
Fell sorrow’s tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gawat. Come, come, my son, I’ll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England’s ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!

2 —The presence shrow’d;] Shakespeare has other allusions to the ancient practice of strewing rushes over the floor of the presence chamber. Henley.

3 Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand, &c.] It has been remarked, that there is a passage resembling this in Tully’s Fifth Book of Tusculan Questions. Speaking of Epicurus, he says:

Sed unà fécit recordatione acquiescere præteritum voluptatem: ut si quis aestuans, cum vim caloris non facile patiatur, recordari velit se aliquando in Arpinati nostro gelidis fluminibus circumulatum fuisset. Non enim video, quomodo sedare possint multa praefentia præterita voluptates.” The Tusculan Questions of Cicero had been translated early enough for Shakespeare to have seen them. Steevens.

By departing from the spelling of the copy, the metre is defective. The quarto of 1612, reads:

O who can hold a fire in his hand—"

For being written an d probably pronounced as a diffýlybé. Sec vol. viii. p. 81. Malone.

M 3
KING RICHARD II.

Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,—
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

The court.

Enter King Richard and Bawd, &c. at one door, and Lord Aumerle at the other.

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next high-way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. 'Faith none by me: except the north-eaft wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awoke the sleepy rheum; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewel:
And for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so prophan the word that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,

* yet a true-born Englishman.]* Here the first act ought to end, that between the first and second acts there may be time for John of Gaunt to accompany his son, return, and speak. Then the first scene of the second act begins with a natural conversation, interrupted by a message from John of Gaunt, by which the king is called to visit him, which visit is paid in the following scene. As the play is now divided, more time passes between the two last scenes of the first act, than between the first act and the second. JOHNSON.
KING RICHARD II. 167

He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Obliv'd his courtship to the common people:—
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With—Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;—
As were our England in reverie his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope 5.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland;—
Expedient 6 manage must be made my liege;
Ere further leisure yield them further means,
For their advantage, and your highness' lofs.

K. Rich. We will ourselves in person to this war.
And, for our coffers—with too great a court,
And liberal largess,—are grown somewhat light,
We are enforce'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand: If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,

5 And be our subjects' next degree in hope.] Spes altera Romae.

6 Expedient—] Is expeditions. See vol. iii. p. 333.

M 4 And
K. Rich. Bushy, what news?
Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord;Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste,
To intreat your majesty to visit him.
K. Rich. Where lies he?
Bushy. At Ely-house.
K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's
mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray heaven, we may make haste, and come too late!"[Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

London.

A room in Ely-house.

Gaunt brought in, sick: with the duke of York.

Gaunt. Will the king come? that I may breathe
my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstay'd youth.
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your
breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

? Here the three elder quartos add—Amen. STEEVENs.

Gaunt.
KING RICHARD II. 169

Gaunt. Oh, but they say, the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more must say, is listened more
Than they whom youth and care have taught to close;
More are men’s ends mark’d, than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close;
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past:
Though Richard my life’s counsel would not hear,
My death’s sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is flop’d with other flattering sounds,
As, praises of his state: then, there are found
Lascivious metiers; to whose venom’d found
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy;
Whole manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there’s no respect how vile)
That is not quickly buzz’d into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,

---at the close,] This I suppose to be a musical term. So, in Lingua, 1607:

"I dare engage my ears, the close will jar." STEEVENS.

--- I believe we should read metres for verses. Thus the folio spells the word metre in the first part of K. Henry IV:

"one of these fame meeter ballad-mongers."

known’d found agrees well with lascivious ditties; but not so commodiously with one who meets another; in which sense the word appears to have been generally received. STEEVENS.

--- Report of fashions in proud Italy;] Our author, who gives to all nations the customs of England, and to all ages the manners of his own, has charged the times of Richard with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in Shakspeare’s time, and much lamented by the wisest and best of our ancestors. JOHNSON.

Where
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.  
Direct not him, whose way himself will chuse;  
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd;  
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:—  
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;  
For violent fires soon burn out themselves:  
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;  
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;  
With eager feeding, food doth choak the feeder:  
Light vanity, inflatiate cormorant,  
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise;  
This fortress built by nature for herself,  
Against infection and the hand of war;  
This happy breed of men, this little world;  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands;

---

2 Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard, &c. Where the will labels against the notions of the understanding. JOHNSON.

3 whose way himself will chuse. Do not attempt to guide him who, whatever thou shalt say, will take his own counsel. JOHNSON.

4 rash. That is, hasty, violent. See vol. iv. p. 320. JOHNSON.

5 Against infection, &c. I once suspected that for infection we might read invasion; but the copies all agree, and I suppose Shakspeare meant to say, that islanders are secured by their invasion both from war and pestilence. JOHNSON.

Against infection, and the hand of war;

In Allot's England's Parnassus, 1600, this passage is quoted. "Against infection, &c." perhaps the word might be infection, if such a word was in use. FARMER.

7 less happier lands; So read all the editions, except Hamer's, which has less happy. I believe Shakspeare, from the habit of saying more happier, according to the custom of his time, inadvertently writ less happier. JOHNSON.

This
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear’d for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service, and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world’s ransom, blessed Mary’s son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas’d out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whole rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame;
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;]

8 Fear’d for their breed, and famous by their birth;] The first edition in quarto, 1598, reads:
Fear’d by their breed, and famous for their birth.
The second quarto, in 1615:
Fear’d by their breed, and famous by their birth.
The first folio, though printed from the second quarto, reads as the first. The particles in this author seem often to have been printed by chance. Perhaps the passage, which appears a little disordered, may be regulated thus:
—royal kings,
Fear’d for their breed, and famous for their birth,
For Christian service, and true chivalry;
Renowned for their deeds as far from home
As is the sepulchre. JOHNSON.

The first folio could not have been printed from the second quarto, on account of many variations as well as omissions. The quarto 1668 has the same reading with that immediately preceding it. STEEVENS.

“Fear’d by their breed, and famous by their birth—” is the reading of the first quarto, 1597. The first folio reads—for their birth. Mr. Rowe first introduced the reading—for their breed. MALONE.

9 With inky blots.] I suspect that our author wrote—inky bolts. How can bolts bind in any thing? and do not bolts correspond better with bonds? STEEVENS.

rutten parchment bonds;] Alluding to the great sums raised by loans and other exactions, in this reign, upon the English subjects. GREY.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuine death!

Enter King Richard, Queen, Aumerle, Busby, Green, Bagot, Rose, and Willoughby.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag’d, do rage the more.
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?
K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is’t with aged Gaunt?
Gaunt. Oh, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch’d;
Watching breeds leanness; leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast, I mean—my children’s looks;
And, therein fasting, thou hast made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.
K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?
Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.
K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?
Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.
K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say’st—thou flatter’st me.
Gaunt. Oh! no; thou dy’st, though I the sicker be.
K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.
Gaunt. Now, he that made me, knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy
KING RICHARD II. 173

Thy death-bed is no leffer than the land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless, patient as thou art,
Commit’t thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit leffer than thy land.
Oh, had thy grandfire, with a prophet’s eye,
Seen how his son’s son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame;
Deposing thee before thou wert possess’d,
Who art possess’d now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame, to let this land by lease:
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy flate of law is bond-slave to the law;
And——

* Tho state of law is bond-slave to the law;] State of law, i. e. feudal sovereignty. But the Oxford editor alters it to state of or law, i. e. absolute sovereignty. A doctrine, which, if our poet ever learnt at all, he learnt not in the reign when this play was written, queen Elizabeth’s, but in the reign after it, king James’s. By bond-slave to the law, the poet means his being inflamed to his father’s subjects. Warburton.

This sentiment, whatever it be, is obscurely expressed. I understand it differently from the learned commentator, being perhaps not quite so zealous for Shakespeare’s political reputation. The reasoning of Gaunt, I think, is this: By setting the royalties to farm thou hast reduced thyself to a state below sovereignty, thou art now no longer king but landlord of England, subject to the same restraints and limitations as other landlords; by making thy condition a state of law, a condition upon which the common rules of law can operate, thou art become a bond slave to the law; thou hast made thyself amenable to laws from which thou art originally exempt.

Whether this interpretation be true or no, it is plain that Dr. Warburton’s explanation of bond-slave to the law, is not true.

JOHNSON.

K. Rich.
K. Rich. — Thou, a lunatic lean-witted fool; prefuming on an ague’s privilege, dar’ft with thy frozen admonition make pale our cheek; chafing the royal blood, with fury, from his native residence. now by my feat’s right royal majesty, wert thou not brother to great Edward’s son, this tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head, should run thy head from thy un reverence shoulders.

Gaunt. Oh, spare me not, my brother Edward’s son, for that I was his father Edward’s son; that blood already, like the pelican, haft thou tap’d out, and drunkenly carows’d: my brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul, (Whom fair befall in heaven ’mongst happy souls!) may be a precedent and witness good; that thou respect’ft not spilling Edward’s blood: join with the present sickness that I have; and thy unkindness be like crooked age.

To

---lean-witted] Dr. Farmer observes to me that the same expression occurs in the 106th psalm:

"and sent leauens withal into their soul."

Steevens.

4 And thy unkindness be like crooked age, to crop at once a too-long wither’d flower.

Thus stand these lines in all the copies, but I think there is an error. why should Gaunt, already old, call on any thing like age to end him? how can age be said to crop at once? how is the idea of crookedness connected with that of cropping? I suppose the poet dictated thus:

And thy unkindness be time’s crooked edge to crop at once

That is, let thy unkindness be time’s scythe to crop.

Edge was easily confounded by the ear with age, and one mistake once admitted made way for another. Johnson.

Shakspere, I believe, took this idea from the figure of time, who was represented as carrying a fiddle as well as a scythe. a fiddle was anciently called a crook, and sometimes, as in the following instances, crooked may mean armed with a crook. So, in Kendall’s epigrams, 1577:

“the regall king and crooked clowne
all one alike death driveth downe.”

So,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[Exit, borne out.

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and fullens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.
York. 'Befeech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward fickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you say true: as Hereford's love,
Jo his;
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to
your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

So, in the 100th sonnet of Shakspeare:
"Give me, my love, fame, faster than time wasteth life,
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife."

Again, in the 119th:
"Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come."

It may be mentioned, however, that crooked is an epithet bestowed
on age in the Tragedy of Locrine, 1595:
"Now yield to death o'erlaid by crooked age."

Locrine has been attributed to Shakspeare; and in this passage
quoted from it, no allusion to a scythe can be supposed. Our poet's
expressions are sometimes abortive. Steevens.

"Love they——"] That is, let them love. Johnson.

K. Rich.
KING RICHARD II.

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Presuming on an ague’s privilege,
Dar’st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chaising the royal blood,
With fury, from his native residence.
Now by my fear’s right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward’s son,
This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,
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"The regall king and crooked clowne"

"All one alike death driveth downe."

So,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live, that love and honour have.

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As theirs, fo mine; and all be as it is.

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your majesty.

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His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
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quoted from it, no allusion to a scythe can be supposed. Our poet’s
expressions are sometimes abortive. Steevens.

Love they——] That is, let them love. Johnson.

K. Rich.
K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns;
Which live like venom, where no venom else;
But only they, hath privilege to live.
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,—
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs;
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me four my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou haft, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;

6 ——where no venom else,—] This alludes to a tradition that
St. Patrick freed the kingdom of Ireland from venomous reptiles
of every kind. So, in Decker's Honest Whore, P. II. 1630:
"——that Irish Judas,
"Bred in a country where no venom prospers,
"But in his blood."

Again, in Fainnes Trèws, 1633:
"As Irish earth doth poison poisonous beasts." Steevens,
7 Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, &c.]
When the duke of Hereford, after his banishment, went into
France, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would
have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the duke of Berry,
uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match.

Steevens.

But,
But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends; his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
Oh, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O, my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from tine
His charters, and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in his letters patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

—deny his offer'd homage.] That is, refuse to admit the homage, by which he is to hold his lands. Johnson.
York. I'll not be by, the while: My liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. [Exit.

K. Rich. Go, Buffy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight;
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
To see this business: To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow,
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York, lord-governor of England,
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [Flourish.

[Exeunt king, queen, &c.

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.
Ros. And living too; for now his son is duke.
Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.
North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.
Ros. My heart is great; but it must break with
silence,
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er
speak more,
That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!
Willo. Tends that thou'st speak, to the duke of
Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.
Ros. No good at all, that I can do for him.
Unles's you call it good, to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame, such wrongs
are borne,
In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ros. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles he hath fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactations are devis'd;
As—blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But safely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Ros. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.

Ros. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdensome taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman:—most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest ling,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind fit fore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ros. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoidable is the danger now,
For suffering to the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering: but I dare not say,
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

*And yet we strike not, &c.* To strike the sails, is, to contrast them when there is too much wind. Johnson.
Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Rofs. Be confident to speak, Northumberland: We three are but thyself; and speaking so, Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay In Britany, receiv’d intelligence, That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham, That late broke from the duke of Exeter;
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury, Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston, Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,—

All these, well furnish’d by the duke of Bretagne,

5—duke of Exeter;] I suspect that some of these lines are transposed, as well as that the poet had made a blunder in his enumeration of persons. No copy that I have seen, will authorize me to make an alteration, though, according to Holinshed, whom Shakespeare followed in great measure, more than one is necessary.

All the persons enumerated in Holinshed’s account of those embark’d with Bolingbroke, are here mentioned with great exactness, except "Thomas Arundell, sonne and heire to the late Earle of Arundell, beheaded at the Tower-hill." See Holinshed. And yet this nobleman, who appears to have been thus omitted by the poet, is the person to whom alone that circumstance relates of having broke from the duke of Exeter, and to whom alone, of all mentioned in the list, the archbishop was related, he being uncle to the young lord, though Shakespeare by mistake calls him his brother. See Holinshed, p. 496.

From these circumstances here taken notice of, which are applicable only to this lord in particular, and from the improbability that Shakespeare would omit so principal a personage in his historian’s list, I think it can scarce be doubted but that a line is lost in which the name of this Thomas Arundel had originally a place.

Steevens.

6—archbishop late of Canterbury,] Thomas Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury, brother to the earl of Arundel who was beheaded in this reign, had been banished by the Parliament; and was afterwards deprived by the pope of his see, at the request of the king: whence he is here called, late of Canterbury.

Steevens.

With
KING RICHARD II. 181

With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedition,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our flabby yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's girt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurge:
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

Ref. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The court.

Enter Queen, Busby, and Bagot.

Busby. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,

7 Imp out— As this expression frequently occurs in our author, it may not be amiss to explain the original meaning of it. When the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped, or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called, to imp a hawk.

So, in The Devil's Charter, 1607:

“His plumes only imp the muse's wings.”

So, in Albumazar, 1615:

—when we desire

“Time's haste, he seems to lose a match with lobsters;”

“And when we with him stay, he imp's his wings

“With feathers plum'd with thought.”

Turbervile has a whole chapter on The Way and Manner howe to ympe a Hawke's Feather, bow-sower it be broken or broasfed.
KING RICHARD II.

To lay aside life-harming heaviness, And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself, I cannot do it; yet I know no cause Why I should welcome such a guest as grief, Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest As my sweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks, Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune’s womb, Is coming toward me; and my inward soul With nothing trembles: at something it grieves, More than with parting from my lord the king.

Busby. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shaws, Which shew like grief itself, but are not so: For sorrow’s eye, glazed with blinding tears, Divides one thing entire to many objects; Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz’d upon,

Shew

—life-harming heaviness,] Thus the quarto, 1599. The quartos 1608, and 1615—half-harming; the folio—self-harming.

Stevens.

9 With nothing trembles; yet at something grieves,] The following line requires that this should be read just the contrary way: With something trembles, yet at nothing grieves.

Warburton.

All the old editions read:

—my inward soul

With nothing trembles; at something it grieves.

The reading, which Dr. Warburton corrects, is itself an innovation. His conjectures give indeed a better sense than that of any copy, but copies must not be needlessly forsaken. Johnson. I suppose it is the unborn sorrow which she calls nothing, because it is not yet brought into existence. Stevens.

1 Like perspectives, which rightly gaz’d upon,
Shew nothing but confusion; ey’d awry,

Distinguish form:——] This is a fine similitude, and the thing meant is this: among mathematical recreations, there is one in optics, in which a figure is drawn, wherein all the rules of perspective are inverted: so that, if held in the same position with those pictures which are drawn according to the rules of perspective, it can present nothing but confusion: and to be seen in form, and under a regular appearance,
Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Find shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice gracious queen,
More than your lord's departue weep not; more's not
seen:
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.
Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As, though, in thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bussy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.
Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so;

since, it must be looked upon from a contrary slation; or, as
Shakspere says, ey'd awry. Warburton.

Like perspectives, &c.] Dr. Plot's History of Staffordbire, p. 397,
explains this perspective or odd kind of "pictures upon an indented board, which if beheld directly, you only perceive a confused piece of work; but if obliquely, you see the intended person's picture, which, he was told, was made thus. The board being indented [or furrowed with a plough-plane] the print or painting was cut into parallel pieces equal to the depth and number of the indentures on the board, and they were pasted on the flats that strike the eye holding it obliquely; so that the edges of the parallel pieces of the print or painting exactly joining on the edges of the indentures, the work was done." Tollfet.

So, in Huetzer, 1598, Royal Palace, Whitehall. "Edwardi VI. Angliae regis effigies primo intuituo monumentum quid repre\nsans, sed igitur recta intueatur, tum vera deprehenditur." Farmer.

As, though, on thinking, on no thought I think,] We should read: As though in thinking; that is, though musing I have no distinct idea of calamity. The involuntary and unaccountable depression of the mind, which every one has some time felt, is here very forcibly described. Johnson.
For nothing hath begot my something grief;  
Or something hath, the nothing that I grieve;  
’Tis in reversion that I do possess;  
But what it is, that is not yet known; what  
I cannot name; ’tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. Heaven save your majesty!—and well met,  
gentlemen:—  
I hope, the king is not yet ship’d for Ireland.

For nothing hath begot my something grief;  
Or something hath, the nothing that I grieve;  
With these lines I know not well what can be done. The queen’s  
reasoning as it now stands, is this: my trouble is not conceit, for  
conceit is still derived from some antecedent cause, some forefather  
grief; but with me the case is, that either my real grief hath no  
real cause, or some real cause has produced a fancied grief. That is,  
my grief is not conceit, because it either has not a cause like conceit, or  
it has a cause like conceit. This can hardly stand. Let us try  
again, and read thus:

For nothing hath begot my something grief;  
Not something hath the nothing which I grieve:  
That is; my grief is not conceit; conceit is an imaginary uneasiness  
from some past occurrence. But, on the contrary, here is real grief  
without a real cause; not a real cause with a fanciful sorrow. This  
I think, must be the meaning; harsh at the best, yet better than  
contradiction or absurdity. Johnson.

’Tis in reversion that I do possess;  
But what it is that is not yet known; &c.]  
I am about to propose an interpretation which many will think  
harsh, and which I do not offer for certain. To possess a man, is  
in Shakespeare, to inform him fully, to make him comprehend. To  
be possessed, is to be fully informed. Of this sense the examples are  
numerous:

"I have possessed him my most stay can be but short."
Measure for Measure.

"He is possessed what sum you need." Merchant of Venice.
I therefore imagine the queen says thus:

’Tis in reversion—that I do possess.—  
The event is yet in futurity—that I know with full conviction—but  
what it is, that is not yet known. In any other interpretation  
she must say that she possesses what is not yet come, which, though  
it may be allowed to be poetical and figurative language, is yet, I  
think, less natural than my explanation. Johnson.

Queen.
Queen. Why hop'lt thou so? 'tis better hope he is; For his designe crave hast, his haste good hope; Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not ship'd?

Green. That he, our hope, 5 might have retir'd his power, And driven into despair an enemy's hope, Who strongly hath set footing in this land: The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself, And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd At Ravenspur.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,— The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy, The lords ofRos, Beaumond, and Willoughby, With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Busby. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland, And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?

Green. We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship, And all the household servants fled with him To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife of my woe, And Bolingbroke's 6 my sorrow's dismal heir: Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy; And I a gasping new-deliver'd mother, Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Busby. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?

---might have retir'd his power,] Might have drawn it back A French sense. Johnson.

So in The Rape of Lucrece:

"Each one by him enforce'd retires his ward." Malone.

6 —my sorrow's dismal heir:] The author seems to have used heir in an improper sense, an heir being one that inherits by succession, is here put for one that succeeds, though he succeeds but in order of time, not in order of descent. Johnson.

I will
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.
Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
Oh, full of careful businesses are his looks!——
Uncle, for heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.
York. Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:——
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a servant.

Ser. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!——
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah,
Get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:——
Hold, take my ring.
Ser. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:

7 Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts: This line is found in three of the quartos, but is wanting in the folio. Steevens.
8 Get thee to Plashy,——] The lordship of Plashy was a town of the duchies of Gloster's in Essex. See Hall's Chronicle, p. 13. Theobald.
To-day, as I came by, and called there;—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave?
Ser. An hour before I came, the dutchefs dy’d.
York. Heaven for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this wocful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to heaven,
(So my untruth hath not provok’d him to it)
The king had cut off my head with my brother’s—
What, are those posts dispatch’d for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister.—cousin, I would say ; pray, pardon
me.—

Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,

[To the servant.
And bring away the armour that is there.—
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know
How, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;—
The one’s my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend? the other again,
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong’d?
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I’ll
Dispose of you:—Go, muster up your men,

To-day, I came by, and call’d there; but I
Shall grieve you—

So former editions. The first quarto, 1597, reads—as I came by,
and called there. The word as was accidentally omitted in the
second quarto, and the subsequent copies. The passage should be
regulated thus:

To-day as I came by, and called there;—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest. Malone.

untruth — [That is, disloyalty, treachery. Johnson.

Come, sister, cousin, I would say ;—] This is one of Shak-
spare’s touches of nature. York is talking to the queen his cousin,
but the recent death of his sister is uppermost in his mind.

Steevens.

And
And meet me presently at Berkley, gentlemen.
I should to Plashy too:—
But time will not permit:—All is uneven,
And every thing is left at fix and seven.

[Exeunt York and Queen.

Bushi. The wind fits fair for news to go to Ireland
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purses; and whose empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushi. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we have been ever near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle;
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushi. Thither will I with you: for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.

Farewel: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushi. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is—numb'ring lands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his side fights, thouands will fly.

Bushi. Farewel at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.

[Exeunt.

And meet me presently at Berkley, gentlemen] The folio reads:
"——Gentlemen, go muster up your men,
"And meet me presently at Berkley castle."

In the quartos the word castle is wanting. Malone.

SCENE
KING RICHARD II. 189

SCENE III.

The wilds in Glostershire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?  
North. Believe me, noble lord,  
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.  
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,  
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:  
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,  
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.  
But, I bethink me, what a weary way  
From Ravenspurge to Cotswold, will be found  
In Roys, and Willoughby, wanting your company;  
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd  
The tediousness and process of my travel:  
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have  
The present benefit that I possess:  
And hope to joy, is little less in joy,  
Than hope enjoy'd: by this, the weary lords  
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done  
By fight of what I have, your noble company.  

Boling. Of much less value is my company,  
Than your good words. But who comes here?

4 And your fair discourse] Thus the quarto. The folio reads: —our fair discourse. MALONE.
5 And hope to joy—] To joy is, I believe, here used as a verb. So, in the second act of Henry IV: "Poor fellow never joy'd since the price of oats rose." Again, in King Henry V:  
"I do at this hour joy o'er myself."  
Again, in K. Henry VI. P. II:  
"Was ever king that joy'd on earthly throne——"

If joy be understood as a substantive, the common reading is scarcely English. We might read:

And hope of joy—— MALONE.
Enter Harry Percy.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy, 
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever. —
Harry, how fares your uncle?
Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his 
health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?
Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court, 
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd 
The household of the king.
North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.
Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor. 
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh, 
To offer service to the duke of Hereford; 
And sent me o'er by Berkley to discover 
What power the duke of York had levy'd there; 
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurgh.
North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, 
boy?
Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot, 
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge, 
I never in my life did look on him.
North. Then learn to know him now; this is the 
duke.
Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service, 
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young: 
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm 
To more approved service and desert.
Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy: and be sure, 
I count myself in nothing else so happy, 
As in a soul remembering my good friends: 
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love, 
It shall be still thy true love's recompence: 
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.
North. How far is it to Berkley? And what shr 
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?
Percy.
KING RICHARD II.

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees, Mann’d with three hundred men, as I have heard: And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour: None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ros and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Ros and Willoughby, Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.
Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love pursues A banish’d traitor; all my treasury Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich’d, Shall be your love and labour’s recompence.
Ros. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.
Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.
Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, ’till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?—

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.
Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England:
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.
Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; ’tis not my meaning,

6 My lord, my answer is to Lancaster;] As this line is printed, the sense is obscure. It would be clearer thus:

“ My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster.”
Your message, you say, is to my lord of Hereford. My answer is
—It is not to him; it is to the duke of Lancaster. MALONE.
KING RICHARD II.

7. To raze one title of your honour out:
   To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will)
8. From the most glorious regent of this land,
   The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on
   To take advantage of the absent time,
   And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

   Enter York, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person. My noble uncle!

[Kneels.

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Who's duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle!

York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But more than why, Why have they dar'd to march

7. To raze one title of your honour out:

7. How the names of them which for capital crimes against majestie were erased out of the publicke records, tables, and registors, or forbidden to be borne by their posteritie, when their memorie was damned, I could shew at large: Camden's Remains, p. 136 edit. 1605. Malone.
8. From the most glorious of this land,] The first quarto, 1597, reads:

He means nothing more than, time of the king's absence.

1. But more than why,—] This seems to be wrong. We might read:

   But more than this; why, &c. Tyrwhitt.
KING RICHARD II. 193

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despised arms?
Comst thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French:
Oh, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,

"But more than ruby" is the reading of the second quarto, which was followed by the subsequent copies. The first quarto, 1597, reads: "But then more ruby;" which, though a singular expression, is, I believe, the true reading. It is of a colour with those immediately preceding:

"Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle." MALONE.

4 And ostentation of despised arms?] But sure the ostentation of despised arms would not fright any one. We should read:

dispised arms, i.e. forces in battle array.

WARBURTON.

This alteration is harsh. Sir T. Hanmer reads dispightful. Mr. Upton gives this passage as a proof that our author uses the passive participle in an active sense. The copies all agree. Perhaps the old duke means to treat him with contempt as well as with severity, and to insinuate that he despises his power, as being able to suffer it. In this sense all is right. JOHNSON.

So, in this play:

"We'll make soul weather with despised tears."

STEVENS.

1 On what condition—] It should be, in what condition, i.e. in what degree of guilt. The particles in the old editions are of little credit. JOHNSON.

York's reply confirms Dr. Johnson's conjecture:

"Even in condition, &c." MALONE.
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

   Bailing. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
   Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts? 7 Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am deny'd to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all diffrait'd and fold;
And these, and all, are all amis employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: Attornies are deny'd me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

   North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.
   Roș. It stands your grace upon, to do him right.
   Will. Base men by his endowments are made great.
   York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,

6 Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye.] i. e. with an impartial eye. "Every jurymen," says Sir Edward Coke, "ought to be impartial and indifferent." See vol. iii. p. 503. MALONE.

7 Wherefore was I born?] To what purpose serves birth and lineal succession? I am duke of Lancaster by the same right of birth as the king is king of England. JOHNSON.
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own: and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you:—but yet I'll
pause;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress, are now with me past care.

[Exeunt.]
KING RICHARD II.

7 SCENE IV.

In Wales,

Enter Salisbury, and a Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days, And hardly kept our countrymen together, And yet we hear no tidings from the king; Therefore we will difperfe ourselves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman; The king repoloth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead; we will not fly.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd, And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven; The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,

7 Here is a scene so unartfully and irregularly thrust into an improper place, that I cannot but suspect it accidentally transposed; which, when the scenes were written on single pages, might easily happen in the wildness of Shakspere's drama. This dialogue was, in the author's draught, probably the second scene in the ensuing act, and there I would advise the reader to insert it, though I have not ventured on so bold a change. My conjecture is not so presumptuous as may be thought. The play was not, in Shakspere's time, broken into acts; the two editions published before his death, exhibit only a sequence of scenes from the beginning to the end, without any hint of a pause of action. In a drama so defultory and erratic, left in such a state, transpositions might easily be made. Johnson.

8 The bay-trees &c.] This enumeration of prodigies is in the highest degree poetical and striking. Johnson.

Some of these prodigies are found in T. Hayward's Life and Raigne of Henry IV 1599: "This yeare the laurel trees withered almost throughout the realm, &c."

So again, in Holinshed: "In this yeare in a manner throughout all the realme of England, old bae trees withered, &c."

Steevens.

The bay trees in our country all are wither'd.] This transposition was made probably by mere accident in the second quarto. The first, in 1597, reads—are all wither'd.

Malone.

And
KING RICHARD II. 197

And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and Russians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings—
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured, Richard their king is dead. [Exit.

Sal. Ah, Richard! with eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's camp at Bristol.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Ross, Percy,
Willoughby, with Bushy and Green, prisoners.

Boling. Bring forth these men.—
Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since present your souls must part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your death.
You have misted a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappy’d and disfigur’d clean. ¹
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain’d the beauty of a fair queen’s cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
My self—a prince, by fortune of my birth;
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have flop’d my neck under your injuries,
And sigh’d my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
Whilft you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark’d my parks,² and fell’d my forest woods;
³ From mine own windows torn my household coat,
⁴ Raz’d out my imprefs, leaving me no sign,—
Save men’s opinions, and my living blood,—
To swear the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver’d over
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is,—that heaven will take our
Souls,
And plagued injustice with the pains of hell.

¹—clean.] i.e. quite, and completely. See vol. ii. p. 177.
² Dispark’d my parks, —— ] To dispark is to throw down the
hedges of an enclosure. Lissepio. I meet with the word in Bar-
net’s Dictionaries or Quadruple Dictionary, 1680. Steevens.
³ From mine own windows torn my household coat.] It was the
practise when coloured glass was in use, of which there are still
some remains in old seats and churches, to anneal the arms of the
family in the windows of the house. Johnson.
⁴ Raz’d out my imprefs, &c.] The imprefs was a device or motto.
Ferne, in his Blazon of Gentry, 1585, observes, “that the arms,
&c. of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed, where-
toever they are fixed, or set.” Steevens.
KING RICHARD II. 199

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them dispatch’d.—
Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house;
For heaven’s sake, fairly let her be intreated:
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver’d.
York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch’d
With letters of your love to her at large.
Boling. ’Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;
[To fight with Gloucester and his complices;]
A while to work, and, after, holiday. [Exeunt.

5 Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, my lords, away;
[To fight with Gloucester and his complices;]
A while to work, and, after, holiday.

Though the intermediate line has taken possesion of all the old copies, I have great suspicion of its being an interpolation; and have therefore ventured to throw it out. The first and third lines rhyme to each other; nor do I imagine this was casual, but intended by the poet. Were we to acknowledge the line genuine, it must argue the poet of forgetfulness and inattention to history. Bolingbroke is, as it were, but just arrived; he is now at Bristol, weak in his numbers; has had no meeting with a parliament; nor is so far assured of the succession, as to think of going to suppress insurrections before he is planted in the throne. Besides, we find the opposition of Glendower begins The First Part of K. Henry IV. and Mortimer’s defeat by that hardy Welshman is the tidings of the first scene of that play. Again, though Glendower, in the very first year of K. Henry IV. began to be troublesome, put in for the supremacy of Wales, and imprisoned Mortimer; yet it was not till the succeeding year that the king employed any force against him. Theobald.

This emendation, which I think is just, has been followed by Sir T. Hanmer, but is neglected by Dr. Warburton. Johnson.

The author of The Remarks controverts Mr. Theobald’s reasoning, and observes, that it is evident from the preceding scene, that there was a force in Wales which Bolingbroke might think it necessary to suppress; and why might not Shakespeare call it Glendowers? When we next see Bolingbroke he is in Wales, and mentions his having received intelligence that the Welshmen are dispersed. Editor.

O 4 S C E N E
KING RICHARD II.

SCENE II.

The coast of Wales. A castle in view.

Flourish: drums and trumpets.

Enter king Richard, Aumerle, bishop of Carlisle, and soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord: How brooks your grace the air,

After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,

To stand upon my kingdom once again.—

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,

Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:

As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,

And do thee favour with my royal hand.

Feed not thy sov'reign's foe, my gentle earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'rous fene:

But let thy spiders, that fuck up thy venom,

And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,

Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;

Here may be properly inserted the last scene of the second act.

JOHNSON.

7 smiles in meeting; it has been proposed to me to read...in weeping; and this change the repetition in the next line seems plainly to point out. STEEVENS.

8 As a long parted mother—]

9 Guard it, I pray thee—] Guard it, signifies here, as in many other places, like it. MALONE.

Whose
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my feneless conjuration, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall faulter under foul rebellious arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord; that Power, that made
you king,

Hath power to keep you king, in spight of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we would not heaven's offer, we refuse
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Ann. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,
That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,

Then

1. Fear not, my lord; &c.] Of this speech the four last lines were restored from the first edition by Mr. Pope. They were, I suppose, omitted by the players only to shorten the scenes, for they are worthy of the author and suitable to the personage.

2. And we would not heaven's offer, &c.] This is an arbitrary alteration made by the editor or printer of the quarto, 1615. The quarto 1597, and the first folio (the most authentic copies of this play) read—And we will not.—I would rather point thus:

"—else, if heaven would
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;
The proffer'd means of succour and redress."

3. Behind the globe, &c.] I should read:

"Behind the globe, and lights the lower world."

In our former edition I had said, that one of the old copies confirmed Dr. Johnson's conjecture; but I have since observed that it was only a correction very neatly made with a pen by some former possessor of the quarto, 1599.

A slight
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested fins,
The cloak of night being pluck’d from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell’d in the night,
Whilst we were wand’ring with the antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne the caft,
His treasons will fit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
*The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath preft,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the right.

A slight transposition will restore the sense without changing a word:

That when the searching eye of heaven, that lights
The lower world, is hid behind the globe,
Then &c.

*By the lower world, as the passage is amended by Dr. Johnson, we must understand, a world lower than this of ours; I suppose, our Antipodes. But the lower world may signify our world. Thus, in Measure for Measure:*

"Ere twice the sun hath made his journal fleeting
"To the under generation." MALONE.

4 The breach of worldly men—[Here is the doctrine of indefeasible right expressed in the strongest terms; but our poet did not learn it in the reign of K. James, to which it is now the practice of all writers, whose opinions are regulated by fashion or interest, to impute the original of every tenet which they have been taught to think false or foolish. JOHNSON."
KING RICHARD II. 203

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,

Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides my tongue,

And bids me speak of nothing but despair.

One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,

Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:

Oh, call back yesterday, bid time return,

And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!

To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,

O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,

Are gone to Bolingbroke, dippers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; Why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;

And, 'till so much blood thither come again,

Have I not reason to look pale and dead?

All iours that will be safe, fly from my side;

For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?

Awake thou 'flaggard majesty! thou sleepeft.

Is not the king's name forty thousand names?

Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes

At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,

Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high?

High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York

5 'flaggard] So the folio. The quartos have coward.

MALONE.

6 Is not the king's name forty thousand names?] Thus in Richard III. vol. vii. p. 143:

"Besides the king's name is a tower of strength."

See a speech of Antigonus, in Plutarch, of this kind. vol. ii. p. 199. 4to. Gr. S. W.

Hath
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!
K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
to bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silvery rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swell the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:

7 Mine ear is open, &c.] It seems to be the design of the poet to
raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and consequently to interest
the reader in his favour. He gives him only passive fortitude, the
virtue of a confessor rather than of a king. In his prosperity, we
flew him imperious and oppressive; but in his distress he is wise,
patient, and pious. Johnson.
8 —and clap their female joints All the old copies read—
clap their female joints. The alteration was made by Mr. Pope.

Malone.

Thy
KING RICHARD II. 265

Thy very beasdmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff women manage rustly bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell,
K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.

Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?

What

9 Thy very beasdmen learn to bend their bows] Such is the reading of all the copies, yet I doubt whether beasdmen be right, for the word seems to be mentioned here as the proper weapon of a beasdman. The king's beasdmen were his chaplains. Trevisa calls himself the beasdman of his patron. Beasdman might likewise be any man maintained by charity to pray for his benefactor. Hanmer reads the very beasdman, but thy is better. Johnson.

The reading of the text is right enough: "As boys strive to pull big, and clasp their effeminate joints in stiff unwieldy arms, &c." "To his very beasdmen learn to bend their bows against him." T. F. does not absolutely denote that the bow was their usual or proper weapon; but only taken up and appropriated by them on this occasion. Percy.

1 Of double-fatal yew—called so, because the leaves of the yew are poison, and the wood is employed for instruments of death; therefore double-fatal should be with a hyphen. Warburton.

From some of the ancient statutes it appears that every Englishman, while archery was practiced, was obliged to keep in his house either a bow of yew or some other wood. It should seem therefore that yew was not only planted in church-yards to defend the churches from the wind, but on account of their use in making bows; while by the benefit of being secured in enclosed places, their poisonous quality was kept from doing mischief to cattle. Steevens.

4 Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?]
Here are four of them named; and, within a very few lines, the king hearing they had made their peace with Bolingbroke, calls them three Judases. But how was their peace made? Why, with the loss of their heads. This being explained, Aumerle says: Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire dead? So that Bagot ought to be left out of the question; and, indeed he had made the best of his way for Chester, and from thence had escaped into Ireland. And so we find him, in the second act, determining to do:
Bagot. No: I'll to Ireland, to his majesty.

The
KING RICHARD II.

What is become of Bushy? where is Green? That they have let the dangerous enemy Measure our confines with such peaceful steps? If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it. I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn’d without redemption! Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man! Snakes, in my heart-blood warm’d, that sting my heart! Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas? Would they make peace? terrible hell make war Upon their spott’d souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property, Turns to the fourest and most deadly hate:— Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse,

Have felt the worst of death’s destroying wound, And lie full low, grav’d in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads. Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?

The poet could not be guilty of so much forgetfulness and absurdity. The transcribers must have blundered. It seems probable to me that he wrote, as I have conjecturally altered the text:

Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is he got? i.e. into what corner of my dominions is he flunk and abjourned?

This emendation Dr. Warburton adopts. Hammer leave a blank after Wiltshire. I believe the author, rather than transcriber, made a mistake. Where is he got does not found in my ear like an expression of Shakspeare. Johnson.

The verb, to grave, is not peculiar to Shakspeare. So, in Gower De Confessione Amantis, lib. iii. fol. 58:

"Unto the hound, unto the raven,
She was none otherwise graven." Steevens.

K. Rich.
KING RICHARD II. 207

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's chuse executors, and talk of wills;—
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our depofed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us fit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court: and there the antic fits;
Scorning his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brafs impregnable; and humour'd thus,

6 And that small model of the barren earth.] He uses model here,
as he frequently does elsewhere, for part, portion. WARBURTON.
He uses model for mould. That earth, which cloasing upon the
body, takes its form. This interpretation the next line seems to
authorize. JOHNSON.

7 Which serves as paste, &c.] A metaphor, not of the most su-
blime kind, taken from a pie. JOHNSON.

8 — the ghosts they have depos'd;] Such is the reading of all
the old copies. The modern editors, in the room of have depos'd,
substituted dishposs'd. STEVENS.

9 — there the antic fits.] Here is an allusion to the antic or fool
of old farces, whose chief part is to deride and disturb the graver
and more splendid personages. JOHNSON.

Comes
KING RICHARD II.

Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewel king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live on bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends;—Subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?

Carl. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:
And fight and die, is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying, pays death fervile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, enquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well:—Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is, to win our own.—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak, sweetly, man, although thy looks be four.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say,

1 Tradition—] This word seems here used for traditional practices: that is, established or customary homage. Johnson.
2 My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes;] Thus the folio. The quartos, 1598, 1608, 1615, read:
My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes. Steevens.
3 death defying death;] That is, to die fighting, is to return the evil that we suffer, to destroy the destroyers. I once read death defying death, but defying is as well. Johnson.
KING RICHARD II. 209

I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—
Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southerm gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth

[To Aumerle.

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I’ll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go, to Flint castle; there I’ll pine away;
A king, woe’s flave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land; that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none:—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Hum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let them hence;—Away,
From Richard’s night, to Bolingbroke’s fair day.

[Exeunt.

* I’ll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort—

This sentiment is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is without a remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irretrievable calamity, than these petty and conjectured comforts which unskilful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer. [JOHNSON.

5 To ear the land—] i.e. to plough it. See vol. iv. p. 29.
vol. viii. p. 159. STEEVENS.
The camp of Bolingbroke, before Flint castle.

Enter with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, and attendants.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn, The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed, With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord; Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would be seemly the lord Northumberland, To say—king Richard:—Alack the heavy day, When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief, Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been, Would you have been so brief with him, he would Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,

7 For taking to the head, the whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,

Left you mistake: The heavens are o'er your head.

6—Flint-castle. In our former edition I had called this scene the same with the preceding. That was at Burkleigh castle, on the coast where Richard landed; but Bolingbroke never marched further in Wales than to Flint. The interview between him and Richard was at the castle of Flint, where this scene should be said to lie, or rather in the camp of Bolingbroke before that castle. —Go to Flint castle.” See above. Stevens.

7 For taking to the head,—] To take the head is, to act without restraint; to take undue liberties. We now say, we give the horse his head, when we relax the reins. Johnson.

—the whole head's length.] The old copies read:
—your whole head's length. Malone.
KING RICHARD II. 211

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
Boling. Royally! Why, it contains no king?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:
And with him lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; beside a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.
North. Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.
Boling. Noble lord, [To North.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
Harry of Bolingbroke, on both his knees,
Doth kiss king Richard's hand;
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restore'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land.

1 And with him lord Aumerle,] The first quarto, 1597, reads:
And with him are the lord, &c.
The words printed in italics appear to have been accidentally
omitted in the quarto, 1598, which was followed by the succeeding copies. MALONE.
KING RICHARD II.

My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
Go, signify as much; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from this castle's totter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, 'I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A parle founded, and answered by another trumpet within.
Flourish. Enter on the walls king Richard, the bishop
of Carlisle, Anmerle, Scoop, and Salisbury.

York. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east;
When he perceives, the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the tract
Of his bright passage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: Alack, alack for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we
flood
To watch the fearful beheading of thy knee, [To North.

9 See, see, king Richard doth himself appear.] The following lines are absurdly given to Bolingbroke, who is made to condemn
his own conduct and disfigure the king's. It is plain these are all the four following all belong to York. WARBURTON.
It should be observed that the four last of these lines are in all the copies given to York. STEEVENS.
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, shew us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,
Unles he do prophan, steal, or usurp,
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;—
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vaflal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke (for yond’, methinks, he is)
That every fride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason: 'He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,

---be is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war.] The poet seems to have
had in his thoughts the sacred book, which is frequently covered
with purple leather. MALONE.
I believe our author uses the word testament in its legal sense.
Bolingbroke is come to open the testament of war that he may per-
use what is decreed there in his favour. Purple is an epithet referring
to the future effusion of blood. STEEVENS.

But o'er the crown he looks for, live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;
Though I have not disturbed the text here, I cannot but think it
liable to suspicion. A crown living in peace, as Mr. Warburton
juity observed to me, is a very odd phrase. He supposes:

But o'er the crown, be looks for, light in peace,
i.e. descend and settle upon Bolingbroke's head in peace.———
Again, I have a small quarrel to the third line quoted. Would
the poet say, that bloody crowns should disfigure the flowers that

P 3

spring
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;
spring on the ground, and bedew the grafts with blood? Surely
the two images are too familiar. I have suspected:

_Shall ill become the flower of England's face;_

_The flower of England's face, _is meant the choicest youths of
England, who shall be slaughtered in this quarrel, or have bloody
crowns. _The flower of England's face, _to design her choicest
youth, is a fine and noble expression. Pericles, by a familiar
thought, said, "That the destruction of the Athenian youth was a
fatality like cutting off the spring from the year." Yet the Oxford
editor, who did not apprehend the figure, alters the line thus:

_Shall ill become the flow'ry England's face._

Which means—I know not what. _Warburton._

Dr. Warburton has inserted light in peace in the text of his own
edition, but live in peace is more suitable to Richard's intention,
which is to tell him, that though he should get the crown by re-
bellion, it will be long before it will live in peace, be so settled
as to be firm. _The flower of England's face, _is very happily ex-
plained, and any alteration is therefore needless. _Johnson._

_The flower of England's face, _I believe, means England's flow'ry
face, the flowery surface of England's soil. The same kind of
expression is used in Sidney's Arcadia, p. 2: "—opening the
cherry of her lips," i.e. her cherry lips. Again, p. 240, edit.
1633: "—the sweet and beautiful flow'ry of her face."

Again, Drayton, in Mortimer's Epistle to Queen Isabella:

"And in the field advance our plump creft,
"And march upon fair England's flow'ry breast."

_Steven._

The words face and peace have, perhaps, changed places. We
might read:

But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's peace;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale face
To scarlet indignation—

_Ere the crown he hopes to obtain be settled peaceably on his head, ten
thousand crowns, besmeared with blood, shall disfigure the flower of
the peaceable nobility of England; and cause her maid-pale counte-
nance to glow with indignation, &c. The double opposition be-
tween crown and peace is much in our author's manner._

_In K. Richard III. he have:"

_That would with treason wound this fair land's peace._

_Malone._

Change
KING RICHARD II. 215

Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures’ grass with faithful English blood.

North. The king of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush’d upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon thy royal grand sire’s bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head;
And by the bury’d hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
His coming hither hath no farther scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees;
Which on the royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to ruff,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty,
This swears lie, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns:—
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplished without contradiction;
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not, [To Aun.
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?

And by the bury’d hand of warlike Gaunt;] It should be read just the other way:

And by the warlike hand of bury’d Gaunt. Warburton.
I see no great difference Johnson.
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
defiance to the traitor, and so die?

_Just._ No, good my lord; let’s fight with gentle
words,
till time lend friends, and friends their helpful
words.

_K. Rich._ Oh God! oh God! that e’er this tongue
of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! Oh, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell’t thou, proud heart? I’ll give thee scope to
beat;
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

_Just._ Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

_K. Rich._ What must the king do now? Must he
submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be depos’d?
The king shall be contented: Must he lose
The name of king? ‘O God’s name let it go:
I’ll give my jewels for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man’s gown;
My figur’d goblets, for a dish of wood;
My scepter, for a palmer’s walking staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved fronts;

*With words of sooth!_ — _Sooth is sweet as well as true._ In
this place _sooth_ means _sweetness_ or _softness_, a signification yet re-
tained in the verb _to sooth_. _Johnson._

*My gay apparel, &c._ Dr. Grey observes, “that king
Richard’s expense in regard to _dresses_ was very extraordinary.”
Holinshed has the same remark; and adds, that “he had one
cote which he caused to be made for him of gold and stone, va-
lied at 30,000 marks.” _Steevens._
And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
A little grave, an obscure grave:—
Or I'll be bury'd in the king's highway.
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
And, bury'd once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted cousin!—
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our fighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wanton with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus:—To drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—There lies
Two kinsmen; digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.

[North, advances.

6 Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade,

So, in Lord Surrey's Translation of the second book of Virgil's

A poem:

"A postern with a blind wicket there was,
A common trade, to pass through Priam's house."
"Limen erat, cæcæque fores, et pervius usus,
Tectorum inter sit Priami." ———

The phrase is still used by my common people. When they speak
of a road much frequented, they say, "it is a road of much traffic." Shakespeare uses the word in the same sense in "K. Hen. VIII."
"Stand in the gap and trade of more preferments." ———

Steevens.

7 ——on their sovereign's head ;] Shakespeare is very apt to
deviate from the pathetic to the ridiculous. Had the speech of
Richard ended at this line, it had exhibited the natural language
of submissive misery, conforming its intention to the present for-
tune, and calmly ending its purposes in death. Johnson.

8 ——you mock at me.] The quartos read ——laughs.

Steevens.

Most
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland, 
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty 
Give Richard leave to live 'till Richard die? 
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay? 

_North_. My lord, in the base court he doth attend 
To speak with you; may't please you to come down. 

_K. Rich_. Down, down, I come; like gild’ring Phaeton, 
Wanting the manage of unruly jades. 

_In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base, 
To come at traitor’s calls, and do them grace. 
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, 

_Boling_. What says his majesty? 

_North_. Sorrow and grief of heart 
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man: 
Yet he is come. 

_Boling_. Stand all apart, 
And shew fair duty to his majesty.——

My gracious lord,—

_K. Rich_. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee, 
To make the base earth proud with kiffling it: 
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love, 
Than my unpleas’d eye see your courteys, 
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know. 

—Bolingbroke says—ay.] Here is another instance of injury done to the poet’s metre by changing his orthography. I, which was Shakspere’s word, rhymed very well with die; but ay has a quite a different sound. See a note on the Merry Wives of Windsor, act v. _Tyrwhitt_.

 базе court——] Bas cour; Fr. So, in Hinde’s Elogio Libidinoso, 1666: “—they were, for a public observation, brought into the base court of the palace.” Again, in Greene’s Farewell to Folio, 1617: “—began, at the entrance into the base court, to use these words.” _Steevens_.

Thus
KING RICHARD II. 219

Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

[Touching his own head.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for my own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—They well deserve to have,
That know the strongest and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears shew their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I’ll give, and willing too;
For do we most, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—Cousin is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.


SCENE IV.

Langley.

The duke of York’s garden.

Enter the Queen, and two ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady. Madam, we’ll play at bowls.

Queen. ’Twill make me think, the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady. Madam, we’ll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

Lady.
Lad. Madam, we will tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?

Lad. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want it boots not to complain.

Lad. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldest please me better, would'st thou weep.

Lad. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardiners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

Enter a gardiner, and two servants.

They'll talk of state; for every one doth so.

Against a change; Woe is fore-run with woe.

[Queen, and ladies, retire.

Gard.

8 Of sorrow, or of joy?] All the old copies concur in reading:
Of sorrow, or of grief. Mr. Pope made the necessary alteration.

Steevens.

9 And I could weep,—] The old copies read: And I could sing.

Steevens.

1 Against a change; woe is fore-run with woe.] But what was there in the gardiner's talking of state, for matter of so much woe? Besides this is intended for a sentence, but proves a very simple one. I suppose Shakspeare wrote:

—woe is fore-run with mocks,

which has some meaning in it; and signifies that when great men are on the decline, their inferiors take advantage of their condition, and treat them without ceremony. And this we find to be the case in the following scene. But the editors were seeking for a rhyme.
King Richard II.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruful children, make their fire
Stoop with oppreッション of their prodigal weight;
Give some sustenance to the bending twigs,—
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth;
All must be even in our government.—
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The foil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing as in a model, 2 our firm state?

A rhyme. Though had they not been so impatient, they would have found it gingly to what followed, though it did not to what went before. Warburton.

There is no need of any emendation. The poet, according to the common doctrine of prognostication, supposes dejection to fore-run calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending. The sense is, that public evils are always prefigured by public penitence, and plaintive conversation. The conceit of rhyming mock's with apricocks, which I hope Shakspere knew better how to spell, shews that the commentator was resolved not to let his conjecture fall for want of any support that he could give it. Johnson.

Dr. Warburton's correction may not be right: but there is no room to criticise the orthography. Dr. Dorne says, "The Jesuits are like apricocks, heretofore here and there one in a great man's house; now you may have them in every cottage." Even the accurate Swift spells the word in the same manner. Farmer.

2 — our firm state; ] How could he say ours when he immediately subjuncts, that it was infirm? we should read:
— a firm state. Warburton.

The servant says our, meaning the state of the garden in which they are at work. The state of the metaphorical garden was indeed infirm, and therefore his reasoning is very naturally induced. Why (says he) should we be careful to preserve order in the narrow circumference of this our state, when the great state of the kingdom is in disorder? I have replaced the old reading which Dr. Warburton would have discontinued in favour of his own conjecture.

Steevens.

All the authentic copies read: — our firm estate. Estate is an arbitrary alteration, made by the editor of the second folio.

Malone.

When
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers choak'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:—
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pull'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath feiz'd the wafteful king,—What pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and drest his land,
As we this garden! who at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Left, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to hear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you then, the king shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be: Letters came last night

3 Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches ——] All,
which is not in any of the authentic copies, was an arbitrary addition made by the editor of the second folio. Malone.

4 Which waste and idle hours—] So, the folio. The reading of the quarros appears to me preferable:
Which waste of idle hours—. Malone.

5 'Tis doubt, he will be—] The reading of the folio is, perhaps, better:
'Tis doubted, he will be. Malone.
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

*Queen.* Oh, I am press'd to death, through want of speaking!—[Coming from her concealment.
Thou old Adam's likenes, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh tongue found this unpleasing news?

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say, king Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

*Gard.* Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe these news, yet, what I say, is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,

6 O I am press'd to death through want of speaking.] The poet alludes to the ancient legal punishment called peine forte et dure, which was inflicted on those persons, who, being arraigned, refused to plead, remaining obstinately silent. They were press'd to death by a heavy weight laid upon their stomack. *Malone.*

*How dares thy harsh tongue*—] The old copies read—"Thy harsh rude tongue." The passage, I believe, ought to be regulated differently:

That tell black tidings.

*Qu.* Oh, I am press'd to death,
Through want of speaking!—Thou, old Adam's likenes;
Set to dress this garden, how dares
Thy harsh rude tongue found this unpleasing news?

Our author has again the same expression in *Hamlet*:
"What have I done that thou dar'fst wag thy tongue,
"In noile fo rude against me?"

Perhaps a word or two has been lost. We might read—"Set to dress out this garden, say, how dares, &c." It is always safer to add than to omit. *Malone.*
KING RICHARD II.

Besides himself, are all the English peers, And with that odds he weighs King Richard down. Post you to London, and you'll find it so; I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot, Doth not thy embassage belong to me, And I am last that knows it? oh, thou think'st To serve me last, that I may longest keep Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go, To meet at London, London's king in woe.— What, was I born to this! that my sad look Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke!— Gardiner, for telling me these news of woe, I would, the plants, thou graft'st, may never grow.

[Exeunt Queen, and ladies.

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse, I would my skill were subject to thy curse.— Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place, I'll set a bank of rue, four herb of grace: Rue, even for Ruth, here shortly shall be seen, In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[Exeunt Gard. and Serv.

8 I would the plants, &c.] This execration of the queen is somewhat ludicrous, and unsuitable to her condition the gardiner's reflection is better adapted to the state both of his mind and his fortune. Mr. Pope, who has been throughout this play very diligent to reject what he did not like, has yet, I know not why, spared the last lines of this act. Johnson.

Perhaps (for Shakespeare's highest or lowest characters are never without a quibble) she means to wish him childless. Remarks.

A C T
KING RICHARD II. 225

ACT IV. SCENE I.

London. The parliament-house.

Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, bishop of Carlisle, abbot of Westminster, herald, officers, and Bagot.

Boling. Call forth Bagot:
Now, Bagot; freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know, your daring tongue
Scorns to unfay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, That you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke return to England;
Adding withal, bow blest this land would be,
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour 'my fair stars,

On

9—his timeless end.] Timeless for un timely. WARBURTON.

1—my fair stars,] I rather think it should be fleem, being

of the royal blood. WARBURTON.

Vol. V. Q I think
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soiled
With the attainer of his scandalous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.
Fitzev. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.

I think the present reading unexceptionable. The birth is supposed to be influenced by the flars, therefore our author, with his usual licence, takes flars for birth. Johnson.

We learn from Pliny's Nat. Hist. that the vulgar errors assigned the bright and fair flars to the rich and great. "Sidera singulari attributa nobis, et clara divitibus, minora pauperibus, &c." Lib. i. cap. 8. Anonymous.

That marks thee out for hell; Thou liest and
I will maintain, &c.]
We should read with the first quarto, 1597:
That mark'st thee out for hell; I say, thou liest,
And will maintain, &c.

The words, I say, were inadvertently omitted in the quarto, 1598, and all the subsequent copies. Malone.

If that thy valour stand on sympathies.] Here is a translated sense much harsher than that of flars explained in the foregoing note. Aumerle has challenged Bagot with some hesitation, as not being his equal, and therefore one whom, according to the rules of chivalry, he was not obliged to fight, as a nobler life was not to be stained in a duel against a base. Fitzwater then throws down his gage, a pledge of battle; and tells him that if he stands upon sympathies, that is, upon equality of blood, the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not inferior to his own. Sympathy is an affection incident at once to two subjects. This community of affection implies a likeness or equality of nature, and thence our poet transferred the term to equality of blood. Johnson.
KING RICHARD II. 227

If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point. 4.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.
Fitzw. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.
Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point

4—my rapier's point.] Shakespeare defers the manners of
the age in which his drama was placed, very often without necess-
ity or advantage. The edge of a sword had served his purpose as
well as the point of a rapier, and he had then escaped the impro-
priety of giving the English nobles a weapon which was not seen
in England till two centuries afterwards. Johnson.
The author of The Remarks censures this note in the follow-
ing terms, "It would be well however, though not quite so easy
for the learned critic to bring some proof in support of this and such
like assertions. Without which the authority of Shakespeare is at
least equal to that of Dr. Johnson." It is probable that Dr. John-
son did not see the necessity of citing any authority for a fact so well
known, or suspect that any person would demand one. If an au-
thority however only is wanted, perhaps, the following may be
deemed sufficient to justify the Doctor's observation, "—at that
time two other Englishmen, Sir W. Stanley, and Rowland Yorke
get an ignominious name of traitors. This Yorke borne in Lon-
don, was a man most negligent and lazy, but desperately hardy;
he was in his time most famous among those who respected fencing,
having been the first that brought into England that wicked
and pernicious fashion to fight in the fields in duels with a rapier
called a tucke only for the thrust: the English having till that very
time used to fight with backe swords, flashing and cutting one the
other armed with targets or bucklers with very broad weapons, ac-
counting it not to be a manly action to fight by thrusting and slashing,
and chiefly under the waiste." Dacres' Annals of Queen Elizabeth.
4to, 1623, p. 223. fab anno, 1587.

Again, in Bulleyn's Dialogue between Soarneffe and Chirurgi,
sol. 1579, p. 20. "There is a new kynd of instruments to let
bloud withall, which bryng the bloud letter sometyme to the
gallowes, because hee stryketh to depee. These instruments are
called the ruffins tucke and long joining rapier: weapons more
malicious than manly." Editor.

5 the day.] The 4to 1597, reads that day. Malone.
Of mortal breathing; seize it if thou dar'st,
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Another Lord. "I take the earth to the like, forsworn
Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be hollow'd in thy treacherous ear:
From sin to sin: there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:

6 I take the earth to the like, &c.] This speech I have restored from the first edition in humble imitation of former editors, though, I believe, against the mind of the author. For the word I suppose we should read, thy oath. Johnson.

...take the earth——] To take the earth is, at present, a fox-hunter's phrase. So, in the Blind Beggar of Alexandria, 159:

"I'll follow him until he take the earth."

But I know not how it can be applied here. It should seem, however, from the following passage in Warner's Albion's England, 1607, b. iii. c. 15. that the expression is yet capable of another meaning:

"Lo here my gage, (he terr'd his glove) thou know'll the victor's meed."

To terre the glove was, I suppose, to dash it on the earth. The quartos 1598, 1608, and 1615, have the same reading, except tap instead of take.

Let me add, however, in support of Dr. Johnson's conjecture, that the word oath, in Troilus and Cressida, quarto, 1609, is corrupted in the same manner. Instead of the "— untraded oath," it gives "—— un raised earth." We might read, only changing the place of one letter, and altering another:

I talk thy heart to the like, ———
i. c. I put thy valour to the same trial. So, in K. Hen. IV. ad
v. i. c. 2:

"How shew'd his talking? seem'd it in contempt?"

Steevens.

7 From sin to sin:——] So the quartos. I suspect we should read: From sin to sin; i.e. from one day to another. Steevens.

Surely this ingenious emendation is entitled to a place in the text. ——— Is not, however, the meaning rather, from sun-rise to sun-set. Malone.

I have
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surry. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitzw. 'Tis very true: you were in presence
then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surry. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Fitzw. Surry, thouliest.

Surry. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall ly on heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
'Till thou the lye-giver, and that lie, do ly
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.
In proof whereof there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitzw. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surry in a wilderness 8,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.—

As I intend to thrive 9 in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
to execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this 1,

8 I dare meet Surry in a wilderness,] I dare meet him where no help can be had by me against him. So, in Macbeth:
   "——or be alive again,
   "And dare me to the desert with thy sword." Johnson.

9 —in this new world,] In this world where I have just begun to be an actor. Surry has, a few lines above, called him boy. Johnson.

1 —here do I throw down this,] Holinshed says, that on this occasion "he threw down a hood that he had borrowed." Steevens.
KING RICHARD II.

If he may be repeal'd to try his honour,
Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
'Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and signories; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Carl. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesus Christ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?
Carl. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the
bosom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
'Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter York, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, defending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Carl. Marry, God forbid!—
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best becometh me to speak the truth.

[Yet best becometh me to speak the truth.] It might be read more grammatically:
Yet best becometh me to speak the truth.
But I do not think it is printed other otherwise than as Shakespeare wrote it. Johnson.

Would
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobleness would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who fits here, that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O forbid it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stir'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a soul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this feat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead mens' skulls.
O, if you rear this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth;
Prevent, refit it, let it not be so,
KING RICHARD II.

Left childrens' children cry against you—woe!
North. Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your
pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here:—
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
To keep him safely 'till his day of trial.—
May't please you, lords, to grant the common suit?
Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.
York. I will be his conduct
[Exit.
Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer;—
Little are we beholden to your love,
[To Carlisle.
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter York, with king Richard.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To infinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee?—
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember

6 Left childrens' children——] The old copies read:
Left child, child's children. STEEVENS.
7——his day of trial,—] After this line, whatever follows,
almost to the end of the act, containing the whole process of de-
throning and deposing king Richard, was added after the first edi-
tion, of 1598, and before the second of 1615. Part of the addi-
tion is proper, and part might have been forborne without much
loss. The author, I suppose, intended to make a very moving scene.

JOHNSON.
The addition was first made in the quarto 1678, for the use of
which I am indebted to the reverend Mr. Bowle of Idemecston,
Wiltshire. STEEVENS.
8 Fetch hither Richard, &c.] The quartos add this to the pre-
ceding speech of Northumberland. STEEVENS.
9——my knee:——] The quartos 1608, and 1615, read:
——my limbs. STEEVENS.

The
The favours of these men: Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but, he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand,
none.

God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me,—
To do what service, am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, cousin, seize
the crown;
Here, cousin, on this side, my hand; on that side, thine.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another;
¹ The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst thou mount up on high.

Boling. I thought, you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine.
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.

¹ The favours, &c.] The countenances; the features. Johnson.
² The emptier ever dancing——] This is a comparison not easily accommodated to the subject, nor very naturally introduced. The best part is this line, in which he makes the usurper the empty bucket. Johnson.
My care is—lofs of care, by old care done;
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they fly.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?
K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:  
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev’d;
And thou with all pleas’d, that hast all achiev’d!
Long may’st thou live in Richard’s seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save king Henry, unking’d Richard says,
And send him many years of sun-shine days!—
What more remains?

3 My care is—lofs of care, by old care done;] Shakspeare often obscureth his meaning by playing with sounds. Richard seems to say here, that his cares are not made lops by the increase of Bolingbroke’s cares; for this reason, that his care is the lops of care, his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, by the cession of his care to which he had been accustomed. Johnson.

4——my balm.] The oil of consecration. He has mentioned it before. Johnson.

5—all duteous oaths:] The quartos 1608, and 1615, read:
——all duties, rites. Steevens.

6——are made to thee!] The quartos 1608, and 1615, read:
——that swear to thee Steevens.
King Richard II. 235

North. No more, but that you read
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the depoising of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—
Nav, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my four cors,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.
K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears I cannot see:
And yet salt-water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Make glory base; and sovereignty, a slave.

Proud

7 ——If thou wouldest,— That is, if thou would'st read over a
list of thy own deeds. Johnson.
8 —a sort—[A pack, a company. See vol. iii. p. 74—
Warburton.
9 —a sovereign, a slave;] The quartos 1608, and 1615,
read:
——and sovereignty a slave. Steevens.
The first folio agrees with the quartos, except that it reads—

a fo-
Proud majesty, a subject; state a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught', insulating man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But 'tis usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
Oh, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!
Good king—great king—(and yet not greatly good) An if my word be sterling yet in England, [To Boling]
Let it command a mirror hither straight; That it may shew me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied; I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself,

sovereignty. "A sovereignty" is an arbitrary alteration made by the editor of the second folio.
There is surely no need to depart from the reading of the quarto. To make sovereignty a slave, is as proper an expression, as to make majesty a subject, or state a peasant. Malone.
haught] i. e. haughty. Instances of the use of this word are given in another place. Steevens.
No, not that name was given me at the font,] How that name which was given at the font could be usurped, I do not understand. Perhaps Shakespeare meant to shew that imagination, dwelling long on its own misfortunes, represents them as greater than they really are. Anonymous.
Enter one, with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read. —
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? — Oh, flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me? Was this face the face,
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face,
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:

[Dashs the glass against the ground.

As brittle as the glory, is the face;
For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers. —
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see: —
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than a

king:

For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,

I have
KING RICHARD II.

I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
Boling. Yet ask.
K. Rich. And shall I have?
Boling. You shall.
K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither?
K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your fights.
Boling. Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.
K. Rich. Oh, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall. [Exit.
Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.
[Ex. all but the Abbot, bishop of Carlisle, and Aum.
Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Carl. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbott. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament

3 — Conveyers are ye all.] To convey is a term often used in
an ill sense, and so Richard understands it here. Piffard says:
Boling, convey the wife it call; and to convey is the word for
 fleight of hand, which seems to be alluded to here. Ye are all
fays the deposed prince, jugglers, who rise with this nimble des-
terity by the fall of a good king. JOHNSON.
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The first quarto, 1598, reads:
"Let it be so: and lo on Wednesday next
"We solemnly proclaim our coronation:
"Lords, be ready all." STEEVENS.
5 — as sharp to them as thorn.] This pathetic denunciation shows
that Shakespeare intended to impress his auditors with dislike of the
depoysl of Richard. JOHNSON.
KING RICHARD II.

To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise:—
I see, your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;
Come home with me to supper, and I'll lay
A plot, shall shew us all a merry day? 

[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A street in London.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King Richard, and guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: Yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—

6 To bury———] To conceal, to keep secret. Johnson.
7 In the first edition there is no personal appearance of king Richard, so that all to the line at which he leaves the stage was inferred afterwards. Johnson.
8 To Julius Cæsar's, &c.] The Tower of London is traditionally said to have been the work of Julius Cæsar. Johnson.
9 Here let us rest, if &c.] So, Milton:
"Here rest, if any rest can harbour here." Johnson.

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KING RICHARD II. 239

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9 Here let us rest, if &c.] So, Milton:
   "Here rest, if any rest can harbour here." Johnson.

Ah,
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;

Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard; thou moost beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league 'till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd, and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; And wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod?

1 Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand:] The queen uses comparative terms absolutely. Instead of saying, Thou who appræsentst as the ground on which the magnificence of Troy was once erected, she says:

A b, thou the model, &c.
Thou map of honour;

Thou picture of greatness. Johnson.

2 —— beauteous inn.] Inn does not here signify a house of public entertainment; but, as in Spenser, a habitation in general.

Steevens.

3 Join not with grief;——] Do not thou unite with grief against me; do not, by thy additional sorrows, enable grief to strike me down at once. My own part of sorrow I can bear, but thy affliction will immediately destroy me. Johnson.

* I am sworn brother,—
To grim necessity;———
I have reconciled myself to necessity; I am in a state of amity with the constraint which I have sustained. Johnson.
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

*K. Rich.* A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.

Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.

In winter's tedious nights, fit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, 5 to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

For why, the senile old brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

*Enter Northumberland, attended.*

*North.* Mylord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order t'ken for you;
With all swift speed, you must away to France.

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is; ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half;
It is too little, helping him to all:
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way

5 *to quit their grief,*] To retaliate their mournful stories. *Johnson.*

6 *For why,*] The poet should have ended this speech
with the foregoing line, and have spared his children's prattle about
the fire. *Johnson.*
KING RICHARD II.

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end,
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then, betwixt me, and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;

[To the Queen.

And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime:
My wife to France; from whence, let forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hollowmas, or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart
from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.
North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;

Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.

Queen. So long it way shall have the longest moans.

---Hollowmas,---] All hallowes, or all hallowtide; the
first of November. Steevens.

That were some love, &c.] The quartos give this speech to
the king. Steevens.

Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'.] To be never the
nigher, or, as is commonly spoken in the mid-land counties,
ne'er the ne'er, is, to make no advance towards the good desired.

Johnson.

K. Rich.
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K. Rich. Twice for one step I’ll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let’s be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief,
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;—
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

[They kiss.

Queen. Give me mine own again; ’twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.

[Kiss again.

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay;
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The duke of York’s palace.

Enter York, and his Duchess.

Dutch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern’d hands, from window tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard’s head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem’d to know,—
With flow, but stately pace, kept on his course,

—and dumbly part; ——] Thus the folio. The quartos read: —— and doubly part. STEEVENS.

R 2 While
While all tongues cry’d—God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought, the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darter their desiring eyes
Upon his village; and that all the walls,
With painted imag’ry, had said at once,—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whist he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed’s neck,
Bespoke them thus,—I thank you countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dutch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?

York. As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac’d actor leaves the stage,
*are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men’s (s) 
Did scowl on Richard; no man cry’d, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, feel’d
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whole state and honour I for aye allow.

*are into bent——] That is, carelessly turned, thrown without attention. This the poet learned by his attendance and practice on the stage. Johnson.


Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my son Aumerle.
York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost, for being Richard’s friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lafting fealty to the new-made king.

Dutch. Welcome, my son: Who are the violets now,
That drew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well 5 bear you well in this new spring of
time,
Left you be cropt before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and tri-
umphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.
York. You will be there, I know.
Aum. If God prevent me not; I purpose so.
York. What feal is that, that hangs without thy
bofom?

‘Yea, look’st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aumerle that was:] The dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, and
Exeter, were by an act of Henry’s first parliament deprived of
their dukedoms, but were allowed to retain their earldoms of Rut-
land, Kent, and Huntingdon. Holinshed, p. 513; 514.

Steevens.

That drew the green lap of the new come spring?] So, Milton
in one of his songs:

“——— who from her green lap throws

" The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose." Steevens.

—bear you well—j That is, conduct yourself with prudence.

Johnson.

‘Yea, look’st thou pale? let me see the writing.] Such harsh
and defective lines as this, are probably corrupt, and might be easi-
ly supplied, but that it would be dangerous to let conjecture loose
on such flight occasions. Johnson.

After what Dr. Johnson has said, I am almost afraid to offer a
conjecture. Yet, I believe, Shakspere wrote:

Rey, let me see the writing.

York uses these words a little lower. Malone.
KING RICHARD II.

York. No matter then who sees it; I will be satisfy'd, let me see the writing.
Ann. I do beseech your grace to pardon me; it is a matter of small consequence, which for some reasons I would not have seen.
York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see, I fear, I fear,—
Dutch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he has enter'd into?
For gay apparel, against the triumph.
York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond?
That he is bound to? Wise, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.
Ann. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not shew it.
York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[Snatches it and reads.
Treason! foul treason!—villain, traitor! slave!
Dutch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who is within there? saddle my horse.
Heaven, for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Dutch. Why, what is it, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse:—
Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.
Dutch. What's the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Dutch. I will not peace:—What is the matter, son?
Ann. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
Dutch. Thy life answer!

7 For gay apparel against the triumph.] The reading of the first quarto, 1597, appears to me preferable:
For gay apparel against the triumph day.
The latter word was accidentally omitted in the quarto, 1598, and all the subsequent copies. Malone.
Enter servant, with boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.
Dutch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd:
Hence, villain; never more come in my sight.—[Speaking to servant.]

York. Give me my boots, I say.
Dutch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own;
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford,
Dutch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?
York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times
My son, I would approach him.
Dutch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman. [Exit.
Dutch. After, Aumerle: mount thee upon his horse;
Spur, post; and get before him to the king.
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
KING RICHARD II.

I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
'Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The court at Windsor castle.

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months, since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he,
I would to heaven, my lords, he might be found:
7 Enquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions;
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince;
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the flews;
And from the commonest creature pluck a glove.

7 Enquire at London, &c.] This is a very proper introduction to the future character of Henry the Fifth, to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatness in his manhood. Johnson.
8 While he,—] All the old copies read: Which be.

Steevens.

9 —— pluck a glove,] So, in Prometheus and Cassandra, 1578, Lat., the strumpet, says:

"Who loves me once is lymed to my heart:
"My colour some, and some shall wear my glove."
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissipate, as desperate: yet, through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope;
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle, amazed.

Aum. Where is the king?
Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he startles and looks so wildly?
Aum. God save your grace, I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.—

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,

[Kneels.

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unleas a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?

If but the first, how heinous ere it be,

To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,

That no man enter 'till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [Yorke within.

Yorke. My liege, beware; look to thyself;

Thou

Again, in the Shoemaker's Holyday, or Gentle Craft, 1600:

"' Or shall I undertake some martial sport
" Wearing your glove at turneuy or at tilt,
" And tell how many gallants I unhors'd." — Steevens.

' I see some sparkles of a better hope.' The folio reads:

—sparkles of better hope. —Steevens.

The quarto: 1615:

—sparkles of better hope. —Steevens.

My lines. —I suspect that the
250 KING RICHARD II.

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [Drawing.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;

Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king: Shall I for love, speak treason to thy face? Open the door, or I will break it open.

The king opens the door, enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak; Recover breath; tell us how near is danger, That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know The treason that my hate forbids me shew.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past; I do repent me; read not my name there, My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, cre thy hand did set it down.— I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king; Fear, and not love, begets his penitence; Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!— O loyal father of a treacherous son!

Thou sinner, immaculate, and silver fountain, From whence this stream through muddy passages,

the word beware has been accidentally omitted at the end of the line:

"My liege, beware; look to thyself; beware;

Thou hast a traitor in the presence there. MALONE.

Sheer, immaculate, &c.] Sheer is pellucid, transparent. The modern editors arbitrarily read clear. So, in Spenser's Faery Queen. b. iii. c. 2:

"Who having viewed in a fountain sheer

Her face, &c."

Again, b. iii. c. 11:

"That she at last came to a fountain sheer."

Transparent muslin is still called sheer muslin. STEEVENS.

Hath
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digreffing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftles sons theirSPANof: fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thoukill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duchess within.

Dutch. What ho, my liege! for heaven's sake, let
me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this
eager cry?

Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd; from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to: the Beggar and the King.—

My

3 Thy overflow of good converts to bad;] Theobald would
read: —— converts the bad. Steevens.
The old reading—— converts to bad, is right, I believe, though
Mr. Theobald did not understand it. "The overflow of good
in thee is turned to bad in thy son," and that same abundant good-
ness in thee shall excuse his transgression. Tyrwhitt.

4 — digreffing son.] Thus the old copies, and rightly.
So, in Romco and Juliet:

"Digreffing from the valour of a man."
To digreff is to deviate from what is right or regular. See vol. ii.

5 — the King and the Beggar.—] The King and Beggar seems
to have been an interlude well known in the time of our author,
who has alluded to it more than once. I cannot now find that any
of it is left. Johnson.
The King and Beggar was perhaps once an interlude; it was
certainly a long. The reader will find it in the first volume of Dr.
Percy's collection. It is there intitled, King Cophetua and the
Beggar Maid; and is printed from Rich. Johnson's Crown Gar-
land
KING RICHARD II.

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may. This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest's found;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Dutchess.

Dutch. O king, believe not this hard hearted man;
Love, loving not itself, none other can.
York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Dutch. Sweet York, be patient: Hear me, gentle liege.

Boling. Rile up, good aunt.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy fees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aunt. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.

York. Against them both, my true joints bended be.

[They kneel.

8 Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Land of Golden Roes, 1612, 12°; where it is entitled simply, A song of a Beggar and a King. This interlude or ballad is mentioned in Cinthia's Revenge, 1613:

"Provoke thy sharp Melpomene to sing
The story of a Beggar and the King." Steevens.

6 Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here? So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor:

"What make you here?"
Again, in Othello:


7 —kneel upon my knees.] Thus the folio. The quartos read:
—walk upon my knees. Steevens.

8 Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!] This line is not in the folio. Malone.
Dutch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face; 
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest; 
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast: 
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd; 
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside: 
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know; 
Our knees shall kneel 'till to the ground they grow: 
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy; 
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity. 
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have 
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Dutch. Nay, do not say—stand up; 
But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up. 
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach, 
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech. 
I never long'd to hear a word 'till now; 
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how: 
The word is short, but not so short as sweet; 
No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths to meet.

Tork. Speak it in French, king; say, pardonnez mon.
Dutch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy? 
Ah, my four husband, my hard-hearted lord, 
That fet't the word itself against the word!— 
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land; 
The chopping French we do not understand. 
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there: 
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;

9—Pardonnez mon.] That is, excuse me, a phrase used when any thing is civilly denied. The whole passage is such as I could well with away. Johnson.

The chopping French.] Chopping, I believe, means jabbering, talking flippantly a language unintelligible to Englishmen. I do not remember to have met the word, in this sense, in any other place. In the universities they talk of chopping logick; and our author in Romeo and Juliet has the same phrase: 
"How now! how now! chop logick!" Malone.

That
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That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

_Boling._ Good aunt, stand up.

_Dutch._ I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

_Boling._ I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon me.

_Dutch._ O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: I speak it again;
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

_Boling._ With all my heart
I pardon him.

_Dutch._ A god on earth thou art.

_Boling._ *But for our trusty brother-in-law—and the abbot,
With all the rest of that comforted crew,—
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell;—and cousin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

_Dutch._ Come, my old son; I pray heaven make thee new.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

_Enter Exton, and a servant._

_Exton._ Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?

---But for our trusty brother-in-law and—the abbot,—] The brother-in-law meant, was John duke of Exeter and earl of Huntingdon (own brother to King Richard II.) and who had married with the lady Elizabeth sister of Henry of Bolingbroke. Theobald. 

---too,—] added by Mr. Theobald for the sake of the metre.

Malone.

Have
KING RICHARD II. 255

Have I no friend, will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not so?

Serv. Thosc were his very words.

Exton. Have I no friend? quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me;
As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [Execunt.

SCENE V.

The prison at Pomfret-castle.

Enter king Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul:
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humours, like the people of this world,

* how I may*] So, the first 4to 1597. The second and subsequent copies read "how to compare." MALONE.

5 And these same thoughts people this little world! i.e. his own frame;—"the state of man," which in Julius Caesar is said to be "like to a little kingdom." So, also, in our author's Lear's Complaint:

"Storming my world with sorrow's wind and rain."

Again, in King Lear:

"—Strives in this little world of man to out-run
"The too-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain."

MALONE.

For
256  KING RICHARD II.

For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself?
Against the word:
As thus, Come, little ones; and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, myragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last: Like silly beggars,
Who, fitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,—
That many have, and others must fit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: Sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: Then crushing penury
Persuades me, I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,
Think, that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing:—But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd

9 ——— —— the word itself
Against the word:]
Thus the quarto's, except that they read t[i]y word. By the word
I suppose is meant the body word. The folio reads:
—— ——— the faith itself
Against the faith. Steevens.
The first quarto, 1597, reads ——— —— the word. Malone.
—— in one person, ———] All the old copies, except the quarto,
1597, read, in one prizon. Malone.

With
With being nothing.—Music do I hear? [Music.
Ha, ha! keep time—How sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept?
So is it in the music of mens’ lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To hear time broke in a disorder’d string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wafted time, and now doth time waste me.
For now hath time made me his numb’ring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and, 4 with sighs they jar
Their

To hear—] One of the quartos reads—to check.

Steevens.

For now hath time made me his numb’ring clock:
There appears to be no reason for supposing with Dr. Johnson, that this passage is corrupt. It should be recollected, that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time, viz. by the libration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these, the king, in his comparison, severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the jarring of the pendulum, which, at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial or outward watch, to which the king compares his eyes, and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears, or (to use an expression of Milton) minute drops: his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the dial’s point: his clamorous groans, are the sounds that tell the hour.

In Henry IV. P. II. Tears are used in a similar manner:
"But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
"By number, into hours of happiness." Henley.

I think this expression must be corrupt, but I know not well how to make it better. The first quarto reads:
My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar,
Their watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch.

The quarto 1608:
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar,
Their watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch.

The first folio agrees with the third quarto, which reads:
My thoughts are minutes: and with sighs they jarre,
There watches to mine eyes the outward watch.

Vol. V. Perhaps
Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch, 
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point, 
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears. 

5 Now, sir, the found, that tells what hour it is, 
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart, 
Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans, 
Shew minutes, times, and hours: — but my time 
Runs pestling on in Bolingbroke's proud joy, 
While I stand fooling here, 'tis his Jack o'the clock. 
This music mads me, let it found no more; 

Perhaps out of these two readings the right may be made, Watch seems to be used in a double sense, for a quantity of time, and for the instrument that measures time. I read, but with no great confidence, thus:

"My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar. 
Their watches on; mine eyes the outward watch, 
Whereto, &c. 

The first quarto, 1597, and the first folio, read: 
Their watches on unto mine eyes. 

The outward watch, as I am informed, was the moveable figure of a man habited like a watchman, with a pole and lantern in his hand. The figure had the word—watch written on its forehead; and was placed above the dial-plate. This information was derived from an artist after the operation of a second cup: therefore neither the gentleman who communicated it, or myself, can vouch for its authenticity, or with any degree of confidence apply it to the passage before us. Such a figure, however, appears to have been alluded to in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour: " —he looks like one of these motions in a great antique clock, &c." A motion anciently signified a puppet. Again, in his

"Observe him, as his watch observes his clock." 

To jar is, I believe, to make that noise which is called ticking. 

Se, in the Winter's Tale: 

"I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind, &c." 

Again, in the Spanish Tragedy: 

"— the minutes jarring, the clock striking." 

8 Now, sir, &c.] Should we not read thus: 

Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is, 
Are clamorous groans, &c. 

6 —his Jack o'the clock.] That is, I strike for him. One of these automatonis is alluded to in King Richard the Third. 

Vol. vii. p. 117. 

Steevens.
KING RICHARD II. 259

For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch * in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!
K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
*Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?
Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave

* For though it have holpe madmen to their wits.] In what degree musick was supposed to be useful in curing madness, the reader may receive information from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. Part II. Sect. 2. EDITOR.
*—in this all-hating world.] I believe the meaning is, this world in which I am universally hated. JOHNSON.
*—and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.] i.e. is as strange and uncommon as a brooch, which is now no longer worn. So, in All's Well that ends Well: "Virginty, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion, richly tufted, but unsuitable; just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now." MALONE.
*Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog.] I have ventured at a change here, against the authority of the copies, by the direction of Mr. Warburton. Indeed, sad dog favours too much of the com- edian, the oratory of the late facetious Mr. Penkethman. And drudge is the word of contempt, which our author chooses to use on other like occasions. THEOBALD.
Dr. Warburton says peremptorily, "read drudge;" but I still persist in the old reading. JOHNSON.
It should be remembered that the word sad was in the time of our author used for grave. The expression will then be the same as if he had said, that grave, that gloomy villain. So, in Holinshed, p. 730: "With that, the recorder called Fitzwilliam, a sad man, and an honest &c." STEEVENS.
To look upon my sometime royal master's face,
O, how it yern'd my heart, when I behold,
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!

*K. Rich.* Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

*Groom.* So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground,

*K. Rich.* So proud, that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Waft born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jaunting Bolingbroke.

*Enter Keeper, with a dish.*

*Keep.* Fellow, give place, here is no longer stay.

[To the Groom.

*K. Rich.* If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

*Groom.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

[Exit.

*Keep.* My lord, will't please you to fall to?

---

1 So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.] Thus the quarto.

The folio reads:
--- as if he had disdain'd the ground. Malone.

2 — by jaunting Bolingbroke.] Jaunce and jaunt were synonymous words. Ben Jenkinson uses geance in his *Tale of a Tub*:

"I would I had a few more geances of it:

And you say the word, lead me to Jericho."

**Steevens.**

*K. Rich.*
KING RICHARD II. 261

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; sir Pierce of Exton, who late came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!

Patience is fatale, and I am weary of it. [Beats the Keeper.

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton, and servants.


Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument. [Snatching a weapon, and killing one. Go thou, and fill another room in hell. [Kills another.

Exton strikes him down.

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.--Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

[Dies.

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood: Both have I spilt; Oh, would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me—I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear;

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[Exeunt.

— as thou wert wont to do.] So the folio, and the quarto.

The first quarto, 1597, and the two subsequent copies, read:

—art wont to do. MALONE.
The court at Windsor.

Flourish: Enter Bolingbroke, York, with other lords and attendants.

Boling: Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear, is—that the rebels have consum’d with fire our town of Cicester in Glostershire; but whether they be ta’en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?

North. First to thy sacred state with all happiness.

The next news is,—I have to London sent the heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent; the manner of their taking may appear at large discoursed in this paper here.

[Presenting a paper.

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains; and to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London the heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely; two of the dangerous consorted traitors, that sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot; right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

5 of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent.] The first quarto, 1597, reads:
The others:
of Oxford, Salisbury, and Kent. MALONE.

Enter
Enter Percy, with the bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience, and four melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave:
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton, with a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy bury'd fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of Flander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison, that do poison need,
Nor do I thee; though I did with him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day nor night.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow;
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on fuller black incontinent;

S 4

I'll
I'll make a voyage to the Holy land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [Exeunt omnes.*

* This play is extracted from the Chronicle of Holinshed, in which many passages may be found which Shakspere has, with very little alteration, transplanted into his scenes; particularly a speech of the bishop of Carlisle, in defence of king Richard's unalienable right, and immunity from human jurisdiction.

Jonson who, in his Catiline and Scipio, has inserted many speeches from the Roman historians, was perhaps induced to that practice by the example of Shakspere, who had condescended sometimes to copy more ignoble writers. But Shakspere had more of his own than Jonson, and, if he sometimes was willing to spare his labour, shewed by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice or idleness rather than necessity.

This play is one of those which Shakspere has apparently revised; but as success in works of invention is not always proportionate to labour, it is not finished at last with the happy force of some other of his tragedies, nor can be said much to affect the passions, or enlarge the understanding. Johnson,
HENRY IV.

PART I.

Persons
Persons Represented.

King Henry the Fourth.
Henry, prince of Wales, sons to the king.
John, duke of Lancaster.
Earl of Worcester.
Earl of Northumberland.
Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur.
Edmund Mortimer, earl of March.
Scroop, archbishop of York.
Archibald, earl of Douglas.
Owen Glendower.
Sir Richard Vernon.
Earl of Westmoreland.
Sir Walter Blunt.
Sir John Falstaff.
Poins.
Gadshill.
Peto.
Bardolph.

Lady Percy, wife to Hotspur, sister to Mortimer.
Lady Mortimer, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.

Quickly, hostess of the tavern in Eastcheap.

Sheriff, vintner, chamberlain, drawers, two carriers, travellers, and attendants, &c.

SCENE, England.

*John, duke of Lancaster,*] It should be Prince John of Lancaster. STEEVENS.

The persons of the drama were originally collected by Mr. Rowe, who has given the title of Duke of Lancaster to Prince John, a mistake which Shakspere has been no where guilty of in the first part of this play, though in the second he has fallen into the same error. K. Henry IV. was himself the last person that ever bore the title of Duke of Lancaster. But all his sons (till they had peerages, as Clarence, Bedford, Gloucester) were distinguished by the name of the royal house, as John of Lancaster, Humphry of Lancaster, &c. and in that proper style, the present John (who became afterwards so illustrious by the title of Duke of Bedford) is always mentioned in the play before us. STEEVENS.
FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The court in London.

Enter king Henry, earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Henry. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And

* The First Part of Henry IV. *] The transactions contained in this historical drama are comprised within the period of about ten months; for the action commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald earl of Douglas at Holmedon (or Halidown-hill) which battle was fought on Holyrood-day, (the 14th of September) 1402; and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21st of July (the eve of Saint Mary Magdalen) in the year 1403: Theobald.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 25. 1597, by Andrew Wife. Again by M. Woolf, Jan. 9. 1598. For the piece supposed to have been its original, see *Six old Plays on which Shakespeare founded, &c.* published for S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. Steevens.

Shakespeare has apparently designed a regular connection of these dramatic histories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpose to visit the Holy land, which he resumes in this speech. The complaint made by king Henry in the last act of Richard the Second, of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the frolicks which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited. Johnson.

Find
First Part of

And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc’d in stronds afar remote:
* No more the thirsty entrance of this soil

Shall

: Find use a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents — ]
That is, let us often peace to rest a while without disturbance,
that she may recover breath to propose new wars. Johnson.
* No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall damp her lips with her own children’s blood;
This nonence should be read: Shall trempe, i.e. moisten, and
refers to thirsty in the preceding line: trempe, from the French,
tremper, properly signifies the moistness made by rain.

Warburton.

That these lines are absurd is soon discovered, but how this
nonence will be made sense is not so easily told; surely not by
reading trempe, for what means he, that says, the thirsty entrance
of this soil shall no more trempe her lips with her children’s blood,
more than he that says it shall not damp her lips? To suppose the
entrance of the soil to mean the entrance of a king upon dominion
and king Henry to predict that kings shall enter hereafter without bloodshed,
is to give words such a latitude of meaning, that no nonence
can want a congruous interpretation.

The ancient copies neither have trempe nor damp: the first
quarto of 1599, that of 1622, the folio of 1623, and the quarto
of 1639, all read:

* No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daube her lips with her own children’s blood.

The folios of 1632 and 1664 read, by an apparent error of the
press, shall damp her lips, from which the latter editors have idly
adopted damp. The old reading helps the editor no better than the
new; nor can I satisfactorily reform the passage. I think that
thirsty entrance must be wrong, yet know not what to offer. We
may read, but not very elegantly:

* No more the thirsty entrails of this soil
Shall daubed be with her own children’s blood.

The relative her is inaccurately used in both readings; but to
regard sense more than grammar, is familiar to our author.
We may suppose a verse or two loft between these two lines.
This is a cheap way of palliating an editor’s inability; but I be-
lieve such omissions are more frequent in Shakespeare than is com-
monly imagined. Johnson.

Perhaps the following conjecture may be thought very far
fetch’d, and yet I am willing to venture it, because it often hap-
pens that a wrong reading has affinity to the right. I would read:

the thirsty entrails of this soil;
KING HENRY IV. 269

Shall daub her lips with her own childrens' blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs

Of

i.e. those who set foot on this kingdom through the thirst of power or conquest.

Whoever is accustomed to the old copies of this author, will generally find the words consequncets, occurents, ingredients, spelt con-sequence, occurence, ingredience; and thus, perhaps, the French word entrants, anglicized by Shakspeare, might have been corrupted into entrance, which affords no very apparent meaning.

By her lips Shakspeare may mean the lips of peace, who is mentioned in the second line; or may use the thirsty entrance of the soil, for the porous surface of the earth, through which all moisture enters, and is thirstily drank, or soaked up. Steevens.

Mr. Steevens's conjecture is so likely to be true, that I have no doubt about the propriety of admitting it into the text.

It should be observed that supposing these copies to have been made out by the ear (which there is great reason to believe was the case,) the transcriber might easily have been deceived; for entrance and entrants have nearly the same sound, and he would naturally write a familiar instead of an unusual word.

A similar mistake has happened in the first scene of King Henry V. where we meet (in the first folio)

"With such a heady currance scouring faults——."

Instead of—— "With such a heedy current, &c."

I do not know that the word entrant is found elsewhere; but Shakspeare has many of a similar formation. So, in K. Henry VI. P. 1:

"Here enter'd Pucelle, and her praefiantis."

Again, ibid.

"But when my angry guardant stood alone——."

Again, in K. Lear:

"Than twenty silly ducking observants——."

Again, ibid:

"Conspirant against this high illustrious prince."

Sir Philip Sidney, in his Defence of Poets, uses comediant for a writer of comedies.

See also Skelton's translation of Don Quixote, vol. 1, p. 296, ed. 1682: "The audicents of her sad florid felt great motions, &c."

Daub, the ancient reading, which Mr. Steevens has very properly restored, is strongly confirmed by a passage in King Richard II. where we again meet with the image presented here:

"For that our kingdom's earth should not be foil'd"

"With that dear blood, with which it hath been foster'd."

MALONE.

The
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,—
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeing ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross

The author of The Remarks, says, the thirsty entrance of
the soil is nothing more or less, than the face of the earth parch'd
and crack'd as it always appears in a dry summer. As to its being
personified it is certainly no such unusual practice with Shaks
peare. Every one talks familiarly of Mother Earth; and they
who live upon her face, may without much impropriety be called
her children. Our author only confines the image to his own
country. The allusion is to the Baron wars. Editor.

5 [those opposed eyes.] The similitude is beautiful; but
what are "eyes meeting in intestine shocks, and marching all one
way?" The true reading is, files; which appears not only from the
integrity of the metaphor, "well-beseeing ranks march all one
way;" but from the nature of those meteors to which they are
compared; namely, long streaks of red, which represent the lines
of armies; the appearance of which, and their likeness to such
lines, gave occasion to all the superlition of the common people
concerning armies in the air, &c. Out of mere contradiction, the
Oxford Editor would improve my alteration of files to arms, and so
looses both the integrity of the metaphor and the likeness of the
comparison. WARBURTON.

This passage is not very accurate in the expression, but I think
nothing can be changed. Johnson.

6 As far as to the sepulchre, &c.] The lawfulness and justice of
the holy wars have been much disputed; but perhaps there is a
principle on which the question may be easily determined. If it
be part of the religion of the Mahometans to extirpate by the
sword all other religions, it is, by the laws of self-defence, lawful
for men of every other religion, and for Christians among
others, to make war upon Mahometans, simply as Mahometans,
as men obliged by their own principles to make war upon Chris-
tians, and only lying in wait till opportunity shall promise them
success. Johnson.

We
We are impressed and engag'd to fight;
forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's wombs
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go:
'Therefore we meet not now:—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yeasternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expediency.

Wf'st. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yeasternight: when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:
Upon whose dead corps there was such misufe,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By these Welshwomen done, as may not be,

7 —— shall we levy;] To levy a power of English as far as to
the sepulchre of Christ, is an expression quite unexampled, if not
corrump. We might propose lead, without violence to the sense,
or too wide a deviation from the traces of the letters. Steevens.
8 Therefore we meet not now.] i.e. not on that account do we
now meet;—we are not now assembled, to acquaint you with our
intended expedition. Malone.
9 ——this dear expediency.] For expedition. See vol. iii. p. 333.
Warburton.

1 And many limits —— ] Limits for estimates. Warburton.
Limits, as the author of the Revial observes, may mean, out-
lines, rough sketches or calculations. Steevens.
2 By those Welshwomen done,—— ] Thus Holinshed, p. 528:
"—such shameful villainie executed upon the carcasses of the
dead men by the Welsh-women; as the like. (I doo believe) hath
never or seldom been practised." Steevens.

With-
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

*K. Henry.* It seems then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy land.

*West.* This, match’d with other, did, my gracious lord:
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it doth import.
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there;
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald;
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought it, in the very heat.
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

*K. Henry.* Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain’d with the variation of each foil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this sea of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,

---the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy,----]
Holinhed’s *Hill. of Scotland*, p. 24, says: "This Harry Percy
was furnished, for his often pricking, Henry Hotspur, as one that
f modest times rested, if there were any service to be done abroad."

TOLLET.

---Archibald,] Archibald Douglas, earl Douglas.

STEVEWS.

*Stained with the variation of each foil.*
No circumstance could have been better chosen to mark the expedi-
tion of Sir Walter. It is used by Falstaff in a similar manner,
As it were to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to
remember, not to have patience to shift me but to stand stained with
travel.” *K. Henry IV. P. II.* HENLEY.

Balk’d
Balk'd in their own blood, did sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son

Balk'd in their own blood, I should suppose, that the
author might have written either bath'd, or bak'd, i.e. encrusted
over with blood dried upon them. A passage in Heywood's Iron
Age, 1632, may countenance the latter of these conjectures:

"Troilus lies embak'd"
"In his cold blood."

Again, in Hamlet:

"horridly trick'd"
"With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
"Bak'd and impalsted, &c."

Again, in Heywood's Iron Age:

"bak'd in blood and dust."

Again, ibid:

"as bak'd in blood." Steevens.

Balk'd—] Balk is a ridge; and particularly, a ridge of land:
here is therefore a metaphor; and perhaps the poet means, in his
bold and careless manner of expression:
"Ten thousand bloody carcasses piled up together in a long heap."
"A ridge of dead bodies piled up in blood." If this be the
meaning of balked, for the greater exactness of construction, we
might add to the pointing, viz:

Balk'd, in their own blood, &c.

"Piled up into a ridge, and in their own blood, &c."
But without this punctuation, as at present, the context is more poetical,
and presents a stronger image. I once conjectured:

Bak'd in their own blood.

Of which the sense is obvious. But I prefer the common reading:
A balk, in the sense here mentioned, is a common expression in
Warwickshire, and the northern counties. It is used in the same

Balk'd in their own blood, I believe; means, lay in heaps or bil-
locks, in their own blood. Blithe's England's Improvement, p. 118.
oberves: "The mole raiseth balks in meads and pastures." In
Leland's Itinerary, vol. V. p. 16. and 118. vol VII. p. io. a
balk signifies a bank or bill. Mr. Pope in the Iliad, has the same
thought:

"On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled.
"And thick'ning round them rife the hills of dead."

Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son

To beaten Douglas;
FIRST PART OF
To beaten Douglas; and the earls
Of Athol, Murray, Angus and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?
West. 'Faith, 'tis a conquest for a prince to boast of.
K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and
mak'st me fin.
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son:
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straitest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dis honour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-cloaths our children where they lay,
And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts:—What think you
coz',
Of this young Percy's pride? 7 the prisoners,
Which

Mordake earl of Fife, who was son to the duke of Albany, regent
of Scotland, is here called the son of earl Douglas, through a mistake
into which the poet was led by the omission of a comma, in the
passage of Holinshed from whence he took this account of the
Scottish prisoners. It stands thus in the historian: "—and of
prisoners, Mordake earle of Fife, son to the gouvernour Archibald earle Dowglas, &c." The want of a comma after gouvernour,
makes these words appear to be the description of one and the same
person, and so the poet understood them; but by putting the stop
in the proper place, it will then be manifest that in this list Mordake
who was son to the governor of Scotland, was the first pris-
oner, and that Archibald earle of Douglas was the second, and
soon. Steevens.

6 — and Menteith.] This is a mistake of Holinshed in his
English History, for in that of Scotland, p. 259, 262, and 419, he
speaks of the earl of Fife and Menteith as one and the same person.

7 — the prisoners.] Percy had an exclusive right to these
prisoners, except the earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man
who
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,  
To his own ufe he keeps; and sends me word,  
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.  

*Wel.* This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,  
Malevolent to you in all aspects;  
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up  
The crest of youth against your dignity.  

*K. Henry.* But I have sent for him to answer this;  
And, for this cause, a while we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.  

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we

who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten  
thousand crowns, had him clearly for himself, either to acquire or  
ransom, at his pleasure. It seems from *Camden’s Brit.* that Pou-  
nany-castle in Scotland was built out of the ransom of this very  
Henry Percy, when taken prisoner at the battle of Otterbourne by  
an ancestor of the present earl of Eglington. *Tolett.*  
Percy could not refuse the earl of Fife to the king; for being a  
prince of the blood royal, (son to the duke of Albany, brother to  
king Robert III.) Henry might justly claim him by his acknowl-  
edged military prerogative. *Steevns.*  

*Malevolent to you in all aspects.*] An astrological allusion.  
Worcester is represented as a malignant star that influenced the  
conduct of Hotspur. *Henley.*  

*Which makes him prune himself.*—] The metaphor is taken  
from a cock, who in his pride prunes himself; that is, picks  
of the loofe feathers to smoothe the rest. To prune and to plume,  
spoken of a bird, is the same. *Johnson.*  

"So, in *Albemazar*, 1615:  
"—prune yourself fleck."—"

Again, in the *Cobler’s Prophecy*, 1594:  
"Sith now thou dost but prune thy wings,  
"And make thy feathers gay."

Again, in *Green’s Metamorphosis*, 1613:  
"Pride makes the fowl to prune his feathers so."

But I am not certain that the verb to prune is justly interpreted.  
In the *Booke of Haukynges*, &c. (commonly called the *Booke of St.  
alaun*) is the following account of it: "The hauke proueth,  
when she fetcheth oyle with her beake over the taille, and anointeth  
her feet and her fethers. She plumeth when she pullith fethers of  
nie foule and ca epith them from her." *Steevns.*
FIRST PART OF

Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.
West. I will, my liege. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

An apartment belonging to the prince.

Enter Henry, prince of Wales, and Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old fack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten 3 to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of fack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping houses, and the blest fun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taflata; I see no reason, why thou shouldst be so superfuous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars;

3 Than out of anger can be uttered.] That is, "More is to be said than anger will suffer me to say: more than can issue from a mind disturbed like mine." [Johnson.

3—to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know.—] The prince's objection to the question seems to be, that Falstaff had asked in the night what was the time of day. [Johnson.

This cannot be well received as the objection of the prince; for presently after, the prince himself says: "Good morrow, Ned," and Poins replies: "Good morrow, sweet lad." The truth may be, that when Shakespeare makes the prince with Poins a good morrow, he had forgot that the scene commenced at night. [Stevens.

and
and not by Phœbus—he that wand’ring knight so fair:
And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—
as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for
grace thou wilt have none.)—

P. Henry. What! none?
Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve
to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king,
let not us, that are squires of the night’s body, be

Phœbus, he,—that wand’ring knight so fair.] Falstaff starts the
idea of Phœbus, i.e. the sun; but deviates into an allusion to El
Domel del Fteno, the knight of the sun in a Spanish romance transla-
ted (under the title of the Mirror of Knighthood, &c.) during the
age of Shakspeare. This illustrious personage was “most excellently
fairy,” and a great wanderer, as those who travel after him
throughout three thick volumes in 4to will discover. Perhaps
the words “that wand’ring knight so fair” are part of some for-
gotten ballad, the subject of this marvellous hero’s adventures.
In Peele’s Old Wives Tale, Com. 1595, Eumenides, the wan-
dring knight, is a character. Steevens.

let not us, that are squires of the night’s body, be called
thieves of the day’s beauty:] This conveys no manner of idea to me.
How could they be called thieves of the day’s beauty? They robbed
by moon-shine; they could not steal the fair day-light. I have
ventured to substitute booty: and this I take to be the meaning.
Let not us be called thieves, the purloiners of that booty, which, to
the proprietors, was the purchase of honest labour and industry by
day. Theobald.

It is true, as Theobald has observed, that they could not steal
the fair day-light; but I believe our poet by the expression, thieves
of the day’s beauty, meant only, let not us, who are body-squires
to the night, i.e. adorn the night, be called a disgrace to the day.
To take away the beauty of the day, may probably mean, to dis-
grace it. A squire of the body signified originally, the attendant
on a knight; the person who bore his head-piece, spear, and
shield. It became afterwards the cant term for a pimp; and is fo-
used in the second part of Decker’s Honest Whore, 1630. Again,
in the Witty Fair One, 1633, for a procuress: “Here comes
the squire of her mistref’s body.”

Falstaff, however, puns on the word knight. See Curialia of
Samuel Pegge, esq. part i. p. 100. Steevens.

T 3 call’d
call’d thieves of the day’s beauty; let us be—Diana’s foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being govern’d as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistrels the moon, under whose countenance we—fical.

P. Henry. Thou say’st well; and it holds well too; for the fortune of us, that are the moon’s men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being govern’d as the sea is by the moon. As, for proof, now: A purfe of gold most resolutely snatch’d on Monday night, and most disolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord, thou say’st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Henry.

6 Diana’s foresters, &c.]
“Exile and flower are justly mee awarded,
“My wife and heir lacke lands and lawful right;
“And me their lord made dame Diana’s knight.”
So lamenteth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk in The Mirror for Magistrates. Henderson.

7 got with suwearing—lay by;—] i. e. swearing at the passengers they robbed, lay by your arms; or rather, lay by was a phrase that then signified stand still, addressed to those who were preparing to rush forward. But the Oxford editor kindly accommodates these old thieves with a new cant phrase, taken from Bagshot-hath or Finchley-common, of lug out. Warburton.

—And is not mine hostess of the tavern, &c.] We meet with the same kind of humour as is contained in this and the three following speeches, in the Mostellaria of Plautus, act i. sc. 2.

“Jampidem ecce frigidâ non lavi magis lubenter,
Nec unde me melius, mea Scapha, rear effe desecetam.
Eca. “Eventus rebus omnibus, veluthorno miffis magna fuit.
Phi. “Quid eae miffis attinet ad meam lavationem?
Sca. “Nihilo plus, quam lavatio tua ad miffim.”

In the want of connection to what went before, probably consists the humour of the prince’s question. Steevens.

This kind of humour is often met with in old plays. In the Gallathea of Lilly, Phœnida says: “It is a pitie that nature framed you not a woman.”

Gall.
"Gall. There is a tree in Tylos, &c.
"Phil. What a toy it is to tell me of that tree, being nothing to the purpose, &c."

Ben Jonson calls it a game at vapours. Farmer.

As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle: — Mr. Rowe took notice of a tradition, that this part of Falstaff was written originally under the name of Oldcastle. An ingenious correspondent hints to me, that the passage above quoted from our author, proves what Mr. Rowe tells us was a tradition. Old lad of the castle seems to have a reference to Oldcastle. Besides, if this had not been the fact, why, in the epilogue to The Second Part of Henry IV, where our author promises to continue his story with Sir John in it, should he say: "Where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." This looks like declining a point that had been made an objection to him. I'll give a farther matter in proof, which seems almost to fix the charge. I have read an old play, called, The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the honourable battle of Agincourt,—The action of this piece commences about the 14th year of K. Henry the Fourth's reign, and ends with Henry the Fifth's marrying princess Catharine of France. The scene opens with Prince Henry's robberies. Sir John Oldcastle is one of the gang, and called Jockie; and Ned and Gadshill are two other comrades. From this old imperfect sketch, I have a suspicion Shakespeare might form his two parts of Henry the Fourth, and his history of Henry the Fifth; and consequently it is not improbable, that he might continue the mention of Sir John Oldcastle, till some descendants of that family moved queen Elizabeth to command him to change the name. Theobald.

—my old lad of the castle:—] This alludes to the name Shakespeare first gave to this buffoon character, which was Sir John Oldcastle; and when he changed the name he forgot to strike out this expression that alluded to it. The reason of the change was this: one Sir John Oldcastle having suffered in the time of Henry the Fifth for the opinions of Wickliffe, it gave offence, and therefore the poet altered it to Falstaff, and endeavours to remove the scandal in the epilogue to The Second Part of Henry IV. Fuller takes notice of this matter in his Church History:—"Stage-poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and
and of late is sublittelit bunf boon in his place." Book iv. p. 168.
But, to be candid, I believe there was no malice in the matter.
Shakspere wanted a droll name to his character, and never con-
considered whom it belonged to: we have a like instance in the Merry
Wives of Windsor, where he calls his French quack, Caius, a name
at that time very respectable, as belonging to an eminent and
learned physician, one of the founders of Caius College in Cam-
bridge. Warburton.
The propriety of this note the reader will find contested at the
beginning of Henry V. Sir John Oldcastle was not a character
ever introduced by Shakspere, nor did he ever occupy the place of
Fallstaff. The play in which Oldcastle's name occurs, was not the
work of our poet.
Old lad is likewise a familiar compellation to be found in some of
our most ancient dramatic pieces. So, in the Trial of Treason,
1567: "What, inclination, old lad art thou there? In the ded-
cication to Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up, &c. by T. Nash, 1598,
old Dick of the castle is mentioned.
Again, in Pierce's Superrogation, or a New Praise of the Old
Age, 1593: and here's a lofty ladd of the castell, that will binde
beares, and ride golden asles to death. Steevens.
Old lad of the castell, is the same with Old lad of Castile, a Cati-
lian.—Meres reckons Oliver of the castell amongst his romances:
and Gabriel Harvey tells us of "Old lads of the castell with their
rapping babble."—roaring boys—This is therefore no argument
for Fallstaff's appearing first under the name of Oldcastle. There is
however a passage in a play called Amends for Ladies, by Field the
player, 1618, which may seem to prove it, unless he confounded
the different performances:

"Did you never see
"The play where the fat knight, hight Oldcastle,
"Did tell you truly what this honour was?" Farmer.

Fuller, besides the words cited in the note, has in his Worthies,
p. 273, the following passage: "Sir John Oldcastle was first made
a Parliamentary puff, an emblem of mock valour, a make sport in all plays,
for a coward." Speed, likewise, in his Chronicle, edit. 2. p. 178.
says, "The author of the Three Conversions (i.e. Parsons the Je-
suits), hath made Oldcastle a ruffian, a robber, and a rebel, and his
authority, taken from the stage players, is more befitting the pen of
his flamboyant report, than the credit of the judicious, being only
grounded from the papist and the poet, of like conscience for lies, the
one ever feigning, and the other ever falsifying the truth.

Remarks.

From the following passage in The Meeting of Gallants at an
Ordinarie, or the Walks in Pocules, quarto, 1604, it appears that

Sir
K I N G  H E N R Y  IV.  281

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Henry.

Sir John Oldcastle (not, I conceive, the lord Cobham) was represented on the stage as a very fat man.—"Now, signiors, how like you mine hoff? did I not tell you he was a madde round knave and a merry one too? and if you chaunce to taulke of fatte Sir John Oldcastle, he will tell you, he was his great grand-father, and not much unlike him in paunch."—The hoff, who is here described, returns to the gallants, and entertains them with telling them stories. After his first tale, he says: "Nay gallants, I'll fit you, and now I will serve in another, as good as vinegar and pepper to your roast beewe." Signior Kicksheave replies: "Let's have is, let's taste on it, mine host, my noble fat actor."

The cause of all the confusion relative to these two characters, and of the tradition mentioned by Rowe, that our author changed the name from Oldcastle to Falstaff, (to which I do not give the final credit) seems to have been this. Shakespeare appears evidently to have caught the idea of the character of Falstaff from a wretched play entitled The famous Victories of King Henry V. (which had been exhibited before 1589) in which there is a Sir John Oldcastle, ("a pamper'd glutton, and a debauchee," as he is called in a piece of that age) who appears to be the character alluded to in the passage above quoted from The Meeting of Gallants, &c. Our author probably never intended to ridicule the real Sir John Oldcastle, lord Cobham, in any respect, but thought proper to make Falstaff in imitation of his prototype, the Oldcastle of the old King Henry V. a mad round knave also. From the first appearance of our author's King Henry IV. the old play in which this Sir John Oldcastle had been exhibited, was probably never performed. Hence, I conceive, it is, that Fuller says, "Sir John Falstaff has relieved the memory of sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place;" which being misunderstood, probably gave rise to the story, that Shakespeare changed the name of his character.

Falstaff thus having grown out of, and immediately succeeding, the other character, having one or two features in common with him, and being probably represented in the same dress, and with the same fictitious belly as his predecessor, the two names might have been indiscriminately used by Field and others, without any mistake or intention to deceive. Perhaps, behind the scenes, in consequence of the circumstances already mentioned, Oldcastle might have been a cant-appellation for Falstaff, for a long time. Hence the name might have crept, in some play-house copy, into one of the speeches in The Second Part of Henry IV. MALONE.

"And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?] To understand the propriety of the prince's answer, it must be remarked
P. Henry. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostesfs of the tavern?
Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?
Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Henry. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pray thee sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fob'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Henry. No; thou shalt.

ed that the sheriff's officers were formerly clad in buff. So that when Falstaff asks, whether his hostesfs is not a sweet wench, the prince asks in return, whether it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison by running in debt to this sweet wench. Johnson.

The following passage from the old play of Ram-All'y, may serve to confirm Dr. Johnson's observation:

"Look I have certain goblins in buff jerkins, "Lye ambushado."——[Enter Serjeant.

Again, in the Comedy of Errors, &c.

"A devil in an ever-lasting garment hath him, « A fellow all in buff."

In Westward Hoe, by Decker and Webster, 1607, I meet with a passage which leads me to believe that a robe or suit of durance was some kind of lasting stuff, such as we call at present, ever-lasting. A debtor, cajoling the officer who had just taken him up, says: Where didst thou buy this buff? Let me not live but I will give thee a good suit of durance. Wilt thou take my bond? &c."

Again, in The Devil's Charter, 1607: Varlet of velvet, my moccado villain, old heart of durance, my strip'd canvas shoulders, and my perpetuana pander." Again, in the Three Ladies of London, 1584: "As the taylor that out of seven yards, stole one and a half of durance," Steevens.

Fal.
KING HENRY IV. 283

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. * For obtaining of suits? 

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. Henry.

1 — I'll be a brave judge.] This thought, like many others, is taken from the old play of Henry V:

"Hen. V. Ned, as soon as I am king, the first thing I will do shall be to put my lord chief justice out of office; and thou shalt be my lord chief justice of England.

"Ned. Shall I be lord chief justice? By gos's wounds, I'll be the bravest lord chief justice that ever was in England."

SKEEVENS.

2 For obtaining of suits?] Suit, spoken of one that attends at court, means a petition; used with respect to the hangman, means the cloaths of the offender. JOHNSON.

So, in an ancient Medley, bl. 1:

"The broker hath gay cloaths to fell

"Which from the hangman's budgett fell."

SKEEVENS.

The same quibble occurs in Hoffman's Tragedy, 1631: "A poor maiden mistref, has a suit to you; and 'tis a good suit—very good apparel." MALONE.

3 — a gib cat——] "As melancholy as a gib'd cat" is a proverb enumerated among others in Ray's Collection. In a Match at Midnight, 1633, is the following passage: "They swell like a couple of gib'd cats, met both by chance in the dark in an old garret."

So, in Bulwer's Artificial Changeling, 1653: "Some in mania or melancholy madness have attempted the same, not without success, although they have remained somewhat melancholy like gib'd cats." I believe after all, a gib'd cat is a cat who has been qualified for the feraglio, for all animals so mutilated, become drowsy and melancholy. To gib has certainly that meaning. So, in the Winter's Tale, act ii. sc. 1:

"And I had rather gib myself than they

"Should not produce fair issue." SKEEVENS.

Sher-
P. Henry. Or an old lion; or a lover’s lute.
Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.
P. Henry. What say’st thou to 1 a hare, or 2 the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Sherwood’s *English Dictionary* at the end of Cotgrave’s French one, says: “Gibbe is an old he cat.” Aged animals are not so playful as those which are young; and glib’d or gelded ones are duller than others. So we might read: —— as melancholy as a gib cat or a glib’d cat. TOLLET.

1 —— a bare, ——] A bare may be considered as melancholy, because she is upon her form always solitary; and, according to the physic of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy. JOHNSON.

The following passage in *Vittoria Corombona*, &c. 1612, may prove the best explanation:

“—— like your melancholy bare,
“Feed after midnight.”

Again, in Drayton’s *Polyolbion*, sung the second:

“The melancholy bare is form’d in brakes and briars.”

STEEVENS.

2 —— the melancholy of Moor-ditch?] This I do not understand, unless it may allude to the croaking of frogs. JOHNSON.

I rather believe this to have been said in allusion to its situation in respect of Moor-gate the prison, and Bedlam the hospital. It appears likewise from Stow’s *Survey*, that a broad ditch, called Deep-ditch, formerly parted the hospital from Moor-fields; and what has a more melancholy appearance than stagnant water?

In the old play of *Nobody and Somebody*, 1598, the clown says: “I’ll bring the Thames through the middle of the city, empty Moor-ditch at my own charge, and build up Paul’s fleape without a collection.”

So again, in *A Woman never wer’d*, com. by Rowley, 1632: “I shall see thee in Ludgate again shortly.” “Thou liest again: ’twill be at Moor-gate, Beldame, where I shall see thee in the ditch, dancing in a cucking-bowl.” Again, in the *Gall’s Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609: “—— it will be a forer labour than the cleansing of Augeas’ stable, or the scowring of Moor-ditch.”

Again, in *Noves from Hell*, brought by the *Divv’s Carrier*, by Thomas Decker, 1608: “As touching the river, look how Moor-Ditch shews when the water is three quarters dry’n’d out, and by reason the stomacke of it is overladen, is really to fall to calling. So does that, it stinks almost worse, is almost as pensious, altogether so muddy, altogether so black.” STEEVENS.

Again, more appositely, in Taylor’s *Tempeste Pilgrimage*, quarto, 1618: —— “my body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody, muddy, Moor-ditch, melancholy.” MALONE.

Fal,
King Henry IV. 285

Fal. Thou hast the most unfavour ye families; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince, But, Hal, I pray thee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I mark'd him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

P. Henry. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of

— the most comparative,—[Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. War-
burton after him, read, incomparative, I suppose for incomparable, or peerless; but comparative here means quick at comparisons, or fruitful in similes, and is properly introduced. Johnson.

This epithet is used again in act iii. sc. 2. of this play, and apparently in the same tenor:

"stand the push
"Of every beardless vain comparative."
And in Love's Labour's Lost, act v. sc. ult. Rosaline tells Biron that he is a man "Full of comparisons and winding flouts."

Steevens.

So, in Naph's Apologue of Pierce Penniless, 1593: "He took upon him to set his foot against me, and to over-crow me with comparative terms." Malone.

O, thou haft &c.] For iteration Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. War-
burton read attrition, of which the meaning is certainly more apparent; but an editor is not always to change what he does not understand. In the last speech a text is very indecently and abusively applied, to which Falstaff answers, thou haft damnable iteration, or, a wicked trick of repeating and applying holy texts. This I think is the meaning. Johnson.

Iteration is right, for it also signified simply citation or recitation. So, in Marlow's Doctor Faustus, 1631:

"Here take this book, and peruse it well,
"The iterating of these lines brings gold."

From the context, iterating here appears to mean pronouncing, reciting. Malone.
the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will
give it over; by the lord, an I do not, I am a villain;
I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a purfe to-morrow,
Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I
do not, call me villain, and baffe me.

P. Henry. I see a good amendment of life in thee;
from praying, to purfe-taking.

Fal. 'Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no

--- and baffe me.] See Mr. Tollet's note on K. Rich. II.
p. 147. Steevens.
6 In former editions:

Fal. 'Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to
labour in his vocation.

Enter Poins.

Poins. Now shall we know, if Gadshill have fet a match.] Mr.
Pope has given us one signal observation in his preface to our au-
thor's works. "Throughout his plays," says he, "had all the
speeches been printed without the very names of the perfons, I
believe one might have applied them with certainty to every spea-
er." But how fallible the most fufficient critic may be, the pa-
sage in controvertly is a main instance. As signal a blunder has
escaped all the editors here, as any through the whole set of plays.
Will any one persuade me, Shakfpeare could be guilty of such an
inconsistency, as to make Poins at his first entrance want news of
Gadshill, and immediately after to be able to give a full account
of him? --- No; Falstaff, seeing Poins at hand, turns the stream
of his discourse from the prince, and says: "Now shall we know,
whether Gadshill has fet a match for us; and then immediately
falls into railing and invectives against Poins. How admirably is
this in character for Falstaff! And Poins, who knew well his abu-
sive manner, seems in part to overhear him: and so soon as he has
returned the prince's falutation, cries, by way of anfwer: "What
fays Monsieur Remorse? What fays sir Jack Sack-and-Sugar?"

Theobald.

Mr. Theobald has faftened on an observation made by Mr.
Pope, hyperbolical enough, but not contralisted by the erroneous
reading in this place, the speech, like a thousand others, not be-
ing fo characteristic as to be infallibly applied to the speaker.
Theobald's triumph over the other editors might have been abat-
ed by a confeffion, that the first edition gave him at leaft a glimpse
of the emendation. Johnson.
fin for a man to labour in his vocation? Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match? O, if men were to be fav'd by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him?

---no fin to labour in his vocation.] This (as Dr. Farmer observes to me) is undoubtedly anier on Agremonl Radcliffe’s Politique Discourses, 1578. From the beginning to the end of this work, the word vocation occurs in almost every paragraph. Thus chapter i:

"That the vocation of men hath been a thing unknown unto philosophers, and other that have treated of the Politique Government: Of the commoditez that cometh by the knowledge thereof; and the etymology and definition of this word vocation." Again, chap. xv:

"Whether a man being disorderly and unduely entered into any vocation, may lawfully broke and abide in the same; and whether the administration in that manner, done by him that is unduely entered, ought to be holden, or be of force. Streevens.

---a match.] Thus the quartos 1599, and 1608. The folio reads: ---a watch. Streevens.

The folio reads—have set a watch—which is, perhaps, right. The fame expression occurs in A New Trick to cheat the Devil, 1619:

"My watch is set—charge given—and all at peace."

In a subsequent scene when Gadshill enters, Poins says: "O 'tis our letter," i.e. whole business it was to set a watch, to observe what passengers should go by.

That a watch was set on those whom they intended to rob, appears from what Poins says afterwards: "Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid—."

The error in the first quarto, which was followed by the others, might have arisen from a w-being used by the compositor instead of an m, a mistake that sometimes happens at the press. In the hand-writing of our author’s time, the two letters are scarcely distinguishable.

In support, however, of the reading of the quartos, the following passage in Bartholomew Fair, by Ben Jonson, 1614, may be alleged: "Peace Sir, they’ll be angry if they hear you eaves-dropping, now they are setting their watch." Here the phrase seems to mean making an appointment. Malone.

As no watch is afterwards set, I suppose match to be the true reading. Streevens.
Enter Poins.

This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd Stand, to a true man.

_P. Henry._ Good morrow, Ned.

_Poins._ Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says mon-
fieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy foul, that thou fowdest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

_P. Henry._ Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, He will give the devil his due.

_Poins._ Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

_P. Henry._ Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

_Poins._ But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morn-
ing, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vi-
fors for you all, you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in East-cheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

_Fal._ Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

_Poins._ You will, chops?

_Fal._ Hal, wilt thou make one?


_Fal._ There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou can'st not of the blood royal, 9 if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

_P. Henry._

9 ———if thou dar'ft not cry stand, &c.] The present reading may
KING HENRY IV. 289

P. Henry. Well then, once in my days I’ll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that’s well said.

P. Henry. Well, come what will, I’ll tarry at home.

Fal. By the lord, I’ll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Henry. I care not.

Pains. Sir John, I pr’ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may’st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation fake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewel: You shall find me in Earl-cheap.

P. Henry. Farewel, thou latter spring! farewell All hallowen sumner!

[exits Falstaff.]

may perhaps be right; but I think it necessary to remark, that all the old editions read:—if thou dar’st not stand for ten shillings.

JOHNSON.

Falstaff is quibbling on the word royal. The real or royal was of the value of ten shillings. Almost the same jest occurs in a subsequent scene. The quibble, however, is lost, except the old reading be preferred. Cry, stand, will not support it. STEEVENS.

—All-hallowen sumner! All-halowes is All-hallowe’tide, or All-fains’ day, which is the first of November. We have still a church in London, which is absurdly tylied St. All-halowes, as if a word which was formed to express the community of saints, could be appropriated to any particular one of the number. In The Play of the four Ps, 1569, this mistake (which might have been a common one) is pellamly exposted:

"Fard. Friends, here you shall see, even anone,

Of All-halowes the blested jaw-bone,

Kiss it hardly, with good devotion: &c."

The characters in this scene are striving who should produce the greatest fallhood, and very probably in their attempts to excel each other, have out-ly’d even the Romish Kalendar.

Shakespeare’s allusion is designed to ridicule an old man with youthful passions. So, in the second part of this play: "—the Mortemae your matter." STEEVENS.

VOL. V. U

Pains.
FIRST PART OF

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. 2 Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner atchieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Henry. Ay, but 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Henry.

2 In former editions:

Falstaff, Harvey, Rooff, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid:] Thus we have two persons named, as characters in this play, that never were among the dramatists persones. But let us see who they were that committed this robbery. In the second act we come to a scene of the highway. Falstaff, wanting his horse, calls out on Hal, Poin, Bardolph, and Peto. Presently Gadshill joins them, with intelligence of travellers being at hand; upon which the prince says: You four shall front 'em in a narrow lane, Ned Poin and I will walk lower. So that the four to be concerned are Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill. Accordingly, the robbery is committed; and the prince and Poin afterwards rob these four. In the Boat's-head tavern, the prince rallies Peto and Bardolph for their running away, who confess the charge. Is it not plain that Bardolph and Peto were two of the four robbers? And who then can doubt, but Harvey and Rooff were the names of the actors. Theobald.

1 —for the nonce,—] That is, as I conceive, for the occasion. This phrase, which was very frequently, though not al-
KING HENRY IV.

P. Henry. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Pains. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn’d back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I’ll forswear arms. The virtue of this jefl will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper; how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jeft.

P. Henry. Well, I’ll go with thee; provide us all things necessarj, and meet me to-morrow night’s in East-cheap, there I’ll sup. Farewel.

Pains. Farewel, my lord. [Exit Pains.

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold The unyok’d humour of your idlenesfs: Yet herein will I imitate the sun; Who doth permit the safe contagious clouds To smother up his beauty from the world, That, when he please again to be himself, Being wanted, he may be more wondered at, By breaking through the foul and ugly mists Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.

If all the year were playing holidays,

ways very precisely, used by our old writers, I suppose to have been originally a corruption of corrupt Latin. From pro-nunc, I suppose, came for the nunc, and so for the nonce; just as from ad-nunc came a-non. The Spanish sentence has been formed in the same manner from in-tunc. TYRWHITT.

4 —reproof——] Reproof is confutation. JOHNSON.

5 —to-morrow night——] I think we should read: —to-night.

The disguises were to be provided for the purpose of the robbery, which was to be committed at four in the morning; and they would come too late if the prince was not to receive them till the night after the day of the exploit. This is a second instance to prove that Shakespeare could forget in the end of a scene what he had said in the beginning. STEEVENS.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,  
And nothing pleaceth but rare accidents.  
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
And pay the debt I never promis'd,  
By how much better than my word I am,  
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;  
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;  
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exe.]  

To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,] So, in  
our author's 5th sonnet:  
"Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,  
Since seldom coming in the long year set,  
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,  
Or captain's jewels in the carkanet." MALONE.  
5—shall I falsify men's hopes;] Just the contrary. We should  
read fears. WARBURTON.  
To falsify hope is to exceed hope, to give much where men hoped  
for little.  
This speech is very artfully introduced to keep the prince from  
appearing vile in the opinion of the audience; it prepares them  
for his future reformation; and, what is yet more valuable, ex-  
hibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuses to itself,  
and palliating those follies which it can neither justify nor forfake.  
JOHNSON.  
Hopes is used simply for expectations, as success is for the event,  
whether good or bad. This is still common in the midland coun- 
ties. "Such manner of uncouth speech," says Puttenham, "did  
the tanner of Tamworth use to king Edward IV, which tanner hav- 
ing a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talk, at  
length perceiving by his train that it was the king, was afraid he  
should be punished for it, and said thus, with a certain rude re-  
pentance, "I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow, for I fear me I  
shall be hanged;" whereat the king laughed a good; not only to  
see the tanner's vain fears, but also to hear his mishapen termes:  
and gave him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of  
Plumpton Parke. FARMER.
KING HENRY IV. SCENE III.

An apartment in the palace.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Henry. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
I'm apt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but be sure,
"I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be feared, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore left that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

6 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
    Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;]
  i.e. I will from henceforth rather put on the character that becomes me, and exert the resentment of an injured king, than still continue in the inactivity and mildness of my natural disposition. And this sentiment he has well expressed, save that by his usual licence, he puts the word condition for disposition; which use of terms displeasing our Oxford editor, as it frequently does, he, in a sort for the meaning, substitutes in for than:
    Mighty and to be fear'd in my condition.
So that by condition, in this reading, must be meant station, office. But it cannot be predicated of station and office, "that is smooth as oil, soft as young down;" which shews that condition must needs be licentioulsy used for disposition, as we said before.

WARBURTON.

The commentator has well explained the sense, which was not very difficult, but is mistaken in supposing the use of condition licentious. Shakespeare uses it very frequently for temper of mind, and in this sense the vulgar still say a good or ill-conditioned man.

JOHN.

So, in K. Hen. V. act v: "Our tongue is rough, cox, and my condition is not smooth." Ben Jonson uses it in the same sense, in The New Inn, act i. sc. 6:

"You cannot think me of that coarse condition,
"To envy you any thing." STEEVENS.

U 3 Wor.
First Part of

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserve
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holf to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

K. Henry. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
7 The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and council, we shall send for you.——
[Exit Worcester.

You were about to speak.

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness's name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd
As is delivered to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, nectar, and trimly drest'd,
Freth as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Shew'd like a stubble land 8 at harvest-home:

7 The moody frontier——] Frontier was anciently used for forehead. So Stubbe, in his Anatomy of Abuses, 1595: "Then on the edges of their bolster'd hair, which standeth crested round their frontiers, and hanging over their faces, &c." Steevens.

8 —— at harvest-home:] That is, a time of fertility.

If we understand harvest-home in the general sense of a time of fertility, we shall lose the most pointed circumstance of the comparison. A chin new shaven is compared to a stubble-land at harvest-home, not on account of the fertility of that season, as I apprehend, but because at that time, when the corn has been but just carried in, the stubble appears more even and upright, than at any other. Tyrwhitt.
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
'Took it in snuff:—and still he sniffl'd, and talk'd;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf,
'I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To

7 A pouncet box:—[-] A small box for musk or other perfumes then in fashion: the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name; from poignier, to prick, pierce, or engrave.

Warburton.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is just. At the christening of Queen Elizabeth, the marchioness of Dorset gave, according to Holinshed, "three gilt bowls pounted, with a cover." Steevens.

Took it in snuff: Snuff is equivocally used for anger, and a powder taken up the nose.

So, in The Fleire, a comedy by E. Sharpham, 1610: "Nay be not angry, I do not touch thy nose, to the end it should take any thing in snuff."

Again, in Decker's Satiromastix:

"...it's enough,
"Having so much fool, to take him in snuff,"
and here they are talking about tobacco. Again, in Hinde's Elia Lithodon, 1666: "The good wife glad that he took the matter so in snuff &c." See vol. ii. p. 500. vol. iii p. 125.

Sjeevens.

2 With many holiday and lady terms] So, in a Looking Glass for London and England, 1617: "These be but holiday terms, but if you hear her working day words"—Again, in the Merry Wives of Windsor: "—he speaks holiday." Steevens.

1 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pelter'd with a popinjay,
But in the beginning of the speech he represents himself at this time not as cold but hot, and inflamed with rage and labour:

When I was dry with rage and extreme toil, &c.

U 4

I am
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd, neglecting, I know not what;
He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so bright, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)

And telling me, the sovereign't thing on earth
Was parmacity, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So, cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bold unjointed chat of his, my lord,

I am persuaded therefore that Shakspeare wrote and pointed it thus:

I then all smarting with my wounds; being gall'd
To be so pester'd with a popinjay, &c. Warburton.

Whatever Percy might say of his rage and toil, which is merely
declamatory and apologetical, his wounds would at this time be
certainly cold, and when they were cold would smart, and not before. If any alteration were necessary I should transpose the lines:

I then all smarting with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Answer'd neglecting.

A popinjay is a parrot. Johnson.
The same transposition had been proposed by Mr. Edwards.

The same passage in the Northern Lays, 1633, it should seem that a popinjay and a parrot were distinct birds:

"Is this a parrot or a popinjay?"

Again, in Nash's Lenten Stuff &c. 1599: "—the parrot, the
popinjay, Philip-sparrow, and the cuckow." In the ancient poem
called The Parliament of Birds, bl. I. this bird is called "the
popinjay of paradyle." Steevens.
The old reading may be supported by the following passage in
Barnes's Hist. of Edu. III. p. 786: "The esquire fought still,
until the wounds began with lots of blood to cool and smart."

Tollet.

I answer'd
KING HENRY IV. 297

I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die, and never rise
'To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception,—
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those, that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?

*To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.*

The construction is: "Let what he then said never rise to impeach him, so he unsay it now." [Johnson.

His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;] Shakespeare has fallen into some contradictions with regard to this lord Mortimer. Before he makes his personal appearance in the play, he is repeatedly spoken of as Hotspur's brother-in-law. In act ii. lady Percy expressly calls him her brother Mortimer. And yet when he enters in the third act, he calls lady Percy his aunt, which in fact she was, and not his sister. This inconsistence may be accounted for as follows. It appears both from Dugdale's and Sandford's account of the Mortimer family, that there were two of them taken prisoners at different times by Glendower, each of them bearing the name of Edmund; one being Edmund earl of March, nephew to lady Percy, and the proper Mortimer of this play; the other, sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the former, and brother to lady Percy. Shakespeare confounds the two persons. STEEVENS.

Shall
Shall we buy treason and indent with fears,  
When they have loft and forfeited themselves?  
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;  
For I shall never hold that man my friend,  
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
To ransom home revolted Mortimer!

_Hot._ Revolted Mortimer!

_8_ He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,

---and indent with fears;] The reason why he says, bargain and article with _fears_, meaning with Mortimer, is, because he supposed Mortimer had wilfully betrayed his own forces to Glendower out of fear, as appears from his next speech. No need therefore to change _fears_ to _foes_, as the Oxford editor has done.

_Warburton._

The difficulty seems to me to arise from this, that the King is not desired to _article_ or _contract_ with Mortimer, but with another for Mortimer. Perhaps we may read:

_Shall we buy treason? and indent with peers_

_When they have lost and forfeited themselves?_

Shall we purchase back a traitor? Shall we descend to a composition with Worcester, Northumberland, and young Percy, who by disobedience have lost and forfeited their honours and themselves?

_Johnson._

_Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears?]_ This verb is used by Harrington in his translation of Ariosto. B. xvi. st. 35:

_"And with the Irish bands he first inducts,_

_"To spoil their lodgings and to burn their tents."_

_Again, in the Cruel Brother, by Sir W. Davenant, 1630:_

_""_—Doft thou indent_

_"With my acceptance, make choice of services?"

_Fears may be used in an active sense for terrors._ So, in the second part of this play:

_""_—all those bold fears

_"Thou feest with peril I have answered."_

_These lords, however, had as yet, neither forfeited or lost any thing, so that Dr. Johnson's conjecture is inadmissible._

_8_ He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,

_But by the chance of war; ——_

_A poor apology for a soldier, and a man of honour, that he fell off, and revolted by the chance of war. The poet certainly wrote:_

_But bides the chance of war; ——_

_"_...he never did revolt, but abides the chance of war, as a prisoner._ And if he still endured the rigour of imprisonment, that was
But by the chance of war;—To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When, on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
drink 9,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
ran

was a plain proof he was not revolted to the enemy. Hotspur says
the same thing afterwards:

—suffer'd his kindred March
— to be execud in Wales.

Here again the Oxford editor makes this correction his own at
the final expense of changing 'bides to bore.' Warburton.
The plain meaning is, he came not into the enemy's power
but by the chance of war. To 'bide the chance of war may well
enough signify, to stand the hazard of a battle; but can scarcely
mean, to endure the severities of a prison. The king charged
Mortimer, that he wilfully betrayed his army, and, as he was
then with the enemy, calls him revolted Mortimer. Hotspur re-
plies, that he never fell off, that is, fell into Glendower's hands,
but by the chance of war. I should not have explained thus tediously
a passage so hard to be mistaken, but that two editors have
deady mistaken it. Johnson.

To prove that true

Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds, &c.] This passage is of obscure construction. The later editors point it,
as they understood that for the wounds a tongue was needful, and
only one tongue. This is harsh. I rather think it is a broken sen-
tence. "To prove the loyalty of Mortimer," says Hotspur,
"one speaking witness is sufficient; for his wounds proclaim his
loyalty, those mouthed wounds, &c." Johnson.

—three times did they drink.] It is the property of wounds
to excite the most impatient thirst, the poet therefore hath with
exquisite propriety introduced this circumstance, which may
serve to place in its proper light the dying kindness of Sir Philip
Sydney; who, though suffering the extremity of thirst from the
agony of his own wounds, yet, notwithstanding, gave up his own
draught of water to a wounded soldier. Henley.

Who then affrighted &c.] This passage has been cenured as
founding nonsense, which represents a stream of water as capable of
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.

Never did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him,
He never did encounter with Glendower;
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:

of fear. It is misunderstood. Severn is here not the flood, but
the tutelary power of the flood, who was allrighted, and hid his head in the hollow bank. Johnson.

2 — his crisp head — ] Crisp is curled. So Beaumont and Fletcher, in The Maid of the Mill:

"—— methinks the river,
"As he steals by, curls up his head to view you."

So, in Kyd's Corinna, 1595:

"O beauteous Tiber, with thine easy streams,
"That glide as smoothly as a Parthian shaft,
"Turn not thy crisy tides, like silver curls,
"Back to thy giats-green banks to welcome us."

Perhaps Shakpeare hath bestowed an epithet, applicable only to
the stream of water, on the genius of the stream. The following passage, however, in the sixth song of Drayton's Polyolbion, may seem to justify its propriety:

"Your corse was dissolv'd into that chrysal stream;
"Your curls to curled waves, which plainly still appear
"The same in water now that once in locks they were."

Beaumont and Fletcher have the same image with Shakpeare
in the Loyal Subject:

"——the Volga trembled at his terror,
"And hid his seven curl'd heads."

3 Never did bare and rotten policy All the quartos which I have read bare in this place. The first folio, and all the subsequent editions, have base. I believe bare is right: "Never did policy, lying open to detection, so colour its workings." Johnson.

Send
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son:—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[Exit K. Henry.

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them:—I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause
a while;
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?

Yes, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i'the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i'the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew
mad. [To Worcester.

Wor. Who strook this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners:
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor.

[Although it be with hazard &c.] So the first folio, and all
the following editions. The quartos read:
Albeit I make a hazard of my head. Johnson.

But I will lift the downfall'n Mortimer.] All the quartos that I
have been read down-trod, the three folios read down-fall.

Johnson.

—an eye of death.] That is, an eye menacing death.
Wor. I cannot blame him; Was he not proclaim'd, By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?
North. He was; I heard the proclamation: And then it was, when the unhappy king (Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return To be depos'd, and, shortly, murdered.
Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.
Hot. But, soft, I pray you; Did king Richard then Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer? Heir to the crown?
North. He did; myself did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king That with'd him on the barren mountains starv'd. But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown Upon the head of this forgetful man; And, for his sake, wear the detested blot Of murd'rous subornation,—shall it be, That you a world of curfes undergo; Being the agents, or base second means, The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—O, pardon me, that I descend so low, To shew the line, and the predicament, Wherein you range under this subtle king.—Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days, Or fill up chronicles in time to come, That men of your nobility, and power,

Hotspur seems to describe the king as trembling with rage rather than fear. Johnson.
So, in Marloe's Tamburlaine, 1590:
"And wrapt in filthiness of his angry foul;
"Upon his brows was pourtraid ugly death,
"And in his eyes the furies of his heart." Steevens.

7 my brother Edmund Mortimer

Heir to the crown?] See Hall's Chronicle. Henry IV. p. 20.

Remarks.
8 Did
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, *this canker, Bolingbroke?*
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering, and *dismain'd* contempt,
Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter, deep, and dangerous;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear,

Hot. If he fall in, good night: — or sink or swim? —
And danger from the east unto the west,
So honour crois it from the north to south,
And let them grapple; — O! the blood more flirs,
To rouze a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

--- this canker, Bolingbroke?] The canker-rose is the dog-

st[---]t of the flower of the Cynofigat. Steevens.


1. On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.] That is, of a spear laid
cros. Warburton.

---sink or swim:] This is a very ancient proverbial ex-

---] So, in the Knight's Tale of Chaucer, late edit. v. 2399:

---] Ne receeth never, whether I sink or flete.”

Again, in The longer thou livest, the more Fool thou art, 1570:

--- He careth not who doth sink or swimmie.” Steevens.

Hot.
FIRST PART OF

Hot. 3 By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;

3 By heaven, methinks, &c.] Gildon, a critic of the size of
Dennis, &c. calls this speech, without any ceremony, "a ridicu-
culous rant, and absolute madness." Mr. Theobald talks in the
same strain. The French critics had taught these people just
enough to understand where Shakspeare had transgressed the rules
of the Greek tragic writers; and on those occasions, they are full
of the poor frigid cant of fable, sentiment, diction, unities, &c.
But it is another thing to get to Shakspeare's fenfe: to do this re-
quired a little of their own. For want of which, they could not
see that the poet here uses an allegorical covering to express a noble
and very natural thought.—Hotipur, all on fire, exclaims against
huckstering and bartering for honour, and dividing it into shares.
O! say's he, could I be sure that when I had purchased honour
I should wear her dignities without a rival—what then? Why
then,

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon:

i. e. though some great and shining character, in the most elevated
orb, was already in possession of her, yet it would, methinks, be
easy by greater acts, to eclipse his glory and pluck all his honours
from him:

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks:

i. e. or what is still more difficult, though there were in the world
no great examples to incite and fire my emulation, but that honour
was quite dunk and buried in oblivion, yet would I bring it back
into vogue, and render it more illustrious than ever. So that we
see, though the expression be sublime and daring, yet the thought
is the natural movement of an heroic mind. Euripides at least
thought so, when he put the very same sentiment, in the same
words, into the mouth of Eteocles: "I will not, madam, disguise
my thoughts; I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a
kingdom."—Warburton.

Though I am very far from condemning this speech with Gil-
don and Theobald, as absolute madness, yet I cannot find in it that
profundity of reflection, and beauty of allegory which the learn-
ed commentator has endeavoured to display. This fally of Hot-
ipur, may be, I think, soberly and rationally vindicated as the
violent eruption of a mind inflamed with ambition and fired with re-
fentment; as the boastful clamour of a man able to do much, and
eager to do more; as the hasty motion of turbulent desire; as the
dark expression of indetermined thoughts. The passage from Eu-
ripides
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corral, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac’d fellowship!

ripides is surely not allegorical, yet it is produced, and properly, as parallel. **JOHNSON.**

This is probably a passage from some bombast play, and afterwards used as a common burlesque phrase for attempting impossibilities. At least, that it was the last, might be concluded from its use in Cartwright’s poem, *On Mr. Stokes his Book on the Art of Painting.* Edit. 1651. p. 212:

“Then go thy ways, brave Will, for one,
“By Jove! ’tis thou must leap, or none,
“To pull bright honour from the moon.”

Unless Cartwright intended to ridicule this passage in Shakspeare, which I partly suspect. Stokes’s book, a noble object for the wits, was printed at London, in the year 1641. **Warton.**

In the *Knight of the burning Pestle,* Beaumont and Fletcher have put this speech into the mouth of Ralph the apprentice, who, like Bottom, appears to have been fond of acting parts to tear a cat in. I suppose a ridicule on Hotspur was designed.

**STEEVENS.**

*But out upon this half-fac’d fellowship!* I think this finely expressed. The image is taken from one who turns from another, so as to stand before him with a side-face; which implied neither a full conforming, nor a separation. **WARBURTON.**

I cannot think this word rightly explained. It alludes rather to dres. A coat is said to be faced when part of it, as the sleeves or bosom, is covered with something finer or more splendid than the main substance. The mantua-makers still use the word. **Half-fac’d fellowship** is then “partnership but half-adorned, partnership which yet wants half the shew of dignities and honours.”

**JOHNSON.**

I doubt whether the allusion was to dres. **Half-fac’d** seems to have meant *paltry.*

So, in K. John:

“With that half face he would have all my land—
“A half-fac’d great, five hundred pound a year!”

I find the same phrase in Nashe’s *Apologie of Pierce Pennilis.* 1593:—“—with all other odd ends of your half faced English.”

**MALONE.**
FIR S P ART O F

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here, but not the form of what he should attend.—Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Tho' so many noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them by his hand.

Wor. You start away,
And send no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:—
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!
Nay, I'll have a startling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy 6,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:

And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,—
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale 8.

Wor.  

5 — a world of figures here,] Figure is here used equivocally. As it is applied to Hotspur's speech it is a rhetorical mode; as opposed to form, it means appearance or shape. Johnson.

6 — I solemnly defy,] One of the ancient senses of the verb to defy, was to refuse. See vol. ii. p. 90. Steevens.

7 And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,] A roysterer or turbulent fellow, that fought in taverns, or raised disorders in the streets, was called a Swash-buckler. In this sense sword-and-buckler is used here. Johnson.

8 — poison'd with a pot of ale,] Dr. Gray supposes this to be said in allusion to Caxton's Account of King John's Death; (see Caxton's
King Henry IV.

Wor. Farewel, kinsman! I will talk to you; When you are better temper'd to attend.

Nortb. Why, what a wasp-stung [and impatient fool Art thou, to break into this woman's mood; Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods, Nettled, and stung with pismires; when I hear Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?— A plague upon't!—it is in Glostershire;— 'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept, His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke, When you and he came back from Ravenspur:

Nortb. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true:—

Why, what a candy'd deal of courtesy This fawning greyhound then did proffer me! Look,—when his [infant fortune came to age, And, gentle Harry Percy,—and, kind cousin,— O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Caxton's Froissart Temporum, 1515,fol. 6:;) but I rather think it has reference to the low company (drinkers of ale) with whom the prince spent so much of his time in the meanest taverns.

Sweeves.

1 "Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool!" Thus the quarto 1598; and surely it affords a more obvious meaning than the folio, which reads: —wasp-tongued. That Shakespeare knew the sting of a wasp was not situated in its mouth may be learned from the following passage in the Winter's Tale, act i, sc. 2: "—is goads, thorns, nettles; tails of wasps." Sweeves.

2 —infant fortune came to age—] Alluding to what passed in King Richard, act ii. sc. 3. Johnson.

The devil take such cozeners!—] So, in Venlo Tragedies in 1601:

"Come pretty cousin, cozened by grim death."

X 2

Again,
FIRST PART OF

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers reasons,
Which I shall tend you written,—be assured,
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,—[To North.
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,—
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.

"I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Again, in Monfieur Thomas, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Cozen thyself no more.""

Again, in The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington, 1601:

"To see my cousin cosen'd in this sort." STEVENS.

"I speak not this in estimation," Estimation for conjecture. But
between this and the foregoing verse it appears there were some
lines which are now lost. For, consider the sense. What was it
that was ruminated, plotted, and set down? Why, as the text stands
at present, that the archbishop bore his brother's death hardly. It
is plain then that they were some consequences of that refement
which the speaker informs Hotspur of, and to which his conclusion
of, I speak not this by conjecture, but on good proof, must be referred.
But some player, I suppose, thinking the speech too long, struck
them out. WARDURTON.

If the editor had, before he wrote his note, read ten lines for-
ward, he would have seen that nothing is omitted. Worcester
gives a dark hint of a conspiracy. Hotspur smells it, that is,
guesses it. Northumberland reproves him for not suffering Wor-
cester to tell his design. Hotspur, according to the vehemence of
his temper, still follows his own conjecture. JOHNSON.

Hot
Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.
North. Before the game's afoot, thou still let's slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot:
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head:
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;
And think we think ourselves unsatisfy'd,
'Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.
Wor. Cousin, farewell:—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly)
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
(As I will fashion it) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
North. Farewel, good brother: We shall thrive, I trust.
Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,
'Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!

[Exeunt.

---let's slip.] To let slip, is to loose the greyhound.

---by raising of a head:] A head is a body of forces.

---The king will always &c.] This is a natural description of the state of mind between those that have conferred, and those that have received obligations too great to be satisfied.

That this would be the event of Northumberland's disloyalty, was predicted by king Richard in the former play.
FIRST PART OF

ACT II. SCENE I.

An inn yard at Rochester.

Enter a Carrier, with a lanthorn in his hand.

1 Car. Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd: *Charles' wain* is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What, offer! Off. [within.] Anon, anon.

1 Car. I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cefs.

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Pease and beans are 9 as dank here as a dog,

*Charles' wain*] Charles's wain is the vulgar name given to the constellation called the bear. It is a corruption of the Charles or Charls wain (Six < pl., a countryman.) Remarks.

See also Thorosby's Leeds, p. 268. Editor.

—Cut's saddle,—] Cut is the name of a horse in the Wincey of Lancashire, 1634, and I suppose was a common one. See vol. iv. p. 208. Steevns.

—out of all cefs.] The Oxford editor not understanding this phrase, has altered it to—out of all cafe. As if it were likely that a blundering transcriber should change so common a word as cafe for cefs: which, it is probable, he understood no more than this critic; but it means out of all measure: the phrase being taken from a cefs, tax, or subsidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of measure, it was said to be, out of all cefs. Warburton.

—dank—] i. e. wet, rotten. Pope.

In the directions given by Sir Thomas Bodley, for the preservation of his library, he orders that the cleaner thereof should, *at least twice a quarter, with clean clothes, strike away the dust and moulding of the books, which will not then continue long with it, now it proceedeth chiefly of the newness of the forrels, which in time will be less and less dankish. Reliquiae Bodlanae p. 111. Editor.

and
and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turn’d upside down, since Robin otter dy’d.

1 Car. Poor fellow! never joy’d since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 Car. I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench².

1 Car. Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne’er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have since the first cock.

2 Car. Why, they will allow us ne’er a jourden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your cham- per-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

---bots:—] Are worms in the stomoch of a horse. Johnson.

"The bots is an yll dyvfecte, and they lye in a horse mawe, and they be an inch long, white coloured, and a reed heed, and as moche as a flyngers ende, and they be quycke and flycke faste in the mawe fyde, it appereth by lampynge of the horse or tomblynge, and in the begininge there is remedy none, and if they be not cured betyme, they wyll eate thorough his mawe and byl hym." Fitzherbert’s Book of Husbandry. Editor.

A bot light upon you, is an imprecation frequently repeated in the anonymous play of K. Henry V. as well as in many other old pieces. So, in the ancient black letter interlude of the Dif- 5 obedient Child, no date:

"That I wished their bellies full of bots."
In Reginald Scott, 1584, is "a charm for the bots in a horse."

Steevens.

"I am stung like a tench.] Why like a tench? I know not, unless the multitude conflits in the spots of the tench, and those made by the bite of vermin. Malone.

---like a loach.] A loch (Scotch) a lake. Warburton.

This word, though somewhat differently spelt, is used by Dryton in the eleventh song of his Polyolbion:

"As to the grasper longhs on the Lancastrian shore."

But how it happens that a lake should breed fleas, I cannot explain, standing waters indeed will produce other infects.

Perhaps the meaning of the passage has been wholly mistaken, and the Carrier means to say: - fleas as big as a loch, i.e. resembling the fish so called, in size. The loach, though small in itself, is large if brought into comparison with a flea. Loaches, which are now only used as baits for other fish, were anciently swallowed in wine.
FIRST PART OF

1 Car. What, ostler! come away, and be hang'd come away.

2 Car. I have a gammon of baeon, and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-crofs.

1 Car.

wine as an act of topers' dexterity. So, Sir Harry Wildair; " ——- swallow Cupids like loches." Steevens.

A loach is a small fish, which spawns very plentifully several times in a year. So, in a poem by Sir James Lindsay, in praise of Scotland, about 1550:

" The rich rivers pleSand and profitabill,
" The luffe lochies with fische of fundry kyndes."

They are taken in great abundance in the rivulers on the Wilthshire Downs, particularly about Amesbury, where it is still usual to swallow them alive in a glass of wine. Whalley.

The allusion is doubtles to the above fifth, and Mr. Steevens, in the course of his extensive researches, may one day find, that it either has, or was formerly supposed to have, when dead, the quality of producing fleas in abundance. Dr. Warburton's explanation, if it may be so miscalled, is almost too absurd to deserve contradiction. The Scotch or Irish word loch, a lake, is a hard guttural sound, which we have softened into lough: e.g. lough (vulgarizer lap) loch, the physicians or phlebotomists of the lake. Remarks.

The reader will probably be of opinion that enough already has been written on this dirty subject. If, however, he wishes to be further informed, he may see the conjecture of the author of the Remarks, as to the generation of fleas by fish, in some measure confirmed in Pliny's Natural History, b. ix. c. 47. Holland's translation. Editor.

—and two razes of ginger, ——] As our author in several passages mentions a race of ginger, I thought proper to distinguish it from the raze mentioned here. The former signifies no more than a single root of it; but a raze is the Indian term for a halfe of it. Theobald.

—and two razes of ginger, ——] So, in the old anonymous play of Hen. V: " ——-he hath taken the great raze of ginger, that bouncing Befs, &c. was to have had." A dainty race of ginger is mentioned in Ben Jonson's masque of the Gipsies Metamorphyjs. The late Mr. Warner observed to me, that a single root or race of ginger, were it brought home entire, as it might formerly have been, and not in small pieces, as at present, would have been sufficient to load a pack-horse. He quoted Sir Hans Sloane's Introduction to his Hist. of Jamaica, in support of his assertion; and added "that he could discover no authority for the word raze in the senate appropriated to it by Theobald."

A race
KING HENRY IV. 313

1 Car. 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starv'd.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd:—Haft no faith in thee?

6 Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

Car. 'I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 Car. Ay, when, canst tell?—Lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

A race of ginger is a phrase that seems familiar among our comic writers. So, in a Looking-Glass for London and England, 1617: "I have spent eleven pence besides three rifes of ginger."—Steevens.

5 the turkies in my panniers are quite starv'd.] Here is a slight anachronism. Turkeys were not brought into England till the time of King Henry VIII. Malone.

6 Gads-hill.] This thief receives his title from a place on the Kentish road, where many robberies have been committed. So, in Wayward Hoe, 1606: "Why, how lies she? "Truth, as the way lies over Gads-hill, very dangerous."

Again, in the anonymous play of the Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth:

"And I know thee for a taking fellow
"Upon Gads-hill in Kent."

In the year 1558, a ballad entitled "The robbery at Gads-hill," was entered on the books of the Stationers Company.

Steevens.

7 I think, it be two o'clock.] The carrier, who suspected Gads-hill, strives to mislead him as to the hour; because the first observation made in this scene is, that it was four o'clock. Steevens.
2. Cur. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugges, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[Exeunt Carriers.

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. * At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of puries, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'dst the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gads-hill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: There's a'frank.

3 At hand, quoth: pick-purse.] This is a proverbial expression often used by Green, Nash, and other writers of the time, in whose works the cant of low conversation is preferred. Again, in the play of Apius and Virginia, 1575, Haphazard, the vicer, says:

"At hand, quoth pickpurse, here redy am I,

See well to the cutpurse, be ruled by me."

Again, (as Mr. Malone observes) in the Dutchess of Suffolk, by Heywood, 1631: "At hand quoth pickpurse—have you any work for a tyler?" Steevens.

9 That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more &c.] So, in the Life and Death of Gamaliel Rattee, 1605: "—he dealt with the chamberlaine of the hous to learne which way they rode in the morning, which the chamberlaine performed accordingly, and that with great care and diligence, for he knew he should partake of their fortunes if they spied." Steevens.

4 —franklin,—] Is a little gentleman. Johnson.

Fortescue, says the editor of the Canterbury Tales, vol. iv. p. 292. (de L. L. Ang. c. xxix.) describes a franklin to be pater familias—magnis ditatibus possessioniis. He is classt with (but after) the miles and armiger; and is distinguished from the Liberi tenentes and valerati; though, as it should seem, the only real distinction between him and other freeholders, consisted in the largeness of his estate. Spelman, in voce Franklin, quotes the following passage from Trivet's French Chronicle. (MSS. Bibl. R. S. n. 56.) "Thomas de Brotherton filius Edwardi I. marischal Anglia, apres la mort son pere eposa la fille de un Francsbelg apelle Alice." The historian did not think it worth his while even to mention the name of the franklelin. Editor.
in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'ft Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me; and, thou know'ft, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou

—_They call for eggs and butter:——_ It appears from the History of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland, that butter'd eggs was the usual breakfast of my lord and lady, during the season of Lent. STEEVES.

—Saint Nicholas' clerks,—_St. Nicholas was the patron saint of scholars: and Nicholas, or Old Nick, is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers, St. Nicholas' clerks._

WARDEN.

Highwaymen or robbers were so called, or St. Nicholas' clerks.

"A mandrake grown under some heavy tree,
"There, where St. Nicholas' knights not long before
"Had drop their fat armpit to the lee."

Glareanus Fadculus's Panegyric on Tom Coryat.

GREY.

Again, in Rowley's Match at Midnight, 1633: "I think you'd come prancing down the hills from Kington, a couple of St. Nicholas' clerks." Again, in A Christian turn'd Turk, 1612:

"—We are prevented;——
"St. Nicholas' clerks are flepp'd up before us."

Again, in The Hollander, a comedy by Giffthorne, 1646: "Next it is decreed, that the receivers of our rents and customs, to wit, divers rooks, and St. Nicholas' clerks, &c.—under pain of being carried up Holborn in a cart, &c." STEEVES.

This expression probably took its rise from the parish clerks of London, who were incorporated into a fraternity or guild, with St. Nicholas for their patron. WHALLEY.

+—other Trojans—_So, in Love's Labour's Lost: "Hec-
thou dream'lt not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, six-penny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hu'd malt-worms: but

tor was but a Trojan in respect of this.” Trojan in both these instances had a cant signification, and perhaps was only a more creditable term for a thief. So again, in Love's Labour's Lost: “—unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cut away.” Steevens.

— I am join'd with no foot land-rakers,— That is, with no padders, no wanderers on foot. No long-staff, six-penny strikers,— no fellows that infest the road with long staffs, and knock men down for six-pence. None of those mad, mustachio, purple-hu'd malt-worms,— none of those whose faces are red with drinking ale.

A striker had some cant signification with which at present we are not exactly acquainted. It is used in several of the old plays. I rather believe in this place, no six-penny striker signifies, not one who would content himself to borrow, i.e. rob you for the sake of six-pence. That to borrow was the cant phrase for to steal, is well known, and that to strike likewise signified to borrow, let the following passage in Shirley's Gentleman of Venice confirm:

“Cor. You had best assault me too.

“Mal. I must borrow money,

“And that some call a stranger, &c.”

Again, in Glapthorne's Hollander, 1640:

“The only shape to hide a striker in.”

Again, in an old MS. play entitled, The Second Maiden's Tragedy:

“one that robs the mind,

“Twenty times worse than any highway striker.”

In Greene's Art of Cony-catchings, 1592, under the table of Cant Expressions used by Thieves: “— the cutting a pocket or picking a purse, is called striking.” Again: who taking a proper youth to be his prentice, to teach him the order of striking and foisting.” Collins.

This cant term for a tippler I find in the Life and Death of Jack Straw, 1593: “You shall purchase the prayers of all the alewives in town, for saving a malt-worm and a customer.” Again, in Gammer Gurton's Needle. Steevens.

with
with nobility, and tranquility: "burgomasters, and great oneyers; such as can hold in; such as will strike

burgomasters, and great oneyers;—] "Perhaps,
outrivers, trusteers, or commissioers;" says Mr. Pope. But how
this word comes to admit of any such construction, I am at a loss
to know. To Mr. Pope’s second conjecture, "of cunning men
that look sharp, and aim well," I have nothing to reply seriously:
but choose to drop it. The reading which I have substituted, I
due to the friendship of the ingenious Nicholas Hardinge,
Esq. A monyer is an officer of the mint, who makes coin, and
delivers out the king’s money. Moneyers are also taken for bankers,
or those that make it their trade to turn and return money. Either
of these acceptations will admirably square with our author’s
context. Theobald.

This is a very acute and judicious attempt at emendation, and
is not undervalued adopted by Dr. Warburton. Sir Thomas Ham-
mer reads great owyers, not without equal or greater likelihood of
truth. I know not however whether any change is necessary;
Gads-hill tells the Chamberlain, that he is joined with no mean
wretches, but with burgomasters and great ones, or as he terms
them in errament by a cant termination, great oneyers, or great-
oneers, as we say, privater, auditoneer, circuiteer. This is, I
fancy, the whole of the matter. Johnson.

By owyers, (for so I believe the word ought to be written) I un-
derstand public accountants; men possessed of large sums of money
belonging to the state.—It is the course of the Court of Exchequer,
when the sheriff makes up his accounts for issues, amerciements,
and means profits, to set upon his head o. vi. which denotes over-
raur nisi habeat sufficientem exoneratorem: he thereupon becomes the
king’s debtor, and the parties perveraile (as they are termed in law)
for whom he answers, become his debtors, and are discharged as
with respect to the king.

To settle accounts in this manner, is still called in the Ex-
chequer to owy; and from hence Shakspeare seems to have formed
the word owyers.—The Chamberlain had a little before mention-
ed, among the travellers whom he thought worth plundering, an
officer of the Exchequer, “a kind of auditor, one that hath abun-
dance of charge too—God knows what.” This interpretation is
further confirmed by what Gads-hill says in the next scene:
“There’s money of the king’s coming down the hill; ’tis going
to the king’s Exchequer.” Malone.

—such as will strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than
drink; and drink sooner than pray:—] According to the speci-
men given us in this play, of this dissolute gang, we have no rea-
ton to think they were less ready to drink than speak. Besides, it is
plain,
strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray continually unto their faint, the common-wealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquor’d her. We steal as in a cattle, cock-furse; we have the receipt of fern-feed, we walk invisible.

plain, a natural gradation was here intended to be given of their actions, relative to one another. But what has speaking, drinking, and praying to do with one another? We should certainly read think in both places instead of drink; and then we have a very regular and humorous climax. They will strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than think; and think sooner than pray. By which last words is meant, that “though perhaps they may now and then reflect on their crimes, they will never repent of them.” The Oxford editor has dignified this correction by his adoption of it.

WARDURTON.

I am in doubt about this passage. There is yet a part unexplained. What is the meaning of such as can hold in? It cannot mean such as can keep their own secrets, for they will, he says, speak sooner than think: it cannot mean such as will go caldy to work without unnecessary violence, such as is used by long-staff friars, for the following part will not suit with this meaning; and though we should read by transplantation, such as will speak sooner than strike, the climax will not proceed regularly: I must leave it as it is.

JOHNSON.

Such as can hold in, may mean, such as can curb old-father with the law, or such as will not bide. ST. EVANS.

Turberville’s Book on Hunting, 1575, p. 37, mentions hunhirds on horseback to make young hounds “hold in and close” to the old ones: so Gads-hill may mean, that he is joined with such companions as will hold in, or keep and stick close to one another, and such as are men of deeds, and not of words; and yet they love to talk and speak their mind freely better than to drink. TOLLET.

She will, she will; justice hath liquor’d her. ——] A phrase of chicane in courts of justice; which supports ill men in their violations of the law, under the very cover of it. WARDURTON.

— as in a cattle; ——] This was once a proverbial phrase. So, in the Little French Lawyer, of Beaumont and Fletcher:
KING HENRY IV. 3:9

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think, you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-feed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; 'Homo is a common name to all men.'

"That noble courage we have seen, and we
"Shall fight as in a castle."

Perhaps Shakespeare means, we steal with as much security as the ancient inhabitants of castles, who had those strong holds to fly to for protection and defence against the laws. So, in Henry VI. P. I. act iii. sc. 1:

"Yes, an outlaw in a castle keeps,
"And useth it to patronage his theft." Steevens.

--we have the receipt of fern-feed--] Fern is one of those plants which have their seed on the back of the leaf so small as to escape the sight. Those who perceived that fern was propagated by fermenation, and yet could never see the seed, were much at a loss for a solution of the difficulty: and as wonder always endeavours to augment itself, they ascribed to fern-feed many strange properties, some of which the rustic virgins have not yet forgotten or exploded. Johnson.

This circumstance relative to fern-feed is alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher's Fair Maid of the Inn:

"Had you Gyges' ring,
"Or the herb that gives invisibility?"

Again, in Ben Jonson's New Inn:

"I had
"No medicine, sir, to go invisible,
"No fern-feed in my pocket."

Again, in P. Holland's Translation of Pliny, b. xxvii. ch. 9:

"Of fern be two kinds, and they beare neither flower nor seed."

Stevens.

--purchase--] Is the term used in law for any thing not inherited but acquired. Johnson.

Purchase was anciently the cant term for stolen goods. So, in Henry V. act iii:

"They will steal any thing, and call it purchase."

So, Chaucer:

"And robbery is holde purchase." Steevens.

Homo is a name &c.] Gads-hill had promised as he was a true man; the Chamberlain wills him to promise rather as if
F I R S T  P A R T  O F
men.—Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewel, you muddy knave. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.
The road by Gads-hill.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins, and Peto.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have remov’d Falstaff’s horse, and he frets like a gumm’d velvet.

P. Henry. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hang’d! Poins!

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-kidney’d rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. What, Poins! Hal!

P. Henry. He is walk’d up to the top of the hill; I’ll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that thief’s company: the rascal hath remov’d my horse, and ty’d him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt
doubt but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. — Poins! — Hal! — a plague upon you both! — Bardolph! — Peto! — 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 chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is three score and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [They whistle] Whew! — A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-guts! lye down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and lift if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Ed. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far

I am in doubt whether there is so much humour here as is suspected: Large foot by the square is probably no more than large foot by a rule. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right. Bishop Corbet says in one of his poems:

"Some twelve foot by the square." Farmer.

All the old copies read by the squire, which points out the etymology—squierre, Fr. The same phrase occurs in the Winter's Tale: "—not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the square." Steevens.

—medicines to make me love him,— Alluding to the vulgar notion of love-powder. Johnson.

—rob a foot further,— This is only a slight error, which yet has run through all the copies. We should read—rub a foot. So we now say—rub on. Johnson.

Why may it not mean, I will not go a foot further to rob?

Steevens.

Vol. V.
FIRST PART OF

afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer.
What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?
P. Henry. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.
P. Henry. Out, you rogue! shall I be your officer?
Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy 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 sack be my poison; When a jest is to forward, and afoot too!—I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Stand.
Fal. So I do, against my will.
Poins. O, 'tis our fetter; I know his voice.

Enter Bardolph.

Bardolph. What news?
Gads. Café ye, café ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.
Fal. To be hang'd.

6 to colt—] Is to fool, to trick; but the prince taking it in another sense, opposes it by uncolt, that is, unhorse.

JOHNSON.

In the first of these senses it is used by Nashe, in Have with you to Saffron Walden, &c. 1596: "His matter fretting and chaffing to be thus colted of both of them, &c." Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Loyal Subject: "What, are we bobbd' thus still? collied and carted?" STEEVENS.

7 heir-apparent garters!—] "He may hang himself in his own garters" is a proverb in Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

P. Henry.
KING HENRY IV.

P. Henry. 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.

Peto. But how many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Henry. What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Henry. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewel, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. Henry. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole?, say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

9 —dole,—] The portion of alms distributed at Lambeth palace gate is at this day called the dole. In Jonson’s Alteritius, Subtle charges Face with perverting his master’s charitable intentions by selling the dole beer to aqua-vitae men. Sir J. Hawkins, so, in the Coffly Whore, 1633:

"——— we came thinking
"We should have some dole at the bishop’s funeral."

Again:

"Go to the back gate, and you shall have dole." See vol. iv. p. 312. Steevens.

Y 2 Trav.
FIRST PART OF

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats; Ah! whorson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. 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 judge ye i'faith.

[Here they rob and bind them. [Exeunt.

---gorbellied---] i.e. fat and corpulent.

See the Glossary to Kennet's Parochial Antiquities.

This word is likewise used by Sir Thomas North in his translation of Plutarch.

Nash, in his Have with you to Saffron Walden, 1596, says:—

"O'tis an unconscionable gorbellied volume, bigger bulk'd than a Dutch hoy, and far more boisterous and cumbersome than a payre of Swiflers omnipotent galeaze breeches." Again, in the Weaket goes to the Wall, 1618: What are these thick-kin'd, heavy-purs'd, gorbellied charles mad?" Steevens.

---ye fat chuffs;---] This term of contempt is always applied to rich and avaricious people. So, in the Mrs's Looking Glass, 1638:

"---the chuff's crowns,
"---Imprison'd in his ruffly chest, &c."

The derivation of the word is said to be uncertain. Perhaps it is a corruption of chough, a thievish bird that collects its prey on the sea shore. So, in Chaucer's Tale of Founs:

"The thief the chough, and eke the chatt'ring pie."

Sir W. Davenant, in his Just Italian, 1630, has the same term:

"They're rich choughs, they've store
"Of villages and plough'd earth."

And Sir Epicure Mammon, in the Alchemist, being asked who had robb'd him, answers, "a kind of choughs, sir." Steevens.

The name of the Cornish bird is pronounced by the natives churr. Chuff is the same word with cuff, both signifying a clown, and being in all probability derived from a Saxon word of the latter sound. Remarks.
Enter prince Henry, and Poins.

P. Henry. The thieves have bound the true men; now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Henry. Your money.

Poins. Villains!

[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. They all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind him.

P. Henry. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are scatter'd, and posses'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

3 —the true men:——] In the old plays a true man is always set in opposition to a thief. So, in the ancient Morality called Hycke Scorner, bl. 1. no date:

"And when me lift to hang a true man——
"Thieves I can help out of pryson."

Again, in the Four Prentices of London, 1632:

"Now true man, try if thou canst rob a thief."

Again:

"Sweet wench, embrace a true man, scorn a th'ief." See vol. ii. p. 120. STEEVENS.

4 —argument for a week,——] Argument is subject matter for a drama. So, in the second part of this play:

"For all my part has been but as a scene

P. 372. STEEVENS.

¥ 3

Away,
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Wert not for laughing, I should pity him.
Pains. How the rogue roar'd!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Warkworth. A room in the castle.

Enter Hotspur, reading a letter.

——But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.——He could be contented,—Why, is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:——he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. The purpose you undertake, is dangerous.—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot, as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frothy-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand,

1 Enter Hotspur, reading a letter.] This letter was from George Dunbar, earl of March, in Scotland.

Mr. Edwards's MS. Notes.

if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this? an infidel? Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king, we are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady

---I could brain him with his lady's fan.---] Mr. Edwards observes, in his Canons of Criticism, "that the ladies in our author's time wore fans made of feathers." See Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, act ii. sc. 2:

"This feather grew in her sweet fan sometimes, tho' now it be my poor fortune to wear it."

So again, in Cynthia's Revels, act iii. sc. 4:

"for a garter,

"Or the least feather in her bounteous fan."

Again, as Mr. Whalley observes to me, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit at Several Weapons, act v.

"Wer't not better

"Your head were broke with th' handle of a fan?"

See the wooden cut in a note on a passage in the Merry Wives of Windsor, act ii. sc. 2, and the figure of Marguerite de France Duchesse de Savoie, in the fifth vol. of Montfaucon's Monarchie de France, Plate XI. Steevens.

Hang him! let him tell the king, we are prepared.] I would point thus: "Hang him! let him tell the king:—we are prepared." Let him divulge our plot to the king when he will—I care not; we are prepared. Malone.

How now, Kate? ---] Shakspere either mislook the name of Hotspur's wife, (which was not Katharine, but Elizabeth) or ---

---Y.4---

else
FIRST PART OF

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I, this fortnight, been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep; Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth; And start so often, when thou sit't alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy checks; And given my treasures, and my rights of thee, To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy? In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars: Speak terms of manage to thy bounding fleed; Cry, Courage!—to the field! And thou hast talk'd Of fallies, and retires; of trenches, tents, Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;

else designedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondness he seems to have had for the familiar appellation of Kate, which he is never weary of repeating, when he has once introduced it; as in this scene, the scene of Katharine and Petruchio, and the courtship between King Henry V. and the French Prince. The wife of Hotspur was the lady Elizabeth Mortimer, sister to Roger earl of March, who was declared presumptive heir to the crown by King Richard II. and aunt to Edmund earl of March, who is introduced in this play by the name of lord Mortimer. Steevens.

So in Hall's Chronicles, Richard III: "he needed now no more once for that cause cyther to wake or break bys golden sleepe." Henderson.

Retires are retreats. So, in Dryden's Pseudolion, song 10: "their secret safe retire." Again, in Holinshed, p. 960: "the Frenchmen's flight, (for man to termed their sudden retire) &c." Steevens.

For frontiers fir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read very plausibly—fortins. Johnson.

Plausible as this is, it is apparently erroneous, and therefore unnecessary. Frontiers formerly meant not only the bounds of different territories, but also the forts built along, or near those limits. In Iue's Practice of Fortification, printed in 1589, p. 1, it is said: "A forte not placed where it were needful, might scanty be accounted for frontier." Again, p. 21: "In the
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners’ ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so befal’d thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear’d,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?

Some heavy busines hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

_Hot._ What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

_Enter Servant._

_Serv._ He is, my lord, an hour ago.

_Hot._ Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

_Serv._ One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

_Hot._ What horse? a roan, a crop-car, is it not?

_Serv._ It is, my lord.

_Hot._ That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O esperance!—Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [Exit Serv.

frontiers made by the late emperor Charles the Fifth, divers of their walles having given way, &c.” P. 34: “It shall not be necessary to make the bulwarkes in townes so great as those in royall frontiers.” P. 40: “When as any open towne or other inhabited place is to be fortified, whether the fame be to be made a royal frontier, or to be meanly defended, &c.” This account of the word will, I hope, be thought sufficient. Steevens.

5 Of basilisk,—] A basilisk is a cannon of a particular kind. So, in Ram-dyke, 1611:

“‘My cannons, demi-cannons, basilisks, &c.’”

Again, in the Devil’s Charter, 1607:

“—— are those two basilisks.

“Already mounted on their carriages?”

FIRST PART OF

Lady. But hear you, my lord.
Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?
Lady. What is it carries you away?
Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.
Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weazle hath not such a deal of spleen,
As you are tost with.
In sooth, I'll know your business, Harry, that I will,
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title; and hath sent for you,
To line his enterprize: But if you go——
Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Away,
Away, you trifler! Love? I love thee not,

6 Out, you mad-headed ape!] This and the following speech of the lady are in the early editions printed as prose; those editions are indeed in such cases of no great authority, but perhaps they were right in this place, for some words have been left out to make the metre. Johnson.

7 —— I'll break thy little finger, Harry.[ This piece of amorous dalliance appeareth to be of a very ancient date; being mentioned in Fenton's Tragical Discourses, 1579: "Whereupon, I think, no sort of kysles or follyes in love were forgotten, no kynd of crampe, nor pinching by the little finger." Amner.

8 Hot. Away, away, you trifler!
—— love! I love thee not,]
This I think would be better thus:

Hot. Away, you trifler!
Lady. Love!
Hot. I love thee not.
This is no world &c. Johnson.

The regulation proposed by Dr. Johnson, seems to me unnecessary. The passage, without any alteration, will, I think, appear perfectly clear, if pointed thus:

—— Away,
Away, you trifler! —love! —I love thee not.
The first love is not a substantive, but a verb:
——love thee! —I love thee not.

Hotspur's
I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world,
To play with 9 mammoths, and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and 1 crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'ft thou, Kate? what would'ft thou have
with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,

Hotspur's mind being intent on other things, his answers are ir-
regular. He has been mufing, and now replies to what lady
Percy had said some time before:

"Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
"And I must know it—else he loves me not."

In a subsequent scene this distinguishing trait of his character
is particularly mentioned by the prince of Wales, in his descrip-
tion of a conversation between Hotspur and lady Percy: O my
sweet Harry, (says she) how many hast thou killed to-day? Give my
roum horse a drench, says he, and answers—some fourteen—an
hour after. Malone.


So Stubbs, speaking of ladies dresses in the fashion, says: "they
are not natural, but artificial women, not women of flesh and
blood, but rather puppets or mammoths, consisting of ragges and
closts compact together."

So, in the old comedy of Every Woman in her Humour, 1609:
— "I have seen the city of new Nineveh, and Julius Caesar,
acted by mammoths." Again, in the ancient romance of Virgilius,
bl. I. no date: "—he made in that compass all the goddes
that we call mawmets and ydolcs." Mammet is perhaps a cor-
rupption of Mahomet. Holinshead's History of England, p. 108,
spakes "of mawmets and idols." This conjecture and quotation is
from Mr. Toller. I may add that Hamlet seems to have the same
idea when he tells Ophelia, that "he could interpret between her
and her love, if he saw the puppets dallying." Steevens.

1 crack'd crowns, ] Signifies at once crack'd money, and
a broken head. Current will apply to both; as it refers to money,
its sense is well known; as it is applied to a broken head, it in-
nuates that a soldier's wounds entitle him to universal reception.

The same quibble occurs in Sir John Oldcastle, 1600:

"I'll none of your crack'd French crowns——
"King. No crack'd French crowns! I hope to see more crack'd
French crowns ere long.
Priest. Thou mean'st of Frenchmen's crowns, &c." Steevens.

I will
I will not love myself. Do you not love me? 
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

_Hot._ Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o’horse-back, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise,
Than Harry Percy’s wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe,
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

_Lady._ How! so far?

_Hot._ Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate;
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?

_Lady._ It must, of force.  

_Exeunt._

**SCENE IV.**

*The Boar’s head tavern in East-cheap.*

**Enter Prince Henry and Poins.**

_P. Henry._ Ned, pray thee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

_Poins._ Where hast been, Hal?

_P. Henry._ With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogheads. I have found the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leasch of drawers; and can call them all by their

*This line is borrowed from a proverbial sentence:*—*"A woman conceals what she knows not."* See Ray’s *Proverbs.*  

_Seevyns._

Christian
Christians 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 courtsey; and tell me flatly, I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; 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 East-cheap. They call—drinking deep, dying scarlet: and when you breathe 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 this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapt even now into

3—[their salvation, —] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:—[their confidence,—out of which the modern editors have made—their confidence. Steevens.

4—[Corinthian—] A wencher. Johnson. This cant expression is common in old plays. So Randolph, in The Jealous Lovers, 1632:

"—let him swench,
"Buy me all Corinth for him."
"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum."

Another, in the tragedy of Nero, 1633:
"Nor us, tho' Romans, Lais will refuse,
"To Corinth any man may go."

Again, in Maffinger’s Great Duke of Florence:
"Or the old Cynic whom Corinthian Lais, &c."

Steevens.

5—[and when you breathe &c.] A certain maxim of health attributed to the school of Salerno, may prove the best comment on this passage. I meet with the same expression in a MS. play of Timon of Athens, which, from the hand-writing, appears to be at least as ancient as the time of Shakspere:

"we also do enact
"That all hold up their heads, and laugh aloud;
"Drink much at one draught; breathe not in their drink:
"That none go out to"—Steevens.

6—[this pennysworth of sugar,—] It appears from the following passage in Look about you, 1600, and some others, that
FIRST PART OF

into my hand by an 7 under-skinker; one that never spake other English in his life, than—Eight shillings and sixpence, and—You are welcome; with this thrill addition,—Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon, or fo. But, Ned, to drive away the time 'till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, 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 calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!
P. Henry. Thou art perfect.
Poins. Francis!

the drawers kept sugar folded up in papers, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack:

"——— but do you hear?

"Bring sugar in white paper, not in brown."

Shakspeare might perhaps allude to a custom mentioned by Dekker in the Guls Horn Book, 1609: "Enquire what gallants sup in the next roome, and if they be any of your acquaintance, do not you (after the city fashion) send them in a bottle of wine, and your name scrawled in two pittifull papers of sugar, with some filthy apology cram'd into the mouth of a drawer, &c." Steevens.

7 —under-skinker;——] A tapster; an under-drawer. Skink is drink, and a skinker is one that serves drink at table. Johnson.

Schenken, Dutch, is to fill a glass or cup; and fšken is a cup-bearer, one that waits at table to fill the glasses. An under-skinker is therefore, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, an under-drawer. Steevens.

Giles Fletcher, in his Ruffe Comonwealth, 1591, p. 13, speaking of a town built on the south side of Mofkon, by Basilus the emperor, for a garrison of soldiers, says:——" to whom he gave privilege to drinke mead and beer at the drye or prohibited times, when other ruffes may drinke nothing but water, and for that cause called this new citie by the name of Naloi, that is skink or pour in."

So, in Ben Jonson's Poetaster, act iv, sc. 5:

"Alb. I'll ply the table with nectar, and make 'em friends.

"Her. Heaven is like to have but a lame skinker.

EDITOR.
KING HENRY IV

Enter Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomgranate, Ralph.

P. Henry. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Henry. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. Five years! by'rldy, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, dar'ft thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gav'ft me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, sir! I would, it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon.

P. Henry. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

8 Enter Francis.] This scene, helped by the distraction of the drawer, and grimaces of the prince, may entertain upon the stage, but affords not much delight to the reader. The author has judiciously made it short. Johnson.

P. Henry.
FIRST PART OF

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern- jerkin, chry-
ystal-button, nott-pated, agat-ring, puke-focking, caddice-

It appears from the following pas-
sage in Greene’s Quip for an Upstart Courtier, 1620, that a leather
jerkin with chryystal buttons was the habit of a pawn-broker: “a
black taffita doublet, and a spruce leather jerkin with chryystal but-
tons, &c. I enquired of what occupation: Marry, sir, quoth he, a
broker.” STEEVENS.

It should be printed as in the old folios,
nennot-pated. So, in Chaucer’s Cant. Tales, the Yeoman is thus
described:

“A natt head had he with a brown vissage.”

A person was said to be natt-pated, when the hair was cut short
and round: Ray says, the word is still used in Essex, for polled or
vide Jun. Etym. ad verb. PERCY.

So, in The Widow’s Tears, by Chapman, 1612:

“your natt-headed country gentleman.”

Again, in Stowe’s Annals for the Year 1535, 27th of Henry VIII:

“He caused his owne head to bee polled, and from thenceforth
his beard to bee natted and no more shaven.” In Barrett’s Alvearie,
or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, to natt the hair is the same as to
cut it. STEEVENS.

The prince intends to ask the
drawer whether he will rob his master, whom he denotes by many
contemptuous distinctions, of which all are easily intelligible but
puke-focking, which I cannot explain. JOHNSON.

In a small book entitled, The Order of my Lorde Maior, &c.
for their Meetings and Wearing of their Apparel throughout the
Tere, printed in 1586: “the maior, &c. are commanded to ap-
peare on Good Fryday in their peseoke gownes, and without their
chaynes and typetcs.”

Shelton, in his translation of Don Quixote, p. 2. says: “the
rest and remnant of his estate was spent on a jerkin of fine puke.”
Edit. 1612.

In Salmon’s Chymist’s Shop laid open, there is a receipt to make a
puke colour. The ingredients are the vegetable gall and a large
proportion of water; from which it should appear that the colour
was grey.

In Barrett’s Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, a puke
colour is explained as being a colour between russet and black, and
is rendered in Latin pullus.

Again, in Drant’s translation of the eighth satire of Horace,
1567:

“nigra succinctam vadere palla.”

“ytuckde in pukehe frocke.”

In
caddice-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then, your brown's bastard is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet

In the time of Shakspeare the most expensive silk stockings were worn; and in King Lear, by way of reproach, an attendant is called a coveted stocking knave. So that, after all, perhaps the word puke refers to the quality of the stuff rather than to the colour.

Steevens.

Puke-stocking seems to be a contemptuous expression like our black-leg's'd gentry of the turf. Dugdale's Warwickshire, 1730, p. 406, speaks of "a gown of black puke." The statute 5 and 6 of Edward VI. c. 6, mentions cloth of these colours, "puke, brown-blue, blacks." Hence puke seems not to be a perfect or fall black, but it might be a russet blue, or rather a russet black, as Mr. Steevens intimates from Barrett's Alcæaric. Tollot.

+ ——caddice-garter ———] Caddis was, I believe, a kind of coarse ferret. The garters of Shakspeare's time were worn in sight, and consequently were expensive. He who would submit to wear a coarser fort, was probably called by this contemptuous distinction, which I meet with again in Glapthorne's Wit in a Conclave, 1639:

" ——dost hear,

" My honest caddis-garters!"

This is an address to a servant. Steevens.


5 ——brown bastard——] Bastard was a kind of sweet wine. The prince finding the waiter not able, or not willing to understand his infidgation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away. Johnson.

In an old dramatic piece, entitled, Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco, the second edition, 1636, Beer says to Wine:

"Wine well born? Did not every man call you bastard but other day?"

So again, in The Honest Whore, a comedy by Deckar, 1635:

" ——What wine fent they for?"

"Ro. Bastard wine, for if it had been truely begotten, it would not have been asliam'd to come in. Here's sixpence to pay for nurling the bastard!"

Again, in The Fair Maid of the West, 1631:

"I'll furnish you with bastard, white, or brown, &c."

Vol. V.
doublet will fully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Franc. What, sir?
Poins. Francis!

P. Henry. Away, you rogue; dost thou not hear them call?
[Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! standst thou still, and hear'st such a calling? look to the guests within. [Exit drawer.
My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [Exit Vintner.] Poins!

In the ancient metrical romance of the Sybar of low Degre, bl. 1. no date, is the following catalogue of wines:
"You shall have Rumney and Malmesyne,"
"Both Ypocraffe and Vernage wyne:"
"Mountrofe, and wyne of Greke,"
"Both Algrade and Respice eke,"
"Antioche and Baslard"
"Pyment also and Garnarde:"
"Wyne of Greke and Muscadell,"
"Both Clare-Pyment and Rochell,"
"The reed your stomuch to defy,"
"And potes of Olcy set you by." Steevens.

Baslard is enumerated by Stowe among other sweet wines:
"When an Argoff came with Greek and Spanish wines, viz. muscadell, malmsey, sack, and baslard, &c." Annals, 867.

Malone.

Maison Rustique, translated by Markham, 1616, p. 635, says,
"Such wines are called wungrrell or baslard wines, which (betwixt the sweet and astringent ones) have neither manifest sweetness, nor manifest astringency, but indeed participate and contain in them both qualities." Tollett.

Barrett, however, in his Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, says, that "baslarde is muscadell, sweet wine." Steevens.

Re-enter
Re-enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, Falstaff 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?

P. Henry. I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupilage of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [Re-enter Francis.] What's o'clock, Francis?

Frau. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. 5 I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, Pie upon this quiet life! I want work. O my sweet Harry, says she, how many ha'st thou kill'd to-day? Give me room horse a-drench, says he; and answers, Some fourteen, an hour after; a trifle, a trifle. I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. 6 Rizzo, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter

5 —I am not yet of Percy's mind,—] The drawer's answer had interrupted the prince's train of discourse. He was proceeding thus: I am now of all humours that have shew'd themselves humours—I am not yet of Percy's mind,—that is, I am willing to indulge myself in gaiety and frolick, and try all the varieties of human life. I am not yet of Percy's mind,—who thinks all the time lost that is not spent in bloodshed, forgets decency and civility, and has nothing but the barren talk of a brutal soldier. —Ribi,—] That is, drink. —Hanmer.

Z 2

All
Enter Falstaff, Gaits-bill, Bardolph, and Peto.

Points. Welcome, Jack. Where haft thou been?
Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I’ll sow neither stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant?

P. Henry. Didst thou never see Titan kis a dish of butter? a pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet

All the former editions have rivo, which certainly had no meaning, but yet was perhaps the cant of English taverns. Johnson.
This conjecture Dr. Farmer has supported by a quotation from Marston:

"If thou art sad at others fate,
"Rivo, drink deep, give care the mate."

I find the same word used in the comedy of Blurt Master Constable:

"Yet to endear ourselves to thy lean acquaintance,
cry rivo ho! laugh and be fat, &c."
Again, in Marston's What you will, 1607:

"that rubs his guts, claps his paunch, and cries rivo, &c."
Again:—“Rivo, here's good juice, fresh borage, boys.”

Steevens.

7—nether stocks,—] Nether stocks are stockings. See K. Lear, act ii. sc. 4. Steevens.

8. Didst thou never see Titan kis a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan! that melted at the sweet tale of the fun?] This perplexes Mr. Theobald; he calls it nonfenic, and, indeed, having made nonsense of it, changes it to pitiful hearted butter. But the common reading is right: and all that wants reftoring is a parenthesif into which (pitiful-hearted Titan!) should be put. Pitiful hearted means only amorous, which was Titan's character: the pronoun that refers to butter. But the Oxford editor goes still further, and not only takes, without ceremony, Mr. Theobald's bread and butter, but turns tale into face; not perceiving that the heat of the fun is figuratively repreffed as a love-tale, the poet having before called him pitiful hearted, or amorous. Warburton.

I have left this passage as I found it, desiring only that the reader, who inclines to follow Dr. Warburton's opinion, will furnish himself with some proof that pitiful-hearted was ever used to signify amorous, before he pronounces this emendation to be just.
sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that
compound.

Fal. You rogue, 'tis here's lime in this sack too:

There

I own I am unable to do it for him; and though I ought not to
decide in favour of any violent proceedings against the text, must
confess that the reader who looks for sense as the words stand at
present, must be indebted for it to Mr. Theobald.

Shall I offer a bolder alteration? In the oldest copy, the con-
trolled part of this passage appears thus:

at the sweet tale of the sonnes.
The author might have written pitiful-hearted Titan, who melted
at the sweet tale of his son, i.e. of Phaëton, who, by a plausible
story won on the caky nature of his father so far, as to obtain from
him the guidance of his own chariot for a day. The same thought,
as Dr. Farmer observed to me, is found among Turbervile's Epi-
nyps, &c. p. 141: "It melts as butter doth against the sunne."
As gross a mythological corruption, as that already noted, per-
haps occurs in Perick's Prince of Tyre, 1609:

"The arm-strong offspring of the doubted knight,
"Stout Hercules &c."

Thus all the copies, ancient and modern. But I should not hesi-
tate to read—doubled night, i.e. the night lengthened to twice its
usual proportion while Jupiter possessed himself of Alcmene; a
circumstance with which every school-boy is acquainted.

STEEVENS.

9—here's lime in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to
be found in villainous man:—Sir Richard Hawkins, one of
queen Elizabeth's sea-captains, in his Voyages, p. 379, says:

"Since the Spanish sacks have been common in our taverns,
which for conservations are mingled with lime in the making, our
nation complains of calentures, of the stone, the dropsy, and in-
finite other diseases, not heard of before this wine came into
frequent use. Besides, there is no year that it wasteth not two
millions of crowns of our substance, by conveyance into foreign
countries." This latter, indeed, was a substantial evil. But as
to lime's giving the stone, this surely must be only the good old
man's prejudice; since, in a wiser age by far, an old woman made
her fortune by shewing us that lime was a cure for the stone. Sir
John Falstaff, were he alive again, would say she deceived, it, for
satisfying us that we might drink sack in safety; but that liquor
has been long since out of date. I think lord Clarendon, in his
Apology, tells us, "That sweet wines before the Restoration were
so much to the English taste, that we engrossed the whole product
of the Canaries; and that not a pipe of it was expended in any
other country in Europe." But the banished cavaliers brought
home
There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack home with them the gout for French wines, which has continued ever since; and from whence, perhaps, we may more truly date the greater frequency of the stone. 

Dr. Warburton does not consider that sack, in Shakspere, is most probably thought to mean what we now call sherry, which, when it is drank, is still drank with sugar. 

Johnson.

Rhenish is drank with sugar, but never sherry.

The difference between the true sack and sherry, is distinctly marked by the following passage in Fortune by Land and Sea, by Heywood and Rowley, 1655:

"Rayns. Some sack boy &c."
"Draper. Good sherry, Jack, Sir."
"Rayns. I meant paxany, Sir: what, haft no brains?"

Steevns.

Elliot, in his Orphicins, 1593, speaking of sack and rhenish, says:

"The vintners of London put in lime, and thence proceed infinite maladies, specially the goutte." 

Farmer.

Sack, the favourite beverage of Sir John Falstaff, was, according to the information of a very old gentleman, a liquor compounded of sherry, water, and sugar. Sometimes it should seem to have been brewed with eggs, i.e. milled. And that the vintners played tricks with it, appears from Falstaff's charge in the text. It does not seem to be at present known; the sweet wine, so called, being apparently of a quite different nature. 

Remarks.

That the sweet wine at present called sack, is different from Falstaff's favourite liquor, I am by no means convinced. On the contrary, from the fondness of the English nation for sugar at this period, I am rather inclined to Dr. Warburton's opinion on this subject. If the English drank only rough wine with sugar, there appears nothing extraordinary, or worthy of particular notice; and that their partiality for sugar was very great, the following instances will show. 

Hentzner, p. 88, edit. 1757, speaking of the manners of the English, says, "in potam copiosi immittunt succarum," they put a great deal of sugar in their drink. And Moryson, in his Itinerary, 1617, p. 155, mentioning the Scots, observes: "They drinke pure wine not with sugar as the English." Again, p. 152: "— but gentlemen garnawe oney in wine, with which many mixe sugar, which I never observed in any other place or kingdom to be used for that purpose: and because the taste of the English is thus delighted with sweetes, the wines in taverns (for I speake not of merchants or gentle- men's cellars) are commonly mixed at the filling thereof, to make them pleasanter." The addition of sugar even to sack, might, perhaps, to a taste habituated to sweets, operate only in a manner to improve the flavour of the wine. 

Editor.
with lime in it; 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 live not three good men unhanged in England; 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 all manner

"I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms, &c."

In the persecutions of the protestants in Flanders under Philip II, those who came over into England on that occasion, brought with them the woollen manufactory. These were Calvinists, who were always distinguished for their love of psalmody. Warburton.

In the first edition the passage is read thus: I could sing psalms or any thing. In the first folio thus: I could sing all manner of songs. Many expressions bordering on indecency or profaneness are found in the first editions, which are afterwards corrected. The reading of the three last editions, I could sing psalms and all manner of songs, is made without authority out of different copies.

I believe nothing more is here meant than to allude to the practice of weavers, who, having their hands more employed than their minds, amuse themselves frequently with songs at the loom. The knight, being full of vexation, wishes he could sing to divert his thoughts.

Weavers are mentioned as lovers of music in The Merchant of Venice. Perhaps "to sing like a weaver" might be proverbial.

Johnson.

I believe, wherever the sacred name has been suppressed, or any expression bordering on profaneness altered, the alteration was made in consequence of the flat, 3 Jac. I. c. 21. Of the truth of this observation a speech of Falstaff’s in this scene is a remarkable proof: "By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye." Thus it stands in the quarto of 1598, and all the subsequent quartos, which were copied each from the other. But in the folio this characteristical exordium is omitted, and the passage stands — "I knew ye as well &c." In another place, "blood my lord they are false," is altered to "I faith my lord, they are false," though the answer shews that an oath was intended by the poet: "Swear thou, ungracious boy?"

Shakespeare would never willingly have made Falstaff so unlike himself as to scruple adding an oath to his lies.

Malone.

Dr. Warburton's observation may be confirmed by the following passages.

Ben Jonson, in the Silent Woman, makes Cutberd tell Morose, that
FIRST PART OF

manner of songs. A plague of all cowards, I say still!

P. Henry. How now, wool-fack? what mutter you?

Fal. 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!

P. Henry. Why, you whorson round man! what’s the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I’ll flab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I’ll see thee damn’d er I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound,

that “the parson caught his cold by sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers.”

So, in Jasper Maine’s City Match, 1639:

“Like a Geneva weaver in black, who left
“The loom, and enter’d in the ministry,
“For conscience sake.” Stevens.

The protestants who fled from the persecution of the duke d’Alva were mostly weavers and woollen manufacturers: they settled in Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, and other counties, and (as Dr. Wurburton observes) being Calvinists, were distinguished for their love of psalmody. For many years the inhabitants of these counties have excelled the rest of the kingdom in the skill of vocal harmony. Sir J. Hawkins.

——a dagger of lath—— i. e. such a dagger as the Vice in the old moralities was arm’d with. So, in Twelfth Night:

“In a trice, like to the old Vice
“Your need to sustain:
“Who with dagger of lath
“In his rage and his wrath &c.”

Again, in Like will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier, 1587: the Vice says:

“Come no neer me you knaves for your life,
“Left I slick you both with this wood knife.
“Back, I say, back, you sturdy beggar;
“Body o’me they have tane away my dagger.”

And in the second part of this play, Falstaff calls Shallow a

“Vice’s dagger.” Stevens.

I could
I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait 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 to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip’d since thou drunk’t it last.

Fal. All’s one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I! [He drinks.

P. Henry. What’s the matter?

Fal. What’s the matter? here be four of us have taken a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 't cap’d by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack’d like a hand-saw, ecce signum. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not

3 — I would give a thousand pounds I could run as fast as thou canst.——— Shakspeare in his real characters, is to be depended on as a historian. Agility and fast running were among the qualifications of this young prince. “Omnes coætanes fuos saliendo præcessit, (fays Thomas de Elmham, p. 12.) curfu veloci simul currentes prævenit. Bows.e.”

The quarto 1599, gives this speech to Poins. Steevens.

* — my buckler cut through and through; —— It appears from the old comedy of The two angry Women of Abington, that this method of defence and fight was in Shakspeare’s time growing out of fashion. The play was published in 1599, and one of the characters in it makes the following observation:

“I see by this dearth of good swords, that sword-and-buckler-fight begins to grow out. I am sorry for it; I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up then. Then a tall man, and a good sword-and-buckler man, will be spitted like a cat, or a coney: then a boy will be as good as a man, &c.” Steevens.
do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

_P._ Henry. Speak, sir; How was it?
_Gads._ We four set upon some dozen,——
_Fal._ Sixteen, at least, my lord.
_Gads._ And bound them.
_Pato._ No, no, they were not bound.
_Fal._ You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrev Jew.
_Gads._ As we were shaking, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—
_Fal._ And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

_P._ Henry. What, fought you with them all?
_Fal._ 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-legg'd creature.

_Poons._ Pray heaven, you have not murder'd some of them.

_Fal._ Nay, that's past praying for; I have pepper'd two of them: two, I am sure, I have pay'd; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou know'st my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

—an Ebree! Jew._]

"—thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian." Steevens.

—two I am sure I have paid;] i. e. drubbed, beaten. So, in Marlowe's translation of Ovid's Elegies, printed at Middleburgh (without date):

"Thou cozenest boys of sleep, and do'st betray them
To pedants that with cruel lashes pay them."

Again, in The Two Noble Kinsmen, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1624:

"—Then as I am an honest man,
I'll pay thee soundly." Malone.

_P._ Henry.
KING HENRY IV. 347

P. Henry. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.
Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.
P. Henry. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.
Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.
P. Henry. I pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?
P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the lift'ning to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—
P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

7 P. Henry. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram.
Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.]

From the prince's speech, and Poin's answer, I apprehend that Falstaff's reply, should be interrogatively; In buckram?

WHALLEY.

8 Their points being broken,—Down fell their hose.] To understand Poin's joke, the double meaning of point must be remembered, which signifies the sharp end of a weapon, and the lace of a garment. The cleanly phraie for letting down the hose, ad levan-dum alvum, was to untruf a point. JOHNSON.

Points were metal hooks, fastened to the waistband of the hose or breeches (which had then no opening or buttons), and going into straps or eyes fixed to the doublet, and thereby keeping the hose from falling down. BLACKSTONE.

So, in the comedy of Wily Beguiled: "I was so near taken, that I was fain to cut all my points." Again, in Sir Giles Goosecap, 1606:

"——Help me to trus my points."

"I had rather fee your hose about your heels, than I would help you to trus a point."

The same jest indeed had already occurred in Twelfth Night. See vol. iv. p. 178. STEEVES.

Poins.
FIRST PART OF

Foot. Down fell their hole.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I follow'd me close, came-in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten 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.

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoremonger, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,—

Fal.

Kendal—] Kendal in Westmorland, as I have been told, is a place famous for making cloths, and dyeing them with several bright colours. To this purpose, Drayton, in the 30th song of his Polyolbis:

“——where Kendal town doth stand,

“‘For making of our cloth scarce match'd in all the land,”

Kendal green was the livery of Robert Earl of Huntington and his followers, while they remained in a state of outlawry, and their leader assumed the title of Robin Hood. The colour is repeatedly mentioned in the old play on this subject, 1601:

“——all the woods

“Are full of outlaws, that, in Kendal green,

“Follow the out-law'd earl of Huntington.”

Again:

“Then Robin will I wear thy Kendal green.”

Again, in the Playe of Robyn Hooe very proper to be played in Maye Games, bl. 1. no date:

“Here be a sort of ragged knaves come in,

“Clothed all in Kendal grene.” Steevens.

—tallow-catch,——] This word is in all editions, but having no meaning, cannot be understood. In some parts of the kingdom, a cake or mafs of wax or tallow, is called a keech, which is doublets the word intended here, unless we read tallow-keech, that is, tub of tallow. Johnson.

—tallow-catch——] Tallow-keech is undoubtedly right, but ill explained in the note. A keech of tallow is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the Chandler. It is the proper word in use now. Percy.

A keech
KING HENRY IV.

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; What say'st thou to this?

Points. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at 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 plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this fangueine coward, this bed-preller, this horle-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd neats-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,

O, for

A keech is what is called a tallow-loaf in Sussex, and in its form resembles the rotundity of a fat man's belly. COLLINS.

Shakspeare calls the butcher's wife goody Keech, in the second part of this play. STEEVENS.

---tallow-catch, ---] The conjectural emendation ketch, i.e. tub, is very ingenious. But the prince's allusion is sufficiently striking, if we alter not a letter; and only suppose that by tallow-catch, he means a receptacle for tallow. WARTON.

---you starveling, you elf-skin, ---] For elf-skin sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read eel-skin. The true reading, I believe, is elf-skin or little-fairy: for though the Baftard in King John, compares his brother's two legs to two eel-skins stuff'd, yet an eel-skin simply bears no great resemblance to a man. JOHNSON.

---you starveling, &c.] In these comparisons Shakspeare was not drawing the picture of a little fairy, but of a man remarkably tall and thin, to whose shapeless uniformity of length, an "eel skin stuff'd" (for that circumstance is implied) certainly bears a humorous resemblance, as do the taylor's yard, the tack, or small sword fet upright, &c. The comparisons of the stock-fish and dry'd neat's tongue, allude to the leaness of the prince. The reading—eel-skin is supported likewise by the passage already quoted from K. John, and by Falstaff's description of the lean Shallow in the second part of K. Henry IV.

Shakspeare
FIRST PART OF

O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poius. Mark, Jack.

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four; you 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, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it: yea, and can shew it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, 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? What trick, what device, what flaring hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poius. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me, to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why? thou know'st, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter;

Shakespeare had historical authority for the leanings of the prince of Wales. Stowe, speaking of him, says, "he exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body slender and lean, and his bones small." Steevens.

—the lion will not touch the true prince.—] So, in the Mad Lover, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Fetch the Numidian lion I brought over;"
"If she be sprung from royal blood, the lion"
"Will do her reverence, else he'll tear her," &c."

Steevens.

7 —Instinct is a greater matter; —] Diego, the Hoff, in Love's
I was a coward 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, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hoftes, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, All the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lov'ft me.

Enter Hoftes.

Hoft. My lord the prince,—

P. Henry. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

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

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal.

Love's Pilgrimage, by Beaumont and Fletcher, excuses a rudeness he had been guilty of to one of his guests, in almost the same words.

"—should I have been so barbarous to have parted with yours?"

"Philippo. —You knew it then?"

"Diego. —I knew 'twas necessary."

"You should be both together. Instinct, signior, is a great matter in an hof."

"—there is a nobleman—Give him as much as will make him a royal man, — I believe here is a kind of jest intended. He that received a noble was in cant language, called a nobleman: in this sense the prince catches the word, and bids the landlady give him as much as will make him a royal man, that is, a real or royal man, and send him away."

So, in the Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599:

"This is not noble sport, but royal play."

"It must be so where royals walk so fast."
Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?
—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Henry. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.

P. Henry. Now, sirs; by'r-lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—sir!

Bard. 'Fairth I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

Peto. Why, he hack'd 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 perused us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to befubbler our garments with it, and swear it was 'the blood of true men. I did that I did not these seven years before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devils.

P. Henry. O villain, thou stol'st a cup of sack

Give him as much as will make him a royal man,—] The royal went for 10 s.—the noble only for 6 s. and 8 d.

Tyrwhitt.

This seems to allude to a jest of queen Elizabeth. Mr. John Blower in a sermon before her majesty, first said: My royal queen," and a little after: "My noble queen." Upon which fays the queen: "What am I ten grouts worse than I was?" This is to be found in Hearne's Discourse of some Antiquities between Windsor and Oxford; and it confirms the remark of the very learned and ingenious Mr. Tyrwhitt. Tollet.

—To tickle our noses with spear-grass, &c.] So, in the old anonymous play of The Victories of Henry Fifth: "Every day when I went into a field, I would take a straw and thrust it into my nose and make my nose bleed, &c." Steevens.

—the blood of true men.—] That is, of the men with whom they fought, of honest men, opposed to thieves. Johnson.

eighteen
eighteen years ago, and wert 

taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore: Thou hast fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; What instinct hast thou for it?

_Bard._ My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

_P. Henry._ I do.

_Bard._ What think you they portend?

_P. Henry._ Hot livers, and cold purses.

_Bard._ Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

_P. Henry._

---taken in the manner---] The quarto and folio read
—with the manner, which is right. Taken with the manner is a law phrase, and then in common use, to signify taken in the fact. But the Oxford editor alters it, for better security of the sense, to—taken in the manner,—i.e. I suppose, by the lord of it, as a

flair. _Warburton._

The expression—taken in the manner, or with the manner, is common to many of our old dramatic writers. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's _Rule a Wife and have a Wife_:

“How like a sheep-biting rogue, taken in the manner,

“And ready for a halter, dost thou look now?”

Again, in Heywood's _Brazen Age,_ 1615:

“Take them not in the manner, tho' you may.”

Perhaps it is a corruption of “taken in the manuover;” yet I know not that this French word, in the age of Shakspeare, had acquired its present sense. See vol. ii. p. 404. _Steevens._

_Manour or Mainour or Maynour_ an old law term, (from the French manauver or manier, Lat. manu trahere), signifies the thing which a thief takes away or steals: and to be taken with the manour or mainour is to be taken with the thing stolen about him, or doing an unlawful act, flagrante delito, or, as we say, in the fact. The expression is much used in the forest-laws. See Manwood's edition in quarto, 1665, p. 292. where it is spelt manner.

_Hawkins._

—Thou hast a fire and sword, &c.] The fire was in his face. A red face is termed a fiery face.

“While I affirm a fiery face:

“Is to the owner no disgrace.” _Legend of Capt. Jones._

_Johnson._

Hot livers, and cold purses.] That is, drunkenness and poverty. To drink was, in the language of those times, to beat the liver.

_Johnson._

Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

_Vol. V._ A a

_No._
FIRST PART OF
P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of a bombaft? How long is’t ago, Jack, since thou saw’st thine own knee?

Fal. 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 fighting and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There’s villainous news abroad: here was sir

No, if rightly taken, halter.] The reader who would enter into the spirit of this repartee, must recollect the familiarity of sound between collar and cholera.

So, in King John and Matilda. 1655.

"O Bru. Son, you’re too full of cholera.

"F. Bru. Choler! halter.

"Fitz. By the mass, that’s near the collar.” Steevens.

ey—bombaft i—] Is the stuffing of cloaths. Johnson.

Stubb’s in his Anatomic of Abuses, 1595, observes, that in his time “the doulettes were so hard quilted, stuffed, bombasted, and sewed, as they could neither worke, nor yet well play in them.” And again, in the same chapter, he adds, that they were “stuffed with foure, five, or fixe pounte of bombaft at least.”

Again, in Deckar’s Satyrwaffix: “You shalw sear not to bom-
baft out a new play with the old linings of jells.” Bombaft is cot-
ton. Gerard calls the cotton plant “the bombaft tree.” See vol. ii.
P. 542. Steevens.

I could have crept into any alderman’s thumb-ring:]

Aristophanes has the same thought:

Δια δεκαλυκία μεν ἐν ἑμῖν γ’ αὖ στεινώσατε. Plutus, v. 1037.

Sir W. Rawlinson.

An alderman’s thumb-ring is mentioned by Brome in the Anti-
 podeas, 1638: “—Item, a dillighe graven in his thumb-ring.”

Again, in the Northern Laft, 1633: “A good man in the city &c. wears nothing rich about him, but the gout or a thumb-ring.”

Again, in Wit in a Contest, 1640: “—no more with than the rest of the bench: what lies in his thumb-ring.” The custom of

caring a ring on the thumb is very ancient. In Chaucer’s Squire’s

Tale, it is said of the rider of the brazen horse who advanced into

the hall of Cambuscan, that

“—upon his thombe he had of gold a ring.”

Steevens.
John Braby s 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 Amaimoa the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman s upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—What, a plague, call you him?—

Points.

s—Sir John Braby—] Thus the folio. The quarto 1598, reads: ——Bracy. Steevens.

v—upon the cross of a Welsh book,—] A Welsh book appears to have been some instrument of the offensive kind. It is mentioned in the play of Sir John Oldcastle:

—that no man presume to wear any weapons, especially Welsh-books and forest bills.”

Again, in Westward Hoe, by Dekker and Webster, 1607:

— it will be as good as a Welsh-book for you, to keep out the other at staves-end.”

Again, in the Inimitable Countess, by Marston, 1631:

“ The ancient books of great Cadwallader.”

Mr. Tollet apprehends from the hooked form of the following instrument, as well as from the cross upon it, as upon other ancient swords, that it is the Welsh book mentioned by Falstaff.

This was copied by him from Speed’s History of Great Britain, p. 180.

I believe the Welsh book and the brown bill are no more than varieties of the securis falcata, or probably a weapon of the same kind with the Lochaber axe, which was used in the late rebellion. Colonel Gardner was attacked with such a one at the battle of Prestonpans.

In the old ballad, however, of King Alfred and the Shepherd, (see Evan’s Collection, vol. i. p. 20.) the shepherd swears by his book:

“ And by my book, the shepherd said,

“ (an oath both good and true) &c.” Steevens.

I question the truth of this representation. The Welsh book I believe, was pointed, like a spear, to thrust or thrust with; and below had a hook to seize on the enemy if he should attempt to escape by flight. I take my ideas from a passage in Butler’s Character of a Justice of Peace, whom the witty author thus describes,

A a 2

“His
Pains. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with his 'pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the sparrow.

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

P. Henry. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckow! But, afoot, he will not hudge a foot.

P. Henry. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand "blue-caps more:

"His whole authority is like a Welsh book; for his warrant is a puller to her, and his mittimus a thrustler from her." Remains, vol. ii. p. 192. Whalley.

"pistol—] Shakespeare never has any care to preserve the manners of the time. Pistols were not known in the age of Henry. Pistols were, I believe, about our author's time, eminently used by the Scots. Sir Henry Wotton somewhere makes mention of a Scottish pistol. Johnson.

Beaumont and Fletcher are still more inexcusable. In The Humorous Lieutenant, they have equipped one of the immediate successors of Alexander the Great, with the same weapon.

Steevens.

"blue caps—] A name of ridicule given to the Scots from their blue bonnets. Johnson.

There is an old ballad called Blow Cap for me, or

"A Scotch lass her resolute chusing;

"Shall have bonny blow cap or other refusing."

Steevens.

"thy father's beard is turned white with the vexus;—] I think Montaigne mentions a person condemned to death, whose hair turned grey in one night. Tollet.

Nash, in his Have with you to Saffron Walden, &c. 1596, says:

"Looke and you shall find a grey haire for everie line I have writ"
more: Worcester is stolen away by night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Henry. Then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Henry. Not a whit, 'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Henry. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my writ against him; and you shall have all his beard white too, by the time he hath read over this book." The reader may find more examples of this phenomenon in Grisarton's translation of Goulart's Memorable Histories. Steevens.

[you may buy land, &c.] In former times the prosperity of the nation was known by the value of land, as now by the price of stocks. Before Henry the Seventh made it safe to serve the king regnant, it was the practice at every revolution, for the conqueror to confiscate the estates of those that opposed, and perhaps of those who did not assist him. Those, therefore, that foresaw the change of government, and thought their estates in danger, were desirous to sell them in haste for something that might be carried away.

Johnson.

[Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.] In the old anonymous play of Henry V., the same strain of humour is discoverable:

"Thou shalt be my lord chief justice, and shall sit in the chair, and I'll be the young prince and hit thee a box on the ear, &c."

Steevens.

A n 3

state s
F I R S T P A R T O F
state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

P. Henry. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. 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 mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses' vein.

---This chair shall be my state.---] This, as well as a following passage, was perhaps designed to ridicule the mock majesty of Cambyses, the hero of a play which appears from Deckar's Girl's Hornbook, 1609, to have been exhibited with some degree of theatrical pomp. Deckar is ridiculing the impertinence of young gallants who sat or stood on the stage; "on the very rushies where the commedy is to daunce, yea and under the state of Cambyses binselfe." Steevens.

---this cushion my crown.] Dr. Letherland, in a MS. note, observes that the country people in Warwickshire use a cushion for a crown, at their harvest-home diversions; and in the play of K. Edward IV. p. 2. 1619, is the following passage:

"Then comes a slave, one of those drunken fots,

"In with a tavern reck'ning for a supplication,

"Disguised with a cushion on his head." Steevens.

Thy state, &c.] This answer might, I think, have better been omitted: it contains only a repetition of Falstaff's mock royalty. Johnson.

This is an apostrophe of the prince to his absent father, not an answer to Falstaff. Farmer.

Rather a ludicrous description of Falstaff's mock regalia.

Remarks.


I question if Shakespeare had ever seen this tragedy; for there is a remarkable peculiarity of measure, which, when he professed to speak in king Cambyses' vein, he would hardly have mislaid, if he had known it. Johnson.

There is a marginal direction in the old play of king Cambyses: "At this tale told, let the queen weep," which I fancy is alluded to, though the measure is not preferred. Farmer.

See a note on the Midsummer Night's Dream, act iv. scene the 2nd. Steevens.

P. Henry.
KING HENRY IV.

P. Howy. Well, here is 1 my leg.
Fal. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

Hoft. This is excellent sport, i'faith.
Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hoft. O the father, how he holds his countenance!
Fal. For God's fake, lords, convey my tristful queen,
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes 2.
Hoft. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players 3, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain 4.—5 Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for 6 though the camomile, the more it is trodden

1—my leg.] That is, my obeisance to my father. Johnson.
2—the flood-gates of her eyes.] This passage is probably a burlesque on the following in Preston's Cambyses:
   "Queen. These words to hear makes stilling tears issue from crystal eyes."
   Perhaps, says Dr. Farmer we should read do epe the flood-gates, &c. Steevens.
3—harlotry players,—] This word is used in the Plowman's Tale: "Soche harlotre men, &c." Again, in P. P. fol. 27.
   "I had lever hear an harlotry, or a fomer's game." Junius explains the word by "inhonestas paupertinis fortis sectitas."
Steevens.
4—tickle-brain—] This appears to have been the nick name of some strong liquor. So, in A new Trick to cheat the Devil, 1636:
   "A cup of Nipsitake brisk and neat,
   "The drawers call it tickle-brain."
In the Antipodes, 1638, settle-brain is mentioned as another potion. Steevens.
5—Harry, I do not only marvel, &c.] A ridicule on the public oratory of that time. Warden.
6—though the camomile, &c.] This whole speech is supremely comic. The simile of camomile used to illustrate a contrary effect, brings to my remembrance an observation of a late writer of some merit, whom the desire of being witty has betrayed into a like thought. Meaning to enforce with great vehemence...
den on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it 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 pointed at? Shall the 7 blessed sun of heaven prove 8 a micher, and eat black-

the mad temerity of young soldiers, he remarks, that “though Bedlam be in the road to Hog-don, it is out of the way to promotion.”  

In The More the Merrier, a collection of epigrams, 1608, is the following passage:

“`The camomile shall teach thee patience,  
*Whichossier best when trodden most upon.‘”

Again, in The Fasone, a comedy, by Marston, 1606:

“For indeed, sir, a repuls’d fame mounts like camomile, the more trod down the more it grows.”  

The style immediately ridiculed is that of Lilly in his Euphues:

“Though the camomile the more it is troden and pressed downe, the more it spreadeth; yet the violet the oftener it is handled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth,” &c.  

Farmer.

*blessed sun [The folio and quarto of 1613, read,

——blessed son. Malone.

8 ———a micher,———] i.e. truant; to mich, is to lurk out of sight, a hedge-creeper. Warburton.

The allusion is to a truant boy, who, unwilling to go to school, and afraid to go home, lurks in the fields, and picks wild fruits.  

Johnson.

In A Comment on the Ten Commandments, printed at London in 1493, by Richard Pynson, I find the word thus used:

“They make Goddes house a den of theyvys; for communly in such feyrs and markets, whereover it be holdeyn, ther ben many theyvys, michers, and cutpurfe.”

Again, in The Devil’s Charter, 1607:

“Pox on him, micher, I’ll make him pay for it.”

Again, in Lilly’s Mother Bombie, 1594:

“How like a micher he stands, as though he had truansted from honesty.”

——that mite is miching in this grove.”  

“The micher hangs down his head.”  

Again, in Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611:

“Look to it micher.”

Again, in the old Morality of Hiske Scoerner:

“Wanton wenches and also michers.”  

Steevens.

A michs
black-berries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the
son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a
question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which
thou hast often heard of, and it is known 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 there is
a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy com-
pany, but I know not his name.

_P. Henry._ What manner of man, an it like your
majesty?

_Fal._ A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corrup-
tent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most
noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty,
or, by't-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I
remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man
should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me: for Harry,
I see virtue in his looks. _3_ If then the fruit may be
known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, then, pe-
remptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff:
him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now,

_A micer._ I believe, means only a lurking thief distinguished
from one more daring. _Lamhurd_ in his _Eivenerche, 1610, p. 186._
speaking of the powers which may be exercised by one justice, says,
he may charge the constables to arrest such as shall be suspected to
be “draw-latches, waitors, or robertfinent, that is to say either
miching or mightie theeves, for the meaning must remaine how-
ever the word be gone out of use.” _Editor._

_2 This pitch as ancient writers do report doth defile._] Alluding
to an ancient ballad beginning:

“Who toucheth pitch must be defil'd._ Steevens._
Or perhaps to Lilly's _Euphues, “ He that toucheth pitch shall
be defiled.”_ T. H. W.

_3 If then the fruit, &c._] This passage is happily restored by Sir
Thomas Hanmer. _Johnson._

I am afraid here is a prophanal allusion to the 33d verse of the
12th chapter of St. Matthew._ Steevens._

thou
FIRST PART OF

thou naughty varlet, tell me where thou haft been this month?

P. Henry. Doft thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and manner, hang me up by the heels for a\(^4\) rabbet-fucker, or a poulter's hare.

P. Henry. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Henry. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from East-cheap.

P. Henry. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Henry. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that\(^5\) bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropies, that huge bombard of sack,

\(^4\) rabbet-fucker, ] Is, I suppose, a fucking rabbit.
The jest is in comparing himself to something thin and little. So a poulterer's hare; a hare hung up by the hind legs without a skin, is long and slender. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson is right: for in the account of the serjeant's feast, by Dugdale, in his Orig. Juridiciales, one article is a dozen of rabbet-fuckers.

Again, in Lilly's Euphemi, 1591: "I prefer an old cony before a rabbet-fucker." Again, in The Tryal of Chivalry, 1599: "a bountiful benefactor for feeding thicker such rabbet-fuckers."

A poulterer was formerly written—a poulter, and so the old copies of this play. Thus, in Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil, 1595: "We must have our tables furnished like poulterer's stalls." Steevens.

\(^5\) bolting-hutch ] Is the wooden receptacle into which the meal is bolted. Steevens.
that stuff 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 suck and drink it? 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?

_Fal._ I would, your grace would take me with you; Whom means your grace?

_P._ Henry.

6 —Manningtree ox—] Manningtree in Essex, and the neighbourhood of it, is famous for richness of pallure. The farms thereabouts are chiefly tenanted by graziers. Some ox of an unusual size was, I suppose, roasted there on an occasion of public festivity, or exposed for money to public show.

This place likewise appears to have been noted for the intemperance of its inhabitants. So, in _Newes from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier_, by Tho. Decker, 1606: "—you shall have a slave eat more at a meal than ten of the guard; and drink more in two days, than all Manningtree does at a Whitsun-ale."

Steevens.

It appears from Heywood's _Apology for Actors_, 1612, that Manningtree formerly enjoyed the privilege of fairs, by exhibiting a certain number of stage-plays yearly. See also _The Choosing of Valentines_, a poem by Thomas Nashe, Mt. in the Library of the Inner Temple, No. 538. vol. 43:

"—or see a play of strange moralitie,
"Shewen by bachelrie of Manning-tree,
"Whereto the countrie franklins ilock-meale swarne."

Again, in Decker's _Seven Deadly Sinses of London_, 1607: "Cruelty has got another part to play; it is acted like the old morals at Manning-tree." In this season of festivity, we may presume it was customary to roast an ox whole. Huge volumes, (lays Osborne in his _Advice to his Son_) like the ox roasted whole at Bartholomew Fair, may proclaim plenty of labour and invention, but afford lefs of what is delicate savoury, and well concocted, than smaller pieces." _Malone._

7 —cunning, —] Cunning was not yet debased to a bad meaning: it signified knowing, or skilful. _Johnson._

7 —take me with you; —] That is, go no faster than I can follow you. Let me know your meaning. _Johnson._
FIRST PART OF

P. Henry. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Henry. I know, thou dost.

Fal. 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 the wicked! if to be old and

Lilly in his Eundinion says: "Tuft, tuft, neighbours, take me with you." Farmer.

The expression is so common in the old plays, that it is unnecessary to introduce any more quotations in support of it.

STEEVENS.

9 If sack and sugar be a fault, Sack with sugar was a favourite liquor in Shakspere's time. In a letter describing queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth-castle, 1575, by R. L. [Langham] bl l. 12mo, the writer says, (p. 86.) "I fath I no more sack and sugar than I do malmsey, I should not blush so much a dayz az I do." And in another place, describing a minstrel, who, being somewhat irascible, had been offended at the company, he adds: "at last, by sum entreaty, and many fair words, with sack and sugar, we sweeten him again." p. 52.

In an old MS. book of the chamberlain's accounts belonging to the city of Worcester, I also find the following article, which points out the origin of our word sack, [Fr. sec.] viz. "-Anno Eliz. xxxiiij. 1592 Item, For a gallon of claret wyne, and sack and a pound of sugar given to sir John Russell, iiiij.s."-

This sir John Russell, I believe, was their representative in parliament, or at least had prosecuted some suit for them at the court. In the same book, is another article, which illustrates the history of the stage at that time, viz. "A. Eliz. xxxiiij. Item, Bestowed upon the queen's trumpeters and players, iiiij. lb."

PERCY.

This liquor is likewise mentioned in Monsieur Thomas, by Fletcher, 1639:

"Old sack, boy,"
"Old reverend sack, &c. ---
"Drink with sugar"
"Which I have ready here."

Again, in Northward Hoe, 1607:
"I use not to be drunk with sack and sugar," STEEVENS:

merry
merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is
damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pha-
roh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord;
banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for
sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Fal-
staff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more va-
liant being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him
thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's
company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Henry, I do, I will.

[Knocking; and Hostess and Bardolph go out.

Re-enter Bardolph, running.

Bar. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most
monstrous watch is at the door:

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have
much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. O, my lord, my lord!—

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-
stick: What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door:
they are come to search the house; Shall I let them
in?

Fal. Doft thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece
of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, with-
out seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural coward, without in-
finct.

Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff,
so;

**a fiddle-stick:** I suppose this phrase is proverbial.
It occurs in the *Humorous Lieutenant* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"for certain, gentlemen,
"The fiend rides on a fiddle-stick." **Steevens.**

* I deny your major; if you will deny the sheriff so, &c.] Fal-
staff
FIRST PART OF

fo; 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.

P. Henry. Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and a good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, Gads-hill, and Peto; moment Prince and Poins.

P. Henry. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff, and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men into this house.

P. Henry. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord; A grosf fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Henry. + The man, I do assure you, is not here:

staff here intends a quibble; major which sheriff brought to his mind signifies as will one of the parts of a logical proposition as the principal officer of a corporation now called a mayor.

Remarks.

3 hide thee behind the arras; In old houses there were always large spaces left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. Such are those which Fantoine mentions in The Drummer. Again, in the Bird in a Cage, 1633:

"Does not the arras laugh at me, it shakes methinks.

"Kat. It cannot chuse, there's one behind doth tickle it."

Again, in Northward Hoe, 1607: "—but softly as a gentleman courts a wench behind the arras." See likewise Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 594. See also my note on the second scene of the first act of K. Richard II. Steevens.

+ The man, I do assure you, is not here; Every reader must regret that Shakspere would not give himself the trouble to furnish Prince Henry with something more pardonable excuse; without obliging him to have recourse to an absolute falsehood, and that too uttered under the function of so strong an assurance. Steevens.
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so let me intreat you leave the house.

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

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Henry. I think, it is good morrow; Is it not?
Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[Exit.

P. Henry. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's:
Go, call him forth.

Pois. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and
snorting like a horse.

P. Henry. Hark how hard he fetches breath:
Search his pockets.

[He searches his pockets, and finds certain papers.
What hast thou found?

Pois. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Henry. Let's see what they be: read them.

Pois. Item, a capon, 2 s. 2 d.
Item, Sauce, 4 d.
Item, Sack two gallons, 5 s. 8 d.
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2 s. 6 d.
Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Henry. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth
of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there
is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage:
there 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-

1 — I know his death will be a march of twelve-score.—[i.e.
It will kill him to march so far as twelvescore yards. JOHNSON.
twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again, with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The archdeacon of Bangor's house in Wales.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, lord Mortimer, and Owen Glendower.

Mor. These promises are fair, the parties sure, And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,— Will you sit down?——
And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur:
For by that name as oft as Lancaster

Ben Jonson uses the same expression in his Sosianus:

"That look'd for salutations twelve-score off."

Again, in Westward Hoe, 1606:

"I'll get my twelve-score off, and give aim."

Again, in an ancient MS. play, entitled The Second Maiden's Tragedy:

"———not one word near it
"There was no syllable but was twelve-score off."

Steevens.

2 — induction — ] That is, entrance; beginning.

Johnson.

An induction was anciently something introductory to a play. Such is the business of the Tinker previous to the performance of the Taming of a Shrew. Shakspeare often uses the word, which his attendance on the theatres might have familiarized to his conception. Thus, in K. Richard III:

"Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous." Steevens.

Doth
KING HENRY IV. 369

Both speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with
A rising sigh, he witheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Gled. I cannot blame him: 3 at my nativity;
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning creffets; 4 and, at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done
At the fame feacon, if your mother's cat
Had but kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been
born.

Gled. I say, the earth did shake when I was born;
Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Gled. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did

tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on

tire,
And not in fear of your nativity:

3 —at my nativity, &c.] Most of these prodigies appear to have been invented by Shakespeare. Holinshed saith only: "Strange wonders happened at the nativity of this man: for the same night he was born, all his father's horses in the stable were found in blood up to their bellies." Steevens.

4 —Of burning creffets;——] A creffet was a great light set upon a beacon, light-house, or watch tower: from the French word croiffette, a little crois, because the beacons had anciently crois on the top of them. Hamner.

So, in Histriomastix, or the Player Writ, 1610:
"Come Cressida my cresset light,
Thy face doth shine both day and night."

In the reign of Elizabeth, Holinshed saith: "The countie Pala- 
tine of Rhene was conveyed by cresset-light, and torch-light to sir 
T. Gresham's house in Bishopsgate street." Again, in the Statey 
Moral of the Three Lords of London, 1590:
"Watches in armour, triumphs cresset-light." 

The cresset-lights were lights fixed on a moveable frame or cros like a turn-sfle, and were carried on poles, in processions. I have seen them represented in an ancient print from Van Velde.

Steevens. Diseased.
FIRST PART OF

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeples, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemper,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;

The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

5 Diseased nature—] The poet has here taken, from the
appearance and contrarieties of Horace's temper, an oppor-
tunity of raising his character, by a very rational and philosophical
conflagration of superficial error. Johnson.

6 the old beldame earth,—] Beldame is not used here as
a term of contempt, but in the sense of ancient mother. Belleau.
Fr. Dryton, in the 8th song of his Polyolbion, uses bel-fire in
the same sense:

"As is great bel-fire Brute from Albion's heers it won."
Again, in the 14th song:

"When he his long descent shall from his bel-fires bring."

Beau pere is French for father-in-law, but this word employed
by Dryton seems to have no such meaning. Perhaps beldame
originally meant a grand'mother. So, in Shakespeare's Tamer
and Lucrece:

"To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter."

Steevens.

7 The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

Shakspere appears to have been as well acquainted with the
rarer phenomena, as with the ordinary appearances of nature:
A writer in the Philosophical Transactions, No. 207, describing
an earthquake in Catanea, near Mount Aetna, by which eighteens
thousand persons were destroyed, mentions one of the circum-
stances that are here said to have marked the birth of Glendower:
"There was a blow, as if all the artillery in the world had been
discharged at once; the sea retired from the town above two
miles; the birds flew about astonisht; the cattle in the fields ran
crying." Malone
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do shew,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea,
That chides the banks of England, Scotland,
Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

_Hot._ I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh:
— I will to dinner.

_Mort._ Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

_Glend._ I can call spirits from the vast deep.

_Hot._ Why, so can I; or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

_Glend._ Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command
The devil.

_Hot._ And I can teach thee, cousin, to shame the devil,
By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

_Mort._ Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.

_Glend._ Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice, from the banks of Wyr,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Booteless home, and weather-beaten back.

8 _Booteless_—_] Thus one of the old editions; and without reading _booteless_ (i.e. making the word trimmable) the metre will be detectible. _STEEVENS._
Home without boots, and in foul weather too!

How 'scapest he agues, in the devil's name?

Glen. Come, here's the map; Shall we divide our right,

According to our three-fold order taken?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it

Into three limits; very equally:

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,

By south and east, is to my part assign'd:

All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore;

And all the fertile land within that bound,

To Owen Glendower;—and, dear coz, to you

The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn:

Which being sealed interchangeably,

(A business that this night may execute)

To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,

And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,

To meet your father, and the Scottish power,

As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.

My father Glendower is not ready yet,

Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:

Within that space, you may have drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

[To Glendower:

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,

And in my conduct shall your ladies come:

From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;

For there will be a world of water shed,

Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here,

In

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto.] i.e. to this spot (pointing to the map.) Maloney.

Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here.] The division is here into three parts.—A moiety was frequently used by the writers.
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me cranking in, and
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place dam'd up;
And here the snug and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see, it doth.
Mort. Yea, but mark, how he hears his course,
and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelting the opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.
Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.
Glend. I will not have it alter'd,

writers of Shakspere's age, as a portion of any thing, though not divided into two equal parts. See a note on King Lear, act i. sc. 4. M A L O N E.

1 ——cranking in.] Perhaps we should read — crankling. So, Drayton in his Polyolbion, song 7:
"Hath not so many turns, nor crankling nooks as she." S T E E V E N S.

3 ——cantle out.] A cantle is a corner, or piece of any thing, in the same sense that Horace uses angulus:
"Q fi angulus ille"
"Proximus arretrat!"

C a n t o n, Fr. canto, Ital. signify a corner. To cantle is a verb used in Decker's Whore of Babylon, 1607:
"That this vast globe terrestrial should be canted."
The substantive occurs in Drayton's Polyolbion, song 1:
"Rude Neptune cutting in a cantle forth doth take,"
Again, in a New Trick to cheat the Devil, 1636:
"Not so much as a cantell of cheese or crust of bread." S T E E V E N S.

C a n t o n in heraldry is a corner of the shield. C a n t of cheese is now used in Pembroke shire. L.

B b 3

H o t.
FIRST PART OF

Hor. Will not you?
Gleud. No, nor you shall not.
Hor. Who, shall say me nay?
Gleud. Why, that will I.
Hor. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in Welsh.
Gleud. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court 4:
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave 5 the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.
Hor. Marry, and 6 I'm glad of it with all my heart;
I had rather be a kitten, and cry — mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear 7 a brazen candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would nothing set my teeth on edge.

4 For I was train'd up in the English court: ] The real name of Owen Glendower was Vaughan, and he was originally a barrister of the Middle Temple. Steevens.
Gleudower that he graced his own tongue with the art of singing. Remarks.
6 — I'm glad on't with all my heart; ] This vulgarism frequently occurs in the old copies; but here neither the transcriber nor compositor is to blame, for all the old editions, that I have seen, read — I am glad of it. Malone.
7 — a brazen candlestick turn'd ] The word candlestick, which destroys the harmony of the line, is written — candlestick in the quarto 1598, 1599, and 1603; and so it might have been pronounced. Heywood, and several of the old writers, constantly spell it in this manner. Kit with the candlestick is one of the spirits mentioned by Reginald Scott, 1584. Again, in The Famous Hist. of Tho. Stichely, 1605, bl. I. "If he have so much as a candlestick, I am a traitor." Hotspur's idea likewise occurs in A New Trick to cheat the Devil, 1636:

"As if you were to lodge in Lothbury,
Where they turn brazen candlesticks."
And again in Ben Jonson's masque of Witches Metamorphosed:
"From the candlesticks of Lothbury,
And the loud pure wives of Banbury." Steevens.
Nothing
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:

8 (I'll hate the writer) and withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

Hot. I cannot chuse: sometimes he angers me,
With telling me 9 of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,

8 (I'll hate the writer) — He means the writer of the articles. Pope.
I suppose, to complete the measure, we should read:

I'll in and hate the writer;
for he goes out immediately. Steevens.

9 — of the moldwarp and the ant.] This alludes to an old prophecy, which is said to have induced Owen Glendower to take arms against king Henry. See Hall's Chronick, fol. 20. Pope.

So, in The Mirror of Magistrates, 1563, (written by Phaer, the translator of Virgil) Owen Glendower is introduced speaking of himself:

"And for to set us hereon more agog,
"A prophet came (a vengeance take them all!)
"Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,
"Whom Merlin doth a mouldwarppe ever call,
"Accurs'd of God, that must be brought in thrall,
"By a wolf, a dragon, and a lion strong,
"Which should divide his kingdom them among."

The mouldwarp is the mole, so called because it renders the surface of the earth unlevel by the hillocks which it makes.

Steevens.

And
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me last night at the least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names;
That were his lacqueys: I cry'd, hum,—and well,
—go to,—
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live
With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far;
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profitéd
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable; and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour; 'faith he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;

* — skimble-skamble stuff] So, in Taylor the water-poet's
Description of a Wanton:
"Here's a sweet deal of skimble-skamble stuff." STEEVENS.
* In reckoning up the several devils' names] See Reginald Scott's
Discovery of Witchcraft, 1584, b. xv. ch. 2. p. 377, where the
reader may find his patience as severely exercised as that of Hol-
spur, and on the same occasion. Shakespeare must certainly have
seen this book." STEEVENS.
* — too wilful-blame;] This is a mode of speech with which
I am not acquainted. Perhaps it might be read—too wilful-blung,
or too wilful-bent; or thus:
Indeed, my lord, you are to blame, too wilful. JOHNSON.
And, since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it shewed greatness, courage, blood,
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you)
Yet oftentimes it doth present hard rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loatheth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts beside,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd; Good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter Glendower, with the ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight that angers me,—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you,
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—she, and my aunt Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she au-
swers him in the same.

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd
harlotry, one
That no persuasian can do good upon.

[Lady speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from the swelling heavens,

5 a peevish self-will'd harlotry.] Capulet, in Romeo and Juliet,
speaking of his daughter, has the same expression:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is. Remarks.

I am
I am too perfect in; and but for shame,
In such a party should I answer thee.

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disharmonious:
But I will never be a truant, love,
'Till I have learnt thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penned,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower.

*With ravishing division, to her lute.*

**Gwend.** Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

**Mort.** O, I am ignorance itself in this.

**Gwend.** She bids you,

*Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that picafeth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,*

*With ravishing division to her lute.*] This verse may serve for a translation of a line in Horace:

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Grataque foeminis
Imbelli cithara carmina dividis.
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*It is to no purpose that you (Paris) please*" the women by singing "With ravishing division, to the harp." See the Commentators, and Voélus on Catullus, p. 239. S. W.

*C, I am ignorance itself in this.*] Maisfinger uses the same expression in The Unnatural Combat:

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— in this you speak, sir,
I am ignorance itself! *Steevens.*
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*All on the wanton rushes lay you down.*] It was the custom in this country, for many ages, to strew the floors with rushes as we now cover them with carpets. Johnson.

All was a modern addition. The old copies only read on.

*And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep.*] The expression is fine; intimating, that the god of sleep should not only fit on his eye-lids, but that he should *fit crown'd*, that is, pleased and delighted. Warburton.

The same image (whatever idea it was meant to convey) occurs in Philetair:

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— who shall take up his lute,
And touch it till he crown a silent sleep
Upon my eyelid.* —Steevens.
```

Charming
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harnessed team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll fit, and hear her sing;
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
Yet straight they shall be here: fit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:
Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy goose. [The music plays.
Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.
By'r-lady, he's a good musician.

Lady. Then should you be nothing but musical; for
you are altogether govern'd by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in
Irish.

1 Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,] She will lull you by her song into soft tranquillity, in which you shall be so near to sleep as to be free from perturbation, and so much awake as to be sensible of pleasure; a state partaking of sleep and wakefulness, as the twilight of night and day. Johnson.

2 ——our book,——] Our papers of conditions. Johnson.

3 And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air———
Yet &c.]
The particle yet being used adversatively, must have a particle of concession preceding it. I read therefore:

And tho' th' musicians——— Warburton.

We need only alter or explain and to an, which often signifies in Shakspere, if or though. So, in this play: "An I have not forgot what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn."

Again, in this play: "An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours." Malone.

And for an is frequently used by old writers. Steevens.

Lady.
FIRST PART OF

Lady. Would'thave thy head broken?
Hot. No.
Lady. Then be still.
Hot. *Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.
Lady. Now God help thee!
Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.
Lady. What's that?
Hot. Peace! she sings,

[Here the lady sings a Welsh song,

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.
Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear
like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth;
and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me;
and, As sure as day: and givest such farce-net surety
for thy oaths, as if thou never walk'dst further than
Finsbury's.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth
And such protests of pepper-gingerbread, 5
To 7 velvet guards, and sunday-citizens.

Come

4 Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.] I do not plainly see what is a
woman's fault. Johnson.
It is a woman's fault, is spoken ironically. Farmer.
This is a proverbial expression. I find it in the Birth of Merlin,
1662:

"'Tis a woman's fault: p —— of this bashfulness."

Again:

"A woman's fault we are subject to it, sir."

I believe the meaning is this: Hotspur having declared his re-
solution neither to have his head broken, nor to fit still, flily adds,
that such is the usual fault of women; i.e. never to do what they
are bid or desired to do. Steevens.

5 —— Finsbury.] Open walks and fields near Chiswell-street
London Wall, by Moorgate; the common resort of the citizens,
as appears from many of our ancient comedies Steevens.

9 — such protests of pepper ginger-bread,] i.e. proreftions
as common as the letters which children learn from an alphabet
of ginger-bread. What we now call spice ginger-bread was then
called pepper-gingerbread. Steevens.

7 — velvet-guards,—] To such as have their cloaths adorned

with
Come, sing.
Lady. I will not sing.
Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be Red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [Exit.
Glew. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow, As hot lord Percy is on fire to go. By this, our book is drawn; we will but seal, And then to horse immediately.

Mort's

with shreds of velvet, which was, I suppose, the finery of cockneys. JOHNSON.

"The cloaks, doublets, &c." (says Stubbs, in his Anatomic of Abuse) "were guarded with velvet guards, or else laced with costly lace." Speaking of women's gowns, he adds: "They must be guarded with great guards of velvet; every guard four or five fingers broad at the leaf."

So, in the Male-content, 1606:
"You are in good ease since you came to court; guarded, guarded.
"Yes faith, even footmen and bawds wear velvet."

"Velvet guards appear, however, to have been a city fashion. So, in Historiam Flax, 1610:
"Nay, I myself will wear the courtly grace:
"Out on these velvet guards, and black-laced sleeves,
"These Jinspring fashions simply followed!"

Again:
"I like this jewel; I'll have his fellow.—
"How?—you—what fellow it?—gip velvet guards!"

STEVEN.

It appears from the following passage in The London Prodigal, 1605, that a guarded gown was the best dress of a city-lady in the time of our author:
"Frances. But Tom, must I go as I do now, when I am married?"

"Givet. No, Frank [i.e. Frances], I'll have thee go like a citizen, in a guarded gown, and a French hood." MALONE.

"'Tis the next way to turn tailor, &c.) I suppose Percy means, that singing is a mean quality, and therefore he excuses his lady. JOHNSON.

The next way—is the nearest way. So, in Lingua, &c. 1607:
"The quadrature of a circle; the philosopher's stone; and the next way to the Indies." Tayler's seem to have been as remarkable for singing, as weavers, of whose musical turn Shakespeare has more
FIRST PART OF

Mort. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The presence-chamber in Windsor.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lords, and others;

K. Henry. Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales and I,
Must have some private conference: But be near
At hand, for we shall presently have need of you.—

[Exeunt Lords;

I know not whether God will have it so;

For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me:
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,

more than once made mention. Beaumont and Fletcher, in the
Knight of the Burning Pestle, speak of this quality in the former:

"Never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work; his mind is
on nothing but filching."

The honourable Daines Barrington observes, that "a gold-finch
still continues to be called a prouder tailor, in some parts of England;
(particularly Warwickshire, Shakspeare's native country) which
renders this passage intelligible, that otherwise seems to have no
meaning whatsoever." Perhaps this bird is called prouder tailor, be-
cause his plumage is varied like a suit of clothes made out of rem-
nants of different colours, such as a tailor might be supposed to
wear. The sense then will be this:—The next thing to singing
oneself, is to teach birds to sing, the gold-finch and the robin.
I hope the poet meant to inculcate, that singing is a quality de-
structive to its possessor; and that after a person has ruined him-
s elf by it, he may be reduced to the necessity of instructing birds
in an art which can render birds alone more valuable.

9—our book is drawn;—] i. e. our articles. Every com-
position, whether play, ballad, or history, was called a book, on
the regiliers of ancient publication. Steevens.

1 For some displeasing service—] Service for action, simply.

Warburton.

2 in thy passages of life;] i. e. in the passages of thy life.

Steevens.

Making
KING HENRY IV.

Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean at-
tempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Henry. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quilt all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

3—such lewd, such mean attempts.] Shakespeare certainly
wrote attain'd, i.e. unlawful actions. Warburton.
Mean attempts, are mean, unworthy undertakings. Lewd does not
in this place barely signify wanton, but licentious. So, B. Jonson,
in his Poetaster:
"——great action may be said
"Gainst such as wrong men's fames with verses lewd."
And again, in Volpone:
"——they are most lewd impostors,
"Made all of terms and shreds." Steevens.

7 Yet such extenuation let me beg, &c. The construction is some-
what obscure. Let me beg so much extenuation, that, upon con-
fusion of many false charges, I may be pardoned some that are true.
I should read on reproof, instead of in reproof; but concerning
Shakspere's particles there is no certainty. Johnson.

3—pick-thanks——] i.e. officious parasites. So, in the
tragedy of Mariam, 1613:
"Bafe pick-thanks devil." Steevens.
Again, in Enphnes 1587, "I should seeme either to pike a
thanked with men or a quarrel with women." Henderson.

K. Henry.
F I R S T  P A R T  O F

K. Henry. Heaven pardon thee! — yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost?;
Which by thy younger brother is supply'd;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept 1 loyal to possession;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men could tell their children, This is he;
Others would say, Where? which is Bolingbroke?
2 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,

9 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,] The prince was removed from being president of the council, immediately after he struck the judge. Steevens.

1 loyal possession; ———— True to him that had their possession of the crown. Johnson.

2 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven.] This is an allusion to the story of Prometheus's theft, who stole fire from thence, and as with this he made a man, so with that Bolingbroke made a king.
As the gods were suppos'd jealous in appropriating reason to themselves, the getting fire from thence, which lighted it up in the mind, was called a theft; and as power is their prerogative, the getting courtesy from thence, by which power is best procured, is called a theft. The thought is exquisitely great and beautiful. Warburton.

Maffinger has adopted this expression in The great Duke of Florence:

"———Giovanni,
"A prince in expectation, when he liv'd here," Stolt
KING HENRY IV. 385

And dress’d myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men’s hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical;

"Stole courtesy from heaven; and would not to"
"The meanest servant in my father’s house"
"Have kept such distance." STEEVENS.

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven.] Dr. Warburton’s explanation of this passage appears to me very questionable. According to him, Henry steals a certain portion of courtesy out of heaven, as Prometheus stole a quantity of fire from thence. But the poet had not, I believe, a thought of Prometheus or the hea-
then gods, nor indeed was courtesy (even understanding it to signify accessibility) the characteristic attribute of these deities.
The meaning, I apprehend, is—I was so affable and popular, that I engraven the devotion and reverence of all men to myself; and thus defrauded heaven of its worshippers.

Courtesy is here used for the respect and obeisance paid by an inferior to a superior. So, in this play:
"To dog his heels and courtesy at his frowns."
In act v. it is used for a respectful salute, in which sense it was ap-
p lied to men as well as to women:
"I will embrace him with a soldier’s arm,
"That he shall shrink under my courtesy."
Again, in K. Henry IV. P. ii:
"If a man will make courtesy, he is virtuous."
Again, in The Rape of Lucrece, 1594:
"The homely villain curtesies to her low,"
The interpretation is strengthened by the two subsequent lines, which contain a similar thought:
"And dress myself in such humility,
"That I did pluck allegiance from mens’ hearts.)
Henry robbed heaven of its worship, and the king of the allegiance of his subjects, by drawing both the one and the other to himself.

MALONE.

That I did pluck allegiance from mens’ hearts,] Apparently copied from Marlowe’s Lust’s Dominion, written before 1593:
"The pope shall send his bulls through all thy realm;
"And pull obedience from thy subjects’ hearts."

In another place in the same play, we meet with the phrase used here:

"——— Then here upon my knees
"I pluck allegiance from her." MALONE.
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burnt: 'carded his state;
Mingled his royalty with carping fools.'

Had

—rash, bavin-wits.] Rash is heady, thoughtless: bavin is
brushwood, which, fired, burns fiercely but is soon out. Johnson.
So, in Mother Bombie, 1594: "Bavin will have their flashes,
and youth their fancies, the one as soon quenched as the other
burnt." Again, in Greene's Never too late, 1606: "Love is
like a bavin, but a blaze." Steevens.

—carded his state.] The metaphor seems to be taken
from mingling coarse wool with fine, and carding them together,
whereby the value of the latter is diminished. The king means
that Richard mingled and carded together his royal state with
carping fools, &c. A subsequent part of the speech gives a func-
tion to this explanation:

"For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation."

To card is used by other writers for, to mix. So, in the Tamer
Tamed, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"But mine is such a drench of balderdash,
Such a strange carded cunningness."

Again, in Greene's Quip for an Upstart Courtier, 1620: "—you
card your beer, (if you see your guests begin to be drunk) half
small, half strong, &c." Again, in Nashe's Have with you to
Saffron Walden, &c. 1596: "—he being constrained to betake
himself to carded ale." Shakespeare has a similar thought in All's
Well that ends Well: "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn,
good and ill together." The original hint for this note I receiv-
ed from Mr. Tolles. Steevens.

Mr. Steevens very rightly supports the old reading. The word
is used by Shelton in his translation of Don Quixote. The Tine-
k in the introduction to the Taming of the Shrew, was by educa-
tion a card-maker. Farmer.

By carding his state, the king means that his predecessor for his
consequence to hazard, played it away (as a man loses his fortune)
at cards. Remarks.

—carping fools!] Jesling, prating, &c. This word had
not yet acquired the sense which it bears in modern speech.
Chaucer says of his Wife of Bath, Pro. 470:

"In fellowship wele could the laughe and carpe."

Warton.
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gybing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity?
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They forfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on fun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect

The quarto 1598, reads cap'reing fools, which I believe to be right because it asks no explanation. Steevens.

And gave his countenance, against his name.] Made his presence injurious to his reputation. Johnson.

Of every beardless, vain comparative: Of every boy whose vanity incited him to try his wit against the king's.

When Lewis XIV. was asked, why, with so much wit, he never attempted raillery, he answered, that he who practis'd raillery ought to bear it in his turn, and that to stand the butt of raillery was not suitable to the dignity of a king. Scudery's Conversation. Johnson.

Comparative, I believe, is equal, or rival in any thing. So, in the second of the The Four Plays in One, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—Gerrard ever was
His full comparative." Steevens.

Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:] To enfeoff is a law term, signifying to invest with possessions. So, in the old comedy of Wily Beguiled: "I professed to enfeoff her in forty pounds a year." Steevens.

That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes—] Nearly the same expression occurs in A Warning for faire Women, a tragedy, 1599:
"The people's eyes have fed them with my light." Malone.

Cc 2. As
As cloudy men use to their adversaries;  
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full,  
And in that very line, Harry, stand it thou:  
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,  
With vile participation; not an eye  
But is a-weary of thy common fight,  
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;  
Which now doth what I would not have it do,  
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,  
Be more myself.

K. Henry. For all the world,  
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then  
When I from France set foot at Ravenspur;  
And even as I was then, is Percy now.  
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,  
'He hath more worthy interest to the state,  
Than thou, the shadow of succession:  
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,  
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;  
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;  
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,  
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,  
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.  
What never-dying honour hath he got  
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,  
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,  
And military title capital,  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ?  
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing cloaths,  
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes

*He hath more worthy interest to the state,  
Than thou, the shadow of succession.*

This is obscure. I believe the meaning is—Hotspur hath a right  
to the kingdom more worthy than thou, who hast only the  
very right of lineal succession, while he has real and solid power.  

JOHNSON.

Dif.
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate] against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near' st and * dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curt'ly at his frowns,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think so, you halt not find it so:
And heaven forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,

Which

3 Capitulate —— ] i.e. make head. So, to articulate, in a subsequent scene, is to form articles. Steevens.

Rather, combine, confederate, indent. To capitulate is to draw up anything in heads or articles. Johnson's Dictionary.

Remarks,

* dearest —— ] Dearest is most fatal, most mischievous.

Johnson.

5 And stain my favours in a bloody mask, ] We should read—stain our, i.e. countenance. Warburton.

Favours are features. Johnson.

I am not certain that favours, in this place, means features, or that the plural number of favour in that sense is ever used. I believe favours mean only some decoration usually worn by knights in their helmets, as a present from a mistres, or a trophy from an enemy. So, in this play:

"Then let my favour hide thy bloody face;"

where the prince must have meant his scarf.

C e 3

Again,
As cloudy men use to their adversaries;  
Being with his presence glutted, gorg’d, and full.  
And in that very line, Harry, stand’st thou:  
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,  
With vile participation; not an eye  
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Where the prince must have meant his scarf.

C c 3

Again,
FIRST PART OF

Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it,
And that shall be the day, whenc'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes! and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the lightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word 6,—

That

Again, in Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, 1626:

"Arms, these crimson favours, for thy sake,
I'll wear upon my forehead mark'd with blood."

6 Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,] There was no such person as lord Mortimer of Scotland; but there was a lord March of Scotland, (George Dunbar) who having quitted his own country in disgust, attached himself so warmly to the English, and did
KING HENRY IV. 391

That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer’d foul play in a state.

K. Henry. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:—
On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward:
On Thursday, we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glosifershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let’s away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.
The Boar’s-head tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter Falstaff, and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since
this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle?
why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady’s loose
did them such signal services in their wars with Scotland, that the
Parliament petitioned the king to bestow some reward on him.
He fought on the side of Henry in this rebellion, and was the
means of saving his life at the battle of Shrewsbury, as is related
by Holinshed. This, no doubt, was the lord whom Shakspeare
designed to represent in the act of sending friendly intelligence
to the king.—Our author had a recollection that there was in
these wars a Scottish lord on the king’s side, who bore the same ti-
tle with the English family, on the rebel side, (one being earl of
March in England, the other earl of March in Scotland) but his
memory deceived him as to the particular name which was com-
mon to both. He took it to be Mortimer instead of March.

STEEVENS.
FIRST PART OF
gown; I am wither'd like an old apple—John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church. Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given,

7 I am a pepper-corn—a brewer's horse, the inside of a church.]
These last words were, I believe, repeated by the mistake of the compositor. Falstaff is here mentioning (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed) things to which he is unlike; things remarkably small and thin. How can the inside of a church come under that description?

Perhaps, however, the allusion may be to the pious uses to which churches are appropriated.—"I am as thin as a brewer's horse; I am as holy as the inside of a church." Or Falstaff may here be only repeating his former words—the inside of a church!—without any connection with the words immediately preceding. Malone.

As the inside of a church consists of a vacant choir, here is humour in Falstaff's comparison of himself, who is, all filled up with guts and midriff, to such an empty building. Steevens.

8 — a brewer's horse: —— I suppose a brewer's horse was apt to be lean with hard work. Johnson.

A brewer's horse does not, perhaps, mean a drag-horse, but the cross-beam on which beer-barrels are carried into cellars, &c. The allusion may be to the taper form of this machine.

A brewer's horse, however, is mentioned in Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher, 1630: "— to think Helicon a barrel of beer, is as great a sin as to call Pegasus a brewer's horse."

Stevens.

The commentators seem not to be aware, that, in assertions of this sort, Falstaff does not mean to point out any similitude to his own condition, but on the contrary some striking dissimilitude. He says here, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse; just as in act ii. sc. 4. he affirms the truth of several parts of this narrative, on pain of being considered as a rogue—a Jew—an Ebrew Jew—a bunch of radish—a horse. Tyrwhitt.
as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; did, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrow'd, three or four times; liv'd well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lanthorn in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a memento mori: I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire; and Dives that liv'd in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning.—If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou had'st been an ignis fatuus, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money: O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light! Thou hast

---the knight of the burning lamp.] This is a natural picture. Every man who feels in himself the pain of deformity, however, like this merry knight, he may affect to make sport with it among those whom it is his interest to please, is ready to revenge any hint of contempt upon one whom he can use with freedom. Johnson.

The knight of the burning lamp, and the knight of the burning postle, are both names invented with a design to ridicule the titles of heroes in ancient romances. Steevens.

---by this fire:---] Here the quartos 1599, and 1608, very profanely add: ---that's God's angel. Steevens.
faved me a thousand marks in links and torches; walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as 2 good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that falamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

1 — Thou hast faved me a thousand marks, &c.] This passage stands in need of no explanation; but I cannot help seizing the opportunity to mention that in Shakspeare's time, (long before the streets were illuminated with lamps) candles and lanthorns to let, were cried about London. So, in Decker's Satiroramfixi:

4 — doth roar? thou hast a good rouncival voice to cry lantern and candle light.” Again, in Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, among the Cries of London:

“Lanthorn and candlelight here,
“Maid ha' light here.
“Thus go the cries, &c.

Again, in K. Edward IV. 1626:

“No more calling of lanthorn and candlelight.”

Again, in Pierce Pennysell's Supplication to the Devil, 1595: “It is said that you went up and down London, crying like a lantern and candle man.” Steevens.

2 — good cheap———] Cheap is market, and good cheap therefore is a bon march. Johnson.

So, in Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, 1599:

“If this weather hold, we shall have hay good cheap.”

Again, in the anonymous play of K. Henry V:

“Perhaps thou may'st agree better cheap now.”

And again, in these two proverbs:

“They buy good cheap that bring nothing home.”

“He'll never have thing good cheap that's afraid to ask the price.”

Cheap (as Dr. Johnson has observed) is undoubtedly an old word for market. So, in the ancient metrical romance of Sir Bevis of Hampton, bl. 1, no date:

“Tyll he came to the chepe
“There he founde many men of a hepe.”

From this word East-cheap, Chep-flow, Cheap-shide, &c. are derived; indeed a passage that follows in Syr Bevis may seem to fix the derivation of the latter:

“So many men was dead,
“The Chep-shide was of blode red.” Steevens.
King Henry IV.

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have enquir'd, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shav'd, and loft many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee: I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John: I know you, sir John: you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings; and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; * What

1 ——dame Partlet—] Dame Partlet is the name of the hen in the old story-book of Reynard the Fox: and in Chaucer's tale of the Cock and the Fox, the favourite hen is called dame Pertelote. Steevens.

4 ——What call you rich?——] A face set with carbuncles is called a rich face. Legend of Capt. Jones. Johnson.

call
call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I’ll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? 6 shall I not take mine ease

5 — a younker of me? —] A Youker is a novice, a young inexperienced man easily gull’d. So, in Gascoine’s Glaſs for Government, 1575:

“Theſe youkers ſhall pay for the roſt.”


This contemptuous distinction is likewise very common in the old plays. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher’s Elder Brother:

“I fear he’ll make an afs of me, a youker.” Steevens.

6 — ſhall I not take mine ease in mine inne, but I ſhall have my pocket pick’d? —] There is a peculiar force in these words. To take mine ease in mine inne, was an ancient proverb, not very different in its application from that maxim: “Every man’s house is his castle;” for inne originally signified a house or habitation. [Sax. inne, domus domicilium.] When the word inne began to change its meaning, and to be used to signify a house of entertainment, the proverb, still continuing in force, was applied in the latter sense, as it is here used by Shakſpeare; or perhaps Falſstaff here humourously puns upon the word inne, in order to represent the wrong done him more strongly.

In John Heywood’s Works imprinted at London 1598, quarto, b1. l. is “a dialogue wherein are pleasantly contrived the number of all the effectual proverbs in our English tongue, &c. together with three hundred epigrams on three hundred proverbs.” In ch. 6. is the following:

“Reſty weſth willeth me the widow to winne,
To let the world wag, and take mine ease in mine inne.”

And among the epigrams is: [26. Of Eafe in an Inne.]

“Thou takeſt thiſe eafe in thiſe inne fo nyce thee,
That no man in his inne can take eafe by thee.”

Otherwise:

“Thou takeſt thiſe eafe in thiſe inne, but I see,
Thine inne taketh neither eafe nor profit by thee.”

Now in the first of these diſtichs the word inne is used in its ancient meaning, being spoken by a perſon who is about to marry a widow for the fake of a home, &c. In the two laſt places, inne seems to be used in the ſence it bears at preſent. Percy.

Gabriel Hervey, in a MS. note to Speght’s Chaucer, says: “Some of Heywood’s epigrams are suppoſed to be the conceits and devices of pleafant fir Thomas More.”

Inne for a habitation, or receſs, is frequently used by Spenser and other ancient writers. So, in A World toſ’d at Tennis, 1620:

“Thesé
safe in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick’d? I have loft a seal-ring of my grandfather’s, worth forty mark.

_Hof._ O, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

_Fal._ How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

_Enter Prince Henry, and Poin, marching; and Falstaff meets them, playing on his truncheon, like a fife._

_Fal._ How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i’faith? must we all march?

_Bard._ Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

_Hof._ My lord, I pray you, hear me.

_P. Henry._ What say’st thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

_Hof._ Good my lord, hear me.

_Fal._ Pr’ythee, let her alone, and lift to me.

_P. Henry._ What say’st thou, Jack?

_Fal._ The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick’d: this house is turn’d bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

_P. Henry._ What didst thou lose, Jack?

"These great rich men must take their ease in their Inn." Again, in Greene’s _Farewell to Folly_, 1617: "The beggar Iesus that haunted the palace of Penelope, would take his ease in his inne, as well as the peeres of Ithaca."_ Steevens._

I believe _inns_ differed from _castles_ in not being of so much consequence and extent, and more particularly in not being fortified. _So inns of court, and in the universities, before the endowment of colleges. Thus Trinity college, Cambridge, was made out of and built on the site of several _inns._ _L._

—_Newgate-fashion._] As prisoners are conveyed to Newgate, fastened two and two together. _Johnson_.

_So, in Decker’s_ _Satiromastix_. _1601_: "Why then, come; we’ll walk arm in arm, as though we were leading one another to Newgate," _Editor._

_Fal._
FIRST PART OF

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Henry. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

HoFl. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What? he did not?

HoFl. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. 'There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune:

There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; &c.] The propriety of these similes I am not sure that I fully understand. A stew'd prune has the appearance of a prune, but has no taste. A drawn fox, that is, an exenterated fox, has the form of a fox without his powers. I think Dr. Warburton's explication wrong, which makes a drawn fox to mean, a fox often hunted; though to draw is a hunter's term for pursuit by the track. My interpretation makes the fox suit better to the prune. These are very slender disquisitions; but such is the talk of a commentator.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Lodge, in his pamphlet called Wit's Miserie, or the World's Madness, 1596, describes a bawd thus: "This is shee that lates wait at all the carriages for wenches new come up to London; and you shall know her dwelling by a dish of stew'd prunes in the window; and two or three fleeting wenches fit knitting or sawing in her shop."

In Measure for Measure, act ii. the male bawd excuses himself for having admitted Elbow's wife into his house, by saying: "that she came in great with child, and longing for stew'd prunes, which stood in a dish, &c."

Slender, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, who apparently wishes to recommend himself to his mistress by a seeming propensity to love as well as war, talks of having measured weapons with a fencing-master for a dish of stew'd prunes.

In another old dramatic piece entitled, If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it, 1612, a bravo enters with money, and says: "This is the pension of the stewes, you need not untie it; 'tis stew-money, sir, stew'd-prune cash, sir."

Among the other fins laid to the charge of the once celebrated Gabriel Harvey, by his antagonist Nash, "to be drunk with the sirrop or liquor of stew'd prunes," is not the least insisted on.

Again,
prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox; and for woman-hood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Hoft. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Again, in Decker's Honest Whore, p. ii. 1630: "Peace, two dishes of stew'd prunes, a bawd and a pander!" Again, in Northward Hoe, by Decker and Webber, 1607, a bawd says: "I will have but six stew'd prunes in a dish, and some of mother Wall's cakes; for my best customers are tailors." Again, in The Noble Stranger, 1640: "— to be drunk with cream and stew'd prunes! — Pox on't, bawdy-house fare."

The passages already quoted are sufficient to show that a dish of stew'd prunes was not only the ancient designation of a brothel, but the constant appendage to it.

From A Treatise on the Lues Venerea, written by W. Clowes, one of her majesty's surgeons, 1596, and other books of the same kind, it appears that prunes were directed to be boiled in broth for those persons already infected; and that both stew'd prunes and roasted apples were commonly, though unsuccessfully, taken by way of prevention. So much for the infidelity of stew'd prunes.

Mr. Steevens has so fully discussed the subject of stew'd prunes, that one can add nothing but the price. In a piece called Banks's Bay Horse in a Trance, 1595, we have "A flock of wenches, set up with their stew'd prunes, nine for a taster." Farmer.

—a drawn fox; ——] A drawn fox is a fox drawn over the ground to exercise the hounds. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Tanner Tan'd:

"— that drawn fox Morofo."

I am not, however, confident that this explanation is right. It was formerly supposed that a fox, when drawn out of his hole, had the fagacity to counterfeit death, that he might thereby obtain an opportunity to escape. For this information I am indebted to Mr. Toller, who quotes Olaus Magnus, lib. xviii. cap. 39: "Infuper fingit se mortuam, &c." This particular and many others relative to the subtility of the fox, have been translated by several ancient English writers. Steevens.

—maid Marian may be, &c.] Maid Marian is a man dressed like a woman, who attends the dancers of the morris.

In the ancient Songs of Robin Hood frequent mention is made of maid Marian, who appears to have been his concubine. I could quote many passages in my old MS. to this purpose, but shall produce only one:

"Good
FIRST PART OF

Hof. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should’st know it; I am an honest man’s wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Hof. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?


P. Henry. An otter, sir John? why an otter?

"Good Robin Hood was living then,
"Which now is quite forgot,
"And so was fayre maid Marian, &c." Percy.

It appears from the old play of the Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington, 1601, that maid Marian was originally a name assumed by Matilda the daughter of Robert lord Fitzwater, while Robin Hood remained in a state of outlawry:

"Next ’tis agreed (if therto flee agree)
"That faire Matilda henceforth change her name;
"And while it is the chance of Robin Hood
"To live in Sherwood with a poore outlawes life,
"She by maide Marian’s name be only call’d.
"Mat. I am contented; reade on, little John;
"Henceforth let me be nam’d maide Marian."

This lady was afterwards poisen’d by king John at Dunmow Priory, after he had made several fruitlesse attempts on her chality; Drayton has written her Legend.

Shakespeare speaks of maid Marian in her degraded state, when she was represented by a strumpet or a clown.

See Figure 2 in the plate at the end of this play, with Mr. Tollet’s observation on it. Steevens.

Maid Marian seems to have been the lady of a Whitlan-ale, or morris-dance. The widow in sir William Davenant’s Love and Honour, (p. 247.) says: "I have been Mistress Marian in a Maurice ere now." Morris is, indeed, there spelt wrong, the dance was not so called from prince Maurice, but from the Spanish morisco, a dancer of the morris or morishe dance. Hawkins.

There is an old piece entitled, Old Meg of Herefordshire for a Mayd-Marian, and Hereford Town for a Morris-dance: or 12 Morris-dancers in Herefordshire, of 1200 Years old. Lond. 1639; quarto. It is dedicated to one Hall a celebrated Tabourer in that country. Warton.
KING HENRY IV. 401

Fal. Why? she's neither fish, nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Henry. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he flanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Henry. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Henry. I say, 'tis copper: Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare; but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Henry. And why not, as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be fear'd as the lion: Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an if I do, let my girdle break!

—neither fish nor flesh; —[So, the proverb: "Neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring." Stevens.

—an I do, let my girdle break!] Alluding to the old adage—"ungirt, unblest." Thus, in the Phantastick Age, bl. 1. an ancient ballad:

"Ungirt, unblest the proverb he sayes,
"And they to prove it right,
"Have got a fashion now adayes
"That's odious to the sight.
"Like Frenchmen, all on points they stand,
"No girdles now they wear, &c."

Perhaps this ludicrous imprecation is proverbial. So, in '73: Merry when Goshps meet, a poem, quarto. 1609:

"How say'st thou, Bessie? shall it be to gidle? speake:
"If I make one, pray God my girdle break!" Stevens.
FIRST PART OF

P. Henry. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, imbois'd rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou feest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you pick'd my pocket?

P. Henry. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, and cherish thy guests; thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou feest, I am pacify'd.—Still?—Nay, I pr'ythee, be gone. [Exit Hostess.

Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that answer'd?

P. Henry. O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

impudent, imbois'd rascal,] Imbois'd is swollen, puffy. Johnson.

if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, &c.] As the pocketing of injuries was a common phrase, I suppose, the Prince calls the contents of Falstaff's pocket—injuries. Stevens.

And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong:—Some part of this merry dialogue seems to have been lost. I suppose Falstaff in pressing the robbery upon his hostess, had declared his resolution not to pocket up wrongs or injuries, to which the Prince alludes. Johnson.
Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Henry. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Henry. I have procur'd thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously un-provided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Henry. Bardolph.—

Bard. My lord.

P. Henry. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,

My brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou, and I,

Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time.—

Jack,

Meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall

At two o' clock i'the afternoon:

* do it with unwash'd hands too.] i. e. Do it immediately, or the first thing in the morning, even without staying to wash your hands.

So, in The More the Merrier, a collection of epigrams, 1603:

"as a school-boy dares

"Fall to, ere wash'd his hands or said his prayers."

Perhaps, however, Falstaff alludes to the ancient adage: "Il-lotis manus træflare sacra." I find the same expression in Acolastus, a comedy, 1540: "Why be these holy thynges to be medled with with unwashed hands?" STEEVENS.

—Poins to horse,—] I cannot but think that Peto is again put for Poins. I suppose the copy had only a P.—

We have Peto afterwards, not riding with the Prince, but lieutenant to Falstaff. JOHN:ON.

I have adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation. STEEVENS.
There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
Money, and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[Exeunt Prince, Poins, and Bard.
Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my
breakfast; come:—
O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum! [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.
The camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas 6 have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of foathers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.
Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will heard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:—

---the Douglas---] This expression is frequent in Holin- 

fied, and is always applied by way of pre-eminence to the head 
of the Douglas family. STEEVES.

7 But I will heard him.] To heard is to oppose face to face in a 
hostile or daring manner. So, in Drayton's Quest of Cynthia:

"That it with woodbine durst compare
"And heard the Egliante."
Enter a Messenger.

What letters haist thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,

In such a jolling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I.

Hot. His mind!

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;

And at the time of my departure thence,

He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been whole,

Ere he by sickness had been visited;

His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprize;

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.

Again, in Macbeth:

"...met them dareful beard to beard."

This phrase, which soon lost its original signification, appears to have been adopted from romance. In ancient language, to beard a man, was to cut off his head, and to beard him, signify'd to cut off his beard; a punishment which was frequently inflicted by giants on such unfortunate princes as fell into their hands.

So, Drayton in his Polyolbion, song 4:

"And for a trophy brought the giant's coat away,

"Made of the beards of kings." Steevens.

Mess. [His letters bear his mind, not I his mind.] The line should be read and divided thus:

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I.

Hot. His mind!

Hotspur had asked who leads his powers? The Messenger answers, his letters bear his mind. The other replies, His mind! As much as to say, I enquire not about his mind; I want to know where his powers are. This is natural, and perfectly in character.

Warrington.
He writes me here,—that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—
That with our small conjunction, we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;
Because the king is certainly poss'd of
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

For. Your father's sickness is a main to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopt off:—
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it:—Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
Ali at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good: for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope;
The very lift, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Dong.

2 On any soul remov'd,] On any life near to himself; on any
whose interest is remote. Johnson.

1 no quailing now;] To quail is to languish, to sink into
dejection. See vol. iii. p. 359. Steevens.

e therein should we read
The very bottom, and the soul of hope;
To read the bottom and soul of hope, and the bound of fortune, though
all the copies, and all the editors have received it, surely cannot
be right. I can think on no other word than risque:

e therein should we risque
The very bottom &c.

The lift is the Jehovah; figuratively, the utmost line of circum-
ference, the utmost extent. If we should with less change read
read, it will only suit with lift, not with soul, or bottom.

Johnson.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in K. Henry VI.
P. II.

we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes. Steevens.
KING HENRY IV. 407

Doug. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.

The quality and hair of our attempt

Brooks

— for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope;
The very lift, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.] I once wished to read — tread;

but I now think, there is no need of alteration. To read a lift is certainly a very harsh phrase, but not more so than many others of Shakspeare. At the same time that the bottom of their fortunes should be displayed, its circumference or boundary would be necessarily exposed to view. Sight being necessary to reading, to read is here used, in Shakspeare's licentious language, for to see.

The passage quoted from K. Henry VI. strongly confirms this interpretation. To it may be added this in Romeo and Juliet:

"Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,"
"Which sees into the bottom of my grief?"

And this in Measure for Measure:

"And it concerns me
"To look into the bottom of my place."

One of the phrases in the text is found in Twelfth Night:

"She is the lift of my voyage."

The other [the soul of hope] occurs frequently in our author's plays, as well as in those of his contemporaries. Thus, in A Midsummer Night's Dream, we meet:

"——the soul of counsel."

Again, in Troilus and Cressida:

"——the soul of love."

So also, in Marlowe's Luise's Dominion:

"——Your desperate arm
"Hath almost thrust quite through the heart of hope."

3 A comfort of retirement ———] A support to which we may have recourse. [JOHNSON.

4 The quality and hair of our attempt] The hair seems to be the complexion, the character. The metaphor appears harsh to us, but, perhaps, was familiar in our author's time. We shall say, something
Brooks no division: It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;
And flop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,

something is against the hair, as against the grain, that is, against the natural tendency. JOHNSON.

In an old comedy call'd The Family of Love, I meet with an expression which very well suppose Dr. Johnson's explanation.

"— They say, I am of the right hair, and indeed they may stand to't."

Again, in The Coxcomb, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"— since he will be
"An as against the hair." STEEVENS.

This word is used in the same sense in the old interlude of Tom Tyler and his Wife, 1598:

"But I bridled a colt of a contrarie haire." MALONE.

5 [see of the offering side] All the latter editions read offending, but all the older copies which I have seen, from the first quarto to the edition of Rowe, read, we of the offering side. Of this reading the sense is obscure, and therefore the change has been made; but since neither offending nor offending are words likely to be mistaken, I cannot but suspect that offering is right, especially as it is read in the first copy of 1599, which is more correctly printed than any single edition, that I have yet seen, of a play written by Shakspere.

The offering side may signify that party, which, acting in opposition to the law, strengthens itself only by offers; increases its numbers only by promises. The king can raise an army, and continue it by threats of punishment; but those, whom no man is under any obligation to obey, can gather forces only by offers of advantage: and it is truly remarked, that they, whose influence arises from offers, must keep danger out of sight.

The offering side may mean simply the assailant, in opposition to the defendant; and it is likewise true of him that offers war, or makes an invasion, that his cause ought to be kept clear from all objections. JOHNSON.

That
That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use;—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprize,
Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom; with his help,
We shall o’erturn it toby-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.
Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm: What more?
Ver. And further, I have learn’d,—
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation,

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff’d the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. 8 All furnish’d, all in arms.

5 term of fear.] Folio—dream of fear. MALONE.
6 The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales:] Shakespeare rarely beffows his epithets at random. Stowe says of the Prince: “He was passing swift in running, in somuch that he with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wild-duck, or doe, in a large park.” STEEVENS.

7 All furnish’d, all in arms;
All fume’d like espridges, that with the wind
Baited like eagles,—]
To bait with the wind appears to me an improper expression. To

bait
All plum’d like estridges, that with the wind
Baited like eagles having lately bath’d:

Glitter-

bait is, in the style of falconry, to beat the wing, from the French 
batter, that is, to flutter in preparation for flight.

Besides, what is the meaning of estridges, that baited with the 
wind like eagles? for the relative that, in the usual construction, 
must relate to estridges.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

All plum’d like estridges, and with the wind
Baiting like eagles.

By which he has escaped part of the difficulty, but has yet left 
impropriety sufficient to make his reading questionable.

I read:

All furnish’d, all in arms,
All plum’d like estridges that wing the wind
Baited like eagles.

This gives a strong image. They were not only plum’d like
estridges, but their plumes fluttered like those of an esridge bea-
ing the wind with his wings. A more lively representation of 
young men ardent for enterprize, perhaps no writer has ever 
given. Johnson.

The following passage from David and Bethsabe, 1599, will 
confirm the supposition that to bait is a phrase taken from 
falconry:

"Where all delights sat bating, wing’d with thoughts,
"Ready to nettle in her naked breast."

Again, in Greene’s Card of Fancy, 1608: "—made her check 
at the prey, bate at the lure, &c."

I believe estridges never mount at all, but only run before the 
wind, opening their wings to receive its assistance in urging them 
forward. They are generally hunted on horseback, and the art 
of the hunter is to turn them from the gale, by the help of which 
they are too fleet for the swiftest horse to keep up with them.

Writers on falconry often mention the bating of hawks and 
eagles, as highly necessary for their health and spirits. I should 
have suspected a line to have been omitted, had not all the copies 
concurred in the same reading.

In the 2d song of Drayton’s Polycbiion is the same thought:

"Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been:
"The Mountsfords all in plumes, like estridges, were seen."

If any alteration were necessary, I would propose to read:

— that with their wings

"Baited like eagles"

But the present words may stand. All birds, after bating, (which 
amost all birds are fond of) spread out their wings to catch the
Glittering in golden coats, like images;  
As full of spirit as the month of May,  
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer!  
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
Rise

wind, and flutter violently with them in order to dry themselves.  
This in the falconer's language is called butting, and by Shak-  
peare, butting with the wind.  It may be observed that birds nev-  
er appear so lively and full of spirits, as immediately after bat-  
ting._STEVE.NS._

I have little doubt that instead of with, some verb ought to be  
substituted here. Perhaps it should be whistled. The word is used  
by a writer of Shakespeare's age. _England's Helicon_, sign. 2:

"This said, he whistl'd his particoloured wings._T.YKWHITT._

9 All plumed like ostriches, &c.] All dressed like the prince him-  
self, the ostrich-feather being the cognizance of the prince of  
Wales._GREY._

Glittering in golden coats like images;] This alludes to the man-  
nner of dressing up images in the Roman churches on holy-days;  
when they are bedecked in robes very richly laced and embroi-  
dered. So, Spenser, _Faerie Queen_, b. i. c. 3:

"He was to weet a flout and flurdie thiefe  
"Wont to robb churches of their ornaments, &c.  
"The holy saints of their rich vestiments  
"He did disrobe, &c._STEVE.NS._

1 I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on.] We should read  
beaver up. It is an impropriety to say on: for the beaver is only  
the visiere of the helmet, which let down, covers the face.  
When the soldier was not upon action he wore it up, so that his  
face might be seen, (hence Vernon says he saw young Harry, &c.)  
But when upon action, it was let down to cover and secure the face.  
Hence in _The Second Part of Henry IV._ it is said:

"Their armed slaves in charge, their beavers down._WARBURTON._

There is no need of this note; for beaver may be a helmet;  
or the prince, trying his armour, might wear his beaver down._JOHNSON._

Beaver and visiere were two different parts of the helmet. The  
former part let down to enable the wearer to drink, the latter was  
raised up to enable him to see._L._

2 His cuisses on his thighs,——Cuisses, French, armour for the  
thighs._POPE._

The
FIRST PART OF

Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of timoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprifal is so nigh,
And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse——

The reason why his cuisses are so particularly mentioned, I conceive to be, that his horsemanship is here praised, and the cuisses are that part of armour which most hinders a horseman's activity.

John.

2 To wind and turn a fiery Pegasus,] This idea occurs in Have e' th' e' th' ump you to us, one Walden or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up, &c. 1599,—"her hottest fury may be resembled the passing of a brave carriage by a Pegasus." Steev. NS.

3 And witch the world——| For bewitch, charm. Pope.

4 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse——
Meet, and ne'er part, ———

This reading I have restored from the first edition. The edition in 1623, reads:

Harry to Harry shall, not horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part.

Which has been followed by all the critics except Sir Thomas Hanner, who, justly remarking the impertinence of the negative, reads:

Harry to Harry shall, and horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part.

But the unexampled expression of meeting to for meeting with, or simply meeting, is yet left. The ancient reading is surely right.

John.

Meet,
KING HENRY IV. 4.13

Meet, and ne'er part, 'till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.
Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

A publick road near Coventry.

Enter Falstaff, and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer thy coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell.

[Exit.

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a

—lieutenant Peto—] This passage proves that Peto did not go with the prince. Johnson.

fouc'd
F R S T  P A R T  O F

"souc'd gurnet. I have mis-us'd the king's press
damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred
and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I
pres'f me none but good householders, yeomen's sons;
enquire me out contracted batchelors, such as had
been ask'd twice on the bans: such a commodity of
warm flames, as had as licf hear the devil as a drum;
such as fear the report of a caliver, 7 worse than a
fruck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I preff me none

6 —souc'd gurnet.—] This is a diff mentioned in that very
laughable poem called The Counter-stuffle, 1658 :
" Stuck thick with cloves upon the back,
" Well stuff'd with fage, and for the smack,
" Daintily stre'w'd with pepper black,
" Souc'd gurnet."

Souc'd gurnet is an appellation of contempt very frequently
employed in the old comedies. So, in Decker's Honest Whore,
1635 :
" Punch ! you souc'd gurnet !"
Again, in the Prologue to Wily Beguiled, 1623 :
" Out you souced gurnet, you wool-sift !"
Among the Cotton MSS. is part of an old household book for
the year, 1594. See l'cs. F. xvi :
" Supper. Paid for a garnard, viii. d."

7 —worse than a fruck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck.—] The
repetition of the same image disposed fur Thomas Hanmer, and
after him Dr. Warburton, to read, in opposition to all the copies,
a fruck deer, which is indeed a proper expression, but not likely
to have been corrupted. Shakspeare, perhaps, wrote a fruck fowl,
which, being negligenty read by a man not skilful in hunter's
language, was easily changed to fruck fowl. Soucel is used in Lovel's
Labour's Lost for a young deer; and the terms of the chase were,
in our author's time, familiar to the ears of every gentleman.

JOHNSON.

One of the quartos and the folio read fruck fool. This may
mean a fool who had been hurt by the recoil of an over-loaded
gun, which he had inadvertently discharged. Fowl, however,
seems to have been the word designed by the poet, who might have
thought an opposition between fowl, i. e. domestic birds and
wild-fowl, sufficient on this occasion. He has almost the
same expression in Much Ado about Nothing: " Alas poor hurt
fowl! now will he creep into sedges."
but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs lick'd his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and offers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourably ragged, than an old, faces ancient; Shakspeare uses this word so promiscuously, to signify an ensign or standard-bearer, and also the colours or standard borne, that I cannot be at a certainty for his allusion here. If the text be genuine, I think the meaning must be, as dishonourably ragged as one that has been an ensign all has days; that has let age creep upon him, and never had merit enough to gain preferment. Dr. Warburton, who understands it in the second construction, has suspected the text, and given the following ingenious emendation—"How is an old-fac'd ancient or ensign, dishonourably ragged? on the contrary, nothing is esteemed more honourable than a ragged pair of colours. A very little alteration will restore it to its original tense, which contains a touch of the strongest and most fine-turn'd satire in the world.
dishonourably ragged than an old fac'd ancient:
and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have
bought out their services; that you would think, I
had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come
from swine-keeping, from eating draff and huiks. A
mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had
unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies.
No eye hath seen such 'scare-crows. I'll not march
through Coventry with them, that's flat:—Nay, and
the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they
had 3 gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them
out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all
my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins, tack'd

—ten times more dishonourably ragged than an old feast ancient;
i.e. the colours used by the city-companies in their feasts and
processions; for each company had one with its peculiar device,
which was usually displayed and borne about on such occasions.
Now nothing could be more witty or sarcastical than this compa-
rison: for as Falstaff's ragamuffins were reduced to their tatter'd
condition through their riotous excesses; so this old feast ancient
became tawny and shatter'd, not in any manly exercise of arms,
but amidst the revels of drunken bachelors." Theobald.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is very acute and judicious; but
I know not whether the licentiousness of our author's diction may
not allow us to suppose that he meant to represent his soldiers, as
more ragged, though less honourably ragged, than an old ancient.
Johnson.

An old, fac'd ancient, is an old standard mended with a different
colour. It should not be written in one word, as old and fac'd
are distinct epithets. To face a gown is to trim it; an ex-
pression at present in use. In our author's time the facings of gowns
were always of a colour different from the stuff itself. So, in this
play:

"To face the garment of rebellion
"With some fine colour."

Again, in Ram Alley or Merry Tricks, 1611:
"Your tawny coats with weary facings here." Steevens.
3 ——gyves on:— i.e. shackles. Pope.
So, in the old Morality of Bycze Scorne:
"And I will go fetch a pair of gyves."

Again:
"They be yeomen of the wretche that be Shackled in
gyves." Steevens.

Together
together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald’s coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of Saint Albans, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daintry. But that’s all one; they’ll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, and Westmoreland.

**P. Henry.** How now, blown Jack? how now, quiet?"

**Fal.** What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought, your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

**West**. ’Faith, sir John, ’tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night.

**Fal.** Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant, as a cat to steal cream.

**P. Henry.** I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; Whose fellows are these that come after?

**Fal.** Mine, Hal, mine.

**P. Henry.** I did never see such pitiful rascals.

**Fal.** Tut, tut; *good enough to tofs; food for powder, food for powder; they’ll fill a pit, as well as better: tufh, man, mortal men, mortal men.

**West**. Ay, but, sir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

**Fal.** ’Faith for their poverty—I know not where they had that: and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learnt that of me.

**P. Henry.** No, I’ll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

*—good enough to tofs;—* That is, to tofs upon a pike.

**Vol. V.**

E e

**Fal.**
What, is the king encamp'd?

He is, sir John; I fear, we shall stay too long.

Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Shrewsbury.


Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;

You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no flander, Douglas: by my life,

(And I dare well maintain it with my life)

If well-respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear,

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,

Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,

Being men of such great leading as you are,

Such conduct, such experience in martial business. JOHNSON.
KING HENRY IV. 419

That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: Certain horse:
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wtr. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay 'till all come in.

[The trumpets sound a parley.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; And would to God,
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well: and even those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name;
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heaven defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty!
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty: If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
Which he confesseth to be manifold,—
He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires, with interest;

E e 2

And
And pardon absolute for your self, and these,  
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hon. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.  
My father, and my uncle, and myself,  
Did give him that same royalty he wears:  
And,—when he was not fix and twenty strong,  
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,  
A poor unminded out-law sneaking home,—  
My father gave him welcome to the shore:  
And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,  
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his livery, and beg his peace;  
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—  
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,  
Sware him assistance, and perform'd it too.

Now, when the lords and barons of the realm  
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,  
The more and less came in with cap and knee;  
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;  
Attended him on bridges, flood in lances,  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,  
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.  
He presentely,—as greatness knows itself,—  
Steps me a little higher than his vow.
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,

6 To sue his livery,— This is a law-phrase belonging to the feudal tenures; meaning to sue out the delivery or possession of his lands from the Court of Wards, which, on the death of any of the tenants of the crown, seized their lands, till the heir sue out his livery. Steevens.

The Court of Wards did not exist till the 32d year of King Henry the Eighth, before which time wardships were usually granted as court favours, to those who made suit for, and had interest enough to obtain them. Remarks.

7 The more and less,— i.e. the greater and the less. Steevens.
Upon the naked shore at Ravenipurg;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further: cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.—
In short time after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, tax'd the whole state.
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king) to be incag'd in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited:
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;

Upon the naked shore &c.] In this whole speech he alludes
again to some passages in Richard the Second. Johnson.
And, in the neck of that, &c.] So, in Painter's Palace of Pleas-
Sure: "Great mischiefes succedding one in another's necie."

Henderson.

1 — tax’d the whole state.] I suppose it should be tax’d the
whole state. Johnson.

Tax’d is here used for taxed; it was once common to employ
their words indiscriminately. Memoirs of P. de Commynes, by
Danert, folio, 4th edit. 1674, p. 136: "Duke Philip, by the
space of many years levied neither subsidies nor taxés." Again,
in Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse, 1579: "— like a greedy
furrower being fent into France to govern the crowdie, robbed
and spoyle them of all their treasure with unreasonable
taxes."

Again, in Holinshed, p. 422: "There was a new and strange
subsidie or taxe granted to be levied for the king's use."

Steevens.

Ee 3
Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?
Hot. Not so, sir Walter; we'll withdraw a while.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love.
Hot. And, may be, so we shall.
Blunt. Pray heaven, you do! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

York. The archbishop's palace.

Enter the archbishop of York, and Sir Michael.

York. Hie, good sir Michael; bear this sealed brief,
With winged haste, to the lord marshall;
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir Mich. My, good lord,
I guess their tenor.

York. Like enough, you do.
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must 'bide the touch: For, sir, at Shrewsbury,

---This head of safety;---This army, from which I hope for protection. [Johnson.

---sealed brief;] A brief is simply a letter. [Johnson.

As
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, sir Michael,—
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
(Whose power was \textit{\textsuperscript{4}} in the first proportion)
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
(Who with them was \textit{\textsuperscript{5}} a rated finew too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies)—
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an infant trial with the king.

\textit{Sir Mich.} Why, my good lord, you need not fear;

There's Douglas and lord Mortimer.

\textit{York.} No, Mortimer is not there.

\textit{Sir Mich.} But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy,
And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

\textit{York.} And to there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together;—
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more corrollings, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

\textit{Sir Mich.} Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

\textit{York.} I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed:
For, if lord Percy thrive not, 'ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
FIRST PART OF
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him; Therefore, make haste: I must go write again To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael.
[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.
The camp at Shrewsbury.
Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Sir John Falstaff.

K. Henry. How bloodily the sun begins to peer Above yon buffy hill? the day looks pale At his distemperate.
P. Henry. The southerly wind Doth play the trumpeter of his purposes; And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves, Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.
K. Henry. Then with the lofers let it sympathize; For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well, That you and I should meet upon such terms

6 Act V. It seems proper to be remarked, that in the editions printed while the author lived, this play is not broken into acts. The division which was made by the players in the first folio seems commodious enough, but, being without authority, may be changed by any editor who thinks himself able to make a better.

Johnston.

7 —buffy hill!] Buffy is woody. (Bosquet Fr.) Milton writes the word perhaps more properly, bokey. Steevens.
— to his purposes;] That is, to the sun's, to that which the sun portends by his unusual appearance. Johnston.
As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle feel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well,
What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish-knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?
Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.
K. Henry. You have not sought it! how comes it then?

9 Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
P. Henry. Peace, chewet, peace.

9 Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prince. Peace, chewet, peace.

This, I take to be an arbitrary refinement of Mr. Pope's; nor
can I easily agree, that chewet is Shakespeare's word here. Why
should prince Henry call Falstaff boaster, for interposing in the dif-
course betwixt the king and Worcester? With submission, he does
not take him up here for his unreasonable size, but for his ill-
tim'd and unseasonable chattering. I therefore have preferred
the reading of the old books. A chewet, or chuet, is a noisy chut-
tering bird, a pie. This carries a proper reproach to Falstaff for
his meddling and impertinent jest. And besides, if the poet had
intended that the prince should fleer at Falstaff on account of his
corpulence, I doubt not but he would have called him boaster in
plain English, and not have wrapp'd up the abuse in the French
word chewet. In another passage of this play, the prince honestly
calls him guilt. As to prince Henry, his stock in this language
was so small, that when he comes to be king he hammers out one
small sentence of it to princess Catharine, and tells her, It is as
tasy for him to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French.

Theobald.

Wor.
FIRST PART OF

Wor. It pleas’d your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from myself, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard’s time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time: You swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
That you did nothing purpose gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall’n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we sware our aid. But, in short space,
It rain’d down fortune flowering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help; what with the absent king;
What with the injuries of a wanton time;

Peace, chevets, peace.] In an old book of cookery, printed in
1596, I find a receipt to make chevets, which, from their ingredients,
seem to have been fat greasy puddings; and to these it is highly
probable that the Prince alludes. Both the quartern and folio spell
the word as it now stands in the text, and as I found it in the book
already mentioned. So, in Bacon’s Nat. Hist. “As for chouts,
which are likewise minced meat, instead of butter and fat, it were
good to moisten them partly with cream, or almond and pistachio
milk, &c.” It appears from a receipt in The Forme of Cury, a
Roll of ancient English Cookery, compiled about A. D. 1390, by the
Master Cook of King Richard II. and published by Mr. Pegge,
8vo. 1780, that these chevets were fried in oil. See p. 83, of
that work. Cotgrave’s Dictionary explains the French word
goubelet, to be a kind of round pie resembling our chouet.

1 —— my staff of office —— ] See Richard the Second.

JOHNSON.

2 —— the injuries of a wanton time; ] i. e. the injuries done
by king Richard in the wantonness of prosperity.

MUSGRAVE

The
KING HENRY IV.

The seeming sufferances that you had borne;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand:
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungenteel gull, the cuckow's bird,
Ulter the sparrow: did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your fight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety fake, to fly
Out of your fight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. Henry. These things indeed you have articulately,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches;
To face the garment of rebellion.

[As that ungenteel gull, the cuckow's bird.] The cuckow's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the sparrow, in whose nest the cuckow's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurse. JOHNSON.

[——we stand opposed &c.] We stand in opposition to you. JOHNSON.

[——articulated.] i.e., exhibited in articles. So, in Daniel's Civil Wars, &c. b. v:

"How to articulate with yielding wights."
Again, in the Spanish Tragedy:

"To end those things articulated here."
Again, in the Valiant Welshman, 1615:

"Drums, beat aloud!—I'll not articulate."

STEEVENS.

With
FIRST PART OF

With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontented
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars starving for a time
Of pell-mell havock and confusion.

P. Henry. In both our armies, there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: By my hopes,—
This present enterprize set off his head?—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father’s majesty,—

7 To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour,—
This is an allusion to our ancient fantastic habits, which were usually faced or turned up with a colour different from that of which they were made. So, in the old Interlude of Nature, bl. 1, no date:

"His hosen shall be freshly garded"
"Wyth colours two or thre." Steevens.

8 —poor discontented, Poor discontented are poor discontented people, as we now say—malecontents. So, in Marlowe’s Malcontent, 1604:

"What, play I well the free-breath’d discontent?"
Malone.

9 —set off his head, — J. i. e. taken from his account.
Musgrave.

More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads more valued young. I think the present gingle has more of Shakspere. Johnson.
The same kind of gingle is in Sidney’s Arcadia:

"—young-wife, wife-valiant." Steevens.

I am
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

**K. Henry.** And, prince of Wales, so dare we ven-
ture thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love,
That are misled upon your cousin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[Exeunt Worcester, and Vernon.]

**P. Henry.** It will not be accepted on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

**K. Henry.** Hence, therefore, every leader to his
charge;
For, on their answer, we will set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[Exeunt King, Blunt, and Prince John.]

**Fal.** Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and
bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

**P. Henry.** Nothing but a colossus can do thee that
friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

**Fal.** I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

—and bestride me,—] In the battle of Agincourt, Henry,
when king, did this act of friendship for his brother the duke of
Gloucester. STEEVENS.
FIRST PART OF

P. Henry. Why, thou owest heaven a death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that dy'd o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Hotspur's camp.

Enter Worcester, and Vernon.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:

2 Exit Prince Henry.] This exit is remarked by Mr. Upton.

3 ——honour is a mere scutcheon,—] This is very fine. The reward of brave actions formerly was only some honourable bearing in the shields of arms bestowed upon deservers. But Falstaff having said that honour often came not till after death, he calls it very wittily a scutcheon, which is the painted heraldry borne in funeral processions: and by mere scutcheon is is insinuated, that whether alive or dead, honour was but a name. Warburton.

Suspicion.
KING HENRY IV.

Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes:
For treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne’er so tame, so cherish’d, and lock’d up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish’d, still the nearer death.
My nephew’s trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A bare-brain’d Hotspur, govern’d by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father’s;—we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta’en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I’ll say, ’tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur, and Douglas.

Hot. My uncle is return’d;—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?
Wor. The king will bid you battle presently,
Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

* Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes:* The same image of suspicion is exhibited in a Latin tragedy, called Roxana, written about the same time by Dr. William Alabaster.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer, with great propriety, would reform the line as I have printed it. In all former editions, without regard to measure, it stood thus:

Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes.
All the old copies read—supposition. STEEVENS.

— an adopted name of privilege, A bare-brain’d Hotspur.]

The name of Hotspur will privilege him from censura. JOHNSON.
432  F I R S T  P A R T  O F

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.
Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[Exit Douglas.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!
Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us, rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
6 And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The prince of Wales step forth before the
king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.
Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his talking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Timm'd up your praisers with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,

6 And Westmoreland, that was engag'd,—] Engag'd is deliver-
ed as an hostage. A few lines before, upon the return of Wor-
cester, he orders Westmoreland to be dismissed. Johnson.
7 How shew'd his talking? —] Thus the quarto 1598. The
others, with the folio read—talking. Steevens.
By still disprais'g praise, valu'd with you:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he matter'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause: But let me tell the world,—
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear
Of any prince, so wild, at liberty:—

But

"By still disprais'g praise, valu'd with you:" This foolish line is indeed in the folio of 1623, but it is evidently the player's nonsense. WARBURTON.

This line is not only in the first folio, but in all the editions before it, that I have seen. Why it should be censured as nonsense I know not. To vilify prais'g, compared or valued with merit superior to prais'g, is no harsh expression. There is another objection to be made. Prince Henry, in his challenge of Percy, had indeed commended him, but with no such hyperboles as might represent him above prais'g; and there seems to be no reason why Vernon should magnify the prince's candour beyond the truth. Did then Shakespeare forget the foregoing scene? or are some lines lost from the prince's speech? JOHNSON.

"He made a blushing cital of himself:" Mr. Pope observes that by cital is meant taxation; but I rather think it means recital. The verb is used in that sense in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, act iv. sc. 1:

"—— for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives."

Again, in K. Henry V. act v. sc. 2:

"Whose want gives growth to imperfections
Which you have cited, &c."

Again, in Titus Andronicus, act v:

"—— I do digress too much,
"Citing my worthless praise. COLLINS."

"be matter'd——" i.e. was matter of. STEEVENS.

"Of any prince, so wild, at liberty:" Of any prince that play'd such pranks, and was not confin'd as a madman. JOHNSON.

Vol. V. Ff
FIRST PART OF

But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
Arm, arm with speed: — And, fellows, soldiers,
friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord here are letters for you.
Hoi. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life 'did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, Brave death, when princes die with us!
Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.
Hoi. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; Only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.

The quartos 1598, 1599, and 1608, read— So wild a libertine.
Perhaps the author wrote— So wild a libertine. Thus, in Antony
and Cleopatra:
"I've up the libertine in a field of feasts." Steevens.
* If life—] Thus the old copies. Modern editors read:
Though life. Steevens.

Now,
KING HENRY IV.

Now,—Esperance!—Percy!—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[The trumpets sound. They embrace; then excent.

SCENE III.

Plain near Shrewsbury.

The King entereth with his power. Alarum to the battle. Then enter Douglas, and Blunt.

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

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

Blunt. They tell thee true;

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likenesses; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unles he yield thee as my prisoner.

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

* Now—Esperance! This was the word of battle on Percy’s side. See Hall’s Chronicle, folio 22. Pope.
Esperance, or Esperanza, has always been the motto of the Percy family. Esperance en Dieu is the present motto of the duke of Northumberland, and has been long used by his predecessors. Sometimes it was expressed Esperance ma Comforte, which is still legible at Alnwick castle, over the great gate. Percy.

* For, heaven to earth,—] i.e. One might wager heaven to earth. Warburton.

4 I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot.] the folio reads:
"I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot. Malone."
FIRST PART OF

Fight, Blunt is slain. Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.
Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.
Hot. Where?
Doug. Here.
Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd 5 like the king himself.
Doug. A fool go with thy foul, whither it goes 6!
A borrow'd title haft thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?
Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.
Doug. Now by my sword, I will kill all his coats;

5 Semblably furnish'd—i.e. in resemblance, alike. This word occurs in the Devil's Charter, 1607:
   "So, semblably doth he with terror strike."
Again, in The Case is Alter'd, by Ben Jonson, 1609:
   "Semblably prisioner to your general."
Again, in the 22d song of Drayton's Polyolbion:
   "The next, sir Walter Blunt, he with three others slew,
   "All armed like the king, which he dead sure accounted;
   "But after when he saw the king himself remounted,
   "This hand of mine, quoth he, four kings this day have slain,
   "And swore out of the earth he thought they sprang again." Steevens.

6 A fool go with thy foul, whither it goes! The old copies read:
   Ah, fool, go with thy foul, &c. but this appears to be nonsensical
   I have ventured to omit a single letter, as well as to change the
   punctuation, on the authority of the following passage in the Merchant of Venice:
   "With one fool's head I came to woo,
   "But I go away with two."
Again, more aptly in Promos and Cassandra, 1578:
   "Go, and a knave with thee."
See a note on Timon, act v. sc. 2. Steevens.
KING HENRY IV.

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exeunt.

Other alarms. Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Though I could 't escape six shot-free at London,
I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you: 7 Here's no vanity!—I am

6 ——shot-free at London,— A play upon shot, as it means
the part of a reckoning, and a misfire weapon discharged from ar-
tillery. JOHNSON.

So, in Aesopippus, or the Fozial Philosopher, 1630: "— the
best shot to be discharged is the tavern bill; the best alarm is the
founding of healths." Again, in The Play of the Four Ps, 1569:
"Then after your drinking, how fall ye to winking?"
"Sir, after drinking, while the shot is tinkling."
Again, Heywood, in his Epigrams on Proverbs:
"And it is yll commynge, I have heard say,
"To the end of a shot, and beginnyng of a fray."

7 ——Here's no vanity! —— In our author's time the ne-
gative, in common speech, was used to design, ironically, the
excess of a thing. Thus Ben Jonson, in Every Man in his Hu-
mour, says:
"O here's no foppery!
'Death, I can endure the shocks better.'"
Meaning, as the passage shews, that the foppery was excessive.
And so in many other places. But the Oxford editor not appre-
hending this, has it alter'd to—here's vanity! WARBURTON.
I am in doubt whether this interpretation, though ingenious
and well supported, is true. The words may mean, here is real
honour, no vanity, or no empty appearance. JOHNSON.
I believe Dr. Warburton is right: the same ironical kind of ex-
pression occurs in The Mad Lover of Beaumont and Fletcher:
"——Here's no villany!
"I am glad I came to the hearing."
Again, in Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub:
"Here was no subtle device to get a wench!"
Again, in the first part of Feronimo, &c., 1605:
"Here's no fine villany! no damned brother!"

STEEVENS.

F 3 as
as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: Heaven keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreaveng'd: lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Henry. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.
I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

8—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms,—] Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his history, hath made Gregory so odious, that I don't doubt but the good Proseflants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope in one.

Warburton.

9—I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Henry. He is, indeed; and, &c,

The prince's answer, which is apparently connected with Falstaff's last words, does not cohere so well as if the knight had said:

I have made him sure; Percy's safe enough.

Perhaps a word or two like these may be lost. Johnson.

Sure has two significations; certainly disposed of, and safe. Falstaff uses it in the former sense, the Prince replies to it in the latter. Steevens.

Fal.
KING HENRY IV.

P. Henry. Give it me: What, is it in the case?
Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city. [The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*
P. Henry. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

Fal. *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

*—sack a city.] A quibble on the word sack. JOHNSON.
The same quibble may be found in Aribippus, or the Jovial Philosopher, 1630: “—it may justly seem to have taken the name sack from the sacking of cities.” STEEVENS.

*—a bottle of Jack.] The same comic circumstance occurs in the ancient Interlude of Nature, (written long before the time of Shakspeare) bl. i. no date:

“Glotony. We shall have a warefare it ys told me.
“Man. Ye; where is thy harnes?
“Glotony. Mary, here may ye see,
“Here ys harnes inow.
“Wrath. Why hast thou none other harnes but thys?
“Glotony. What the devyll harnes should I mys,
“Without it be a bottell?
“Another bottell I wyll go purvey,
“Left that drynk be scarce in the way,
“Or haply none to fell.” STEEVENS.

If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.—] Certainly, he'll pierce him, i.e. Prince Henry will, who is just gone out to seek him. Besides, I'll pierce him, contradicts the whole turn and humour of the speech. WEBURT.

I rather take the conceit to be this. To pierce a vessel is to tap it. Falstaff takes up his bottle which the prince had tosted at his head, and being about to animate himself with a draught, cries; if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him, and so draws the cork. I do not propofe this with much confidence, JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson has the same quibble in his New Inn, act iii :

“Sir Pierce anon will pierce us a new hogshhead.”

I believe Falstaff makes this boast that the prince may hear it; and continues the rest of the speech in a lower accent, or when he is out of hearing. Shakspere has the same play on words in Love's Labour's Lost, act iv. sc. 2. STEEVENS.

—a carbonado of me——] A carbonado is a piece of meat cut cross-wise for the gridiron. JOHNSON.

So, in the Spanish Gypsie by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

“Carbonado thou the old rogue my father,—
“While you slice into collops the rusty gammon his man.” STEEVENS.
FIRST PART OF
not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and the Earl of Westmoreland.

K. Henry. Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much:—
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Henry. I beseech your majesty, make up, I left your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Henry. I will do so:—
My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

P. Henry. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:

And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this:
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Lan. We breathe too long:—Come, cousin Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies; for heaven's sake come.

[Exeunt P. John and West.

P. Henry. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do repect thee as my soul.

[thou bleed'st too much:] History says, the Prince was wounded in the eye by an arrow. Steevens.

K. Henry.
KING HENRY IV. 441

K. Henry. "I saw him hold lord Percy at the point, With loftier maintenance than I did look for Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Henry. O, this boy Lends mettle to us all!

[Exit.

Enter Douglas.

Doug. Another king! They grow like Hydra's heads: I am the Douglas, fatal to all those That wear these colours on them.—What art thou, That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Henry. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart, So many of his shadows thou hast met, And not the very king. I have two boys, Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field: But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily, I will affray thee; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit; And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king: But mine, I am sure, thou art, who'er thou be, And thus I win thee.

[They fight; the King being in danger, enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like Never to hold it up again! The spirits Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms: It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee; Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—

[They fight; Douglas flyeth.

6 I saw him hold lord Percy at the point, \( \textit{With loftier maintenance than I did look for, &c.} \)]

So, in Holinshed, p. 759: "—the earle of Richmond with- flood his violence, and kept him at the sword's point without ad- vantage, longer than his companions either thought or judged."

STEEVENS.

Cheerly,
FIRST PART OF

Cheerly, my lord; how fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawley hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Henry. Stay, and breathe a-while:—
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;
And shew'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Henry. O heaven! they did me too much injury,
That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Henry. Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawley.

[Exit.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Henry. Thou speakest as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Henry. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

7 Thou haft redeem'd thy lost opinion.] i.e., thy lost reputation; for in that sense the word was then used. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's Thirry and Theodore:
"What opinion will the managing
Of this affair bring to my wisdom! my invention
Tickles with apprehension on't!

Again, in The Gamester by Shirley, 1637:
"Patience! I mean you have the opinion of a valiant gentleman; one that dares fight and maintain your honour against odds."

Editor.

Nor
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales,

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; And would to heaven,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Henry. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [Fight.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall
find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as
if he were dead. Percy is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast rob'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my
flesh:

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time——must have a stop.——]

Hotspur in his last moments endeavours to console himself. The
 glory of the prince wounds his thoughts; but thought, being depend-ent
on life, must cease with it, and will soon be at an end. Life,
on which thought depends, is itself of no great value, being the
fool and sport of time; of time, which with all its dominion over
fabulous things, must itself at last be stopped. Johnson.

Hotspur alludes to the Fool in our ancient Moralities. The
same allusion occurs in Measure for Measure and Love's Labour's
Lost. Steevens.

Lies
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for

P. Henry. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well, great heart!—

7 I'll weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,

8 A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so great a show of zeal:—

9 But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

1 Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[He sees Falstaff on the ground.

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewel!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy mis of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.

7 Ill-weav'd ambition, &c.] A metaphor taken from cloth, which shrinks when it is ill-weav'd, when it's texture is loose. Johnson.

8 A kingdom, &c.]

"Carminibus confide bonis—facet ecce Tibullus;
"Vix manet e toto parva quod urna capit." Ovid.

9 But let my favours hide thy mangled face;] We should read favour, face or countenance. He is sloping down here to kiss Hotspur. Warburton.

He rather covers his face with a scarf, to hide the gashiness of death. Johnson.

1 ignomy] So this word was formerly written. Thus in Troiæ and Coræsida, act v. sc. 3:

"Hence, broker, lacquey, ignomy and shame.

Editor.

Death
Death hath not struck a fat a deer to-day.
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit.

Falstaff, rising slowly.

Fal. Imbowell'd! if thou imbowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me foot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—dicretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. I am afraid of this gun-powder, Percy, though he be dead; how if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. There-

1—so fair a deer—] This is the reading of the first edition, and of the other quartos. The first folio has fat, which was followed by all the editors.

There is in these lines a very natural mixture of the serious and ludicrous, produced by the view of Percy and Falstaff. I wish all play on words had been forborn. [Johnson.

I find the same quibble in the Two Angry Women of Shington, 1599:

"Life is as dear in deer, as 'tis in men."
Again, in A Maidenhead well Loof, 1632, a comedy by Heywood:

"There's no deer so dear to him, but he will kill it."

Steevens.

So fat a dear, seems to be the better reading, for Turberville, in the Terms of the Ages of all Beasts of Venerie and Chafe, observes:

"—You shall lay by anie deare, a great deare, and not a fayre deare, unless it be a rowe, which in the fifth year is called a fayre rowe-bucke." Tollett.

2—many dearer—] Many of greater value. Johnson.

3—to powder me,—] To powder is to salt. Johnson.
FIRST PART OF

fore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I kill' him. Why may he not rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me. Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [Takes Hotspur on his back.

Re-enter Prince Henry, and John of Lancaster.

P. Henry. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But, soft! who have we here?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Henry. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding

Upon the ground.—

Art thou alive? or is it fancy
That plays upon our eye-fight? I pr'ythee speak;
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man:

but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.

There is Percy: [throwing the body down] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Henry. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believ'd, so; if not, let them, that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the

5—-a double man;—-] That is, I am not Falstaff and Percy together, though having Percy on my back, I seem double. [Johnson.
thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

_Lan._ This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

_P. Henry._ This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—

Come bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[A retreat is founded.

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[Exeunt.

_Fal._ I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that
rewards me, heaven reward him! If I do grow
great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave fack,
and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[Exit, bearing off the body.

**SCENE V.**

Another part of the field.

The trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales,
Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with
Worcester and Vernon, prisoners.

_K. Henry._ Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?

---I gave him this wound in the thigh: ---] The very
learned lord Lyttelton observes, that Shakspere has applied an
action to Falstaff, which William of Malmsbury, tells us was really
done by one of the Conqueror's knights to the body of king Harold.
I do not, however believe that lord Lyttelton supposed Shakspere
to have read this old Monk. The story is told likewise by Mat-
thew Paris and Matthew of Westminster; and by many of the
English Chroniclers, Stowe, Speed, &c. &c. **Farmer.**

Misuse
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

War. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Henry. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[Execut Worcester, and Vernon, guarded.
How goes the field?

P. Henry. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Henry. With all my heart.

P. Henry. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valour, shewn upon our crests to day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

7 The noble Scot,—] The old copies before this epistle both on Percy and Douglas. Modern editors had changed it, in the first instance, to gallant. Steevens.

8 Here Mr. Pope inserts the following speech from the quartos:
"Lan. I thank your grace for this high courtely,
"Which I shall give away immediately."
But Dr. Johnson judiciously supposes it to have been rejected by Shakespeare himself. Steevens.

K. Henry.
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K. Henry. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [Exeunt.

Mr. TOLLET’s Opinion concerning the Morris Dancers upon his Window.

THE celebration of May-day, which is represented upon my window of painted glass, is a very ancient custom, that has been observed by noble and royal personages, as well as by the vulgar. It is mentioned in Chaucer’s Court of Love, that early on May-day “furth goth al the court both most and left, to fetch the flouris fresh, and braunch, and blome.” Historians record, that in the beginning of his reign, Henry the Eighth with his courtiers “rofe on May-day very early to fetch May or green boughs; and they went with their bows and arrows shooting to the wood.” Stone’s Survey of London informs us, that “every parish there, or two or three parishes joining together, had their Mayings; and did fetch in May-poles, with divers warlike shews, with good archers, Morris Dancers, and other devices for pastime all the day long.” * Shakspere says it was “impossible to make the people sleep on May morning; and that they rofe early to observe the rite of May.” The court of king James the First, and the populace, long preferred the observance of the day, as Spelman’s Glossary remarks under the word, Maiuma.

Better judges may decide, that the institution of this festivity originated from the Roman Floralia, or from the Celtic la Beltine, while I conceive it derived to us from our Gothic ancestors. Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus, lib. xv. c. 8. says “that after their long winter from the beginning of October to the end

* Henry VIII. act v. sc. 3., and Midsummer Night’s Dream, act iv. sc. 1.

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of April, the northern nations have a custom to welcome the returning splendor of the fun with dancing, and mutually to feast each other, rejoicing that a better season for fishing and hunting was approached." In honour of May-day the Goths and southern Swedes had a mock battle between summer and winter, which ceremony is retained in the Isle of Man, where the Danes and Norwegians had been for a long time masters. It appears from Holinshed's Chronicle, vol. iii. p. 314, or in the year 1306, that, before that time, in country towns the young folk chose a summer king and queen for sport to dance about Maypoles. There can be no doubt but their majesties had proper attendants, or such as would bell ouvert the spectators; and we may presume, that some of the characters varied, as fashions and customs altered. About half a century afterwards, a great addition seems to have been made to the diversion by the introduction of the Morris or Moorish dance into it, which, as Mr. Peck, in his Memoirs of Milton, with great probability conjectures, was first brought into England in the time of Edward I. Then John of Gaunt returned from Spain, where he had been to visit Peter king of Castile, against Henry the Bastard. "This dance," says Mr. Peck, "was usually performed abroad by an equal number of young men, who danced in their shirts with ribbons and little bells about their legs. But here in England they have always an odd person besides, being a boy dressed in a girl's habit, whom they call Maid Marian, an old favourite character in the sport." "Thus," as he observes in the words of Shakespeare, "they made more matter for a May morning: having as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a Morris for May-day."

We are authorized by the poets, Ben Jonson and Drayton, to call some of the representations on my window Morris Dancers, though I am uncertain whether it exhibits one Moorish perfonage; as none of them have black or tawny faces, nor do they brandish swords or staves in their hands, nor are they in their shirts adom-

* It is evident from several authors, that Maid Marian's part was frequently performed by a young woman, and often by one, as I think, of unfilled reputation. Our Marian's deportment is decent and graceful.

† Twelfth Night, act iii. sc. 4. All's Well that ends Well, act ii, sc. 2.

‡ In the Morisco the dancers held swords in their hands with the points upward, says Dr. Johnson's note in Antony and Cleopatra, act iii. sc. 9. The Goths did the same in their military dance, says Olavo Magnus, lib. xv. c. 23. Haydocks's translation of Lomazzo on Painting, 1598, book ii. p. 54, says: "There are other actions of dancing used, as of those who are represented with weapons in their hands going round in a ring, capering skillfully, sharking their staves after the manner of the Morris, with divers actions of meeting, &c." "'Others hanging Morris bells upon their ankles."

ed
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ed with ribbons. We find in *Olaus Magnus*, that the northern nations danced with braids bells about their knees, and such we have upon several of these figures, who may perhaps be the original English performers in a May-game before the introduction of the real Morris dance. However this may be, the window exhibits a favourite diversion of our ancestors in all its principal parts. I shall endeavour to explain some of the characters, and in compliment to the lady I will begin the description with the front rank, in which she is flationed. I am fortunate enough to have Mr. Steevens think with me, that figure 1 may be designed for the Bavian fool, or the fool with the flabbering bib, as Bavon in Cotgrave’s *French Dictionary*, means a bib for a flabbering child; and this figure has such a bib, and a childish simplicity in his countenance. Mr. Steevens refers to a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher’s play of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by which it appears that the Bavian in the Morris dance was a tumbler, and mimicked the barking of a dog. I apprehend that several of the Morris dancers on my window tumbled occasionally, and exerted the chief feat of their activity, when they were aside the May-pole; and I apprehend the jigs, horn-pipes, and the hay, were their chief dances.

It will certainly be tedious to describe the colours of the dresses, but the task is attempted upon an intimation, that it might not be altogether unacceptable. The Bavian’s cap is red, faced with yellow, his bib yellow, his doublet blue, his hose red, and his shoes black.

Figure 2 is the celebrated Maid Marian, who, as queen of May, has a golden crown on her head, and in her left hand a flower, as the emblem of summer. The flower seems designed for a red pink, but the pointals are omitted by the engraver, who copied from a drawing with the like mistake. *Olaus Magnus* mentions the artificial raising of flowers for the celebration of May-day; and the supposition of the like practice here will account for the queen of May having in her hand any particular flower before the season of its natural production in this climate. Her vesture was once fashionable in the highest degree. It was anciently the custom for maiden ladies to wear their hair 1 dishevelled at their coronations, their nuptials, and perhaps on all splendid solemnities. Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII., was married to James, king of Scotland, with the crown upon her head: her hair hang-

* Markham’s translation of Herefrock’s Husbandry, 1631, observes, “that gilliflowers, set in pots and carried into vaults or cellars, have flowered all the winter long, through the warmest of the days.*

† Leland’s *Collectanea*, 1770, vol. iv. p. 319, 393. vol. v. p. 332. and Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 381, 931; and see Capilli in Spelman’s *Biogary*.
First Part of

ing down. Betwixt the crown and the hair was a very rich coif hanging down behind the whole length of the body.—This single example sufficiently explains the drefs of Marian’s head. Her coif is purple, her furcoat blue, her cuffs white, the skirts of her robe yellow, the sleeves of a carnation colour, and her stomacher red with a yellow lace in cross bars. In Shakspeare’s play of Henry VIII. Anne Bullen at her coronation is in her hair, or as Holinshed says, “her hair hanged down,” but on her head she had a coif with a circlet about it full of rich stones.

Figure 3 is a friar in the full clerical tonsure, with the chaplet of white and red beads in his right hand; and, expressive of his professed humility, his eyes are cast upon the ground. His corded girdle, and his ruffet habit, denote him to be of the Franciscan order, or one of the grey friars, as they were commonly called from the colour of their apparel, which was a ruffet or a brown ruffet, as Holinshed, 1586, vol. iii. p. 780, observes. The mixture of colours in his habit may be resembled to a grey cloud, faintly tinged with red by the beams of the rising sun, and streaked with black; and such perhaps was Shakspeare’s Aurora, or “the morn in ruffet mantle clad.” Hamlet, act i. sc. 1. The friar’s stockings are red, his red girdle is ornamented with a golden twist, and with a golden taffet. At his girdle hangs a wallet for the reception of provision, the only revenue of the mendicant orders of religious, who were named Wallteers or budget-beares. It was * customary in former times for the priest and people in procession to go to some adjoining wood on May-day morning, and return in a sort of triumph with a May-pole, boughs, flowers, garlands, and such like tokens of the spring; and as the grey friars were held in very great esteem, perhaps on this occasion their attendance was frequently requested. Most of Shakspeare’s friars are Franciscans. Mr. Steevens ingeniously suggests, that as Marian was the name of Robin Hood’s beloved mistrefs, and as she was the queen of May, the Morris friar was designed for friar Tuck, chaplain to Robin Huid, king of May, as Robin Hood is styled in sir David Dalrymple’s extracts from the book of the Universal Kirk, in the year 1576.

Figure 4 has been taken to be Marian’s gentleman-usher. Mr. Steevens considers him as Marian’s paramour, who in delicacy appears uncovered before her; and as it was a custom for betrothed persons to wear some mark for a token of their mutual engagement, he thinks that the cross-shaped flower on the head of this figure, and the flower in Marian’s hand, denote their espousals or contract. Spenfer’s Shepherd’s Calendar, April, specifies the

* See Maii inducilio in Cowel’s Law Dictionary. When the parish priests were inhibited by the diocesan to assist in the May games, the Franciscans might give attendance, as being exempted from episcopal jurisdiction.
flowers worn of paramours to be the pink, the purple columbine' 
gillflowers, carnations, and fops in wine. I suppose the flower 
in Marian's hand to be a pink, and this to be a stock-gillflower, 
or the Helecris, dame's violer, or queen's gillflower; but perhaps 
it may be designated for an ornamental ribbon. An eminent bot " 
atanist apprehends the flower upon the man’s head to be an Epime 
dium. Many particulars of this figure resemble AbsoIon, the 
parish clerk in Chaucer's Miller’s Tale, such as his curled and golden 
hair, his kirtle of watchet, his red hose, and Paul's windows corvin 
on his shoes, that is, his shoes pinked and cut into holes like the 
windows of St. Paul's ancient church. My window plainly exhib 
ts upon his right thigh a yellow scrip or pouch, in which he 
might, as treasurer to the company, put the collected pence, which 
he might receive, though the cordelier must, by the rules of his 
order, carry no money about him. If this figure should not be 
allowed to be a parish clerk, I incline to call him Hocus Pocus, or 
some juggler attendant upon the master of the hobby-horse, as 
“ faire de tours de (jouer de la) gibeicier,” in Boyer’s French 
Dictionary, signifies to play tricks by virtue of Hocus Pocus. His 
red somacher has a yellow lace, and his shoes are yellow. Ben 
Jonson mentions “ Hokos Pokos in a juggler’s jerkin,” which 
 Skinner derives from kirtlekin; that is, a short kirtle, and such 
seems to be the coat of this figure.

Figure 5 is the famous hobby-horse, who was often forgotten 
or dulled in the Morris dance, even after Maid Marian, the friar, 
and the fool, were continued in it, as is intimated in Ben * Jonson’s 
masque of the Metamorphosed Gipsies, and in his Entertainment of 
The Queen and Prince at Althorp. Our hobby is a spirited horse 
of plateboard in which the master 4 dances, and displays tricks of 
legerdemain, such as the threading of the needle, the mimicking 
of the whig-hie, and the daggers in the nose, &c. as Ben Jon 
son, edit. 1756, vol. i. p. 171, acquaints us, and thereby explains 
the swords in the man’s checks. What is stuck in the horse’s 
mouth I apprehend to be a ladle ornamented with a ribbon. Its 

Vol. vi. p. 91, of Whalley’s edition, 1756:

“Geo. They should be Morris dancers by their gingle, but they 
have no napkins.

“Geo. No, nor a hobby-horse.

“Geo. Oh, he’s often forgotten, that’s no rule; but there is no 
Maid Marian nor friar amongst them, which is the linker mark.”

Vol. V. p. 211:

“ But see, the hobby-horse is forgot.

“ Fool, it must be your lot,

“ To supply his want with faces,

“ And some other buffoon graces.”

† Dr. Plot’s History of Staffordshire, p. 434, mentions a dance by a 
hobby-horse and six others.

G. G. 3
use was to receive the spectators' pecuniary donations. The crimson foot-cloth, fretted with gold, the golden bit, the purple bridle with a golden tassell, and studded with gold; the man's purple mantle with a golden border, which is latticed with purple, his golden crown, purple cap with a red feather, and with a golden knob, induce me to think him to be the king of May; though he now appears as a juggler and a buffoon. We are to recollect the simplicity of ancient times, which knew not polite literature, and delighted in jesters, tumblers, jugglers, and pantomimes. The emperor Lewis the Debonair not only lent for such actors upon great festivals, but out of complaisance to the people was obliged to afflict at their plays, though he was averse to publick shows. Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Kenelworth with Italian tumblers, Morris dancers, &c. The colour of the hobby-horse is a reddish white, like the beautiful blossom of a peach-tree. The man's coat or doublet is the only one upon the window that has buttons upon it, and the right side of it is yellow, and the left red. Such a particoloured* jacket, and hose in the like manner, were occasionally fashionable from Chaucer's days to Ben Jonson's, who, in Epigram 73, speaks of a "partie-per-pole picture, one half drawn in solemn Cyprus, the other cobweb lawn."

Figure 6 seems to be a clown, peasant, or yeoman, by his brown visage, notted hair, and robust limbs. In Beaumont's and Fletcher's play of The Two Noble Kinsmen, a clown is placed next to the Bavian fool in the Morris dance; and this figure is next to him on the file or in the downward line. His bonnet is red, faced with yellow, his jacket red, his sleeves yellow, striped across or rayed with red, the upper part of his hose is like the sleeves, and the lower part is a coarse deep purple, his shoes red.

Figure 7, by the superior neatness of his dress may be a franklin or a gentleman of fortune. His hair is curled, his bonnet purple, his doublet red with gathered sleeves, and his yellow stomacher is laced with red. His hose red, striped across or rayed with a whitish brown, and spotted brown. His codpiece is yellow, and so are his shoes.

Figure 8, the May-pole is painted yellow and black in spiral lines. Spelman's Glossary mentions the custom of erecting a tall May-pole painted with various colours. Shakspere, in the play of A Midsummer Night's Dream, act iii. sc. 2, speaks of a painted May-pole. Upon our pole are displayed St. George's

† So, in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, the yeoman is thus described: "A nott hede haue he, with a brown visage."

Again, in the Widow's Tears; by Chapman, 1612: "--your notheaded country gentleman."
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The cross or the banner of England, and a white pennon or streamer emblazoned with a red cross terminating like the blade of a sword, but the delineation thereof is much faded. It is plain however from an inspection of the window, that the upright line of the cross, which is disfigured in the engraving, should be continuous. Keyser, in p. 78, of his *Northern and Celtic Antiquities*, gives us perhaps the original of May-poles; and that the French used to erect them appears also from Mezeray’s *History of their King Henry IV.* and from a passage in Stowe’s *Chronicle* in the year 1566. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton acquaint us that the May-games, and particularly some of the characters in them became exceptionable to the puritanical humour of former times. By an ordinance of the Rump Parliament in April, 1644, all May-poles were taken down and removed by the constables and church-wardens, &c. After the Restoration they were permitted to be erected again. I apprehend they are now generally unregarded and unfrequented, but we still on May day adorn our doors in the country with flowers and the boughs of birch, which tree was especially honoured on the same festival by our Gothic ancestors.

To prove figure 9 to be Tom the Piper, Mr. Steevens has very happily quoted these lines from Drayton’s third Eclogue:

“Myself above Tom Piper to advance,
Who so beffirs him in the Morris dance
For penny wage.”

His tabour, tabour staff, and pipe, attest his profession; the feather in his cap, his sword, and silver-inlaid shield, may denote him to be a squire minstrel; or a minstrel of the superior orders. Chaucer, 1721, p. 181, says: “Minstrels use a red hat.” Tom Piper’s bonnet is red, faced or turned up with yellow his doublet blue, the sleeves blue; turned up with yellow, something like red mufflers at his wrists, over his doublet is a red garment, like a short cloak with arm holes, and with a yellow cape, his hose red, and garnished across and perpendicularly on the thighs, with a narrow yellow lace. This ornamental trimming seems to be called gimp-thigh’d in Grey’s edition of *Butler’s Hudibras*; and something almost similar occurs in *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, act iv. sc. 2.

† St. James was the apostle and patron of Spain, and the knights of his order were the most honourable there; and the ensign that they wore, was white, charged with a red cross in the form of a sword. The pennon or streamer upon the May-pole seems to contain such a cross. If this conjecture be admitted, we have the banner of England and the ensign of Spain upon the May-pole; and perhaps from this circumstance we may infer that the glass was painted during the marriage of King Henry VIII. and Katharine of Spain. For an account of the ensign of the knights of St. James, see Ashmole’s *Hist. of the Order of the Garter*, and Marianna’s *Hist. of Spain.*

G g 4 where
where the poet mentions, "Rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hoie." His shoes are brown.

Figures io and ii have been thought to be Flemings or Spaniards, and the latter a Morisco. The bonnet of figure io is red, turned up with blue, his jacket red with red sleeves down the arms, his stomacher white with a red-lace, his hose yellow, striped across or rayed with blue, and spotted blue, the under part of his hose blue, his shoes are pindled, and they are of a light colour. I am at a loss to name the pennant-like slips waving from his shoulders, but I will venture to call them sife-sleeves or long sleeves, slit into two or three parts. The poet Hoccleve, or Ocelcle, about the reign of Richard the Second, or of Henry the Fourth, mentions sife-sleeves of pennyless grooms, which swept the ground; and do not the two following quotations infer the use or fashion of two pair of sleeves upon one gown or doublet? It is asked in the appendix to Bulwer's Artificial Changeling: "What use is there of any other than arming sleeves, which answer the proportion of the arm?" In Much Ado about Nothing, act iii. sc. 4, a lady's gown is described with down-sleeves, and sife-sleeves, that is, as I conceive it, with sleeves down the arms, and with another pair of sleeves, slit open before from the shoulder to the bottom or almost to the bottom, and by this means unfurthained by the arms and hanging down by her sides to the ground or as low as her gown. If such sleeves were slit downwards into four parts, they would be quartered; and Holinshed says: "that at a royal mummary, Henry VIII. and fifteen others appeared in Almain jackets, with long quartered sleeves;" and I consider the bipartite or tripartite sleeves of figures io and ii as only a small variation of that fashion. Mr. Steevens thinks the winged sleeves of figures io and ii are alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher in the Pilgrim:

"That fairy rogue that haunted me

He has sleeves like dragon's wings."

And he thinks that from these perhaps the fluttering streamers of the present Morris dancers in Sufex may be derived. Markham's Art of Angling, 1635, orders the angler's apparel to be "without hanging sleeves, waving loose, like fails."

Figure ii has upon his head a silver coronet, a purple cap with a red feather, and with a golden knop. In my opinion he personates a nobleman, for I incline to think that various ranks of life were meant to be represented upon my window. He has a post of honour, or, "a station in the valued file, which here seems to be the middle row, and which according to my conjecture comprehends the queen, the king, the May-pole, and the nobleman.

* The right hand file is the first in dignity and account, or in degree of value, according to count Mansfield's Directions of War, 1624.
The golden crown upon the head of the master of the hobby-horse denotes pre-eminence of rank over figure 11, not only by the greater value of the metal, but by the superior number of points raised upon it. The shoes are blackish, the hose red, striped across or rayed with brown or with a darker red, his cod-piece yellow, his doublet yellow, with yellow side-sleeves, and red arming sleeves, or down-sleeves. The form of his doublet is remarkable. There is great variety in the dresses and attitudes of the Morris dancers on the window, but an ocular observation will give a more accurate idea of this and of other particulars than a verbal description.

Figure 12 is the counterfeit fool, that was kept in the royal palace, and in all great houses, to make sport for the family. He appears with all the badges of his office; the bauble in his hand, and a coxcomb hood with affes ears on his head. The top of the hood rises into the form of a cock’s neck and head, with a bell at the latter; and Minshew’s Dictionary, 1627, under the word cock’s comb, observes, that “natural idiots and fools have [accustomed] and still do accustom themselves to wear in their cappes coke’s feathers or a hat with a necke and a head of a cocke on the top, and a bell thereon, &c.” His hood is blue, guarded or edged with yellow at its scalloped bottom, his doublet is red, striped across or rayed with a deeper red, and edged with yellow, his girdle yellow, his left side hose yellow, with a red shoe, and his right side hose blue, foiled with red leather. Stowe’s Chronicle, 1614, p. 899, mentions a pair of cloth-frockings soled with white leather called “cafhambles,” that is, “Chausfes femelles de cuir,” as Mr. Anstis, on the Knighthood of the Bath, observes. The fool’s bauble and the carved head with affes ears upon it are all yellow. There is in Olins Magnus, 1555, p. 524, a delineation of a fool, or jeffer, with several bells upon his habit, with a bauble in his hand, and he has on his head a hood with affes ears, a feather, and the resemblance of the comb of a cock. Such jeffers seem to have been formerly much cared for by the northern nations, especially in the court of Denmark; and perhaps our ancient joculator regis might mean such a person.

A gentleman of the highest class in historical literature apprehends, that the representation upon my window is that of a Morris dance procession about a May-pole; and he inclines to think, yet with many doubts of its propriety in a modern painting, that the personages in it rank in the bouffrophedon form. By this arrangement, says he, the piece seems to form a regular whole, and the train is begun and ended by a fool in the following man-

† The ancient kings of France wore gilded helmets; the dukes and counts wore silvered ones. See Selden’s Titles of Honour for the raised points of Coronets.
ner: figure 12 is the well-known fool; figure 11 is a Morisco, and figure 10 a Spaniard, persons peculiarly pertinent to the Morris dance; and he remarks that the Spaniard obviously forms a sort of middle term betwixt the Moorish and the English characters, having the great fantastical sleeve of the one, and the laced stomacher of the other. Figure 9 is Tom the Piper. Figure 8 the Maypole. Then follow the English characters, representing, as he apprehends, the five great ranks of civil life; figure 7 is the franklin or private gentleman. Figure 6 is a plain churl or villain. He takes figure 5, the man within the hobby-horse, to be perhaps a Moorish king, and from many circumstances of superior grandeur plainly pointed out as the greatest personage of the piece, the monarch of the May, and the intended comfort of our English Maid Marian. Figure 4 is a nobleman. Figure 3 the friar, representative of all the clergy. Figure 2 is Maid Marian, queen of May. Figure 1, the lefter fool closes the rear.

My description commences where this concludes, or I have reverted this gentleman’s arrangement, by which in either way the train begins and ends with a fool; but I will not affer that such a disposition was designedly observed by the painter.

With regard to the antiquity of the painted glas there is no memorial or traditional account transmitted to us; nor is there any date in the room but this, 1621, which is over a door, and which indicates in my opinion the year of building the house. The book of *Sports, or lawful Recreations upon Sunday after Evening-prayer, and upon Holy-days*, published by King James in 1618, allowed May-games, Morris dances, and the setting up of May-poles; and, as Ben Jonson’s Muses of the *Metamorphosed Gypsies* intimates, that Maid Marian, and the friar, together with the often forgotten hobby-horse, were sometimes continued in the Morris dance as late as the year 1621, I once thought that the glasses might be stained about that time; but my present objections to this are the following ones. It seems from the prelude to the play of *Henry VIII.* that Shakspere’s fools should be dressed “in a long motley coat, guarded with yellow;” but the fool upon my window is not so habited; and he has upon his head a hood, which I apprehend might be the coverture of the fool’s head before the days of Shakspere, when it was a cap with a comb like a cock’s, as both Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnston assert, and they seem justified in doing so from King Lear’s fool giving Kent his cap, and calling it his coxcomb. I am uncertain, whether any judgment can be formed from the manner of spelling the inscribed inscription upon the May-pole, upon which is displayed the old banner of England, and not the union flag of Great Britain, or St. George’s red cross and St. Andrew’s white cross joined together, which was ordered by King James in 1606, as Stowe’s *Chronicle* certifies. Only one of the doublets has buttons, which I conceive were common in Queen Elizabeth’s reign; nor have any
any of the figures ruffs, which fashion commenced in the latter
days of Henry VIII. and from their want of beards also I am
inclined to suppose they were delineated before the year 1535.
when king "Henry VIII. commanded all about his court to poll
their heads, and caused his own to be polled, and his beard to be
noted, and no more shaven." Probably the glass was painted in
his youthful days, when he delighted in May-games, unless it
may be judged to be of much higher antiquity by almost two cen-
turies.

Such are my conjectures upon a subject of much obscurity; but
it is high time to resign it to one more conversant with the history
of our ancient dress. TolleT.
HENRY IV.

PART II.
INDUCTION.

1 Enter Rumour, 2 painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; For which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?

1 Enter Rumour, 2 This speech of Rumour is not inelegant
or unpicturesque, but is wholly useless, since we are told nothing
which the first scene does not clearly and naturally discover. The
only end of such prologues is to inform the audience of some facts
previous to the action, of which they can have no knowledge from
the persons of the drama. JOHNSON.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.] This the author proba-
bly drew from Holinshed's Description of a Pageant, exhibited in
the court of Henry VIII. with uncommon cost and magnificence:
"Then entered a person called Report, appareled in crimson fust-
in, full of tongues, or chronicles." Vol. iii. p. 865. This
however might be the common way of representing this personage
in masques, which were frequent in his own times. WARTON.

Stephen Hawes, in his Pageine of Pleasure, had long ago ex-
hibited her (Rumour) in the same manner;

"A goodly lady, environed about
With tongues of fire.

And so had Sir Thomas Moore, in one of his Pageants:

"Fame I am called, merveyle you nothing
Thought with tongues I am compassed all arounde."

Not to mention her elaborate portrait by Chaucer, in The Booke
of Fame; and by John Higgins, one of the affiants in The Mir-
ror for Magistrates, in his Legend of King Albaniæ. FARMER.

In a masque prefixed on St. Stephen's night, 1614, by Thomas
Campion, Rumour comes on in a skin-coat full of winged tongues.
Rumor is likewise a character in Sir Glynnon Knight of the Golden
Shield &c. 1559.

So also, in The whole magnificent Entertainment given to King
James, Queene his Wife, &c. &c. 15th March 1603, by Thomas
Decker, 4to. 1604. "Directly under her in a cart by herself,
Fame stood upright: a woman in a watchet robe, thickly set
with open eyes and tongues, a payre of large golden winges at her
backe, a trumpet in her hand, a mantle ofundry cullours trav-
ering her body: all these ensignes displaying but the propertie
of her swiftnesse and apathe to disperse Rumour." STEEVENS.

I, from
INDUCTION.

I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual flanders ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful mutters, and prepar'd defence;
Whilst the big year, swoll'n with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by furtives, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before king Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion.
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;

3 —— painted full of tongues. J This direction, which is only to be found in the first edition in quarto of 1605, explains a passage in what follows, otherwise obscure. Pope.

4 —— I, from the orient to the drooping west. J A passage in Macbeth will best explain the force of this epithet:

"Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
"And night's black agents to their preys do route."

Malone.

5 —— Rumour is a pipe. J Here the poet imagines himself describing Rumour, and forgets that Rumour is the speaker.

Johnson.

And
And that the king before the Douglas’ rage
Stoop’d his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour’d through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur’s father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the pofts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn’d of me; From Rumour’s tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.  

And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone.] Northumberland
had retired and fortified himself in his castle, a place of strength
in those times, though the building might be impaired by its antiquity; and, therefore, I believe our poet wrote:

And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone. Theobald.
Theobald is certainly right. So, in The Wars of Cyrus &c. 1594:

"Befieg’d his fortress with his men at arms,
"Where only I and that Libanio stay’d
"By whom I live. For when the bold was lost &c."

Again, in K. Henry VI. P. III:

"She is hard by with twenty thousand men,
"And therefore fortify your bold, my lord."

[Exit.
Persons Represented.

King Henry the Fourth.
Henry, Prince of Wales, afterwards King,
John, duke of Bedford,
Humphrey, duke of Gloster,
Thomas, duke of Clarence,
Earl of Northumberland,
Scroop, Archbishop of York,
Lord Mowbray,
Lord Hastings,
Lord Bardolph,
Sir John Colevile,
Travers,
Morton,
Earl of Warwick,
Earl of Westmoreland,
Gower,
Harcourt,
Lord Chief Justice,
Falstaff, Poins, Bardolph, Pistol, Peto, and Page.
Shallow, and Silence, country justices.
Davy, servant to Shallow.
Phang and Snare, two sergeants.
Mouldy,
Shadow,
Wart,
Feeble,
Bullcalf,

Lady Northumberland.
Lady Percy.
Hoffets Quickly.
Doll Tear-sheet.

Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE, England.
SECOND PART OF
HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Northumberland's castle, at Warkworth.

The Porter at the gate; Enter lord Bardolph.

Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

1 Second Part of Henry IV.] The transactions comprised in this history take up about nine years. The action commences with the account of Hotspur's being defeated and killed; and closes with the death of king Henry IV. and the coronation of king Henry V.

Theobald.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, August 23, 1600.

Steevens.

Mr. Upton thinks these two plays improperly called The First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth. The first play ends, he says, with the peaceful settlement of Henry in the kingdom by the defeat of the rebels. This is hardly true; for the rebels are not yet finally suppressed. The second, he tells us, shews Henry the Fifth in the various lights of a good-natured rake, till, on his father's death, he assumes a more manly character. This is true; but this representation gives us no idea of a dramatic action. These two plays will appear to every reader, who shall peruse them without ambition of critical discoveries, to be so connected, that the second is merely a sequel to the first; to be two only because they are too long to be one.

Johnson.

H h 2

Port.
SECOND PART OF

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here comes the earl.
North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.
Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.
North. Good, an heaven will!
Bard. As good as heart can wish:—
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,
And Welsmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk fir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, 'till now, to dignify the times,
Since Caesar's fortunes!
North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?
Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence;
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.
North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.
Bard. My lord, I over-rod him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.
Enter Travers.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Tra. My lord, sir John Umfrevalye turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him, came, spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloody'd horse:
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that rebellion, had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel head; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way.

Staying

2 — forspent with speed,] To forspent is to waste, to exhaust.
So, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of Lucan, b. vii:

" — crabbed fires forspent with age." Steevens.

3 — armed heels] Thus the quarto 1600. The folio 1623,
reads able heels; the modern editors, without authority, agile heels.

Steevens.

4 — poor jade] Poor jade is used not in contempt, but in
compassion. Poor jade means the horse wearied with his journey.
Jade, however, seems anciently to have signified what we now
call a backney; a beast employed in drudgery, opposed to a horse
kept for show, or to be rid by its matter. So, in a comedy called
A Knack to know a Knave, 1594:

"Besides, I'll give you the keeping of a dozen jades,
And now and then meat for you and your horse."
This is said by a farmer to a courtier. Steevens.

5 — rowel-head; — —] I think that I have observed in old
prints the rowel of those times to have been only a single spike.

Johnson.

6 He seem'd in running to devour the way,] So, in The Book of
Job, chap. xxxix: "He swallowed up the ground in fierceness and
rage." The same expression occurs in Ben Jonson's Sejanus:

"But with that speed and heat of appetite
"With which they greedily devour the way
"To some great sports." Steevens.
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha!—Again.

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold? Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion Had met ill-luck?

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;— If my young lord your son have not the day, Upon mine honour, for a "filken point I'll give my bailony: never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode by Travers,

Give then such instances of loss?

Bard. Who, he?

He was a some hilding fellow, that had stol'n The horse he rode on; and, upon my life, Spoke at adventure. Look, here comes more news,

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, 'like to a title-leaf, Foretells the nature of a tragick volume:

So, in the line quoted by Sir William Blackstone in Nemesian:

"—latumque fuga confumere campum." Malone.

7 Of Hotspur, coldspur?—] Hotspur seems to have been a very common term for a man of vehemence and precipitation. Stanyhurst, who translated four books of Virgil, in 1584, renders the following line:

Nec victor is heri tetigit captiva cubile,

"To couch not-mounting of master vanquisher hotspur."

Steevens.

6 —filken point] A point is a string tagged, or lace.

Johnson.

9 —some hilding fellow,—] For hilderling, i. e. base, degenerate. Pope.

Hilderling, Degener vox adhuc agro Devon. familiaris. Spelman. Editor.

1 —like to a title-leaf,—] It may not be amiss to observe, that in the time of our poet, the title-page to an elegy, as well as every intermediate leaf, was totally black. I have several in my possession, written by Chapman the translator of Homer, and ornamented in this manner. Steevens.
So looks the strong, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.—
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mort. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is after than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woebegone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report it.
This wouldst thou say,—Your son did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou haft a sight to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mort. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet:
But for my lord your son,—

2—so woebegone.] This word was common enough amongst
the old Scotch and English poets, as G. Douglas, Chaucer, lord
Buckhurst, Fairfax; and signifies, far gone in woe.

WARBURTON.

So, in the Spanish Tragedy:
"Awake, revenge, or we are woebegone!"
Again, in Aiden of Frewsham, 1592:
"So woebegone, so inly charg'd with woe."
Again, in a Looking glass for London and England, 1677:
"Fair Alvida, look not to woebegone."

Dr. Bentley is said to have thought this passage corrupt, and therefore (with a greater degree of gravity than my readers will probably express) proposed the following emendation:
"So dead so dull in look, Uealegon
Drew Priam's curtain &c."
The name of Uealegon is found in the third book of the Iliad, and
the second of the Aenid. STEEVENS.
SECOND PART OF

North. Why, he is dead.
See, what a ready tongue suspcion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others’ eyes,
That which he fear’d is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mort. You are too great to be by me gainfaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy’s dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak’st thy head; and hold’st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:

3 Your spirit——] The impression upon your mind, by which you conceive the death of your son. Johnson.

4 Yet, for all this, say not &c.] The contradiction in the first part of this speech might be imputed to the distraction of Northumberland’s mind: but the calmness of the reflection, contained in the last lines, seems not much to countenance such a supposition. I will venture to distribute this passage in a manner which will, I hope, seem more commodious; but do not with the reader to forget, that the most commodious is not always the true reading:

Bard. Yet for all this, say not that Percy’s dead.
North. I see a strange confession in thine eye,
Thou shak’st thy head, and hold’st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so.
The tongue offends not, that reports his death;
And he doth sin, that doth believe the dead.
Not he that saith the dead is not alive.

Morton. Tis the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a fallen bell,
Remember’d knolling a departing friend.
Here is a natural interposition of Bardolph at the beginning, who is not pleased to hear his news confuted, and a proper preparation of Morton for the tale which he is unwilling to tell. Johnson.

5 ——hold’st it fear, or sin,] Fear for danger. Warburton.

6 If he be slain, say so:] The words say so are in the first folio, but not in the quarto: they are necessary to the verse, but the sense proceeds as well without them. Johnson.

The
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a fallen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mort. I am sorry, I should force you to believe
That, which I would to heaven I had not seen:
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rending faint quittance, wearied and our-breath'd,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops:
For from his metal was his party steel'd;

Which

7 Sounds ever after as a fallen bell—] So, in our author's
7th Sonnet:

"— you shall hear the furiy fallen bell
  "Give warning to the world that I am fled."
This significant epithet has been adopted by Milton:
  "I hear the far-off curfew sound,
  "Over some wide water'd shore
  "Swinging slow with fallen roar." MALONE.
8 faint quittance, —] quittance is return. By faint
quittance is meant a faint return of blows. So, in another play:
  "We shall forget the office of our hand
  "Sooner than quittance of defect and merit." STEEVENS.
9 For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, ——]
The word metal is one of those hacknied metaphorical terms,
which refumes too much of a literal sense as not to need the idea
(from whence the figure is taken) to be kept up. So that it may
with elegance enough be said, his metal was abated, as well as his
courage was abated. See what is said on this subject in Love's Labour's Lost, act v. But when the writer shows, as here, both
before and after:

"——bis
SECOND PART OF

Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field: Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times flain the appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame

"——his party feel'd——"
"Turn'd on themselves like dull and heavy lead,"
that his intention was not to drop the idea from whence he took his metaphor, then he cannot say with propriety and elegance, his metal was abated; because what he predicates of metal, must be then conveyed in a term conformable to the metaphor. Hence I conclude that Shakspere wrote:

Which once in him rebated——i. e. blunted.

WARBURTON.

Here is a great effort to produce little effect. The commentator does not seem fully to understand the word abated, which is not here put for the general idea of diminished, nor for the notion of blunted, as applied to a single edge. Abated means reduced to a lower temper; or, as the workmen call it, let down. JOHNSON.

'Gan vail his stomachs,——] Began to fall his courage, to let his spirits sink under his fortune. JOHNSON.

This phrase has already appeared in The Taming of the Shrew
vol. iii. p. 552:

"Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your husband's foot."

EDITOR.

Thus, to vail the bonnet is to pull it off. So, in the Pinner
of Wakefield, 1599:

"And make the king vail bonnet to us both."

To vail a staff is to let it fall in token of respect. Thus, in the same play:

"And for the ancient custom of vail-staff;
"Keep it still; claim privilege from me:
"If any ask a reason, why? or how?
"Say English Edward vail'd his staff to you." See

vol. iii. p. 143. STEEVENS.
Of those that turn'd their backs; and, in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is,—that the king hath won; and hath sent out
A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Welfmoreland: this is the news at full,

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weakens'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, 'buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms: even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with grief,

Are

1 —buckle—] Bend; yield to pressure. Johnson.
2 — even so my limbs

Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with grief,
Are thrice themselves:]

Northumberland is here comparing himself to a person, who,
Though his joints are weakened by a bodily disorder, derives
strength from the discomfiture of the mind. I therefore suspect that
Shakespeare wrote:

Weaken'd with age—
or perhaps,

Weaken'd with pain—
The following line seems to confirm this conjecture:

"—hence therefore thou nice crutch!"

The crutch was used to aid the infirmity of limbs weakened by
age or discomfiture, not by grief.

When a word is repeated, without propriety, in the same or two
 succeeding lines, there is great reason to suspect some corruption.
Thus, in this scene, in the first folio, we meet "able heels,"
instead of "armed heels," in consequence of the word able hav-
 ing occurred in the preceding line. So, in Hamlet:

"Thy news shall be the news, &c."

instead of

"Thy news shall be the fruit—"

Again, in Macbeth:

"Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace;"

instead of

"Whom we to gain our place, &c."

The
SECOND PART OF
Are thrice themselves: hence therefore, thou nice crutch;
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif;
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesh’d with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The rugged’st hour that time and spight dare bring,
To frown upon the enrag’d Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not nature’s hand
Keep the wild flood confin’d! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Bard. * This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord:

Sweet

The mistake, I imagine, happened here in the same manner.

MALONE.

Grief in ancient language signifies bodily pain as well as sorrow.
So, in a bl. I. Treatise of sundrie Disgraces, &c. by T. T. 1591:
“—he being at that time griped fore and having grief in his
lower bellic. Dolor ventris is by our old writers frequently trans-
lated grief of the guts.” I perceive no need of alteration.

STEEVENS.

* The rugged’st hour, &c.] The old edition:
The rugged’st hour that time and spight dare bring
To frown, &c.

There is no conformance of metaphors betwixt rugged and frown; nor, indeed, any dignity in the image. On both accounts, there-
fore, I suspect our author wrote, as I have reformed the text:
The rugged’st hour, &c. THEOBALD.

3 And darkness, &c.] The conclusion of this noble speech is
extremely striking. There is no need to suppose it exactly phi-
losophical; darkness in poetry, may be absence of eyes, as well
as privation of light. Yet we may remark, that by an ancient
opinion it has been held, that if the human race, for whom the
world was made, were extirpated, the whole system of sublunary
nature would cease. JOHNSON.

* This strained passion, &c.] This line in only in the first edition, where
Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
6 You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,--
Let us make head. It was your presurmise,
That, in the dole of blows 6 your son might drop:
8 You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
9 You were advis'd his flesh was capable
Of wounds, and scars; and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd:
Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this,

where it is spoken by Umfrevide, who speaks no where else. It
seems necessary to the connection. Pope.

Umfrevide is spoken of in this very scene as absent; the line
was therefore properly allotted to Bardolph, or perhaps might yet
more properly be given to Travers, who is present, and yet is made
to say nothing on this very interesting occasion. Steevens.

5 You cast the event of war, &c.] The fourteen lines from hence
to Bardolph's next speech, are not to be found in the first editions
till that in folio of 1623. A very great number of other lines in
this play are inferred after the first edition in like manner, but of
such spirit and mastery generally, that the insertions are plainly
by Shakspere himself. Pope.

To this note I have nothing to add, but that the editor speaks
of more editions than I believe him to have seen, there having
been but one edition yet discovered by me that precedes the first
folio. Johnson.

6— in the dole of blows ——] The dole of blows is the distri-
bution of blows. Dole originally signified the portion of alms
(confessing either of meat or money) that was given away at the
door of a nobleman. See p. 323. Steevens.

8 You knew, &c.] This declaration of Morton, corresponds with
Worcester's idea of the insurrection when he first suggested it to

9 You were advis'd his flesh was capable——] i. e. you knew;
for such was the ancient signification of this word. So, in The Two
Gentlemen of Verona:

"How shall I deal o'er her with more advice——"
i. e. on further knowledge. See vol. i. p. 176. Malone.

Though
SECOND PART OF

Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action: What hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
Knew that we ventur’d on such dangerous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, ’twas ten to one:
And yet we ventur’d, for the gain propos’d
Choak’d the respect of likely peril fear’d;
And, since we are o’erbet, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

Mort. ’Tis more than time: And, my most noble
lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,—

The gentle archbishop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers; he is a man,
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corps,
But shadows, and the shews of men, to fight:
For that fame word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain’d,
As men drink potions; that their weapons only
Seem’d on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
This word rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond: But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Suppos’d sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He’s follow’d both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king Richard, scrap’d from Pomfret stones:
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;

1 Tell them, he doth bestride a bleeding land.] That is, stands
2 over his country to defend her as she lies bleeding on the

Gasping

1 *The gentle, &c.*] These one-and-twenty lines were added since the first edition. JOHNSON.
2 *Tell them, he doth bestride a bleeding land.*] That is, stands over his country to defend her as she lies bleeding on the

Ground
Gasp ing for life under great Bolingbroke;  
And more, and less, do flock to follow him.  

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth, 
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind. 
Go in with me; and counsel every man 
The aptest way for safety, and revenge: 
Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed; 
Never so few, and never yet more need.  
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A street in London.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, with his page bearing his sword  
and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant! what says the doctor to 
my water?

ground. So Falstaff before says to the prince, If thou see me 
down, Hal, and bestride me, so; it is an office of friendship.  

JOHNSON.

And more, and less,—] More and less means greater and less.  

STEEVENS.

[what says the doct er to my water?] The method of in-
v estigating diseases by the inspection of urine only, was once so 
much the fashion, that Linacre, the founder of the College of 
Physicians, formed a statute to restrain apothecaries from carrying 
the water of their patients to a doctor, and afterwards giving me-
dicines in consequence of the opinions they received concerning 
it. This statute was, soon after, followed by another, which 
forbade the doctors themselves to pronounce on any disorder from 
such an uncertain diagnostic.

John Day, the author of a comedy called Law Tricks, or Who 
would have thought it? 1668, describes an apothecary thus:

“—— his house is fet round with patients twice or thrice a 
day, and because they'll be sure not to want drink, every one 
brings his own water in an urinal with him.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady:

“I'll make her cry so much, that the physician,  
“ If she fall sick upon it, shall want wine.  
“ To find the cause by.”
SECOND PART OF

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water: but, for the party that owed it, he might have more disseshefs than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a Jew, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgement. Thou whom for mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. 

It will scarcely be believed hereafter, that in the years 1775 and 1776, a German, who had been a servant in a public riding-school, (from which he was discharged for insufficiency) revived this exploded practice of water casting. After he had amply increased the bills of mortality, and been publicly hung up to the ridicule of those who had too much tenue to consult him, as a monument of the folly of his patients, he retired with a princely fortune, and perhaps is now indulging a hearty laugh at the expence of English credulity. Steevens.

5 —— to gird at me:———] i.e. to gibe. See vol. iii. p. 544. Steevens.

Mandrake,———] Mandrake is a root supposed to have the shape of a man; it is now counterfeited with the root of briony. Johnson.

I was never mann’d———] That is, I never before had an agate for my man. Johnson.

I was never mann’d with an agate ’till now:—— ] Alluding to the little figures cut in agates, and other hard stones, for seals; and therefore he says, I will set you neither in gold nor silver. The Oxford editor alters this to aglets, a tag to the points then in use (a word indeed which our author uses to express the sense thereof): but aglets, though they were sometimes of gold or silver, were never fit in those metals. Warburton.

It appears from a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher’s Concomb, that it was usual for justices of peace either to wear an agate in a ring, or as an appendage to their gold chain:

“Thou wilt sit as formally, and shew thy agate and hatch’d chain, as well as the best of them.” — The
KING HENRY IV. 481

an agate 'till now: but I will neither set you in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. Heaven may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said master Dombledon about the fattin for my short cloak, and flops?

Page.

The same allusion is employed on the same occasion in the Life of Cullis, 1633:

"Grace, you Agate! hast not forgot that yet?"

The virtues of the agate were anciently supposed to protect the wearer from any misfortune. So, in Greene's Mamillia, 1593:

"—-the man that hath the stone agathes about him, is surely defended against adversity." STEEVENS.

—-the juvenal, &c.] This term, which has already occurred in The Midsummer Night's Dream, and Love's Labour's Lost, is used in many places by Chaucer, and always signifies a young man. STEEVENS.

—-be may keep it still as a face-royal,—-] That is, a face exempt from the touch of vulgar hands. So, a flag-royal is not to be hunted, a wine-royal is not to be dug. JOHNSON.

Perhaps this quiboling allusion is to the English real, rial, or royal. The poet seems to mean that a barber can no more earn sixpence by his face-royal, than by the face stamped on the coin called a royal; the one requiring as little shaving as the other.

—-Dombledon—-] Thus the folio. The quarto 1600 reads—Dombledon. This name seems to have been a made one, and designed to afford some apparent meaning. The author might have written—Double-done, from his making the same charge twice in his books, or charging twice as much for a commodity as it is worth.

Vol. V. I 1 I have
Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he lik'd not the security.

Fcl. Let him be damn'd like a glutton! may his tongue be hotter!—Awhoreson Achitophel! arasceally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!—Thewhoreson smoothpates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon—security. I had as lief they would put ratbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I look'd he should have sent me two and twenty yards of fettin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines

I have lately observed that Dumbleton is the name of a town in Gloucestershire. The reading of the folio is therefore probably the true one. Steevens.

Let him be damn'd like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!] An allusion to the fate of the rich man who had fared sumptuously every day, when he requested a drop of water to cool his tongue being tormented with the flames. Henley.

—to bear in hand,—] Is, to keep in expectation. See vol. iv. p. 552. Johnson.

—if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up,—] That is, if a man by taking up goods is in their debt. To be thorough seems to be the same with the present phrase to be in with a tradesman. Johnson.

So, in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour:

"I will, take up, and bring myself into credit."

So again, in Northward Hoe, by Decker and Webster, 1607:

"They will take up, I warrant you, where they may be trusted." Again, in the same piece: "Satin gowns must be taken up.

Again, in Love Restored, one of Ben Jonson's masques: "A pretty fine speech was taken up o' th' poet too, which if he never be paid for now, 'tis no matter." Steevens.

the lightness of his wife shines through it, and yet cannot be for, though he have his own lanthorn to light him,—] This joke seems
shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him.—Where’s Bardolph?

Page. He’s gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul’s, and he’ll buy me a horse in Smithfield: if I could get me but a wife in the flews, I were mann’d, hors’d, and wiv’d.

Enter

seems evidently to have been taken from that of Plautus: “Quid ambulas in, qui Vulcannum in cornu conclusum geris?” Amph. act i. scene 1, and much improved. We need not doubt that a joke was here intended by Plautus; for the proverbial term of *horns for cuckoldom* is very ancient, as appears by Artemidorus, who says: Προτείνειν ἑαυτῷ ὄτι ηγεῖτο σου πορισμένοι, καὶ τὸ λεγομένον, κέρατα ἑαυτῷ τοῖς, ηδ’ ὑπάρχει ἀπειθήν. “*Orphic.* lib. ii. cap. 12. And he copied from those before him. WARBURTON.

The same thought occurs in the *Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609:

“———your wrongs

“Shine through the born, as candles in the eve,

“To light out others.” STEEVENS.

5 I bought him in Paul’s,— At that time the resort of idle people, cheats, and knights of the poft. WARBURTON.

In an old *Collection of Proverbs*, I find the following:

“Who goes to Westminster for a wife, to St. Paul’s for a man, and to Smithfield for a horse, may meet with a whore, a knave and a jade.”

In a pamphlet by Dr. Lodge, called *Wit’s Miserie, and the World’s Madnesse*, 1596, the devil is described thus:

“In Powls hee walketh like a gallant courier, where if he meet some rich chusses worth the gulling, at every word he speaketh, he makes a moufe an elephant, and telleth them of wonders, done in Spaine by his anceftore, &c. &c.”

I should not have troubled the reader with this quotation, but that it in some measure familiarizes the character of Pistol, which (from other passages in the same pamphlet) appears to have been no uncommon one in the time of Shakspere. Dr. Lodge concludes his description thus: — “His courage is boasting, his learning ignorance, his ability weakness, and his end beggary.”

Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“——get thee a gray cloak and hat,”

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“And
SECOND PART OF

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, 3 and Servants.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.
Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.
Ch. just. What's he that goes there?
Serv. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.
Ch. just. He that was in question for the robbery?
Serv. He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.
Ch. just. What, to York? Call him back again.
Serv. Sir John Falstaff!
Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.
Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.
Ch. just. I am sure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.
Serv. Sir John,—

"And walk in Paul's among thy cashier'd mates
"As melancholy as the bell."

I learn from a passage in Greene's Disputation between a He Consecrator and a She Consecrator, 1592, that St. Paul's was a privileged place, so that no debtor could be arrested within its precincts.

So, in The Fearful and Lamentable Effects of Two dangerous Comets, &c. no date; by Nashe, in ridicule of Gabriel Harvey: "Paul's church is in wonderful perill this yeare without the help of our conscionable brethren, for that day it hath not euyther broker, maisterless serving-man, or pennillefe companion, in the middle of it, the usurers of London have sworn to bestow a newe steeple upon it." STEEVENS.

In The Choice of Change, 1598, 4to, it is said, "a man must not make choyce of three things in three places. Of a wife in Westminster; of a servant in Paul's; of a horse in Smithfield, Least he chuse a queane, a knave, or a jade. See also, Moryson's Itinerary, Part iii. p. 53. 1617. Editor.

3 ——Chief Justice—] This judge was Sir William Gascoigne, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. He died December 17; 1413; and was buried in Harwood church in Yorkshire. His effigy, in judicial robes, is on his monument. STEEVENS.
Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels want soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse in name to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than any honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd: You're hunt-counter, hence! avaunt!

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your

*—bunt-counter, ——] That is, blunderer. He does not, I think, allude to any relation between the judge's servant and the counter-prison. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson's explanation may be supported by the following passage in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

"——Do you mean to make a hare
"Of me, to hunt counter thus, and make these doubles,
"And you mean no such thing as you send about?"

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs." Steevens.

The author of *The Remarks*, supposes *bunt counter* to mean, *bake tyke*, or *worthless slug*. There can be, says he, no reason why Falstaff should call the servant a blunderer, but he seems very anxious to prove him a rascal. After all he adds, it is not impossible the word may be found to signify a *catchpole* or *bailiff*. He was probably the judge's *tipstaff*. Editor.
SECOND PART OF

lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the faltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. If it please your lordship, I hear, his majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty: — You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whorscon apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whorscon tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

: Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch.

"Fal. Very well, my lord, very well:—"

In the quarto edition, printed in 1600, this speech stands thus:

Old. Very well, my lord, very well:——

I had not observed this, when I wrote my note to The First Part of Henry IV., concerning the tradition of Falstaff's character having been first called Oldecastle. This almost amounts to a self-evident proof of the thing being so: and that the play being printed from the stage manuscript, Oldecastle had been all along altered into Falstaff, except in this single place by an oversight; of which the printers not being aware, continued these initial traces of the original name. Theobald.
King Henry IV. 487

Ch. Just. To punish you by the head, would draw the attention of all ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wife may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

I am unconvinced by Mr. Theobald's remark Old. might have been the beginning of some actor's name. Thus we have Kemp and Cowley, instead of Dogberry and Verger, in the 4to edit. of Much Ado, &c. 1600.

Names utterly unconnected with the personae dramatis of Shakspere, are sometimes introduced as entering on the stage. Thus, in The Second Part of K. Henry IV. edit. 1600: "Enter th: Archbishop, Thomas Mowbray, (Earle Marshall) the Lord Hasting, Fawconbridge, and Bardolffe:" Sig. B.4.—Again: "Enter the Prince, Poynes, Sir John Ruffell, with others." Sig. C 3.—Again, in K. Henry V. 1600: Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleans, Gobon." Sig. D 2.

Old might have been inferred by a mistake of the same kind; or indeed through the laziness of compositors, who occasionally permit the letters that form such names as frequently occur, to remain together, when the rest of the page is distributed. Thus it sometimes will happen that one name is substituted for another. This observation will be well understood by those who have been engaged in long attendance on a printing-house; and those to whom my remark appears obscure, need not to lament their ignorance, as this kind of knowledge is usually purchased at the expense of much time, patience, and disappointment.

Steevens.

It should, however, be remembered, that there is no player in the list prefixed to the first folio, whose name begins with this syllable; and the part of Falstaff, we may be sure, was not performed by an obscure actor. See this matter differently accounted for, ante p. 178. Malone.

It should be remembered likewise, that the first folio professes only to give the names of the principal performers in our author's plays. The names of many subordinate ones must therefore have been omitted; and actors, as at present, we may suppose to have been often changing from one play-house to another. Steevens.
SECOND PART OF

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have mis-led the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath mis-led me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. 7 A waffel candle, my lord; all tallow: but if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

6 be my dog.] I do not understand this joke. Dogs lead the blind, but why does a dog lead the fat? Johnson.

If the fellow's great belly prevented him from seeing his way, he would want a dog, as well as a blind man. Farmer.

7 A waffel candle, &c.] A waffel candle is a large candle lighted up at a feast. There is a poor quibble upon the word waxes which signifies increase as well as the matter of the honey-comb. Johnson.
FAL. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

CH. JUST. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

FAL. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go; I cannot tell: Virtue is of so little regard in these coffer-monger times, that true valour is turn’d bear-herd: Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wafted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that

8 You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.] What a precious collar has Mr. Pope approved himself in this passage! Besides, if this were the true reading, Falstaff could not have made the witty and humorous evasion he has done in his reply. I have restored the reading of the oldest quarto. The Lord Chief Justice calls Falstaff the prince’s ill angel or genius: which Falstaff turns off by saying, an ill angel (meaning the coin called an angel) is light; but, surely, it cannot be said that he wants weight: ergo—the inference is obvious. Now money may be called ill, or bad; but it is never called evil, with regard to its being under weight. This Mr. Pope will facetiously call restoring loft puns: but if the author wrote a pun, and it happens to be lost in an editor’s indolence, I shall, in spite of his grimace, venture at bringing it back to light. Theobald.

“As light as a clipt angel,” is a comparison frequently used in the old comedies. Again, in Rann All-y or Merry Tricks, 1611:

“—The law speaks profit does it not?—

“Faith, some bad Angels haunt us now and then.”

STEEVENS.

9 I cannot tell;——] I cannot be taken in a reckoning; I cannot pass current. JOHNSON.

1 — in these coffer-monger times,—] In these times when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanness that rates the merit of everything by money. JOHNSON.

A coffer-monger is a costard-monger, a dealer in apples called by that name, because they are shaped like a costard, i.e. man’s head.

See vol. ii. p. 433, 436. STEEVENS.

2 Pregnancy, &c.] Pregnancy is readiness. See vol. i. p. 6.

vol. iv. p. 193, 235. STEEVENS.

4 are
SECOND PART OF

are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. 28. Do you set down your name in the scrool of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a deceasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? 'tis your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hallowing and sunging of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes and sack-cloth; but in new silk, and old fack.

3 ——your wit single? —] We call a man single-witted, who attains but one species of knowledge. This sense I know not how to apply to Falstaff, and rather think that the Chief Justice hints at a calamity always incident to a grey-hair'd wit, whose misfortune is, that his merriment is unfashionable. His allusions are to forgotten facts; his illustrations are drawn from notions obscured by time; his wit is therefore single, such as none has any part in but himself. Johnson.

I believe all that Shakspere meant was, that he had more fat than wit; that though his body was bloated by intemperance to twice its original size, yet his wit was not increased in proportion to it. Steevens.

4 ——antiquity?] To use the word antiquity for old age is not peculiar to Shakspere. So in Two Tragedies in one, &c., 1601: "For false illusion of the magistrates "With borrow'd shapes of false antiquity." Steevens.
KING HENRY IV.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath fever'd you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kills my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily; if it be a hot day, an I brandish anything but my bottle; I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; And heaven bless your expedition!

would I might never spit white again. i.e. May I never have my stomach inflamed again with liquor; for, to spit white is the consequence of inward heat.

So in Mother Bombie, a comedy, 1594.

"They have sod their rivers in fact these forty years; that makes them spit white broth as they do." Again, in the Virgin Martyr, by Maffinger:

"—I could not have spit white for want of drink."

Steevens.

But it was always, &c.] This speech in the folio concludes at I cannot last ever. All the rest is restored from the quarto. A clear proof of the superior value of those editions, when compared with the publication of the players. Steevens.

6 Fal.
SECOND PART OF

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: Command me to my cousin Westmoreland. [Exit.

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.—A man can no more separate age and covetousness,

7...you are too impatient to bear crosses.] I believe a quibble was here intended. Falstaff has just asked his lordship to lend him a thousand pound, and he tells him in return, that he is not to be entreated with money. A cross is a coin so called, because stamped with a cross. See vol. ii. p. 410. vol. iii. p. 313.

STEVENSON.

8 If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.] A diversion is common with boys in Warwickshire and the adjoining counties, on finding a toad, to lay a board about two or three feet long, at right angles, over a flick about two or three inches diameter, as per sketch. Then, placing the toad at A, the other end is struck by a bat or large flick, which throws the creature forty or fifty feet perpendicular from the earth, and its return in general kills it. This is called Filliping the Toad.—A three-man beetle is an implement used for driving piles; it is made of a log of wood about eighteen or twenty inches diameter, and fourteen or fifteen inches thick, with one short, and two long handles, as per sketch. A man to each of the long handles manages the tail of the beetle, and a third man by the short handle assists in raising it to strike the blow. Such an implement was, without doubt, very suitable for filliping so corpulent a being as Falstaff. JOHNSON.

—a three-man beetle.—] A beetle wielded by three men.

POPE.

So, in A World of Wonders, A Map of Murther, A Covie of Caonages, &c. 1595: Sig. F. "whilst Arthur Hall was weighing the plate, Bullock goes into the kitchin and fetcheth a heavie washing bell, wherewith he comming behinde Hall, strike him, &c." EDITOR.
KING HENRY IV. 493
than he can part young limbs and lechery; but the
gout gallis the one, and the pox pinches the other; and
so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy!—

Page. Sir?
Fal. What money is in my purse?
Page. Seven groats and two-pence.
Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption
of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it
out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter
to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the
carl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula,
whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceiv’d
the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know
where to find me. [Exit Page.] A pox of this gout!
or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plagues
the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do
hate; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension
shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will
make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to com-
modity.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

The archbishop of York’s palace.

Enter the archbishop of York, lord Hastings, Thomas
Mowbray (earl marshial) and lord Bardolph.

York. Thus have you heard our cause, and know
our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

9—prevent my curses.] To prevent, means in this place to
anticipate. So in the Psalms—“Mine eyes prevent the night
watches.” STEEVENS.

1—to commodity.] i.e. Profit, self-interest. See vol. v. p.
50. STEEVENS.

Mozub.
SECOND PART OF

Menzob. I well allow the occasion of our arms; But gladly would be better satisfied, How, in our means, we should advance ourselves To look with forehead bold and big enough Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Haft. Our present musters grow upon the file To five and twenty thousand men of choice; And our supplies live largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus:—

Whether our present five and twenty thousand May hold up head without Northumberland.

Haft. With him, we may. 

Bard. Ay, marry, there’s the point; But if without him we be thought too feeble, My judgment is, we should not step too far 'Til we had his assistance by the hand: For, in a theme so bloody-fac’d as this, Conjecture, expectation, and furnishe Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

York. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed, It was young Hotspur’s case at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was, my lord; who lin’d himself with hope, Eating the air on promise of supply, Flattering himself with project of a power Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts: And so, with great imagination, Proper to madmen, led his powers to death, And, winking, leap’d into destruction.

Haft. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt, To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

2 [Step too far] The four following lines were added in the second edition. Johnson.

3 [Much smaller] i.e. which turned out to be much smaller. Musgrave.

Bard.
Yes, in this present quality of war,
Indeed of instant action: A caule on foot
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,

Yes, if this present quality of war,
Indeed the instant action:] These first twenty lines were first
inserted in the folio of 1623.
The first clause of this passage is evidently corrupted. All the
folio editions and Mr. Rowe's concur in the same reading, which
Mr. Pope altered thus:
Yes, if this present quality of war
Impel the instant act.
This has been silently followed by Mr. Theobald, Sir Thomas
Hammer, and Dr. Warburton; but the corruption is certainly
deeper; for in the present reading Bardolph makes the inconve-
nience of hope to be that it may cause delay, when indeed the
whole tenor of his argument is to recommend delay to the reft
that are too forward. I know not what to propoole, and am
afraid that something is omitted, and that the injury is irrepara-
dible. Yet, perhaps, the alteration requisite is no more than
this:
Yes, in this present quality of war,
Indeed of instant action.
It never, says Hailings, did harm to lay down likelihoods of hope.
Yes, say Bardolph, it has done harm in this present quality of
war, in a state of things such as is now before us, of war, indeed
of instant action. This is obscure, but Mr. Pope's reading is still
less reasonable. Johnson.
I have adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation, though I think we
might read:
—If this present quality of war
Impel the instant action.
Hailings says, it never yet did hurt to lay down likelihoods and
forms of hope. Yes, says Bardolph, it has in every cafe like ours;
where an army inferior in number, and waiting for supplies, has,
without that reinforcement, impell'd, or hastily brought on, an
immediate action. Steevens.
If we may be allowed to read—inflame'd, the text may mean
—Yes, it has done harm in every cafe like ours; indeed it did
harm in young Hotspur's cafe at Shrewsbury, which the archbi-
shop of York has just inflamed or given as an example. Tollett.
This passage is allowed on all hands to be corrupt, but a slight
alteration will, I apprehend, restore the true reading.
Yes, if this present quality of war,
Indeed the instant action. Henley.

Hope
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair,
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection:
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at least, desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up) should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model;
Consent upon a sure foundation;
Question surveyors; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one, that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o’er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter’s tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)
Should be still-born, and that we now possess’d
The very utmost man of expectation;
I think, we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord,
Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three divisions: one power against the French.

—and at least,] Perhaps we should read at last. Steevens.
6—one power against the French,] During this rebellion of
Northumberland and the Archbishop, a French army of twelve
thousand men landed at Milford Haven in Wales, for the aid of
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us: So is the untrimm'd king
In three divided; and his coffers found
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

York. That he should draw his several strengths
together,
And come against us in full puissance;
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:
Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted against the French,
I have no certain notice.

York. Let us on;
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath forfeited:

An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke;
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be?

And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him;

7 If he should do so,]. This passage is read in the first edition:
thus: If he should do so, French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd, they baying him at the heels, never fear that. These lines, which were evidently printed from an interlined copy not understood, are properly regulated in the next edition, and are here only mentioned to shew what errors may be suspected to remain. Johnson.

8 Let us on, &c.]. This excellent speech of York was one of the passages added by Shakespeare after his first edition. Pope.

9 And being now trimm'd up in thine own desires,]. Up, which is not in the original copy, was unnecessarily added by the editor of the second folio. Malone.
SECOND PART OF

That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'lt to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came fighting on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'lt now, O earth, give us that king again,
And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

Moveb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Hoft. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[A.extern.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A street in London.

Enter Hoftes; Phang, and his boy, with her; and Snare following.

Hoft. Master Phang, have you enter'd the action?
Phang. It is enter'd.
Hoft. Where is your yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?
will a' fland to't?
Phang. Sirrah, where's Snare?
Hoft. O lord, ay; good master Snare.
Snare. Here, here.
Phang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.
Hoft. Ay, good master Snare; I have enter'd him and all.

Snare.
Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives; for he will stab.

Hofo. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabb'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly: he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will join like any devil; he will spare neither woman, man, nor child.

Pham. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrift.

Hofo. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Pham. An I but slipt him once; an he come but within my vice;

Hofo. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my icore:—Good master Pham, hold him sure;—good master Snare, let him not escape. He comes continually to Pye-corner, (favoring your manhoods) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbard-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan for a poor lone woman to bear;

---[If he come but within my vice;---] Vice or grasp; a metaphor taken from a smith's vice: there is another reading in the old edition, view, which I think not so good. Pope.

The fyll is vulgarly called the vice in the West of England.

---lubbar's-head---] This is, I suppose, a colloquial corruption of the Libbard's head. Johnson.

A hundred mark is a long one—] A long one? a long what? It is almost needless to observe, how familiar it is with our poet to play the chimes upon words similar in sound, and differing in signification; and therefore I make no question but he wrote:

A hundred mark is a long lone for a poor lone woman to bear: i.e. 100 mark is a good round sum for a poor widow to venture on truth. Theobald.

---a poor lone woman] A lone woman is a desolate, unfriended woman. So in Maurice Kyffin's Translation of Terence's Andria, 1588: "Moreover this Glycerie is a lone Woman;"
SECOND PART OF

bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an afs, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, and the Page.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Phang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now! who's marc's dead? what's the matter?

Phang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the queen in the kennel.


Fal.

"tum hac sole est mulier." In the first part of K. Henry IV, Mrs. Quickly had a husband alive. She is now a widow. STÉVENS.

5 — malmsey-nose—] That is, red nose, from the effect of malmsey wine. JOHNSON.

In the old song of Sir Simon the King, the burden of each stanza is this:

"Says old Sir Simon the king,
"Says old Sir Simon the king,
"With his ale-dropt hose,
"And his malmsey-nose,
"Sing hey ding, ding a ding." PEFCY.

6 — honey-fuckler villain! — honey-feed rogue! —] The land-lady's corruption of homicidal and homicide. THEOBALD.

7 — a man-queller,—] Wicliff, in his Translation of the
KING HENRY IV.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Phang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wost, wost thou? thou wost, wost thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!


Enter the Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Jusl. What’s the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

The New Testament, uses this word for carnifex, Mark vi. 27. “Herod sent a man-queller, and commanded his head to be brought.” Steevens.

8 —— Thou wost, wost thou? &c.] The first folio reads, I think, less properly, thou wilt not? thou wilt not? Johnson.

9 Fal. Away, you scullion!—] This speech is given to the Page in all the editions to the folio of 1664. It is more proper for Falstaff, but that the boy must not stand quite silent and useless on the stage. Johnson.

1 ——rampallian!—fusildarian!—] The first of these terms of abuse may be derived from ramper, Fr. to be low in the world. The other from fusil, a club; i.e. a person whose weapon of defence is a cudgel, not being entitled to wear a sword.

The following passage however, in A new Trick to cheat the Devil, 1639, seems to point out another derivation of Rampallian:

“‘And bold Rampallian like, swear and drink drunk.” It may therefore mean a ramping riotous trumpeter. Thus in Greene’s Ghost haunting Conye-catchers,—“Here was Wike Be-guily rightly acted, and an aged rampallion put beside her schoole-tricks.” Steevens.

1 ——I’ll tickle your catastrophe.] This expression occurs several times in the Merry Devil of Edmonton, 1626: “Bankes your ale is a Philistine, foze zhart there fine ith’tale out; you are a rogue to charge us with mugs ith’t reeward, a plague o’ this wind, O it tickles our catastrophe.”

Again:

“to seduce my blind customers, I tickle his catastrophe for this.” Steevens.
SECOND PART OF

Ch. Just. How now, sir John? what are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and business?
You should have been well on your way to York.—
Stand from him, fellow; Wherefore hang'ft thou on him?

Hoft. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of East-cheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Hoft. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have; he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed, to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Hoft. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didn't swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at

---to ride the Mare,] The Hostess had threatened to ride Falstaff like the Incubus or Night-Mare; but his allusion, (if it be not a wanton one) is to the Gallow, which was ludicrously called the Timber, or two-legged Mare. So, in Like will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier, 1587. The Vice is talking of Tyburn:

"This piece of land whereeto you inheritors are,"
"Is called the land of the two-legged Mare."
"In this piece of ground there is a Mare indeed,"
"Which is the quickest Mare in England for speed.

Again:

"I will help to bridle the two-legged Mare"
"And both you for to ride need not to spare."

Steevens.

---a parcel-gilt goblet,—] A parcel-gilt goblet is a goblet gilt only on such parts of it as are embossed. On the books of the Stationer's
at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday, in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing-man of Windfor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip quickly? coming in to borrow a més of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they

Stationers company, among their plate 1560, is the following entry, "Item, nine spoynes of silver, whereof vii gylte and ii parcel-gylte." The same records contain fifty instances to the same purpose: of these spoons the salt or other ornament on the handle was only part gilt.

So, in B. Jonson's Alcibemist:

"——— or changing
"His parcel-gilt to mosty gold."

The same expression occurs in many other old plays.

So, in Humour out of Breath, a comedy, by John Day, 1608:

"She's parcel poet, parcel fiddler already, and they com-
"monly sing three parts in one."

Again, in Heywood's Silver Age, 1613:

"I am little better than a parcel-gilt bawd."

Again, in A Christian turn'd Turk, 1612:

"You parcel bawd, all usher, answer me."

Holinshed, describing the arrangement of Wolsey's plate, says—"and in the council-chamber was all white, and parcel-gilt plate." Steevens.

[for likening his father to a singing-man — ] Such is the reading of the first edition; all the rest have for likening him to a singing man. The original edition is right; the prince might allow familiarities with himself, and yet very properly break the knight's head when he ridiculed his father. Johnson.

[goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, ] A Keech is the fat of an ox rolled up by the butcher into a round lump. Steevens.

[a més of vinegar; ] So, in Mucedorus:

"I tell you all the mesés are on the table already,
"There wants not so much as a mesé of mustard."

Again, in an ancient interlude published by Raphael, no title or date:

"Ye mary someryme in a mesé of vergelde."

A mesé seems to have been the common term for a small proportion of any thing belonging to the kitchen. Steevens.
were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiar with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kill me, and bid me fetch the thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and the says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent fawciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; 7 I know you have practis'd upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Hosb. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Prythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her; the one you may do with slerling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo 3 this snecap without

7—[I know you have practised] In the first quarto it is read thus—You have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person. Without this, the following exhortation of the chief justice is less proper. Johnson.

8—[this snecap] A Yorkshire word for rehuse.

Pope.

Sneap signifies to check; as children easily sneaped; herbs and fruits sneaped with cold weather. See Ray's Collection. Again, in Brome's Antipodes, 1638:

Do you sneap me too, my lord?

Again:
KING HENRY IV.

out reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent
swains: if a man will make curtsey, and say nothing,
is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remem-
ber'd, I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do de-
serve deliverance from these officers, being upon hafty
employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Jyl. You speak as having power to do wrong:
but answer in the effect of your reputation, and fa-
tis the poor woman.

Fal. Come, hither, hostess. [Taking her aside.

Enter a Messenger.

Ch. Jyl. Now, master Gower; What news?
Gower. The king, my lord, and Henry prince of
Wales
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman,—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more
words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must
be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of
my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glassies, glassies, is the only drinking: and for
thy walls,—a pretty flight drollery, or the story of the
prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is
worth

Again:

"No need to come hither to be sueap'd."

Again:

"—even as now I was not
"When you sueap'd me, my lord." STEEVER.

9——answer in the effect of your reputation,——] That is,
answer in a manner suitable to your character. JOHNSON.

'German hunting in water-work,—] i.e. In water colours.

WARBURTON.

So, in Holinshed, p. 819: "The king for himself had a
house of timber, &c. and for his other lodgings he had great and
godlie tents of blew waterwork garnished with yellow and white."
worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action: Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wait set on to this.

_Host._ Pray thee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest, ha.

_Fal._ Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

_Host._ Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper; You'll pay me all together?

_Fal._ Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on. [To the officers.

_Host._ Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

_Fal._ No more words; let's have her.

[Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, &c.

_Che._ Just. I have heard better news.

_Fal._ What's the news, my good lord?

It appears from the same Chronicle, p. 840, that these painted cloths were brought from Holland. The German hunting was therefore a subject very likely to be adopted by the artists of that country. Steevens.

The German hunting, is, I suppose, hunting the wild boar. Shakspeare in another place speaks of "a full acorn'd boar, a German one." Farmer.

—we bed-hangings,—] We should read bed-hangings, i.e. faded. Ward Burton.

I think the present reading may well stand. He recommends painted canvas instead of tapestry, which he calls bed-hangings, in contempt, as fitter to make curtains than to hang walls.

Johnson.

[To the officers.] I rather suspect that the words hook on, hook on, are added to Bardolph, and mean, go you with her, hang upon her, and keep her in the same humour. In this sense the expression is used in The Guardian, by Maffenger:

"Hook on, follow him harpies." Steevens.

_Che._ Just.
KING HENRY IV.

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?
Gower. At Basingstoke, my lord.
Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news, my lord?
Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?
Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster, against Northumberland, and the archbishop.
Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?
Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently: Come, go along with me, good master Gower.
Fal. My lord!
Ch. Just. What's the matter?
Fal. Master Gower, shall I intreat you with me to dinner?
Gower. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good sir John.
Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.
Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?
Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?
Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.
Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.

SCENE II.

Continues in London.

Enter Prince Henry, and Pains.

P. Henry. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

4 At Basingstoke——] The quarto reads, at Billing's gate. The players set down the name of the place which was the most familiar to them. Steevens.

Pains.
SECOND PART OF

Pions. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attach’d one of so high blood.

P. Henry. ’Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Dost it not shew vively in me, to desire small beer?

Pions. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Henry. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; viz. those, and those that were the peach-colour’d ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that, the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that

5—and God knows, &c.] This passage Mr. Pope restored from the first edition. I think it may as well be omitted. It is omitted in the first folio, and in all subsequent editions before Mr. Pope’s, and was perhaps expunged by the author. The editors, unwilling to lose any thing of Shakspere’s, not only infer what he has added, but recall what he has rejected.

JOHNSON.

I have not met with positive evidence that Shakspere rejected any passages whatever. Such proof may indeed be inferred from those of the quartos which were published in his life-time, and are declared (in their titles) to have been enlarged and corrected by his own hand. These I would follow, in preference to the folio, and should at all times be cautious of opposing its authority to that of the elder copies. Of the play in question, there is no quarto extant but that in 1600, and therefore we are unauthorized to assert that a single passage was omitted by consent of the poet himself. When the folio (as it often does) will support me in the omission of a sacred name, I am happy to avail myself
that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his
kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are
not in the fault; whereupon the world increaseth, and
kindreds are mightily strengthen’d.

Pons. How ill it follows, after you have labour’d
so hard, you should talk so idly? Tell me, how many
good young princes would do so, their fathers be-
ing so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Henry. Shall I tell thee one thing, Pons?
Pons. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.
P. Henry. It shall serve among wits of no higher
breeding than thine.
Pons. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing
that you will tell.
P. Henry. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I
should be sad, now my father is sick; albeit I could
tell to thee,—(as to one it pleases me, for fault of a
better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad in-
deed too.
Pons. Very hardly, upon such a subject.
P. Henry. By this hand, thou think’st me as far in
the devil’s book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy
and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I
tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father
is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou
art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation
of sorrow.
Pons. The reason?
P. Henry. What wouldst thou think of me, if I
should weep?
Pons. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

myself of the choice it offers; but otherwise do not think I have
a right to expunge what Shakespeare should seem to have written
on the bare authority of the player-editors. I have therefore re-
stored the passage in question, to the text. Steevens.

6 all ostentation of sorro.] Ostentation is here not
beautifull shew, but simply shew. Merchant of Venice:

“one well studied in a sad ostent
“To please his grandame.” Johnson.
SECOND PART OF

P. Henry. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought, to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

P. Henry. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, by this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with my own ears: the worit that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

P. Henry. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and lee, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Enter Bardolph, and Page.

Bard. 'Save your grace!

P. Henry. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. [to the page]. Come, you virtuous afs, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you be-

7 proper fellow of my hands;—] A tall or proper fellow of his hands was a stout fighting man. Johnson.

In this place, however, it means a good looking, well made personable man. Poins might certainly have helped his being a fighting fellow. Remarks.

8 Poins. Come, you virtuous afs, &c.] Though all editions give this speech to Poins, it seems evident, by the page's immediate reply, that it must be placed to Bardolph: for Bardolph had called to the boy from an ale-house, and 'tis likely, made him half-drunk; and, the boy being affamed of it, it is natural for Bardolph, a bold unbred fellow, to banter him on his awkward bashfulness. Theobald.

come? Is it such a matter, to get a pottle-pot's maid-enhead?

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, 'through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spy'd his eyes; and, me-thought, he had made two holes in the alc wife's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

P. Henry. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbet, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Henry. Instruc't us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, may lord, ' Althea dream'd she was deliver'd of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Henry. A crown's worth of good interpretation.

—There it is, boy. [Gives him money.

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers;—Well, there is six-pence to preserve thee.

Bard. And you do not make him to be hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Henry. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my good lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

P. Henry. Deliver'd with good respect.—And how doth 'The martlemas your master?'

Bard. In bodily health, sir?

—through a red lattice.] See vol. i. p. 302. Malone.

—Althea dream'd, &c.] Shakspeare is here mistaken in his mythology, and has confounded Althea's firebrand with Hecuba's. The firebrand of Althea was real: but Hecuba, when she was big with Paris dreamed that she was delivered of a firebrand that consumed the kingdom. Johnson.

—the martlemas, your master?] That is, the autumn, or rather the latter spring. The old fellow with juvenile passions.

Johnson.

Martlemas is corrupted from Martinmas, the feast of St. Martin, the eleventh of November. The corruption is general in all the old plays. So, in The Pinner of Wakefield, 1599:

"A piece of beef hung up since Martlemas." Steevens.

Poins.
SECOND PART OF

Poons. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Henry. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Poons reads. John Falstaff, knight,— Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, There is some of the king's blood spilt: How comes that? says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrowers cap; I am the king's poor cousin, sir.

P. Henry. Nay, they will be akin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:—

Poons. Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales; greetings:—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Henry. Peace!

Poons. *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevi: ty;—

*—this wen—] This swollen excrescence of a man.

3 — the answer is as ready as a borrow'd cap;—] But how is a borrow'd cap so ready? Read a borrower's cap, and then there is some humour in it: for a man that goes to borrow money, is of all others the most complaisant; his cap is always at hand.

Warburton.

Perhaps the old reading—a borrowed cap—might be right: Falstaff's followers, when they stole any thing, called it a purchase. A borrowed cap might be a stolen one; which is sufficiently ready, being as Falstaff says, to be found on every hedge.

Malone.

5 Ps: Henry.] All the editors, except Sir Thomas Hamer, have left this letter in confusion, making the prince read part, and Poons part. I have followed his correction.

Johnson.

5 I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity;—] The old copy reads Romans, which Dr. Warburton very properly corrected, though he is wrong when he appropriates the character to M. Brutus,
KING HENRY IV. 513

Ny:—sure he means brevity in breath; short-wind-
ed.—I commend me to thee; I commend thee, and I leave
thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy
favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his
sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so
farewel. Thine, by yes and no, (which is as much as to
say, as thou usedst him) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars;
John, with my brothers and sisters; and sir John, with all
Europe.

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make
him eat it.

P. Henry. That's to make him eat twenty of his
words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry
your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! but
I never said to.

P. Henry. Well, thus we play the fool with the
time; and the spirits of the wife fit in the clouds, and
mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Burd. Yes, my lord.

M. Brutton, who affected great brevity of style. I suppose by the
honourable Roman is intended Julius Caesar, whoso veni, vidi, vici,
twems to be alluded to in the beginning of the letter. I commend
me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. The very words of
Caesar are afterwards quoted by Falstaff. Revival.

7 That's to make him eat twenty of his words.] Why just twenty,
when the letter contained above eight times twenty? We should
read plenty; and in this word the joke, as slender as it is, consists.

WARDURTON.

It is not surely uncommon to put a certain number for an un-
certain one. Thus in the Tempest, Miranda talks of playing
"for a score of kingdoms." Busby, in K. Richard II. observes
that "each subsidence of a grief has twenty shadows." In Julius
Caesar, Caesar says that the sun's hand "did burn like twenty
torches." In K. Lear we meet with "twenty silly ducking obser-
vans," and, "not a nose among twenty."

Robert Gieen, the pamphleteer, indeed, obliged an apparitor to
eat his citation, wax and all. In the play of Sir John Oldcastle the
Summer is compelled to do the like: and so on the occasion,
"I'll eat my words." Harpole replies, "I mean you shall
eat more than your own word; I'll make you eat all the words in
proceffe." STEEVENS.

VOL. V. L. I P. Henry.
SECOND PART OF

P. Henry. Where's up he? doth the old boar feed
in the old *frank?*

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in East-cheap.
P. Henry. What company?

Page. *Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.*
P. Henry. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly,
and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.
P. Henry. *What pagan may that be?*

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswo-
man of my master's

P. Henry. Even such kin, as the parish heifers are
to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned,
at supper?

Points. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.
P. Henry. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no
word to your master, that I am yet come to town:
There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

*—frank ?] Frank is fly. Pope.
9 Ephesians, &c.] Ephesians was a term in the cant of these
times, of which I know not the precise notion: it was, perhaps,
a toper. So, the bolt in The Merry Wives of Windsor:
"It is thine host, thine Ephesian calls. Johnson.
1 —Doll Tear-shee.] Shakspere might have taken the hint
for this name from the following passage in the Play of Robin
Hood, very proper to be played in May-games, bl. i. no date:
"She is a trul of trueth, to serv a frier at his luft,
"A prycker, a prauncer a terer of flutes, &c."

Steevens.

2 *What pagan may that be?* Pagan seems to have been a cant
term, implying irregularity either of birth or manners.

Se, in The Captain, a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher:
"Three little children, one of them was mine;
"Upon my conscience the other two were Pagans."

In the City Madam of Massinger it is used (as here) for a pros-
stitute:
"—-in all these places
"I've had my several Pagans billeted." Steevens.

P. Henry.
KING HENRY IV.

P. Henry. Fare ye well; go. [Exeunt Bardolph and Page]—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Henry. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Henry. From a god to a bull * a heavy desecration! it was Jove's cafe. From a prince to a prentice: a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Warwick Castle.

Enter Northumberland, lady Northumberland, and lady Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

4 Put on two leather jerkins——] This was a plot very unlikely to succeed where the prince and the drawers were all known; but it produces merriment, which our author found more useful than probability. JOHNSON.

4———a heavy desecration!] Other readings have it declension. Mr. Pope chose the first. On which Mr. Theobald says, "But why not declension? are not the terms, properly synonimous?" If so, might not Mr. Pope say, in his turn, then why not declension? But it is not so; and declension was preferred with judgment: for declension signifies a voluntary going down: declension, a natural and necessary. Thus when we speak of the sun poetically, as a charioteer, we should say his declension: if physically, as a mere globule of light, his declension.

WARBURTON.

Declension is the reading of the first edition.

Mr. Upton proposes that we should read thus by transposition: From a god to a bull, a low transformation!—from a prince to a prentice, a heavy declension! This reading is elegant, and perhaps right. JOHNSON.

L12 Give
SECOND PART OF

Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the vilage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

L. North. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be you guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

L. Percy. Oh, yet, for heaven's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then perfused you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost; yours, and your son's.
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun.

In the grey vault of heaven; and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass

---when my heart's dear Harry-----] The folio reads,
------when my heart's dear--------- Malone.

{ THROW many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers;]
Steevens. in the tenth book of his Thebaid has the same thought:

---tristis de colere Lyceni
---Anxsus prospectas, ai quis per nubila longe.
---Aut senex, aut nostris sublatus ab agmine pulvis."

Steevens.

---but he did long in vain.] Theobald very elegantly
conjectures that the poet wrote

---but he did look in vain. Steevens.

---as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven;} So, in one of our author's poems
to his mistress:

"And truly not the morning sun of heaven
"Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east," etc.

Steevens.

Wherein
KING HENRY IV. 517

Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves,
He had no legs, that prac'tis'd not his gait:
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!
O miracle of men!—him did you leave,
(Second to none, unseconced by you)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible:—so you left him:
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him; let them alone;
The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Behove your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient overights.

9 He had no legs, &c.] The twenty two-following lines are of
thoes added by Shakspere after his first edition, Pope.
1 He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashioned others.] So, in our author's Rape of Lucrece,
1594:
"For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
"Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look."
Malone.
2 Did seem defensible.] Defensible does not in this place mean
capable of defence, but bearing strength, furnishing the means of de-
fence;—the passive for the active participle. Malone.

L13 But
But I must go, and meet with danger there;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

*L. North.* O, fly to Scotland,
'Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

*L. Percy.* If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves: So did your son;
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough,
'To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

*North.* Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind,
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back:——
I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,
'Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

*To rain upon remembrance——] Alluding to the plant rosemary, so called, and used in funerals.
Thus, in The Winter's Tale:
"For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep;
"Seeming and favour all the winter long:
"Grace and remembrance be unto you both, &c."
For as rue was called herb of grace, from its being used in exorcisms:
so rosemary was called remembrance, from its being a cephalic.

*Warburton.*

**SCENE**
KING HENRY IV. 519

SCENE IV.

London.

The boar's-head tavern in East-cheap.

Enter two Drawers.


2 Draw. Mais, thou say'st true: The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more sir John: and, putting off his hat, laid, I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights. It angered him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 Draw. Why then, cover, and set them down: And see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; mistrefs Tear-

—an apple-John. J So in The Ball by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:

"—thy man apple-John, that looks
"As he had been a fennight in the straw,
"A ripening for the market."

This apple will keep two years, but becomes very wrinkled and shrivelled. It is called by the French,—Deux-ans. Steevens.

9 —Sneak's noise;] Sneak was a street minstrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to listen if he can hear him in the neighbourhood. Johnson.

A noisef of musicians anciently signified a concert or company of them. In the old play of Henry V. (not that of Shakespeare) there is this passage:

"—there came the young prince, and two or three more of his companions and called for wine good store, and then they sent for a noisef of musitians, &c.

Fallow addresses them as a company in another scene of this play.

So, again in The Blind Beggar of Alexandria, a comedy, printed 1598, the count says:

"O that we had a noisef of musicians, to play to this anticke as we go?"

L! 4

Heywood.
SECOND PART OF

Tear-sheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch;
—The room where they supped, is too hot; they'll
come in straight.

2 Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master
Poins anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins,
and aprons; and sir John must not know of it: Bar-
dolph hath brought word.

1 Draw. Then here will be old utis: It will be
an excellent stratagem.

2 Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [Exit,

Enter Hosefs and Doll Tear-sheet.

Hosf. Sweet heart, methinks now you are in an ex-

Heywood, in his Iron Age, 1632, has taken two expressions from
these plays of Henry IV. and put them into the mouth of Thersi-
tes addressing himself to Achilles:

“Where's this great sword and buckler man of Greece?
We shall have him in one of Sneak's nose,
And come peaking into the tents of the Greeks,
With,—will you have any music, gentlemen?—

Among Ben Jonson's Leges conivallae, is

Fideiæ, nifi accerstitus, non veniito. Steevens.

1 Dispatch &c.] This period is from the first edition.

Pope,

—here will be old utis:—] Uitis, an old word yet in
use in some counties, signifying a merry festival, from the French
huit, odo, ab A. S. Otho, Octave festi alienus.—Skinner.

Pope.

Old, in this place, does not mean ancient, but was formerly a
common augmentative in colloquial language. Old Utis signifies
festivity in a great degree.

So, in Lingua, 1607:

“—there's old moving among them.”

Again, in Decker's comedy, called, If this be not a good Play
the Devil is in it:

“We should have old breaking of necks then.”

Again, in Soliman and Perseda:

“I shall have old laughing.”

Again, in Arden of Feversham, 1592 :

“Here will be old sifting when the press comes out of Paul's.”

Steevens.

cellent
KING HENRY IV. 521

cellent good temperality: your pulsfidge beats 3 as extra-
ordinarily as heart would desire: and your colour,
I warrant you, is as red as any rose: But, 'tis faith, you
have drank too much canaries; and that's a marvelous
searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere
we can say,—What's this? How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Hofi. Why, that was well said; A good he rt's
worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. When Arthur first in court—Empty the jordan.—
and was a worthy king: How now, mistrelfis Doll?

[Exit Drawer.

Hofi. 5 Sick of a calm: yea, good tooth.

Fal. 6 So is all her feët; if they be once in a calm,
they are sick.

Dol.

3—your pulsfidge beats, &c.] One would almost regard this
speech as a burlesque on the following passage in the interlude
called the Repentance of Mary Magdalen, 1567. Infidelity says to
Mary:

"Let me fele your poulfses mistrefle Mary, be you sicke?"
"By my troth in as good tempre as any woman can be:
"Your vaines are as full of blood, lufty and quike,
"In better taking truly I did you never sec." Steevens.

4 When Arthur first in court—] The entire ballad is published in
the first volume of Dr. Percy's Reliques of ancient English
Poetry. Steevens.

5 Sick of a calm:—] I suppose she means to say of a qualm.

Steevens.

6 So is all her feët;—] I know not why feët is printed in all the
copies: I believe sex is meant. Johnson.

Seët is, I believe, right. Falstaff means all of her profession.
In Mother Bombie, a comedy, 1594, the word is frequently used:

"Sil. I am none of that seët.
"Cau. Thy loving seët is an ancient seët, and an honour-
able," &c.

Since the foregoing quotations were given, I have found seët so
often printed for sex in the old plays, that I suppose these words
were ancintly synonymous. Thus, in Marston's Infatiate Coun-
ty, 1631: "Deceives our seët of fame and chastity."

Again,
SECOND PART OF

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. 7 You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. 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.

Doll. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. 8 Your brooches, pearls, and owoches;—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To come

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian:

"——- Modesty was made
"When she was first intended: when she blushes
"It is the holiest thing to look upon,
"The purest temple of her seat, that ever
"Made nature a blest foundress."

Again, in Whetstone's Arbor of Vertue, 1576:

"Who, for that these barons so wrought a flauder to her seat.
"Their foolish, rash, and judgment falls, she sparingly did detect."


7 You make fat rascals,— Falstaff alludes to a phrase of the forest. Lean deer are called rascal deer. He tells her she calls him wrong, being fat he cannot be a rascal. Johnson.

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle:

"The heavy hart, the blowing buck, the rascal, and "the pricket."

Again, in The Two angry Women of Abington, 1599:

"What take you?—Deer.—You'll never strike rascal?"

Again, in Quarles's Virgin Widow, 1656:

"—-and have known a rascal from a fat deer." Steevens.

8 Your brooches, pearls, and owoches;— Brooches were chains of gold that women wore formerly about their necks. Owoches were bobbles of gold set with diamonds. Pope.

I believe Falstaff gives these splendid names as we give that of carbuncle, to something very different from gems and ornaments: but the passage deserves not a laborious research. Johnson.

Your brooches, pearls, and owoches.] Is a line in an old song, but I forget where I met with it. Dr. Johnson may be supported in his conjecture by a passage in The Widow's Tears, a comedy, by Chapman, 1612:

"—As many aches in his bones as there are owoches in his skin."

Again,
KING HENRY IV, 523

come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely:——

Del. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Hoff. Why, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities.

Again, in the Duke's Mistresses, by Shirley, 1638. Valerio speaking of a lady's nise, says:

"It has a comely length, and is well stuffed

"With gems of price; the goldsmith would give money for't."

Mr. Pope has rightly interpreted ouches in their literal sense. So, in Nahum's Leuten Staff, &c. 1599: "three scarfs, bracelets, chains, and ouches." It appears likewise from a passage in the ancient future called Cooke Lorelies Bote, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, that the makers of these ornaments were called ouchers,

"Owchers, feynners, and cutters."

Dugdale, page 234, in his account of the will of T. de Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, in the time of king Edward III. says:

"his jewels be thus disposed: to his daughter Stafford, an ouche called the eagle, which the prince gave him; to his daughter Alice, his next border ouch." STEEVENS.

9—the charg'd chambers—] To understand this quibble, it is necessary to say, that a chamber signifies not only an apartment, but a piece of ordnance.

So, in The Fleare, a comedy, 1610:

"he has taught my ladies to make fireworks; they can deal in chambers, already, as well as all the gunners that make them fly off with a train at Lambeth, when the mayor and aldermen land at Westminster."

Again, in the Puritan, 1605:

"only your chambers are licenced to play upon you, and drabs snow to give fire to them."

A chamber is likewise that part in a mine where the powder is lodged. STEEVENS.

1—Hang yourself, &c. This line is from the old edition in 1600. MALONE.

2—rheumatic—] She would say splenetic. HANMER.

I believe she means what she says. So, in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour:

"Cob. Why I have my resumé, and can be angry."

Think that this last can mean the powdering tub So, the whole of the speech of Falstaff appears to me to describe the ceremonial scene in its various stages.
SECOND PART OF TIES. What the good jere! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

[To Doll.

DOL. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshedd? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff'd 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.

Re-enter Drawer.

DRAWER. Sir, ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

DOL. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'd rogue in England.

HOAST. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst 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 liv'd all this while, to have swaggering now;—shut the door I pray you.

So, in our author's Henry V:

"He did in some sort handle women; but then he was "rheumatic," &c.,

Rheumatic, in the cant language of the times, signified capricious, humoursome. In this sense it appears to be used in many of the old plays.

Dr. Farmer observes that Sir Tho. Elyott in his Castell of Helie, 1572 speaking of different complexions has the following remark.

"Where cold with moisture prevails that body is called rheumatic.

Steevens.

The word forcutto (as an ingenious friend observes to me) is used in the same manner in Italian, to signify a peevish ill-tempered man. Malone.

1 —as two dry toasts; — Which cannot meet but they grate one another. Johnson.

2 —ancient Pistol— Is the same as ensign Pistol. Falstaff was captain, Petrarch lieutenant, and Pistol ensign, or ancient.

Johnson.

Fal.
Fal. Doft thou hear, hostess?—
Hst. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.
Fal. Doft thou hear? it is mine ancient.
Hst. Tilly-fally, sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Thick, the deputy, the other day: and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—Neighbour Quickly, says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—Neighbour Quickly, says he, receive thes that are civil; for, faith he, you are in an ill name;—now he 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.
Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; * a tame cheater, he;

* — a tame cheater,—] Gamester and cheater were, in Shakespeare's age, synonymous terms. Ben Jonson has an epigram on Captain Hazard the cheater.

A tame cheater, however, as Mr. Whalley observes to me, appears to be a cant phrase. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Fair Maid of the Inn:

"——and will be drawn into the net
By this decoy-duck, this tame cheater.

Greene in his Mibil Muncbance has the following passage:
"They call their art by a new-found name, as cheating, themselves cheaters, and the dice cheeters, borrowing the term from among our lawyers, with whom all such casuals as fall to the lord at the holding of his leets, as waifes, straies, and such like, be called cheeters, and are accustomedly said to be escheoted to the lord's use." So, likewise in lord Coke's charge at Norwich, 1607. But if you will be content to let the escheater alone, and not looke into his actions, he will be contented by deceiving you to change his name taking unto himselfe the two last syllables, only with the " left out and to turn cheter. Hence perhaps the derivation of the verb—to cheat, which I do not recollect to have met with among our most ancient writers. In the Bell-man of London by T. Dekkar, 5th edit. 1640, the same derivation of the word is given.
SECOND PART OF

he; you may stroak him as gently as a puppy-greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any shew of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Hof. 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, matter, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hoftes.

Hof. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an't were an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Pis. 'Save you, sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hoftes.

Pis. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Hof. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets:

given. "Of all which laws, the highest in place is the cheating law, or the art of winning money by false dice. Those that practice this study call themselves cheaters, the dye cheaters, and the money which they purchase cheat: borrowing the terms from our common lawyers, with whom all such casuals as fall to the lord at the holding of his leetes, as waifes, straies, and such like, are said to be echeated to the lordes use, and are called cheaters." This account of the word is likewise given in A Manifest Detection of Dice-play, printed by Vele in the reign of Henry VIII. STEVEENS.

7 I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater:—] The humour of this consists in the woman's mistaking the title of cheater, (which our ancestors gave to him whom we now, with better manners, call a gamester) for that officer of the exchequer called an echeator, well known to the common people of that time; and named, either corruptly or satirically, a cheater. WARBURTON.
I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.6

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.


Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung7, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps,8 an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt flate

6 I'll drink no more—for no man's pleasure, I.—This should not be printed as a broken sentence. The duplication of the pronoun was very common: in the London Prodigal we have, "I scorn service, I." "I am an as I," says the stage-keeper in the induction to Bartholomew Fair; and Kendal thus translates a well-known epigram of Martial:

"I love thee not, Salutius,
'I cannot tell thee why:
'Can make naught but this alone,
'I do not love thee, I.'"

In Kendal's collection there are many translations from Claudian, Ausonius, the Anthologia, &c. Farmer.

So, in K. Richard III. aii iii. fc. 2:

"I do not like these several councils, I." Steevens.

Again, in K. Edw. II. by Marlow, 1622:

"I am none of these common pedants, I." The French still use this idiom.—Je suis Parisien, moi.

7—filthy bung,—] In the cant of thievery, to nip a bung was to cut a purse; and among an explanation of many of these terms in Martin Marv-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London, 1610, it is said that "Bung is now used for a pocket, heretofore for a purse." Steevens.

8—an you play the saucy cuttle with me.] It appears from Greene's Art of Conny-catching, that cuttle and cuttle-boung were the cant terms for the knife used by the sharps of that age to cut the bottoms of purses, which were then worn hanging at the girdle. Or the allusion may be to the foul language thrown out by Pistol, which the means to compare with such filth as the cuttle-fish ejects. Steevens.
SECOND PART OF
jugler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—"What with two points on your shoulder? much!
Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.
Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.
Hoff. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.
Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain, you flave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—Hea

9 —what, with two points on your shoulder? much!] Much was a common expression of disdain at that time, of the same sort with that more modern one, Marry come up. The Oxford editor, not apprehending this, alters it to march. WAREBOROUGH.

Much! is used thus in B. Jonson's Folio:
"—But you shall eat it. Much!
Again, in Every Man in his Humour:
"Much, wench! or much, son!"
Again, in Every Man out of his Humour:
"To charge me bring my grain unto the markers:
"Ay, much! when I have neither barn nor garner."
Steevens.

1 —points—] As a mark of his commission. JOHNSON.
2 No more, Pistol, &c.] This is from the oldest edition of 1600. PEPLE.
3 Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, &c.] Pistol's character seems to have been a common one on the stage in the time of Shakspeare. In a Woman's a Weathercock, by N. Field, 1612, there is another personage exactly of the same stamp, who is thus described:
"Thou unseizable rascal, thou a soldier!
"That with thy flops and cat-a-mountain face,
"Thy blather chops, and thy scurilous words,
"Fright'st the poor whore, and terribly dost exact
"A weekly subsidy, twelve pence a piece,
"Whereon thou livest; and on my conscience,
"Thou snap'rt besides with cheats and cut-purses."
Malone.

○ captain?
captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dry'd cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sort'd: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first;—To Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, where Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs!

4 He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dry'd cakes.] That is, he lives at other men's cost, but is not admitted to their tables, and gets only what is too stale to be eaten in the house.

JOHNSON.

It means rather, that he lives on the refuse provisions of bawdy houses and pastry-cooks shops. Stew'd prunes, when mouldy, were perhaps formerly sold at a cheap rate, as stale pies and cakes are at present. The allusion to stew'd prunes, and all that is necessary to be known on that subject, has been already explained in the first part of this historical play.

STEEVENS.

5—_as odious as the word occupy;_—_]_ So, Ben Jonson in his Discoveries: “Many, out of their own obscure apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words; as, occupy, nature,” &c.

STEEVENS.

Occupant seems to have been formerly a term for a woman of the town, as occupier was for a wench. So in Marston's Satires, 1599:

"—_He with his occupant_"

"Are cling'd so close, like dew-worms in the morne,"

"That he'll not stir."

Again, in a song by Sir T. Overbury, 1632:

"Here's water to quench maiden's fires,"

"Here's spirits for old occupiers.” MALONE.

Again, in Promes and Cassandra, bl. 1. 15:—“Mistresse you must shut up your shops, and leave your occupying.” This is said to a bawd. HENDERSON.

6 Hold hook and line,—_]_ These words are introduced in ridicule by Ben Jonson in The Cafe is alter'd, 1609. Of absurd an-

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fustiad
SECOND PART OF

dogs! down 7 fai tors! s Have we not Hiren here? Hoft. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late: I befeek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pifl.

flussian passages from many plays, in which Shakspere had been a performer, I have always supposed no small part of Piflot's character to be composed: and the pieces themselves being now irretrievably lost, the humour of his allusions is not a little obscured.

STEEVENS.

In Tuffer's Husbandry, bl. 1. 15, it is said:

"At noone if it bloweth, at night if it shine,
"Out trudgeeth Hew Make-shift, with book and with line."

HENDerson.

7 fai tors!] Faitours, says Minshew's Dictionary, is a corruption of the French word faiteurs, i.e. faiteurs, doers; and it is used in the statute 7 Rich. II. c. 5, for evil doers, or rather for idle live; from the French, faitard, which in Corgrave's Dictionary signifies lothful, idle, &c.-TOLLET.

down fai tors. i.e. traitors, rascals. So Spenser:

"Into new voces, unwielding, was I cast.
"By this false faitour."

The word often occurs in the Chester Mysteries: STIEEVEKS.

8 Have we not Hiren here?] I have been told that the words—have we not Hiren here, are taken from a very old play, entitled, Hiren, or the Fayre Greeke, and are spoken by Mahomet when his Baffas upbraided him with having lost so many provinces through an attachment to effeminate pleasures. Pifl, with some humour, is made to repeat these words before Faulstaff and his mili-
mates, as he points to Doll Tear-sheet, in the same manner as the Turkish monarch had pointed to Hiren (Irene) before the whole assembl'd divan. This dramatic piece I have never seen; but it is mentioned in that very useful and curious book The Companion to the Play-house, as the work of W. Barkstead, published in 1611. Mr. Oldys in a MS. note confirms this circumstance.

It appears likewise from the "Merry conceited Jests of George Peele, Gentleman," who was master of arts in 1579, that a play called Mahomet and Irene the faire Greek, had been acted, but was written down by the hero of this pamphlet.

In an old comedy, 1608, called Law Tricks; or, Who would have thought it? the same quotation is likewise introduced, and on a similar occasion. The prince Polometes says:

"What ominous news can Polometes daunt?

"Have we not Hiren here?"

Again, in Massinger's Old Law:

"Clown. No dancing for me, we have Siren here.
"Cook. Syren! 'twas Hiren the faire Greek, man."

Again
KING HENRY IV. 531

Pifl. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horries,

And

Again, in Decker’s Satiromastix:
“—therefore whilst we have Hiren here, speak my little dish-washers.”
Again, in Love’s Míjěpêf, a masque by T. Heywood, 1636:
“—fay she is a foul beast in your eyes, yet she is my Hyren.”

Mr. Tollet observes, that in Adams’s Spiritual Navigator, &c.
1615, there is the following passage: “There be sirens in the sea of the world. Syrens? Hiren, as they are now called. What a number of these sirens, Hiren, cockatrices, courtegians,—in plain English, harlots,—swimme amongst us?” Pifol may therefore mean, Have we not a frouncet here? and why am I thus used by her?” STEEVENS.

Mr. Oldys, though a diligent antiquary, was sometimes in-accurate. From The Meric conceited Jests of George Peele, Gentle-
man, sometime Student in Oxford, quarto, 1657, it appears, that
Peele, so far from having written down The Turkifh Mahomet and Hyren the Fair Greek (as Oldys represents in his MS. notes on Langbaine), was himself the author of that play. One of these jests, or rather stories, is entitled, How George read a Play-book to a Gentleman. “There was a gentleman (lays the tale) whom
God had endued with good living, to maintain his small wit—
one that took great delight to have the first hearing of any work
that George had done, himself being a writer.—This self-con-
cecitc brock had George invited to half a score sheets of paper;
whose Christianly pen had writ Finis to the famous play of The
Turkifh Mahomet and Hyren the Fair Greek—in Italian called a
curzezen; in Spaine, a margarite; in French, un curteyn; in
English, among the barbarous, a sworne; among the genties, their
usual associates, a punk.—This fantaffick, whose brain
was made of nought but cork and spunge, came to the cold lodging
of monfieur Peel.—George bids him welcome;—told him he
would gladly have his opinion of his book.—He willingly con-
descended, and George begins to read, and between every scene he
would make pautes, and demand his opinion how he liked the
 carriage of it, &c.”

Have we not Hiren here? was, without doubt, a quotation from
this play of Peele’s, and, from the explanation of the word Hiren
above given, is put with peculiar propriety into the mouth of
Pifol. In Eastward Hoe, a comedy by Jonson, Chapman, and
Marston, 1605, Quicksilver comes in drunk, and repeats this and
many other verses, from dramatich performances of that time:

“Holla ye pamper’d jades of Afia!” [Tamburlaine.]

M in 2

“Halt
SECOND PART OF

And 9 hollow-pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Caesars, and with 'Cannibals,

"Haft thou not Hiren here?"
"Who cries out murther, lady, was it you?"

[Spanish Tragedy.]

All these lines are printed as quotations, in Italicks.

MALONE.

9 hollow-pamper'd jades of Asia, &c. These lines are in part a quotation out of an old absurd fustian play, entitled, Tamburlain's Conquest; or, The Scythian Shepherd. THOBALD.

These lines are addressed by Tamburlaine to the captive princes who draw his chariot:

"Holla, you pamper'd jades of Asia,
"What! can you draw but twenty miles a day?"

The same passage is burlesqued by Beaumont and Fletcher in The Coxcomb.

I was surprized to find a simile, much and justly celebrated by the admirers of Spenser's Fairy Queen, inserted almost word for word in the second part of this tragedy. The earliest edition of these books of The Fairy Queen, in one of which it is to be found, was published in 1590, and Tamburlaine had been represented in or before the year 1588, as appears from the preface to Perimedes the Blacksmith, by Robert Greene. The first copy, however, that I have met with, is in 1590, and the next in 1593. In the year 1590 both parts of it were entered on the books of the Stationers' Company.

"Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
"On top of green Selinis, all alone,
"With blossoms brave bedecked daintily,
"Whose tender locks do tremble every one
"At every little breath that under heaven is blown."

Spenser.

"Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
"Upon the lofty and celestial mount
"Of ever-green Selinis, quaintly deck'd
"With bloom more bright than Erycina's brows;
"Whose tender blossoms tremble every one
"At every little breath from heaven is blown."

Marlow's Tamburlaine.

—Cannibals. Cannibal is used by a blunder for Hannibal. This was afterwards copied by Congreve's Bluff and Wittol. Bluff is a character apparently taken from this of ancient Pilto. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the character of a bully on the English stage might have been originally taken from Pilto; but Congreve seems to have copied his Nol Bluff more immediately from Jencon's Captain Bobadil. STEEVENS.

And
KING HENRY IV.

And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hoš. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins;

4 Have we not Hiren here?

Hoš.

2—and let the welkin roar.] Part of the words of an old ballad intitled, "What the father gathereth with the rake, the son doth scatter with the fork?"

"Let the welkin roar,
"He never give ore, &c."

Again, in another ancient song called, The Man in the Moon drinks Claret:

"Drink wine till the welkin roars,
"And cry out a p— of your scores." Steevens.

3 Die men like dogs;—] This expression I find in Ram-alley or Merry Tricks, 1611:

"Your lieutenant's an afs.
"How an afs? Die men like dogs?" Steevens.

4—Have we not Hiren here?

Hoš. O' my sword, captain, there's none such here.] i.e. Shall I fear that have this trusty and invincible sword by my side? For, as king Arthur's swords were called Caliburn and Ron; as Edward the Confessor's, Curtana; as Charlemagne's, Joyeuse; Orlando's, Durindana; Rinaldo's, Fusberta; and Rogero's, Balifarda; so Pistol, in imitation of these heroes, calls his sword Hiren. I have been told, Amadis du Gaul had a sword of this name. Hirir is to strike: from hence it seems probable that Hiren may be derived; and to signify a swashing, cutting sword.—But what wonderful humour is there in the good houfe! so innocently mistaking Pistol's drit, fancying that he meant to fight for a whore in the house, and therefore telling him, O' my sword, captain, there's none such here; what the good-jere! do you think, I would deny her? Theobald.

As it appears from a former note, that Hiren was sometimes a cant term for a miller's or harlot, Pistol may be supposed to give it on this occasion, as an endearing name, to his sword, in the same spirit of fondnefs that he presently calls it—sweetheart. Pistol delights in bestowing titles on his weapon. In this scene he also calls it—Atrapos. Steevens.
SECOND PART OF

Ho! my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-jere! do you think, I would deny her? I pray be quiet.

Pist. Then, Feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis: Come, give's some sack.

---Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.---Fear we broad-fides? no, let the fiend give fire: Give me some sack;---and, sweet-heart, lye thou there. [Laying down his sword.


---feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis:---This is a burlesque on a line in an old play called The Battle of Alcazar, &c. printed in 1594, in which Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's flesh on his sword:

"Feed then, and faint not, my faire Calypolis."
And again, in the same play:
"Hold thee, Calipolis; feed, and faint no more."
And again:
"Feed and be fat, that we may meet the foe,
"With strength and terrour to revenge our wrong."

This line is quoted in several of the old plays: and Decker, in his Satiro mastix, 1602, has introduced Shakspeare's burlesque of it:

"Feed and be fat my fair Calipolis: flee not my beauteous wriggle-tails." STEEVES.

It is likewise quoted by Marston in his What you will, as it stands in Shakspeare. MALONE.

---Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.---Sir Thomas Hanmer reads: "Si fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta," which is undoubtedly the true reading, but perhaps it was intended that Pistol should corrupt it. JOHNSON.

Pistol is only a copy of Hannoabal Salviati, who vaunted on yielding himself a prisoner, as you may read in an old collection of tales, called Wits, Fits, and Fancies:

"Si fortuna me tormenta,
"Il speranza me contenta,"
And sir Richard Hawkins, in his Voyage to the South Sea, 1593, throws out the same gingling dithyramb, on the loss of his pinnace. FARMER.

Come
KING HENRY IV.

Come we to full points here; and are et cetera's nothing?

Fal. Piffol, I would be quiet.

Piff. *Sweet knight, I kis thy neif: What! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Piff. Thrust him down stairs! know we not? Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

7 Come we to full points here; &c.] That is, shall we stop here, shall we have no further entertainment? Johnson.

*Sweet knight, I kis thy neif:] i. e. I kis thy sister. Mr. Pope will have it, that neif here is from nativa; i. e. a woman-slave that is born in one's house; and that Piffol would kis Falstaff’s domestick mistress Doll Tear-sheet. Theobald.

Nisf, neif, and naif, are certainly law-terms for a woman-slave. So in Horotoni’s Antig. of Nottinghamshire,—“Every *naif* or she-villain, that took a husband or committed fornication, paid *marbett* for redemption of her blood 5s. and *4d.*”

Again, in Stansburii’s Virgil, 1582:

Me Famulam famuloque Heleno transfinit habendam.

“Me his *wise* to his serraunt Helenus full firmelye betroathed.”

I believe neif is used by Shakespare for fift. It is still employed in that sense in the northern counties, and by Ben Jonson in his Poetaster:

“Reach me thy neif,”

Again, in The Witch of Edmonton, by Rowley:

“*Oh, sweet Ningle, thy neif* once again.”

Steevens.

9 —Galloway nags?] That is, common hackneys. Johnson.

*—like a showe-groat shilling.:] This expression occurs in Every Man in his Humour: “made it run as smooth off the *tongue as a shove-groat shilling.”


“At shove-groat, venter-point, or crosse and pile.”

I suppose it to have been a piece of polished metal made use of in the play of shovel-board. See vol. i. p. 250. Steevens.

Slide-thrift, or showe-groat, is one of the games prohibited by statute 33 Hen. VIII. c. 9. Blackstone.
SECOND PART OF

**Bard.** Come, get you down stairs.

**Piss.** What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrow? — Then death
Rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!
Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

**Hoist.** Here’s goodly stuff toward!

**Fal.** Give me my rapier, boy.

**Dol.** I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

**Fal.** Get you down stairs.

**[Drawing, and driving Pistol out. Hoist.** Here’s a goodly tumult! I’ll forswear keeping house, before I’ll be in these terrors and frights. So; murther, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

**Dol.** I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whorson little valiant villain, you.

**Hoist.** Are you not hurt i’ the groin? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly. **[Re-enter Bard. Fal.** Have you turn’d him out of doors?

**Bard.** Yes, sir. The rascal’s drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

**Fal.** A rascal! to brave me!

**Dol.** Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat’st? Come, let me wipe thy face; — come on, you whorson chops: Ah, rogue! I love thee. — Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies: Ah, villain!

—then death

Rock me asleep. —] This is a fragment of an ancient song supposed to have been written by Anne Boleyn:

"O death rock me on slope,
Bring me on quiet rest, &c."

For the entire song, see Sir John Hawkins’s *General Hist. of Musick*, vol. iii. p. 31. *Steevens.*
KING HENRY IV. 537

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

Dol. Do, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou
do'st, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter musick.

Page. The musick is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play; — Play, firs. — Sit on my
knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue
fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church.
Thou whorson * little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,
when wilt thou leave fighting o'days, and joining
o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for
heaven?

* little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, — ] For tidy sir Thomas
Hammer reads tiny; but they are both words of endearment, and
equally proper. Bartholomew boar-pig is a little pig made of paste,
fold at Bartholomew fair, and given to children for a fairing.

JOHNSON.

Tidy has two significations, timely, and neat. In the first
of these senses, I believe, it is used in the Arraignment of Paris,
1584:

"I myself have given good, tidy lambs." STEEVES.

From Ben Jonson's play of Bartholomew Fair, we learn, that it
was the custom formerly to have booths in Bartholomew Fair, in
which pigs were dressed and sold, and to these it is probable the
allusion is here, and not to the pigs of paste mentioned by Dr.
Johnson.

The practice of roasting pigs at Bartholomew Fair continued
until the beginning of the present century, if not later. It is men-
tioned in Ned Ward's London Spy, 1697; when about the year,
1708, some attempts were made to limit the duration of the Fair
to three days, a poem was published entitled The Pigs Petition
against Bartholomew Fair, &c.

Tidy, I apprehend, means only fat, and in that sense it was
certainly sometimes used. See an old translation of Galateo of
Manners and Behaviour, b. 1. 1578, p. 77: "And it is more
proper and peculiar speache to say, The shivering of an ague,
than to call it, The cold. And field that is TIDIE, to terme it
rather, FATTE then fulsome. EDITOR.

Enter
Enter, behind, prince Henry and Poins, disguised like drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say, Poins hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon!—his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and

5 —like a death's head;] It appears from the following passage in Marston's Dutch Courtesan, 1605, that it was the custom for the ladies of that age to wear a death's head in a ring, very probably with the common motto, *mem.ato mori*; Coclelemoy, speaking of some of these, says: — "as for their death, how can it be bad, since their wickedness is always before their eyes, and a death's head most commonly on their middle finger." Again, in Massinger's Old Law: — fell some of my cloaths to buy thee a death's head and put upon thy middle finger: your leak considering baubles do so much." Again, in Northward Hoe, 1600: "— as if I were a baswed, no ring pleases me but a death's head."

On the Stationers' books Feb. 21, 1582, is entered a ballad intitled *Remember thy End.* Steevens.

+—Tewksbury mustard, &c.] Tewksbury is a market town in the county of Gloucester, formerly noted for mustard-balls made there, and sent into other parts. Dr. Grey.

5 —in a mallet.] So, in Milton's Prose Works 1738, vol. 1, p. 300: "Though the fancy of this doubt be as obtuse and sad as any mallet." Tollelt.

6 —eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends, &c.] Conger with fennel was formerly regarded as a provacative. It is mentioned by Ben Jonson in his *Bartholomew-Fair,*—"like a long lac'd conger with green fennel in the joll of it." And in Philaster,
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 smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories:

Philaster, one of the ladies advises the wanton Spanish prince to abstain from this article of luxury.

Greene likewise in his Quip for an uppstart Courtier, calls fennel "women's weeds"—"fit generally for that sex, sith while they are maidens they with wantonly."

The qualification that follows, viz., that of swallowing candles' ends by way of flap-dragons, seems to indicate no more than that the prince loved him because he was always ready to do any thing for his amusement, however absurd or unnatural. Naish, in Pierce Pennysfhis Supplication to the Devil, advises hard drinkers, "to have some shoos horne to pull on their wine, as a "rather on the coals, or a red herring; or to stir it about with a "candles' end to make it taste the better," &c. And Ben Jonson in his News from the Moon, &c. a masque, speaks of those who eat candles' ends, as an act of love and gallantry; and Beaumont and Fletcher in Monsieur Thomas: "---ca- "route her health in cans, and candles' ends."

In Rowley's Match at Midnight, 1633, a captain says, that his "corporal was lately choak'd at Delf by swallowing a flap-
dragon."

Again, in Marston's Dutch Courtezan, 1605: ---"have I not "been drunk to your health, swallow'd flap-dragons, eat glasses, "drank urine, stab'd arms, and done all the offices of protested "gallantry for your sake?"

Again, in The Christian turn'd Turk, 1612: ---"as familiarly "as pikes do gudgeons, and with as much facility as Dutchmen "swallow flap-dragons." Steevens.

A flap-dragon is some small combustible body, fired at one end, and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It is an act of a toper's dexte-
rity to tos off the glass in such a manner as to prevent the flap-
dragon from doing mischief. Johnson.

"---wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg;] The learned editor of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, 1775, observes that such is part of the description of a smart abbot, by an anonymous writer of the thirteenth century. "Orecas habebat in crucibus, quasi inatae essentia, sine plicis torrefacta." MS. Bod. James n. 6. p. 121. Steevens.

"---discreet stories:—] We should read indiscreet. Warburton.

I suppose by discreet stories, is meant what suspicious masters and mistresses...
SECOND PART OF

and such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew 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 hair will turn the scales between their
averdupois.

P. Henry. Would not this nave of a wheel have
his cars cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Henry. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his
poll claw'd like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many
years out-live performance?

Fali. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Henry. ' Saturn and Venus this year in con-
junction! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his
mistresses of families would call prudential information; i.e. what
ought to be known, and yet is disgraceful to the teller. Among
the virtues of John Rugby, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, Mrs.
Quickly adds, that "he is no tell-tale, no breed-bate."

Steevens.

9. — nave of a wheel —— ] Nave and knave are easily recon-
ciled, but why nave of a wheel? I suppose from his roundness.
He was called round man in contempt before. Johnson.

So, in the play represented before the king and queen in
Hamlet:

" Break all the spokes and fellies of her wheel,
" And bowl the round nave down the steep of heaven."

Steevens.

1 Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction!] This was indeed
a prodigy. The astrologers, says Ficinus, remark, that Saturn
and Venus are never conjoined. Johnson.

2 — the fiery Trigon &c. ] Trigonum igneum is the astronomi-
cal term when the upper planets meet in a fiery sign. The fiery
Trigon, I think confines of Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius. So, in

" Even at the fiery Trigon shall your chief ascendant be."

Again, in Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praife of the old
Afe, &c. by Gabriel Harvey, 1593: " —— now the warring
planet was expected in perifon, and the fiery Trigon seemed to give
the alarm." Steevens.
man, be not 3 lisping to his master's old tables; his note-book, his counsell-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering buffets.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

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

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of 4? I shall receive

3 — lisping to his master's old tables, &c.] We should read, clasping too his master's old tables, &c. i.e. embracing his master's call-off whore, and now his bawd [his note-book, his counsell-keeper]. We have the same phrase again in Cymbeline:

"You clap young Cupid's tables." WARBURTON.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. Bardolph was very probably drunk, and might lisp a little in his courtship; or might assume an affected softness of speech, like Chaucer's FRERE:

"Late edit. Prol. v. 266:

"Somewhat he lifted for his wantonesse,
"To make his English sweeter, and his tongue."

Or, like the Page in the Mad Lover of Beaumont and Fletcher, who "Lips when he lift to catch a chambermaid."

Again, in Love's Labour's Lost: "—He can carve, too, and lisp." STEEVENS.

Certainly the word clasping better preserves the integrity of the metaphor, or perhaps, as the expression is old tables, we might read licking: Bardolph was kissing the Buffett's; and old ivory books were commonly cleaned by licking them. FARMER.

The reading proposed by Dr. Farmer — "licking too his master's old tables" — is countenanced by a passage in Sir John Old- age, 1600:

"Constable. Master Harpool, I'll have one kirtle too.
"Harp. No licking for you, constable; hand off, hand off." MALONE.

4 — a kirtle of ? I know not exactly what a kirtle is. The following passages may serve to shew that it was something different from a gown. "How unkindly she takes the matter, and cannot be reconciled with less than a gown or a kirtle of silk." Greene's Art of Legerdemain, &c. 1612. Again, in one of Staunton's poems, 1582:

"This gowne your lovemente, that kirtle costlye she craveth." BALE, in his Adloc of English Votaries, says that Roger earl of Shrewbury sent "to Cluynake in France, for the kyrle of holy Hugh the abbot." Perhaps kirtle, in its common acceptation, means.
receive money on Thursday: thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

_Dol._ By my troth, thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou say'lt so: prove that ever I dress myself hand-some 'till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

_Fal._ Some sack, Francis.

_P. Henry._ Poins. Anon, anon, sir. 6

_Fal._ 5 Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—and art not thou Poins, his brother? 7

_P. Henry._ Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

_Fal._ A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

_P. Henry._ Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

_Hoxt._ O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! welcome to London.—Now heaven blest that sweet face of thine! what, are you come from Wales?

_Fal._ Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.  [Leaning his hand upon Doll.

_Dol._ How, you fat fool, I scorn you.

_Poins._ My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

means a petticoat. "Half a dozen taffeta gowns or fattin kirtles."
_Cynthia's Revels_ by Ben Jonson.

 Stubbs mentions kirtles but is not precise in his description of them. Dr. Farmer supposes them to be the same as _safe-guards_ or riding hoods. _Steevens._

  6 _anon, anon sir._ The usual answer of drawers at this period.
  7 _Ha! a bastard, &c._] The improbability of this scene is scarcely balanced by the humour. _Johnson._

  8 Poins, his brother?] i.e. Poins's brother, or brother to Poins: a vulgar corruption of the genitive case. _Remarks._

_P. Henry._
KING HENRY IV.

P. Henry. You wheresoever mine, you, how little did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Hal. 'Blessing o' your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Henry. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think, thou waft within hearing.

P. Henry. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Henry. No! to dispraise me; and call me—pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

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

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecovable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchin, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For

—candle-mine,—] Thou inexhaustible magazine of tallow. Johnson.
the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil out-bids him too.

P. Henry. For the women,—

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Hof. No, I warrant you.

Fal. 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.

Hof. All victuallers do so: What's a joint of mutton or two, in a whole Lent?

P. Henry. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Hof. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there; Francis.

Enter Peto.

P. Henry. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster:

1 and burns, poor soul!] This is Sir T. Hamlan’s reading. Undoubtedly right. The other editions had, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. The venereal disease was called in these times the brennyge or burning. Johnson.

2 all victuallers do so:] The brothels were formerly screened under pretext of being victualling houses and taverns.

So, in Webster and Rowley’s Cure for a Cuckold:

“This informer comes into Turnbull Street to a victualling house, and there falls in league with a wench, &c.”—Now Sir this fellow, in revenge, informs against the bawd that kept the house, &c.”

Again, in Gascoigne’s Glas of Government, 1575:

“—at a house with a red lattice you shall find an old bawd called Panderina, and a young damsel called Lania.” Barrett in his Alceste, 1580, defines a victualling house thus: “A tavern where meate is eaten out of due season.” Stevens.
KING HENRY IV.

And there are twenty weak and wearied posts,  
Come from the north: and, as I came along,  
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,  
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,  
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

P. Henry. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,  
So idly to profane the precious time;  
When tempest of commotion, like the south  
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,  
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.  
Give me my sword, and cloak:—Falstaff, good night.  
[Exeunt Prince, and Poins.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night,  
and we must hence, and leave it unpick'd. More knocking at the door?—How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; a dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah [To the Page].—Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the under server may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches:—If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Doll. I cannot speak;—If my heart be not ready to burst:—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.  
[Exeunt Fal. and Bard.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come pescod-time; but an honest, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [within] Mistress Tear-sheet,—

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. [Exeunt.

3 O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, O run, Doll run, run: Good Doll, come: she comes droller'd: Tea, will you come, Doll? Steevens.
546 SECOND PART OF

ACT III. 'SCENE I.

The palace.

Enter king Henry in his night-gown, with a Page.

K. Henry. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them: Make good speed.—
[Exit Page.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And sleep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hurst'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leave'st the king's couch,
a watch-calf, or a common larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains

1 This first scene is not in my copy of the first edition.

2 A watch-calf, &c.] This alludes to the watchman set in garrison-towns upon some eminence attending upon an alarum-bell, which he was to ring out in case of fire, or any approaching danger. He had a cafe or box to shelter him from the weather, but at his utmost peril he was not to sleep whilst he was upon duty. These alarum-bells are mentioned in several other places of Shakespeare. Hanmer.
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Can't thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude!
And, in the calmest and most still of still night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

--- slippery clouds,] The modern editors read shrowds.
The old copy,—in the slippery clouds; but I know not what advantage is gained by the alteration, for shrowds had anciently the same meaning as clouds. I could bring many instances of the use of the word from Drayton. So, in his Miracles of Moses:
"And the fierce thunder from the airy shrowds,
To the sad world, in fear and horror spake."
Again, in Ben Jonson's Poem on Luigo joven:
"And peering forth of Iris in the shrowds."
A moderate tempest would hang the waves in the shrowds of a ship; a great one might poetically be said to suspend them on the clouds, which were too slippery to retain them.
So, in Julius Cæsar:
"Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage and foam
To be exalted with the threatening clouds."
Drayton's airy shrowds are the airy covertures of heaven; which in plain language are the clouds. Steevens.

--- Then happy low, lie down!] Evidently corrupted from happy lowly clown. These two lines making the just conclusion from what preceded. "If sleep will fly a king and comfort itself with beggars, then happy the lowly clown, and uneasy the crown'd head." Warburton.

Dr. Warburton has not admitted this emendation into his text; I am glad to do it the justice which its author has neglected.

The sense of the old reading seems to be this: "You, who are happy in your humble situations, lay down your heads to rest!"
SECOND PART OF

Enter Warwick, and Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!
K. Henry. Is it good morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.
K. Henry. 'Why, then, good morrow to you. Well,
my lords,
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?
War. We have, my liege.
K. Henry. Then you perceive, the body of our
kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. 'It is but as a body, yet distemper'd;
 Which

"rest! the head that wears a crown lies too uneasie to expect
"such a blessing." Had not Shakspeare thought it necessary to
subject himself to the tyranny of rhyme, he would probably have
said:——"then happy low, sleep on!"
So, in the Misfortunes of King Arthur, a tragedy, 1587:
"Behold the peasant poore with tattered coate,
"Whose eyes a meaner fortune feedes with sleepe,
"How safe and found the carelesse snudge doth more."
Sir W. D'Avenant has the same thought in his Law for Lovers:
"How soundly they sleep whose pillows lie low!"

STEEVENS.

9 In the old edition:

Why then good morrow to you all, my lords:

Have you read o'er, &c.] The king sends letters to Surrey
and Warwick, with charge that they should read them and attend
him. Accordingly here Surrey and Warwick come, and no-
body else. The king would hardly have said, "Good morrow to
you all," to two peers. THEOBALD.

Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton have receiv'd this
emendation, and read well for all. The reading either way is of no
importance. JOHNSON.

"It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd.] What would he have
more? We should read:

It is but as a body flight distemper'd. WARBURTON.

The present reading is right. Distemper, that is, according to
the old phisic, a disproportionate mixture of humours, or in-
equality of innate heat and radical humidity, is less than actual
disease,
Which to its former strength may be restor’d,
With good advice, and little medicine:—
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool’d.

K. Henry. O heaven! that one might read the book
of fate;
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beechy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune’s hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! 1 O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—
Would shut the book, and fit him down and die.
’Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after,
Were they at wars: It is but eight years, since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil’d in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. 2 But which of you was by,

1. The difference between distemper and disease seems to be much the
same as between disposition and habit. Johnson.

2. My lord Northumberland will soon be cool’d.] I believe Shake-
speare wrote school’d; tutor’d, and brought to submission.

Cool’d is certainly right. Johnson.

* ——O, if this were seen, &c.] These four lines are sup-
plied from the edition of 1600. Warburton.

My copy wants the whole scene, and therefore these lines.
There is some difficulty in the line,

What perils past, what crosses to ensue;

because it seems to make past perils equally terrible with ensuing

crosses. Johnson.

* But which of you was by, &c.] He refers to King Richard,

N 3

act
SECOND PART OF

(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember)[To Warwick.
When Richard,—with his eye brim-full of tears,
Then check’d and rated by Northumberland,—
Did speak these words, now prov’d a prophecy?
Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne—);
Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intent;
But that necessity to bow’d the state,
That I and greatness were compell’d to kiss:——
The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:—so went on,
Foretelling this same time’s condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men’s lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas’d:
The which observ’d, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie entresur’d.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And, by the necessary form of this,

act v. sc. 2 But whether the king’s or the author’s memory
fails him, so it was, that Warwick was not present at that con-
versation. Johnson.

2 Cousin Nevil.] Shakspere has mistaken the name of the pre-
cent nobleman. The earldom of Warwick was at this time in the fa-
mily of Beaufort, and did not come into that of the Nevils till
many years after, in the latter end of the reign of king Henry VI,
when it descended to Anne Beaufort, (the daughter of the earl
here introduced) who was married to Richard Nevil, earl of San-
lbury. Steevens.

3 And, by the necessary form of this,] I think we might bet-
ter read:

The necessary form of things.
The word this has no very evident antecedent. Johnson,
If any change were wanting, I would read;
And by the necessary form of these.

i. e. the things mentioned in the preceding line. Steevens.

And, by the necessary form of this is, I apprehend to be un-
stood this history of the times deceased. Herley.

King
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then sallie to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falleness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Henry. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities:
And that same word even now cries out on us;
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd:—Please it your grace,
To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.

To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Henry. I will take your counsel:
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.[Exeunt.

4 Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities:—]
That is, with the restless violence of necessity; then comes more
aply the following line:
And that same word even now cries out on us.
That is, the word necessity. Johnson

5 ——— unto the Holy Land.] This play, like the former,
proceeds in one unbroken tenor through the first edition, and
there is therefore no evidence that the division of the acts was
made by the author. Since, then, every editor has the same
right to mark the interv'-ls of action as the players, who made the
present distribution, I should propose that this scene may be added
to the foregoing act, and the remove from London to Gloucester-
shire be made in the intermediate time, but that it would shorten
the next act too much, which has not even now its due proportion
to the rest. Johnson.

Nn4 SCENE
SECOND PART OF
SCENE II.

Justice Shallow's seat in Gloucestershire.

Enter Shallow meeting Silence. Mouldy, Shadow, Wart,
Fueble, and Bull-calf, Servants, &c. behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

6 [Justice Shallow's seat in Gloucestershire.] From the following passage in The Returne from Parnassus, 1606, we may conclude that Kempe was the original Justice Shallow.—Burbage and Kempe are introduced instructing some Cambridge students to act.—Burbage makes one of the students repeat some lines of Hieronymus and K. Rich. III. Kempe lays to another, “Now for you—methinks you belong to my tuition; and your face methinks would be good for a foolish Mayor, or a foolish Justice of Peace.”—And again—“Thou wilt do well in time if thou wilt be ruled by thy betters, that is by myselfe, and such grave aldermen of the playhouse as I am.”—It appears from Nash's Apologue of Pierce Penniless, 1595, that he likewise played the Clown. “What can be made of a ropemaker more than a clown? Will, Kempe, I mistrust it will fall to thy lot for a Merriment one of these daies.” Malone.

7 —— by the rood,] i. e. The rood. Pope.

8 Silence.] The oldest copy of this play was published in 1600. It must however have been acted somewheren earlier, as in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, which was performed in 1599, is the following reference to it: “No, lady, this is a king-man to Justice Silence,” Steevens.
KING HENRY IV. 553

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By ye and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly: I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd—lufty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squel a Cotswold man,—you had not four such svinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were; and had the best of them all at commandment.

---George Bare,---] The quarto reads George Barnes.

---Will Squel a Cotswold man,---] The games at Cotswold were, in the time of our author, very famous. Of these I have seen accounts in several old pamphlets; and Shallow, by distinguishing Will Squel, as a Cotswold man, meant to have him understood to be one who was well versed in those exercises, and consequently of a daring spirit, and an athletic constitution.

---svinge-bucklers---] Svinge-bucklers and swood-bucklers were words implying rakes or rioters in the time of Shakspeare.

Nash, addressing himself to his old opponent Gabriel Harvey, 1598, says: "Turpe semen miles, 'tis time for such an olde foolo to leave playing the swood.buckler."

Again, in The Devil's Charter, 1607, Caraffa says, "—when "I was a scholar in Padua, faith, then I could have sving'd a "sword and buckler," &c. See p. 306. STEEVENS.

---bona-robas---] i.e. Ladies of pleasure. Bona Roba, Ital.

So, in The Bride, by Nabbes, 1640:

"Some bona-roba they have been sporting with."

---STEEVENS.

Then
SECOND PART OF

Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.†

SIR. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

SHAL. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan’s head at the court gate, when he was a crack.

†—Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.] The following circumstances, tending to prove that Shakespeare altered the name of Oldcastle to that of Falstaff, have hitherto been overlooked. In a poem by J. Weever, entitled “The Mirror of Martyrs, or the Life and Death of that thrice valiant Captain and most godly Martyr Sir John Oldcastle, Knight, Lord Cobham,” 18mo. 1601, Oldcastle, relating the events of his life, says:

“Within the spring-tide of my flow’ring youth,
   “He [his father] slept into the winter of his age;
   “Made meanes (Mercurius thus begins the truth)
   “That I was made Sir Thomas Mowbray page.”

Again, in a pamphlet entitled “The wandering Jew telling fortunes to Englishmen,” 4to. (the date torn off, but apparently a republication about the middle of the last century) is the following passage in the Glutton’s speech: “I do not live by the sweat of my brows, but am almost dead with sweating. I eat much, but can talk little. Sir John Oldcastle was my great grandfather’s father’s uncle. I come of a huge kindred.” EDITOR.

Different conclusions are sometimes drawn from the same premises. Because Shakespeare borrowed a single circumstance from the life of the real Oldcastle, and imparted it to the fictitious Falstaff, does it follow that the name of the former was ever employed as a cover to the vices of the latter? Is it not more likely, because Falstaff was known to possess one feature in common with Oldcastle, that the vulgar were led to imagine that Falstaff was only Oldcastle in disguise? Hence too might have arisen the story that our author was compelled to change the name of the one for that of the other; a story sufficiently specious to have imposed on the writer of the “Wandering Jew,” as well as on the credulity of Field, Fuller, and others, whose coincidence has been brought in support of an opinion contrary to my own. STEEVERS.

† Skogan’s head—] Who Skogan was, may be under stood from the following passage in The Fortunate Isles, a masque by Ben Jonson, 1620:

   “Methinks you should enquire now after Skelton,
   “And after Skogan.
   “Skogan? What was he?”

   [Oft,
KING HENRY IV.

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a crack, not thus high: and the very same day I did fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray’s-inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Shal. Certain, ’tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist faith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow;—And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt lov’d him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have 7 clapp’d i’ the clout at twelve score; and carry’d you a fore-hand shaft a fourteen, and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man’s heart good to see.——How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

"Oh, a fine gentleman, and a master of arts
"Of Henry the Fourth’s times, that made disguises
"For the king’s sons, and writ in ballad royal
"Daintily well," &c.

Among the works of Chaucer is a poem called "Scogan, unto the Lordes and Gentilmen of the Kinge’s House." STEEVENS.

This is not the Scogan alluded to by Shallow. He means the Scogan who was a jester, mime, mimic, or court fool in Edward the IV. reign. See Scogan’s Jeffs.

Remarks.

6 a crack.] This is an old Islandic word, signifying a boy or child. One of the fabulous kings and heroes of Denmark, called Hrolf, was surnamed Krake. See the story in Edda, Fable 63.

TYRWHITT.

7—clapp’d i’ the clout—] i.e. Hit the white mark.

WARDBURTON.

8—fourteen and fourteen and a half—] That is, fourteen score of yards.

JOHNSON.
SECOND PART OF

Shal. And is old Double dead!

Enter Bardolph and his boy.

Sil. Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you: my captain, sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir; I knew him a good back-sword man: How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases aresurely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of accommodate: 'very good; a good phrase.

9 Good morrow, &c.] The quarto gives this as well as the following part of the speech to Bardolph. The folio divides it between Shallow and him. I have followed the quarto. Steevens.

—very good, a good phrase.] Accommodate was a modish term of that time, as Ben Jonson informs us: "You are not to cast or wring for the perfumed terms of the time, as accommodate, complement, spirit, &c. but use them properly in their places as others." Ditcoveries. Hence Bardolph calls it a word of exceeding good command. His definition of it is admirable, and highly satirical: nothing being more common than for inaccurate speakers or writers, when they should define, to put their hearers off with a synonymous term; or, for want of that, even with the same term differently accommodated; as in the instance before us. Warburton.

The same word occurs in Jonson's Every Man in his Humour:

"Hoffell accommodate us with another bedding:

"The woman does not understand the words of action."

Steevens.

Bard.
KING HENRY IV.

Bard. Pardon, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very just:—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow;—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; Where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, sir John? a good limb'd fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.
SECOND PART OF

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, 'faith! things, that are mouldy, lack use: Very singular good!—Well said, sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbандry, and her drudgery: you need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go.—Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; Know you where you are?—For the other, sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to fit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

[—we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.] That is, we have in the muster book many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men. 

JOHNSON.

Fal.
Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.
Shal. Shall I prick him, sir John?
Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.
Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!
Feeble. Here, sir.
Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?
Feeble. A woman's taylor, sir.
Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?
Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's taylor, he would have prick'd you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?
Feeble. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.
Fal. Well said, good woman's taylor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's taylor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.
Feeble. I would, Wart might have gone, sir.
Fal. I would, thou wert a man's taylor; that thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.
Feeble. It shall suffice, sir.
Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?
Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!
Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.
Bull. Here, sir.
Fal. Trust me, a likely fellow!—Come, pricks me Bull-calf, 'till he roar again.
Bull. Oh! good my lord captain,—
Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?
560 Second Part Of

**Bull.** O lord, sir! I am a diseas’d man.

**Fal.** What disease hast thou?

**Bull.** A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king’s affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

**Fal.** Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

**Shal.** There is two more call’d than your number, you must have but four here, sir; — and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

**Fal.** Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

**Shal.** O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the wind-mill in saint George’s fields?

**Fal.** No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

**Shal.** Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

**Fal.** She lives, master Shallow.

**Shal.** She could never away with me.

**Fal.** Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

**Shal.** By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a 9 bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

**Fal.** Old, old, master Shallow.

**Shal.** Nay, she must be old; she cannot chuse but

---

8 *She could never away with me.*] This expression of dislike is used by Maurice Kyffin, in his translation of the Andria of Terence, 1588: “All men that be in love can ill away to have wives appointed them by others.” Perhaps the original meaning was—such a one cannot travel on the same road with me.

**Steevens.**

9 —*bona-roba.*] A fine showy wanton. **Johnson.**

**Bona-roba** was in our author’s time, the common term for a harlot. It is used in that sense by B. Jonson in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, and by many others. **Steevens.**

**be**
be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's inn.

_Sil._ That's fifty-five years ago.

_Shal._ Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hast seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir John, said I well?

_Fal._ We have heard the chimes at midnight; master Shallow.

_Shal._ That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, sir John, we have; our watch-word was, _Hem, boys!_—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[Exeunt Falstaff, and Justices.

_Bull._ Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go: and yet for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

_Bard._ Go to; stand aside.

_Moul._ And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

_Bard._ Go to, stand aside.

_Feeble._ I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a base mind:—an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: No man's too good to serve his prince: and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

—_the chimes at midnight._] So in the second part of an ancient song entitled _A Bill of Fare, _&c. bl. 1:

"We rose from our mirth with the twelve o'clock chimes."

STEEVENS.
SECOND PART OF

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.
Feeble. 'Faith, I'll bear no bale mind.

[Re-enter Falstaff, and Justice.
Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have.
Shal. Four of which you please.
Bard. Sir, a word with you:—'I have three pound
to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.'
Fal. Go to; well.
Shal. Come, sir John, which four will you have?
Fal. Do you chuse for me.
Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble,
and Shadow.
Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy,
stay at home till you are past service:—and, for
your part, Bull-calf,—grow 'till you come unto it;
I will none of you.
Shal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong;
they are your likeliest men, and I would have you
serv'd with the best.
Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to
chuse a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the
 stature,

2 I have three pound—] Here seems to be a wrong
computation. He had forty shillings for each. Perhaps he meant
to conceal part of the profit. JOHNSON.
3 For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: ] This
should surely be: "For you, Mouldy, you have stay'd at home,"
&c. Falstaff has before a similar allusion, "'Tis the more time thou
ever used."

There is some mistake in the number of recruits: Shallow says,
that Falstaff should have four there, but he appears to get but three:
Wart, Shadow, and Feeble. FARMER.
6 stay at home till you are past service: ] Perhaps this passage
should be read and pointed thus: "For you, Mouldy, stay at
home still; you are past service:——" T Y R W H I T T.
7 the thewes,— ] i.e. the muscular strength or appear-
ance of manhood. So, again:
"For nature crecent, does not grow alone
In thewes and bulk."

In other ancient writers this term implies manners, or beha-


nature, bulk and big assemblance of a man⁶? give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;--you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, ⁷ swifter than he that gibbet's on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-fac'd fellow Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the ⁸ foe-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's taylor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a ⁹ caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard.

viour only. Spenser often uses it; and I find it likewise in Galscheine's Glys of Government, 1575:

"And honour'd more than bees of better use."

Shakspeare is perhaps singular in his application of it to the perfections of the body. Steevens.

⁶ assemblance of a man?] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read—assemblage. Steevens.

⁷—swifter than he that gibbet's on the brewer's bucket.] Swifter than he that carries beer from the vat to the barrel, in buckets hung upon a gibbet or beam crossing his shoulders.

Johnson.

⁸ foe-man] So, in Selinus, 1594:

"For he that never saw his foe man's face,

"But always slept upon a lady's lap

"Will scant endure to lead a soldiers life."

Henderson.

⁹—caliver—] A hand-gun. Johnson.

So, in the Masque of Flowers, 1613: "The serjeant of Kavallia carried on his shoulders a great tobacco-pipe as big as a caliver."

It is singular that Shakspeare, who has so often derived his sources of merriment from recent customs or fashionable follies, should not once have mentioned tobacco, though at a time when all his contemporaries were active in its praise or its condemnation.

It is as remarkable, that he has written no lines on the death of any poetical friend, nor commendatory verses on any living author, which was the constant practice of Jonson, Fletcher, &c. Perhaps the singular modesty of Shakspeare hindered him from attempting to decide on the merits of others, while his liberal turn
SECOND PART OF

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopp’d, 7 bald shot.—Well said, Wart; thou’rt a good flobber, hold, there’s a festoon for thee.

Ska l. He is not his craft’s-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, 9 when I lay at 9 Clement’s inn, (9 I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur’s

of mind forbade him to express such gross and indiscriminate praise as too often disgrace the names of many of his contemporaries. I owe this remark to Dr. Farmer. Steevens.

7—bald shot.—] Shot is used for flobber, one who is to fight by shooting. Johnson.

So, in the Exercit of Armes for Calibres, Muskettes, and Pyle, 1619. “First of all is in this figure showed to every shot, how they shall stand and marche, and carry his caliver, &c.” With this instance I was furnished by Dr. Farmer. We still say of a skilful sportsman or game-keeper that he is a good shot. Steevens.

8—Mile-end Green,] It appears from Stowe’s Chronicle, (edit. 1615, p. 702.) that in the year 1585, 4000 citizens were trained and exercised at Mile-end. Steevens.

9 I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement’s inn—] “When I lay,” here signifies, when I lodged or lived. So, Leland: “An old manor place where in tymes pastie sum of the Mou- brays lay for a flarte;” i.e. lived for a time or sometimes. Lin. vol. i. fol. 119. Warton.

9 (I was then Sir Dagonet, in Arthur’s show)—] The only intelligence I have gleaned of this worthy wight sir Dagonet, is from Beaumont and Fletcher in their Knight of the Burning Pelle:

“Boy. Besides, it will shew ill-favouredly to have a grocer’s prentice to court a king’s daughter.

“Cit. Will it so, sir? You are well read in histories; I pray you, what was sir Dagonet? Was he not prentice to a grocer in London? Read the play of The Four Prentices of London, where they tos’d their pikes fo, &c.” Theobald.

The story of sir Dagonet is to be found in La Mort d’Arthur, an old romance much celebrated in our author’s time, or a little before it. “When papistry,” says Ascham in his School-master, “as a standing pool, overflowed all England, few books were read in our tongue saving certain books of chivalry, as they said, for pastime and pleasure; which books, as some say, were made
KING HENRY IV.

thur's show) there was a little quiver fellow; and a' would manage you his piece thus: and a' would about,

"made in monasteries by idle monks. As one for example, La "Mort d'Arturc." In this romance Sir Dagonet is king Arthur's fool. Shakspeare would not have shewn his justice capable of representing any higher character. JOHNSON.

Sir Dagonet is king Arthur's 'squire; but does he mean that he acted Sir Dagonet at Mile-end Green, or at Clement's-inn? By the application of a parenthesis only, the passage will be cleared from ambiguity, and the sense I would assign, will appear to be just.—" I remember at Mile-end Green (when I lay at Clement's-inn, I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show) there was, &c." That is: "I remember when I was a very young man at Clement's-inn, and not fit to act any higher part than Sir Dagonet in the interludes which we used to play in the society, that among the soldiers who were exercised at Mile-end Green, there was, &c. The performance of this part of Sir Dagonet was another of Shallow's feats at Clement's inn, on which he delights to expatiate: a circumstance in the mean time, quite foreign to the purpose of what he is saying, but introduced, on that account, to heighten the ridicule of his character. Just as he had told Silence, a little before, that he saw Schoggan's head broke by Falstaff at the court-gate, "and the very same day, I did fight with one Sampson Stockfis, a fruterer, behind Gray's-inn." Not to mention the satiric implied in making Shallow act Sir Dagonet, who was king Arthur's fool. Arthur's show, here supposed to have been presented at Clement's-inn, was probably an interlude, or masque, which actually existed, and was very popular in Shakspeare's age: and seems to have been compiled from Mallory's Morte Arthur, or the History King of Arthur, then recently published, and the favourite and most fashionable romance.

That Mile-end Green was the place for publick sports and exercises, we learn from Froissart.

Theobald remarks on this passage: "The only intelligence I have gleaned of this worthy knight (Sir Dagonet) is from Beaumont and Fletcher, in their Knight of the Burning Pistle."

The commentators on Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pistle have not observed that the design of that play is founded upon a comedy called The Four Prentices of London, with the Conquest of Jerusalem; as it hath been divers Times acted at the Red Bull, by the Queen's Majesty's Servants. Written by Tho. Heywood, 1613. For as in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, a grocer in the Strand turns knight-errant, making his apprentice his 'squire, &c. so in Heywood's play, four apprentices ac-
about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: rab, tab, tab, would a fay; bounce, would a fay; and

coutre themselves as knights, and go to Jerusalem in quest of adventures. One of them, the most important character, is a goldsmith, another a grocer, another a mercer, and a fourth an haberdasher. But Beaumont and Fletcher's play, though founded upon it, contains many satirical strokes against Heywood's comedy, the force of which are entirely lost to those who have not seen that comedy.

Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's prologue, or first scene, a citizen is introduced declaring that, in the play, he "will have a grocer, and he shall do admirable things."

Again, act I. scene i. Rafe says, "Amongst all the worthy books of achievements, I do not call to mind that I have yet read of a grocer-errant: I will be the said knight. Have you heard of any that hath wandered unfurnished of his 'fquire, and dwarf? My elder brother 'm shall be my trusty 'fquire, and George my dwarf."

In the following passage the allusion to Heywood's comedy is demonstrably manifest, act iv. sc. 1:

"Boy. It will shew ill-favouredly to have a grocer's prentice court a king's daughter.

"Cit. Will it so, Sir? You are well read in histories; I pray you who was sir Dagonet? Was he not prentice to a grocer in London? Read the play of The Four Prentices, where they tos their pikes fo."

In Heywood's comedy, Eustace the grocer's prentice is introduced courting the daughter of the king of France; and in the frontispiece the four prentices are represented in armour tilting with javelins. Immediately before the last quoted speeches we have the following instances of allusion.

"Cit. Let the Sophy of Persia come, and christen him a child."

"Boy. Believe me, Sir, that will not do so well; tis flat; it has been before at the Red Bull."

A circumstance in Heywood's comedy; which, as has been already specified, was acted at the Red Bull. Beaumont and Fletcher's play is pure burlesque. Heywood's is a mixture of the droll and serious, and was evidently intended to ridicule the reigning fashion of reading romances. Warton.

The first edition of The Knight of the Burning Pestle, printed in 1613, strongly confirms Mr. Warton's conjecture relative to that piece. There is an epistle dedicatory prefixed to it by the printer, from which it appears, that this play was written in eight days.

"Soon after, it was by his parents (perhaps because he was too unlike his brethren) exposed to the wide world, who, for want of
KING HENRY IV. 567

and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come;—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence; I will not use many words with you;—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renew'd: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well.

[Farewell.]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen.—On Bardolph; lead the men away.—[Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.]—As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow.

of judgment, or not understanding the privie mark of ironic about it (which shewed it was no offspring of any vulgar brains), utterly rejected it;—so that for want of acceptance, it was even ready to give up the ghost."

From the same dedication, it appears, that this play was written in 1611.—"I have fostered it privately in my bosom," says the printer, "thee two years." He seems to fear that the idea of the piece should be thought to have been borrowed from Cervantes. "Perhaps it will be thought to be of the race of D. Quixote:—We both may confidently swear, it is his elder above a year, [he means a year older than the English translation of Don Quixote, which was published in 1612] and therefore may, by virtue of his birth-right, challenge the wall of him."

The names of Beaumont and Fletcher are not prefixed to this original edition. Heywood's play, which Mr. Warton imagines this was intended to ridicule, though not printed till 1612, had, I believe, appeared on the stage in 1596. MALONE.

In Sir W. Davenant's comedy of the Wits is an allusion to this play of Heywood:

"I'd lose my wedding to behold these Dogonets."

STEEVENS.

1 a little quiver fellow. Quiver is nimble, active, &c. "There ' is a manner fire that bygh mugill which is full quiver and swift." Bartholomew, 1535; Bl. 1. HENDERSON.

O o 4

Lord,
SECOND PART OF

Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This fame starr'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was for all the world, like a fork'd radish, with a head fantasticaly carv'd upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick fight were invisible: he was the very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him—mandrake: he came ever

2 about Turnbull-street—] In an old comedy call'd Ram- 
elley, or Merry Tricks, this street is mentioned again:
"———Sir, get you gone.
"———You swaggering, cheating, Turnbull-street rogue!"
Naish, in Pierce Penniless his Supplication, commends the sites of Turnbull-street to the patronage of the devil.
In The Inner Temple Masque, by Middleton, 1619:
"'Tis in your charge to pull down bawdy-houses,
"———cause spoil in Shoreditch,
"And deface Turnbull?"
Again, in Middleton's comedy, called Any Thing for a quiet Life, a French bawd says:——"J'ay une fille qui parle un peu
"Francois; elle conservera avec vous, a la Fleur de Lys, en
"Turnbull-street."
Turnbull or Turnmill-street is near Cow-cros. West Smithfield.
The continuator of Stowe's Annals informs us that West Smithfield (at present the horse-market), was formerly called Ruffian's Hall, where turbulent fellows met to try their skill at sword and buckler. Steevens.

3 were invisible: ] The folio and quarto read, by an apparent error of the press, invincible. Mr. Rowe first made the necessary alteration. Steevens.

4 — called him mandrake: ] This appellation will be somewhat illustrated by the following passage in Caltha Poetarum, or the Bumble Bee, composed by T. Cutwode, Esqyre, 1599. This book was commanded by the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London to be burnt at Stationers' Hall in the 41st year of queen Elizabeth.
"Upon the place and ground where Caltha grew,
"A mightie mandrag there did Venus plant;"
KING HENRY IV. 569
ever in the rearward of the fashian; and sung those
tunes to the over-scutcht huswives, that he heard the
carmen whistle, and sware—they were his fancies, or
his good-nights. 3 And now is this vice's dagger be-

"An object for faire Primula to view,
"Refembling man from thighs unto the Shank," &c.
The rest of the description might prove yet farther explanatory;
but on some subjects silence is less reprehensible than information.

STEEVENS.

Bullet in his Bulwark of Defence against all Sickness, &c. fol. 1597.
p. 41. speaking of mandrake says, "this hearbe is called also An-
thropomorphos because it beareth the image of a man, and that
is false. For no herbe hath the shape of a man or woman; no truly
it is not natural of his owne growing: but by the crafty invention
of some false men it is done by arte." ——My friend Mar-
cellus the description of this mandrake as I have sayd was nothing
but the imposterous subtility of wicked people. Perhaps of fryers
or superflicious monks which have wrytten thereof at length;
but as for Dioscorides, Galen, and Pliny, &c. they have not wrytten
thereof fo largely as for to have head, armes, fyngers, &c.

EDITOR.

1 —over-scutcht —] That is whipt, carted. Pope.

I rather think that the word means dirty or grimed. The word
huswives agrees better with this sense. Shallow crept into mean
houses, and boasted his accomplishments to dirty women.

JOHNSON.

Ray, among his north country words, says that an over-
scutch'd huswife is a strumpet. Over-scutch'd has undoubt-
edly the meaning which Mr. Pope has affixed to it. Over-scutch'd
is the same as over-scotch'd. A scotch or scooth is a cut or lash
with a rod or whip. STEEVENS.

2 ——fancies or his goodnights.] Fancies and Goodnights
were the titles of little poems. One of Galcoigne's Goodnights
is published among his Flowers. STEEVENS.

This passage is found only in the quarto of 1600. MALONE.

3 And now is this vice's dagger——] By vice here the poet
means that droll character in the old plays (which I have several
times mentioned in the course of these notes) equipped with affes
ears and a wooden dagger. It was very fatirical in Falstaff to com-
pare Shallow's activity and impertinence to such a machine as a
wooden dagger in the hands and management of a buffoon.

THEOBALD.

"Vice's dagger," and "Like the old vice." This was the
name given to a droll figure, heretofore much shown upon our
stage, and brought in to play the fool and make sport for the po-
pulace. His drefs was always a long jerkin, a fool's cap with a's
ears,
SECOND PART OF

come a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head, for crouding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name: for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now hath he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return:

ears, and a thin wooden dagger, such as is still retained in the modern figures of harlequin and scaramouch. Minshew, and others of our more modern critics, strain hard to find out the etymology of the word, and fetch it from the Greek: probably we need look no farther for it than the old French word Vis, which signified the same as Vifage does now: from this in part came Viflase, a word common among them for a fool, which Menage says is but a corruption from Vis d'asie, the face or head of an as. It may be imagined therefore that Viflase, or Vis d'asie was the name first given to this foolish theatrical figure, and that by vulgar use it was shortened down to plain Vis or Vîce. VICE. A person in our old plays. The word is an abbreviation of Device: for in our old dramatic shows, where he was first exhibited, he was nothing more than an artificial figure, a puppet moved by machinery, and then originally called a Device, or Vîce. In these representations he was a constant and the most popular character, afterwards adopted into the early comedy. The smith's machine called a Vîce, is an abbreviation of the same sort. Hamlet calls his uncle "a vice of kings," a fantastic and fantastic image of majesty, a mere puppet of royalty." See Jonson's Alcy- mis, act i. sc. 3:

"And on your stall a puppet with a vice." Warton.

Thus the folio and quarto. The modern editors read broke. To break and to burst were, in our poet's time, synonymous usel. Thus Ben Jonson, in his Poet.-after, translates the following passage in Horace:

"fracta pereunt ex cupidie Gallos."

"The lances burst in Gallia's slaughter'd forces."

To burst had the same meaning. Barrett, in his Alcove or Quadruple Dictionary, 1586, calls a house-breaker, "a breaker and braster of doors." The same author constantly uses burst as synonymous to broken. See vol. iii. p. 418. Steevens.

That is, beat Gaunt, a fellow so tender, that his name might have been Gaunt. Johnson.

and
and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of

---philosopher's two stones---] One of which was an universal medicine, and the other a transmuter of base metals into gold. Warburton.

I believe the commentator has refined this passage too much. A philosopher's two stones is only more than the philosopher's stone. The universal medicine was never, so far as I know, conceived to be a stone before the time of Butler's stone.

---Farmer.

Mr. Edwards ridicules Dr. Warburton's note on this passage, but without reason. Gower has a chapter in his Confessio Amantis, "Of the three stones that philosophres made:" and Chaucer, in his tale of the Chanon's Yeman, expressly tells us, that one of them is Alixar ekeped; and that it is a water made of the four elements. Face, in the Alchymist, assures us, it is "a stone, and not a stone."

---Farmer.

That the ingredients of which this Elixir, or Universal Medicine was composed, were by no means difficult of acquisition, may be proved by the following conclusion of a letter written by Villiers Duke of Buckingham to King James I. on the subject of the Philosopher's Stone. See the second volume of Royal Letters in the British Museum, No. 6987, Art. 101.

"I confess, so long as he concealed the means he wrought by, I despised all he said: but when he told me, that which he hath given your favourinship to preserve you from all sickness ever hereafter, was extracted out of a -d, I admired the fellow; and for these reasons: that being a stranger to you, yet he had found out the kind you are come of, and your natural affections and apanthe; and so, like a skillful man, hath given you natural fiscke, which is the onlie means to preserve the radical harms: and thus I conclude: My sow is healthfull, my divill'sluckie, myself is happe, and needs no more than your blessing, which is my trew Felothers stone, upon which I build as upon a rocke:

Your Majesties most humble slave and doge.

---Stinie.

The following passage in the dedication of The Metamorphosis of Pigmaliou's Image and certaine Satyres 1598, may prove that the Elixir was supposed to be a stone before the time of Butler:

"Or like that rare and rich Elixir stone,
Can turne to gold leaden invention." Steevens.

---If the young dace---] That is, if the pike may prey upon the dace, if it be the law of nature that the stronger may feize upon the weaker, Falstaff may, with great propriety, devour Shallow. Johnson.
nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.

York. What is this forest call'd?
Hast. 'Tis Gualtree forest, an't shall please your grace.
York. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.
Hast. We have sent forth already.
York. 'Tis well done.
My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:—
Here doth he with his person, with such powers
As might hold fortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may over-live the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

'Tis Gualtree forest,] "The earle of Westmoreland, &c. made forward against the rebels, and coming into a plaine, within Galtree forest, caused their standards to be pitched down in like fort as the archbishop had pitched his, over against them." Holinshed, page 529. Steevens.
KING HENRY IV.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we had in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hafl. Now, what news?
Meff. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.

Let us swayne on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmoreland.

York. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?
Mowb. I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.
West. Health and fair greeting from our general;
The prince, lord John, and duke of Lancaster.
York. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;
What doth concern your coming?

2 Let us swayne on, — ] We should read, swayne on; i. e. march on. Warburton.

I know not that I have ever seen swayne in this sense; but I believe it is the true word, and was intended to express the uniform and forcible motion of a compact body. There is a sense of the noun in Milton kindred to this, where, speaking of a weighty sword, he says, "It descends with huge two-handed swayne," Johnson.

The word is used in Holinshed, English Hist. p. 986. "The left side of the enemy was compelled to swayne a good way back and give ground, &c." Again, in K. Henry VI. Part III. act ii. sc. 5:

"Now sways it this way, like a mightie sea;
"Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
"Now sways it that way, &c." Steevens.

3 — well-appointed leader— ] Well-appointed is completely accoutr'd. So in the Miseries of Queen Margaret, by Drayton:

"Ten thousand valiant, well-appointed men."
Again, in The Ordinary, by Cartwright:

"——Naked piety
"Dares more, than fury well-appointed." Steevens.

West,
Second Part of

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
And countenanced by boys, and beggary;
I say, if damn’d commotion to appear’d,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain’d;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch’d;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor’d;
Whose white investments figure innocence, 6
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist’rous tongue of war?


Bloody youth is only faincrue youth, or youth full of blood,
and of those passions which blood is suppos’d to incite or nourish.

Johnson.

Bloody is certainly the true reading.—In the Merry Wives of
Windor, we have— "Luff is but a bloody fire." Mal.”

5 — guarded with rage,—] Guarded is an expression taken
from dres, it means the same as faced, turned up. Mr. Pope,
who has been followed by succeeding editors, reads goaded.
Guarded is the reading both of quarto and folio. Shakspere uses
the same expression in the former part of this play:

"Velvet guards and Sunday citizens," &c. See vol.

6 Whose white investments figure innocence, —] Formerly,
(fays Dr. Hyde, Hist. of Convocations, p. 141.) all bishops wore
white even when they travelled. Grey.

By comparing this passage with another in p. 91, of Dr. Grey’s
notes, we learn that the white investment meant the episcopal ro-
chet; and this should be worn by the theatie archbishop.

Tollett.

Turning
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

York. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.

Briefly, to this end:—We are all diseas'd;
And, with our forfeiting, and wanton hours,

For graves Dr. Warburton very plausibly
reads glaives, and is followed by Sir Thomas Hanmer.

We might perhaps as plausibly read greaves, i.e. armour for
the legs: a kind of boots. In one of the Difcourfes on the Art Mi-
itary, written by Sir John Smyth, Knight, 1589, greaves are
mentioned as necessary to be worn; and Ben Jonson employs the
same word in his Hymne:

"—upon their legs they wore silver greaves."

Again, in the Four Prentices of London, 1632:
"Arm'd with their greaves and maces."

Again, in the 2nd canto of the Baron's Wars, by Drayton:
"Marching in greaves, a helmet on her head."

Warner, in his Albions England, 1602, b. 12. ch. 69. spells the
word as it is found in the old copies of Shakspeare:
"The taflies, cufhies, and the graves, flaff, penfell, baifes, all."

I know not whether it be worth adding, that the metamorpho-
sis of leathern covers of books into greaves, i.e. boots, seems to be
more apposite than the conversion of them into instruments of war
of the following shape and dimensions. The wooden cut exhibits
two forts of glaives, such as were used by our forefathers. Glaive
is the Erfe word for a broad-sword, and glaif is Welsh for a book.

Steevens.

Wherefore, &c.] In this speech, after the first two lines, the
next twenty-five are either omitted in the first edition, or added in
the second. The answer, in which both the editions agree, appar-
tently refers to some of these lines, which therefore may be prob-
able supposed rather to have been dropped by a player desirous
to shorten his speech, than added by the second labour of the au-
thor. Johnson.
SECOND PART OF

Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, dy'd.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But, rather, shew a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforce'd from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion.
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to shew in articles;
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are deny'd access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood) and the examples

9 In former editions:
And are enforce'd from our most quiet sphere, &c. This is said in answer to Westmoreland's upbraiding the archbishop for engaging in a course which to ill became his profession:

---you, my lord archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd, &c.

So that the reply must be this:

And are enforce'd from our most quiet sphere. WARBURTON.

1 We are deny'd access ---] The archbishop says in Holinshed: "Where he and his companie were in armes, it was for feare of the king, to whom he could have no free access, by reason of such a multitude of flatterers, as were about him.

Steevens.
Of every minute's instance, (present now)
Have put us in these ill-befitting arms:
Not to break peace, or any branch of it;
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality:
H'eff. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grage on you?
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's civil edge?

'Not to break peace,—" He took nothing in hand against
the king's peace, but that whatsoever he did, tended rather to ad-
vance the peace and quiet of the commonwealth." Archbishops's
speech in Holinshed. STEEVENS.

And consecrate &c.] In one of my old quarto of 1600 (for I
have two of the self-same edition; one of which, it is evident, was
corrected in some passages during the working off the whole im-
pression) I found this verse. I have ventured to substitute page for
edge, with regard to the uniformity of metaphor. Though the
sword of rebellion, drawn by a bishop, may in some sort be said
to be consecrated by his reverence. THEOBALD.

And consecrate commotion's civil edge?] So the old books read.
But Mr. Theobald changes edge to page, out of regard to the uni-
formity (as he calls it) of the metaphor. But he did not under-
stand what was meant by edge. It was an old custom, continued
from the time of the first croisades, for the pope to consecrate the
general's sword, which was employed in the service of the church.
To this custom the line in question alludes. As to the cast of
uniformity of metaphor in writing, this is to be observed, that
changing the allusion in the same sentence is indeed vicious, and
what Quintilian condemns: "Multi quum initiom à tempelate
fumelint, incendio aut ruinâ finiant." But when one compa-
nion or allusion is fairly separated from another, by distinct sen-
tences, the case is different. So it is here; in one sentence we
see "the book of rebellion sanctified with a seal divine;" in the
other, "the sword of civil discord consecrated." But this change of
the metaphor is not only allowable, but fit. For the dwelling
over long upon one, occasions the discourse to degenerate into a
dull kind of allegorism. WARBURTON.

What Mr. Theobald lays of two editions seems to be true; for
my copy reads, commotion's bitter edge; but civil is undoubtedly
Vol. V.

F p
SECOND PART OF

York. My brother-general, the common-wealth
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

More. Why not to him, in part; and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before:
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O my good lord Mowbray,

Construe the times to their necessities,
right; and one would wonder how bitter could intrude if civil had
been written first; perhaps the author himself made the change,

Since I began to print this play, I have seen both the copies,
but they both concur in reading bitter. Unless there be a third
I make my quarrel in particular.] The sense is this "My
copy, Theobald has said what is not true. Steevens.
brother general, the commonwealth, which ought to dis-;
make my quarrel in particular."

In the first folio the second line is omitted; yet that reading, un-
telligible as it is, has been followed by Sir T. Hanmer. How
difficulty of sense can be drawn from the best reading the explica-
tion of Dr. Warburton may show. I believe there is an error in
in the first line, which perhaps may be rectified thus:

My quarrel general, the common-wealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

That is, my general cause of discontent is public mismanagement;
my particular cause, a domestic injury done to my natural brother
who had been beheaded by the king's order. Johnson.

This circumstance is mentioned in the 1st part of the play:

"The archbishop—who bears hard
"His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop." Steevens.

O my good lord Mowbray—] The thirty-seven lines follow-
ing are not in the old copy printed in 1600. Malone.

Construct the times to their necessities.] That is, Judge of what
is done in these times according to the exigencies that over-rule us.

And
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: Were you not resolv’d
To all the duke of Norfolk’s signiories,
Your noble and right-well-remember’d father’s?

Mowbr. What thing, in honour, had my father loft,
That need to be reviv’d, and breath’d in me?
The king, that lov’d him, as the state stood then,
Was, force perforce, compell’d to banish him:
And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing courser’s dashing of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel 9,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have flaid
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw:
Then threw he down himself; and all their lives,
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

Wsh. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know
not what:
The earl of Hereford was reputed then

7 Either from the king, &c.] Whether the faults of government
be imputed to the time or the king, it appears not that you have,
for your part, been injured either by the king or the time.

JOHNSON.

8 Their armed staves in charge, &c.] An armed staff is a lance.
To be in charge, is to be fixed in the rest for the encounter.

JOHNSON.

9 —sights of steel,—] i.e. the perforated part of their hel-
ments, through which they could see to direct their aim. Visire
Fr Steevens.

PP 2
SECOND PART OF

In England the most valiant gentleman;
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have
sinil’d?

But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne’er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cry’d hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And blest’d and grac’d indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience: and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Moceb. But he hath forc’d us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

Wesl. Mowbray, you over-ween, to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good:—
Say you not then, our offer is compell’d.

Moceb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parole.

Wesl. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten cale abides no handling.

[And blest’d and grac’d more than the king himself.] The two
oldest folios, (which first gave us this speech of Westmoreland)
read this line thus:
And blest’d and grac’d and did more than the king.

Dr. Thirlby reformed the text very near to the traces of the cor-
rupted reading. Theobald.
Hysl. Hath the prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?
Hysl. *That is intended in the general's name:
I must, you make so slight a question.
York. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this
schedule;
For this contains our general grievances:—
Each several article herein redressed;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are infinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form;
And present execution of our wills
*To us, and to our purposes, confin'd;

*That is intended in the general's name:* That is, This power
is included in the name or office of a general. We wonder that
you can ask a question so trifling. JOHNSON.
The word intended is used very licentiously by old writers.
Thus, in Hinde's Elino Libidinos, a novel, 1666:
"For princes are great marks upon whom many eyes are in-
volved." STEVENS.
—substantial form;} That is, by a pardon of due form and
legal validity. JOHNSON.
*To us, and to our purposes, confin'd;} This schedule we see
consists of three parts: 1. A redress of general grievances. 2. A
pardon for those in arms. 3. Some demands of advantage for
them. But this third part is very strangely expressed.
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, confin'd.
The first line shows they had something to demand, and the se-
cond expresses the modesty of that demand. The demand, says
the speaker, is confined to us and to our purposes, A very modest kind
of restriction truly! only as extensive as their appetites and pa-
fions. Without question Shakespeare wrote,
To us and to our properties confin'd;
because we require no more than security for our liberties and prop-
erties; and this was no unreasonable demand. WARBURTON.
This passage is so obscure that I know not what to make of it.
Nothing better occurs to me than to read confin'd for confined.
That is, let the execution of our demands be put into our hands
according to our declared purposes. JOHNSON.
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I shew the general. Please you, lords,

In fight of both our battles we may meet:
And either end in peace, which heaven so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

York. My lord, we will do so. [Exit. West.

I believe we should read confirm'd. This would obviate every difficulty. Steevens.

I believe two lines are out of place. I read.

This contains our general grievances,
And present executions of our woes;
To us and to our purposes confirm'd. Farmer.

In my copy of the first folio, the word, I think, is—confirm'd. The types used in that edition were so worn, that f and s were feebly distinguishable. But however it may have been printed, I am persuaded that the true reading is confirm'd; that is, sealed, ratified, confirmed; a Latin sense; "auctoritate confirmate hic erat." Cicero pro Cluentio. It has this signification again, in this play:

"And (Heaven confirming to my good intents)
"No prince nor peer, &c." Again, in K. Henry. V :
"And take with you free power to ratify,
"Augment or alter, as your wisdoms beth
"Shall see advantageous for our dignity,
"Any thing in or out of our demands;
"And we'll confirm thereto."

Again, ibid. "It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to confirm to." Malone.

5 We come within our awful banks again,] Awful banks are the proper limits of reverence. Johnson.
So, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona:
"From the society of awful men."

We might read—lawful. Steevens.

6 In fight of both our battles we may meet:] The old copies read,

we may meet

At either end in peace; which heaven so frame!
That easy but certain change in the text, I owe to Dr. Thirlby.
Theobald.

Mowbr.
Mowbr. There is a thing within my bosom, tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hist. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall insist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowbr. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every flight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the king, taste of this action:
That were our loyal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

York. No, no, my lord; Note this,—the king is weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revises greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean;
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss

5—insist upon.—] The old copies read—confess. Steevens.
Perhaps rightly; as our conditions shall stand upon, shall
make the foundation of the treaty. A Latin sense. So, in Pericles,
peace of Tyre, 1609:
"Then welcome peace, if he on peace confess."—Malone.

8 That were our loyal faiths, &c.] In former editions:
That were our royal faiths, martyrs in love.
If royal faith can mean faith to a king, it yet cannot mean it
without much violence done to the language. I therefore read,
with sir Thomas Hamner, loyal faiths, which is proper, natural,
and suitable to the intention of the speaker. Johnson.

9 Of dainty and such picking grievances.] I cannot but think
that this line is corrupted, and that we should read,
Of picking out such dainty grievances. Johnson.
Picking means piddling, insignificant. Steevens.
9—wipe his tables clean.] Alluding to a table-book of flinte,
Ivory, &c. Warburton.
SECOND PART OF

To new remembrance: For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes;
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs revolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his roys
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastifement:
So that his power, like to a fangleless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true;—
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshál,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowbr. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

West. The prince is here at hand: Pleaseth you
lordship,
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?
Mowbr. Your grace of York, in heaven's name then
set forward.
York. Before, and greet his grace:—my lord, we
come. [Exeunt.

SCENE
KING HENRY IV.

SCENE II.

Another part of the forest.

Enter on one side Mowbray, the Archbishop, Hastings, and others: from the other side, Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, officers, &c.

Lan. You are well encounter’d here, my cousin Mowbray:—
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;—
And so to you, lord Haflings,—and to all.—
My lord of York, it better shew’d with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text;
Than now to see you here an iron man, 2,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, 3, and life to death.
That man, that fits within a monarch’s heart,
And ripens in the sun-shine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischief’s might he set abroach,
In shadow of such greatnes! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so:—Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us, the imagin’d voice of heaven itself;
The very opener, and intelligencer,
Between the grace, 4 the sanctities of heaven,

2—an iron man,] Holinshed says of the archbishop, that
“coming forth amongst them clad in armour, he encouraged and
pricked them forth to take the enterprise in hand.” Steevens.
3 turning the word to sword, &c.] A similar thought occurs in
the prologue to Gower’s Confessio Amantis, 1554:
“Into the sword the churche kaye
Is turned, and the holy beate, &c.” Steevens.
4—the sanctities of heaven,] This expression Milton
has copied:
“Around him all the sanctities of heaven
Stood thick as rails.” Johnson.
SECOND PART OF

And our dull workings: O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place;
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? 5 You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
Have here up-swarm'd them.

York. Good my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace:
But, as I told my lord of Westmorland,
The time mis-order'd doth, 6 in common sense,
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief;
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
With grant of our most just and right desires;
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowbr. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:
And so, success of mischief shall be born;
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
While England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Haftings, much too shallow,

5 You have taken up.] To take up is to levy, to raise in arms.

6 ——— in common sense ; ] I believe Shakspeare wrote common
fence, i. e. drove by self-defence. Warburton.

Common sense is the general sense of general danger. Johnson.

6 And so, success of mischief——] Success for succession.

Warburton.
To found the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redresst'd;
Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers? unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love, and amity.

York. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know, it will well please them; Hie thee, captain.

[Exit Captain.

York. To you, my nob'c lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace: And, if you knew what
pains
I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to you
Shall shew itself more openly hereafter.

York. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

7 Discharge your powers [ ] It was Westmoreland who made
this deceitful proposal, as appears from Holinshed. 'The earl of
Westmorland using more policie than the rest; said, whereas our
people have been long in armour, let them depart home to their
wounded trades: in the mean time let us drink together in signe
of agreement, that the people on both sides may see it, and know
that it is true, that we be light at a point.' Steevens.

Mowbr.
SECOND PART OF

MOZW. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

 YORK. Against ill chances, men are ever merry;
But heavinesses fore-run the good event.

WEST. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes tomorrow.

 YORK. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

MOZW. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

LADY. The word of peace is render'd; Hark, how they shout!

MOZW. This had been cheerful, after victory.

 YORK. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party loser.

LADY. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.—[Exit WEST.
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us; that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

 YORK. Go, good lord Hastings,
And, ere they be diminish'd, let them march by.

LADY. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.—[Exit HASTINGS.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

8 Against ill chances, men are ever merry;—Thus the poet describes Romeo as feeling an unaccustomed degree of cheerfulness just before he hears the news of the death of Juliet. Steevens.

9 Therefore be merry, coz;—] That is, Therefore, notwithstanding this sudden impulse to heaviness, be merry, for such sudden dejections forebode good. Johnson.

1 —— let our trains &c.— That is, Our army on each part, that we may both see those that were to have opposed us. Johnson.
KING HENRY IV. 589

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.
Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers’d already:
Like youthful steers unyok’d, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.

West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Wolsey,—
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowbr. Is this proceeding just and honourable?
West. Is your assembly so?

York. Will you thus break your faith?

Lan. I pawn’d thee none:
I promis’d you redress of those same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.
But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter’d stray;
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—
Some guard these traitors to the block of death;
Treason’s true bed, and yielder up of breath.

[Exeunt.]

[Alarum. Exeunt.]

2 Fondly brought here, &c.] Fondly is foolishly. STEEVENS.
3 Exeunt.] It cannot but raise some indignation to find this horrid violation of faith pasted over thus slightly by the poet, without any note of censure or detestation. JOHNSON.

SCENE
SECOND PART OF
SCENE III.

Another part of the forest.

Enter Falstaff, and Colevile, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is—Colevile of the Dale.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the Dale: Colevile shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; so shall you still be Colevile of the Dale.

Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I swear for you? If I do swear, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do ob servance to my mercy.

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the Dale.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the Dale. Colevile shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough. So shall you still be Colevile of the Dale.

But where is the wit, or the logic of this conclusion? I am almost persuaded that we ought to read thus:

—— Colevile shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a dale deep enough.

He may then justly infer,

So shall you still be Colevile of the Dale. Tyrwhitt.

The senses of dale is included in deep; a dale is a deep place; a dungeon is a deep place; he that is in a dungeon may be therefore said to be in a dale. Johnson.

—— Colevile of the Dale.] "At the king's coming to Durham, the lord Hastings, Sir John Colevile of the Dale, &c. being convicted of the conspiracy, were there beheaded." Holinshed, p. 530. Steevens.

Cole.
Col. I think, you are sir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, and Westmoreland.

Lan. 6 The heat is past, follow no farther now;—Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.— [Exit. WEst.

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while? When every thing is ended, then you come:—These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other break some gallows’ back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have founder’d nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nos’d fellow of Rome,—I came, saw; and overcame.

6 The heat is past,——] That is, the violence of resentment, the eagerness of revenge. JOHNSON.

7——the hook-nos’d fellow of Rome,—] The quarto reads, “the hook-nos’d fellow of Rome, their cousin.” I have followed the folio. The modern editors read, but without authority, “the hook-nos’d fellow of Rome there Caesar.” STEEVENS.
SECOND PART OF

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your de-
serving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him:
and I beseech your grace, let it be book’d with the
rest of this day’s deeds; or, by the lord, I will have
it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture
on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot: To the
which course if I be enforce’d, if you do not all shew
like gilt two-pence to me; and I, in the clear sky of
fame, o’ershine you as much as the full moon doth
the cinders of the element, which shew like pins’
heads to her; believe not the word of the noble:
Therefore let me have right, and let defect mount.

Lan. Thine’s too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

Lan. Thine’s too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may
do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been rul’d by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they fold themselves: but
thou, like a kind fellow, gav’st thyself away; and I
thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Lan. Have you left pursuit?

Wst. Retreat is made, and execution stay’d.

Lan. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution.—
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

[Execut some with Colevile.

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords;
I hear,
I hear, the king my father is for sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—
Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Gloucestershire: and, when you come to court, stand my good lord pray, in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition, shall better speak of you than you deserve. [Exit.

Fal. I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof: for thin drink doth so over-cool

---stand my good lord pray in your good report.] We must either read, pray let me stand, or, by a construction somewhat harsh, understand it thus: Give me leave to go—and—stand. To stand in a report, referred to the reporter, is to pervert; and Falstaff did not ask the prince to pervert in his present opinion.

JOHN.

Stand my good lord, I believe, means only stand my good friend, an expression still in common use) in your favourable report of me. So, in the Taming of a Shrew:

"I pray you stand good father to me now." STEEVENS.

9 —I, in my condition,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve.] I know not well the meaning of the word condition in this place; I believe it is the same with temper of mind: I shall, in my good nature, speak better of you than you merit. JOHNSON.

I believe it means, I, in my condition, i.e. in my place as commanding officer, who ought to represent things merely as they are, shall speak of you better than you deserve.

So, in the Tempest, Ferdinand says:

"— — — — I am, in my condition,

"A prince, Miranda—" STEEVENS.

—this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—] Falstaff speaks here like a veteran in life. The young prince did not love him, and he depaired to gain his affection, for he could not make him laugh. Men only become friends by community of pleasures. He who cannot be softened into gaiety, cannot easily be melted into kindness.

JOHNSON.
their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-fickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-fack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, must me all to their captain, the heart; who, great and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without fack; for that fets it a-work: and learning, a mere

---sherris-fack---] This liquor is mentioned in The Captain, by Beaumont and Fletcher. STEEVENS.

---It ascends me into the brain, and dries me up there---the crudy vapour---] This use of the pronoun is a familiar redundancy among our old writers. So, Latimer, p. 91, "Here cometh we now these holy fathers from their counsels." "There was one wiser than the rest, and he comes me to the bishop," Edit. 157. p. 75. BOWLE.

---apprehensive,] i. e. Quick to understand.

So, in the Revenger's Tragedy, 1608:

"Thou'rt a mad apprehensive knave."

Again, in Every Man out of his Humour:"You are too quick, too apprehensive." In this sense it is now almost diffus'd. STEEVENS.

---forgetive,] Forgetive from forge; inventive, imaginative. JOHNSON.
hoard of gold kept by a devil; 'till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterial, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, shold be,—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire:

I have him already tempering between my finger and

--- kept by a devil——] It was anciently supposed that all the mines of gold, &c. were guarded by evil spirits.

STEEVENS.

--- till sack commences it,—] I believe, till sack gives it a beginning, brings it into action. The author of The Revival would read commences it. STEEVENS.

It seems probable to me, that Shakspere in these words alludes to the Cambridge Commencement; and in what follows to the Oxford Act: for by those different names our two universities have long distinguished the seafon, at which each of them gives to her respective students a complete authority to use those boards of learning, which have entitled them to their several degrees in arts, law, physic, and divinity. TYRWHITT.

So, in The Roaring Girl, 1611:

"Then he is held a freshman and a hot,

And never shall commence."

Again, in Pasquill's Fests, or Mother Bunch's Merriments, 1604:

"A doctor that was newly commenced at Cambridge, &c."

Again, in Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt it Up, 1596: "Commence, commence I admonish thee thy merits are ripe for it, and there have been doctors of thy faculity."

STEEVENS.

--- I have him already tempering, &c.] A very plesant allu-

SON to the old use of sealing with soif wax. WARDLETON.
SECOND PART OF
and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him.
Come away. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The palace at Westminster.

Enter king Henry, Warwick, Clarence, and Gloster, &c.

K. Henry. Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctify'd.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to your wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.
War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Henry. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?
Glo. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Wind-
fors.

K. Henry. And how accompanied?
Glo. I do not know, my lord.

This custom is likewise alluded to in Any Thing for a quiet Life, 1625, a comedy, by Middleton:
"You must temper him like wax, or he'll not seal."
Again, in Four Five Gallants by Middleton, no date:
"Fetch a pennyworth of soft wax to seal letters."
Again, in Chaucer's Marchante's Tale, v. 9304:
"Right as men may warm wax with bandes plie."

Our navy is address'd,—i.e. Our navy is ready, prepared.
So in Henry V:
"—for our march we are address'd."

K. Henry.
KìNG HENRY IV.

K. Henry. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence
with him?

Glo. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. Henry. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of
Clarence.

How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren!—
Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love:
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careles of his will.
For he is gracious if he be observ'd;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand;
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd he's flint;
As humourous as winter, and as sudden

1 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand, &c.] So, in our author's
Lover's Complaint:
   "His qualities were bounteous as his form,
   "For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
   "Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
   "As oit 'twixt May and April is to fee,
   "When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be."

MALONE.

2 ——humorous as winter,—] That is, changeable as
the weather of a winter's day. Dryden says of Almanzor, that
he is humourous as wind, JOHNSON.

So, in the Spanihs Tragedy, 1607:
   "You know that women oft are humourous."

Again, in Cynthia's Revels, by Ben Jonson:
   "A nymph of a most wandering and giddy disposition,
humorous as the air, &c."

Again, in the Silent Woman: "—as proud as May, and as
humorous as April." STEEVENS.

A winter's day has generally too decided a character to admit
Dr. Johnson's interpretation, without some licence; a licence
however, which our author has perhaps taken. MALONE.

Q. q 3

As
SECOND PART OF

As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:—
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and scope;
'Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this
Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum, or rash gun-powder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.
K. Henry. Why art thou not at Windsor with him,
Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

--- congealed in the spring of day.] Alluding to the opinion of some philosophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold, (which is most intense towards the morning), and being afterwards rarefied and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called foams. Wareburton.

So, Ben Jonson, in The Case is Alter'd:
"Still wrack'd with winds more foul and contrary
"Than any northern gust, or southern foam."

Again, in Arden of Feversham, 1592:
"And saw a dreadful southern foam at hand."

Chapman uses the word in his translation of Homer; and, I believe, Milton has it in the same sense. Steevens.

4 as aconitum,—] The old writers employ the Latin word instead of the English one, which we now use.

So, in Heywood's Brazen Age, 1613:
"—till from the foam
"The dog belch'd forth, strong aconitum sprung."

Again, "With aconitum that in tartar springs." Steevens

5 rash gun-powder.] Rash is quick, violent, sudden.
This representation of the prince is a natural picture of a young man whose passions are yet too strong for his virtues. Johnson.

K. Henry.
KING HENRY IV. 599

K. Henry. And how accompanied? can'lt thou tell that?

Clu. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Henry. Most subject is the fairest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: Therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death;
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no farther use,

But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfections of time,
Cast off his followers: and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others;
Turning past evils to advantages.

6—his affections—] His passions; his inordinate desires. Johnson.
7 But to be known and hated.] A parallel passage occurs in Terence:

“—quo modo adolescentulus
Meretricium ingenia ct mores posset noscere,
Mature ut cum cognorit perpetuo oderit.

Anonymous.

SECOND PART OF
K. Henry. 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Westmoreland?

Enter Westmoreland.

West. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness
Added to that which I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand;
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Haftings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here, at more leisure, may your highness read;
With every course, in his particular.

K. Henry. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news,

Enter Harcourt.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,

8 'Tis seldom, when the bee, &c.] As the bee having once placed her comb in a carafe, slays her honey, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad company will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him. Johnson.
9 —— in his particular.] We should read, I think, in this particular; that is, in this detail, in this account, which is minute and distinct. Johnson.

His is used for its, very frequently in the old plays. The modern editors have too often made the change; but yet it should be remembered, that by repeated changes the history of a language will be lost. Steevens.

—-in his particular.] That is the detail contained in the letter, with which prince John doth kiss his father's hand. See the context. Henley.

With
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,  
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Henry. And wherfore should these good news
make me sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a faint,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not,
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my fight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
O me! come near me, now I am much ill, [Sinks down,

Glo. Comfort, your majesty!

Cla. O my royal father!

Wife. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up!

War. Be patient, princes; you do know these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary,
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs:
The incessant care and labour of his mind

Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Glo.

1 Hath wrought the mure,——] i. e. The wall. Pope.

Wrought it thin, is made it thin by gradual detriment. Wrought
is the preterite of work.

Mure is a word used by Heywood in his Brazen Age, 1613:

"'Till I have fain'd these mures, invaded Troy.'"

Again, in his Golden Age, 1511:

"Girt with a triple mure of shining bras.""

Again, in his Iron Age, 2nd Part, 1632:

"Through mures and counter-mures of men and steell."

The same thought occurs in Daniel's Civil Wars, &c. b. 4.

Daniel is likewise speaking of the sickness of K. Henry IV.

"As that the walls sworn thin, permit the mind

"To look out thorowv and his frailties find."
SECOND PART OF

Glo. 2 The people fear me; for they do observe
3 Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:
4 The seasons change their manners; as the year
   Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.
Clu. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between:
   And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so a little time before
That our great grand sire, Edward, sick'd and dy'd.
War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.
Glo. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.
K. Henry. I pray you, take me up, and bear me
   hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
6 Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War.

The first edition of Daniel's poem is dated earlier than this play
of Shakespeare.
Waller has the same thought:
"The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
"Let in the light thro' chinks which time has made."
Steevens.

2 The people fear me;—— i. c. Make me afraid; which
   sense the Oxford editor not taking, alters it to fear it.
Warburton.

3 Unfather'd heirs,—— That is, equivocal births; animals
   that had no animal progenitors; productions not brought forth
   according to the stated laws of generation. Johnson.

4 The seasons change their manners;—— This is finely ex-
   pressed; alluding to the terms of rough and harsh, mild and soft,
   applied to weather. Warburton.

5 The river hath thrice flow'd.—— This is historically true.
   It happened on the 12th of October, 1411. Steevens.

6 Unless some dull and favourable hand] Thus the old editions
   read it, evidently corrupt. Shakespeare seems to have wrote :
   "Unless some dolteleng favourable hand——
Doling, i. c. A hand using dull melancholy airs.

Warburton.

I rather think that dull signifies melancholy, gentle, soothing.
Doling cannot be received without some example of its
use, which the commentator has not given, and my memory will
not supply. Johnson.
War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Henry. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Let's noise, let's noise.

[They convey the King to an inner part of the room.

Enter prince Henry.

P. Henry. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Henry. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!

How doth the king?

Glo. Exceeding ill.

P. Henry. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

Unlesse some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

So, in the old anonymous Henry V:

"— Depart my chamber,
"And cause some music to rock me a sleep."

STEEVENS.

6 Set me the crown upon my pillow here.] It is still the custom in France to place the crown on the king's pillow when he is dying.

Holinshed, p. 541, speaking of the death of king Henry IV, says: — "During this his last sickness, he caused his crown, (as some write) to be set on a pillow at his bed's head, and suddenly his pangs so fore troubled him, that he lay as though all his vital spirits had beene from him departed. Such as were about him, thinking verielie that he had beene departed, covered his face with a linen cloth.

"The prince his sonne being hereof advertised, entered into the chamber, tooke awaie the crowne, and departed. The father being suddenlie revived out of that trance, quicklie perceived the lack of his crowne; and having knowledge that the prince his sonne had taken it awaye, caused him to come before his presence, requiring of him what he meant fo to misuse himselfe. The prince with a good audacie answered, Sir, to mine and all men's judg- ments you seemed dead in this world, and therefore I as your next heire apparant took that as mine owne, and not as yours. Well, faire sonne, (said the king with a great figh) what right I had to it, God knoweth. Well (said the prince) if you die king, I will have the garland, and trust to keepe it with the sword against all mine enemies, as you have done; &c." STEEVENS.

Glo.
SECOND PART OF

Glo. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Henry. If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet prince, speak low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

P. Henry. No; I will sit and watch here by the king. [Exeunt all but prince Henry.

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bed-fellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!

Yet not so found, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost fit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which flits not:

Did he fruipire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move,—My gracious lord! my father!

This sleep is sound, indeed; this is a sleep,

---the ports of slumber] are the gates of slumber.

So, in Timon: "Our uncharged ports."

So, in Ben Jonson's 8th Epigram: "The ports of death are fins." Ports is the ancient military term for gates.

---homely biggen bound. A kind of cap, at present worn only by children; but so called from the cap worn by the Beguines, an order of nuns.

So, in Monsieur Thomas, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1639:

"were the devil sick now,

"His horns faw'd off, and his head bound with a biggin."

Again, in Ben Jonson's Volpone:

"Get you a biggin more, your brain breaks loose."
That from this golden rigol hath divorce'd
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it fits,—

[Putting it on his head.

Which heaven shall guard: And put the world's
whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [Exit.

K. Henry. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter Warwick and the rest.

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would you majesty? How fares your
grace?

K. Henry. Why did you leave me here alone, my
lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to fit and watch by you.

K. Henry. The prince of Wales? Where is he?
let me see him:

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Glo. He came not through the chamber where we
stay'd.

K. Henry. Where is the crown? who took it from
my pillow?

—this golden rigol—[Rigol means a circle. I know
not that it is used by any author but Shakespeare, who introduces
it likewise in his Rape of Lucrece:

“About the mourning and concealed face

“Of that black blood, a wathy rigol goes.” Steevens.

War.
SECOND PART OF

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Henry. The prince hath ta’en it hence:—go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?—
Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.
This part of his conjoints with my diseafe,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeks ¹ with thought, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and pil’d up
The canker’d heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, ² tolling from every flower
The virtuous sweets;
Our thighes pack’d with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder’d for our pains. This bitter taste
² Yield his engrossments to the ending father.—

¹ sleeks—] The quarto reads deep. Malone.
² tolling from every flower—] This speech has been contracted, dilated, and put to every critical torture, in order to force it within the bounds of metre, and prevent the admiffion of hemistichs. I have restored it without alteration, but with those breaks which appeared to others as imperfections. The reading of the quarto is tolling. The folio reads culling. Tolling is taking toll. Steevens.
³ Yield his engrossments—] His accumulations. Johnson.
Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
'Till his friend sickness hath determined me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Henry. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry:
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[Exeunt lords, &c.

P. Henry. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Henry. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.

* determin'd] i. e. ended; it is still used in this sense in legal conveyances. Editor.

5 —— seal'd up my expectation:] Thou hast confirmed my opinion. Johnson.
Thou hid’st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;
Which thou haft wherred on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Harry the fifth is crown’d:—Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest fings the newest kind of ways?
Be happy; he will trouble you no more;
England shall double gild his treble guilt;

England

5 [half an hour of my life.] It should be remembered that Shakespeare uses the same words alternately as monosyllables and disyllables. Mr. Rowe, whose ear was accustomed to the utmost harmony of numbers, and who, at the same time, appears to have been little acquainted with our poet’s manner, first added the word shall to supply the syllable which he conceived to be wanting. The quartos write the word—hower, as it was anciently pronounced.

So, Ben Jonson, in the Café is alter’d, 1609:
"By twice so many howers as would fill
The circle of a year."

The reader will find many more instances in the soliloquy of X.
Henry VI. P. 5. act ii. sc. 5. The other editors have followed Rowe. Steevens.

5 England shall double gild his treble guilt;} Evidently the nonsense of some foolish player: for we must make a difference between what Shakespeare might be supposed to have written off hand
England shall give him office, honour, might:  
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks  
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
Shall fleth his tooth in every innocent.  
O my poor kingdom, fick with civil blows!  
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?

hand, and what he had corrected. These scenes are of the latter  
kind; therefore such lines are by no means to be esteemed his.  
But except Mr. Pope, (who judiciously threw out this line) not  
one of Shakspare's editors seem ever to have had so reasonable  
and necessary a rule in their heads, when they set upon correcting  
this author. Warburton.

I know not why this commentator should speak with so much  
confidence what he cannot know, or determine so positively what  
so capricious a writer as our poet might either deliberately or wan-  
tonly produce. This line is indeed such as disgraces a few that  
precede and follow it, but it suits well enough with the daggers  
hid in thought and whetted on the flinty heart; and the answer  
which the prince makes, and which is applauded for wildom,  
is not of a strain much higher than this ejected line. Johnson.

How much this play on words was admired in the age of Shak-  
speare, appears from the most ancient writers of that time, who  
have frequently indulged themselves in it. So, in Marlow's Hero  
and Leander, 1637:

"And as amidst the enamour'd waves he swims,  
"That, this word guilt including double sense,  
"The double guilt of his incontinence  
"Might he express'd."

Again, in Acolatus bis Astartes, a poem by S. Nicholoff,  
1660:

"O sacred thirst of gold, what can't thou not?——  
"Some term the sin guilt, that every soul might read  
"Even in thy name thy guilt is great indeede."  

Malone.

when riot is thy care?] i.e. Curator. A bold figure.  
So Eumæus is symbol by Ovid, Epist. i.

"immunda cura fidelis hare." Tyrwhitt.

One cannot help wishing Mr. Tyrwhitt's elegant explanation  
to be true; yet I doubt whether the poet meant to say more  
than—What wilt thou do, when riot is thy regular business and  
occupation? Malone.
SECOND PART OF

O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Henry. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,

[Kneeling.
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had fore-feal'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,

Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending!
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die;
And never live to shew the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were)
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worse of gold.
Other, less fine in carrat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable:

But

Let me no more &c. This is obscure in the construction, though the general meaning is clear enough. The order is, this obedience which is taught this exterior bending by my duteous spirit; or, this obedience which teaches this exterior bending to my inwardly duteous spirit. I know not which is right. Johnson.

-true-] Is loyal. Johnson.

in medicine potable:] There has long prevailed an opinion that a solution of gold has great medicinal virtues, and that the incorruptibility of gold might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. Some have pretended to make potable gold, among other frauds practised on credulity. Johnson.

So,
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast cast thy bearer up: Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it,—as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let heaven for ever keep it from my head!
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Henry. O my son!
Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
That thou might'rt win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, fit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the foil of the achievement goes

So, in the character of the Doctor of Physicke, by Chaucer, late edit. v. 446: "For gold in physicke is a cordial." Steevens.

That gold may be made potable, is certain, notwithstanding Dr. Johnson's incredulity. The process is inferred in the Abbe Guenee's incomparable work, intitled Lettres de Quelques Juifs a M. De Voltaire, 5th edit. vol. i. p. 416, a work which every person unacquainted with it will be glad to be referred to.

See Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, vol. viii. p. 484, edit. 1783. EDITOR.

---foil---] Is spot, dirt, turpitude, reproach.

With
SECOND PART OF

With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assidues;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to blood-shed,
Wounding suppos'd peace: all these bold fears,
Thou see'st, with peril I have answered:
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer fort,
So thou the garland wear'st: successevly.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;

3 Wounding suppos'd peace; Suppos'd for undermined.

Rather counterfeited, imagined, not real. JOHNSON.
— all these bold fears] We should certainly read:
— all their bold intents,
 i. e. plots, commotions of conspirators. WARBURTON.
There is no need of alteration. Fear is here used in the active
sense, for that which causes fear. JOHNSON.
These bold fears are these audacious terrors. To fear is often
used by Shakspeare for to fright. STEEVENS.
5 Changes the mode: —] Mode, here, does not signify fashion,
but time and measure in singing, or the pitch in speaking: Mode,
a word peculiar to the ancient drama: for the metaphor is conti-
nued from the words immediately preceding:

Acting that argument — — WARBURTON.

Mode is here, in its usual sense, the form or state of things.
Nothing is more easy than to make obscurities and clear them.

6 For what in me was purchas'd,] Purchased seems to be here
used in its legal sense, as opposed to an acquisition by descent.

March.
Purchased may here mean stolen. Purchase was the term among
Falstaff's companions for robbery. Bolingbroke, however, pur-
chased (in its obvious and common acceptation) his crown at the
expense of loyalty and justice. STEEVENS.

7 — successevly.] By order of succession. Every usurper
snatches a claim of hereditary right as soon as he can.

And
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advance'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Left rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near into my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.

3 And all thy friends,—] Should not we read?—
And all my friends— T Y R W H I T T .
9 To lead out many to the Holy Land;] As plausible as this reading is, it is corrupt. Shakspeare, I think, wrote:
To lead our many—our many, or meiny, i.e. our people.
W A R B U R T O N .

As plausible as this emendation is, I think it wrong. The sense is: Of those who assisted my usurpation, some I have cut off;
and many I intended to lead abroad. This journey to the Holy Land, of which the king very frequently revives the mention, had
two motives, religion and policy. He durst not wear the ill-gotten crown without expiation, but in the act of expiation he con-

1 Left rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near into my state.] The expedition that Cæsar medi-
tated against the Parthians, immediately before his death, has
been ascribed to the same apprehension which dictated to Henry
a journey to the Holy Land:

" Invidiae stimulos ergo ut lenire furentes,
" Et capiti insidiis, quas maturare quercem
" Non nescit, Cæsar fætis avertere possit,
" Nec non externo maculas abstergere bello
" Civilis, cum jam Cæssi vindicta perissent,
" Debita jam Ædum Latio, justi ille Senatus,
" (Ne patrum imminu videntur sacra potestas,
" Decretique toga, mandari Parthica bella

M A L O N E .
SECOND PART OF

How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!
P. Henry. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain, and right, must my possession be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter lord John of Lancaster, Warwick, &c.


Lan. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. Henry. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy fight,
My worldly business makes a period.

Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Henry. My lord of Warwick!

K. Henry. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Henry. Laud be to God!—even there my life must end.

It hath been prophesy'd to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd, the Holy Land:

[2 How I came &c.] This is a true picture of a mind divided between heaven and earth. He prays for the prosperity of guilt while he deprecates its punishment. Johnson.

[3 Laud be to God!—even there my life must end.] "At length he recovered his speech, and understanding and perceiving himself in a strange place, which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had anie particular name, whereunto answer was made, that it was called Jerusalem. Then said the king; Lauds be given to the father of heaven, for now I knowe that I shall die here in this chamber, according to the prophesie of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem." Holinshed, p. 541. Steevens.

But,
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;  
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.  

[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Shallow's feast in Glostershire.

Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Shal. *By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night.——What, Davy, I say!

Fal.

* By cock and pye,— This adjuration, which seems to have been very popular, is used in Soliman and Perseda, 1599: "By cock and pie and mousefoot;" as well as by Shakespeare in The Merry Wives of Windsor. Ophelia likewise says:"

——By cock they are to blame."

Cock is only a corruption of the Sacred Name, as appears from many passages in the old interludes, Ganner Gurton's Needle, &c. viz. Cocks-bones, cocks-rounds, by cock's mother, and some others. The pie is a table or robe in the old Roman offices, floeing, in a technical way, how to find out the service which is to be read upon each day. What was called The Pie by the clergy before the Reformation, was called by the Greeks Πίανε, or the index. Though the word Πίανε signifies a plank in its original, yet in its metaphorical sense it signifies συνε κυριαρχημε, a painted table or picture; and because indexes or tables of books were formed into square figures, resembling pictures or painters' tables, hung up in a frame, these likewise were called Πίανε, or, being marked only with the first letter of the word, Π.'s or Πies. All other derivations of the word are manifestly erroneous.

In a second preface Concerning the Service of the Church, prefixed to the Common Prayer, this table is mentioned as follows:—"Moreover the number and hardness of the rules called the "Pie and the manifold changes," &c. RIDLEY.

Again, in Wily Beguiled:

"Now by cock and pie you never spake a truer word in your life."

Cock's body, cock's passion, &c. occur in the old morality of Hycke Scornr.

Again, in the Two angry Women of Abington, 1599:

"Merry go forry, cock and pie, my hearts."
SECOND PART OF

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.
Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excus’d; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excus’d. — Why, Davy!

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, sir.
Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, — let me see, Davy; let me see: — yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. — Sir John, you shall not be excus’d.
Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be serv’d: and, again, sir, — Shall we sow the headland with wheat?

In the Puritan Widow, 1605, there is a scholar of the name of Pye-board.

A printing letter of a particular size, called the pica, was probably dennominated from the pica, as the breviar, from the breviary, and the primer from the primer. Steevens.

[ I will not excuse you &c. ] The sterility of justice Shallow’s wit is admirably described, in thus making him, by one of the finest strokes of nature, so often vary his phrase, to express one and the same thing, and that the commonest. Warburton.

William cook, bid him come hither. ] It appears from this instance, as well as many others, that anciently the lower orders of people had no surnames, but in their stead were content to adopt the titles of their several professions. The cook of William Cawnge, the royal merchant of Bristol, lies buried there under a flat stone, near the monument of his master, in the beautiful church of St. Mary Redcliffe. On this stone are represented the ensigns of his trade, a skimmer and a knife. His epitaph is as follows: Hic jacet willm. cooke quondam serviens willm. canynges mercatoris ville Bristol; cuius animae propitietur Deus. Lazarillo in the Woman Hater of Beaumont and Fletcher, expresses a wish to have his tomb adorned in a like manner:

"— for others’ glorious shields,
"Give me a voider; and above my hearse,
"For a truchf sword, my naked knife fluck up."

Steevens.

[ those precepts cannot be serv’d. ] Precept is a justice’s warrant. To the offices which Falstaff gives Davy in the following scene, may be added that of justice’s clerk. Davy has almost as many employments as Scrub in The Stratagem. Johnson.
KING HENRY IV. 617

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook; — Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. — Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid: — sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: — And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it: — Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legg'd hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well; A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir: but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, sir,

3 — A friend i' the court, &c.] So, in Chaucer's Romance of the Rose, 5540:

"Friendship is more than cattell,
"For frende in courte ale better is,
"Than peny is in purse, certis." Steevens.

these
these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. Where are you, sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [to the page.] Come, sir John.

Fal. I’ll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [Exeunt Shallow, Bardolph, &c.]—If I were saw’d into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit’s-foaves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men’s spirits and his: They, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn’d into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild/geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wife bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed

9 bearded hermit’s foaves —— He had before called him the starved justice. His want of flesh is a standing jest.

1 master Shallow. Shallow’s folly seems to have been almost proverbial. So, in Decker’s Satiromastix, 1600:

“—We must have false fires to amaze these spangle babies, these true heirs of master Justice Shallow.” Steevens.
of their company. I will devise matter enough out
of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual
laughter, the wearing out of six fashions, (which is
four terms, or two actions) and he shall laugh with-
out intervalums. O, it is much that a lie, with a
slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with
a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders!
O, you shall see him laugh ’till his face be like a wet
cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [within.] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master
Shallow. [Exit Falstaff.

SCENE II.

The court, in London.

Enter the earl of Warwick, and the lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice; whither
away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?
War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.
Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.
War. He’s walk’d the way of nature;
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.
Ch. Just. I would, his majesty had call’d me with
him:
The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.
War. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you
not.
Ch. Just. I know, he doth not; and do arm myself,
To welcome the condition of the time;

2 [two actions]—] There is something humourous in
making a spendthrift compute time by the operation of an action
for debt. Johnson.

3 [fellow that never had the ache]—] That is, a young
fellow, one whose disposition to merriment, time and pain have
not yet impaired. Johnson.

Which
SECOND PART OF
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter lord John of Lancaster, Gloster, and Clarence, &c.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:—
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike fail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. Alas! I fear, all will be overturn’d.
Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.
War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us
heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us; lest we be heavier!
Glo. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend, in-
deed:
And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

Lan. Though no man be assure’d what grace to
find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; ’would, ’twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff
fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in ho-
nour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see, that I will beg

* A ragged and foresfall’d remission.—

* —impartial conduct—] Thus the quartos. The folio
reads—imperial. Steevens.
* A ragged and foresfall’d remission.—] Ragged has no sense
here. We should read:

A rated
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king my matter that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.
War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King Henry.

Ch Just. Good morrow; and heaven save your majesty!
K. Henry. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;

A rated and forestall'd remission.

i. e. A remission that must be sought for, and bought with supplication. Warburton.

Different minds have different perplexities. I am more puzzled with forestall'd than with ragged; for ragged, in our author's licentious diction, may easily signify beggarly, mean, base, ignominious; but forestall'd I know not how to apply to remission in any sense primitive or figurative. I should be glad of another word, but cannot find it. Perhaps by forestall'd remission, he may mean a pardon begged by a voluntary confession of offence, and anticipation of the charge. Johnson.

3 Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;
This is the English, not the Turkish court:
Not Amurat an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry:—] Amurat the Third (the sixth Emperor of the Turks) died on January the 18th, 1595-6. The people being generally disaffected to Mahomet, his eldest son, and inclined to Amurat, one of his younger children, the Emperor's death was concealed for ten days by the Janizaries, till Mahomet came from Amasia to Constantinople. On his arrival he was saluted Emperor, by the great Baflas, and others his favourers;
"which done, (says Knolles) he presently after caused all his brethren to be invited to a solemn feast in the court; whereunto they, yet ignorant of their father's death, came cheerfully, as men fearing no harm: but, being come, were there all most miserably strangled." It is highly probable that Shakspere here alludes to this transaction; which was pointed out to me by the Rev'd. Dr. Farmer.

This circumstance, therefore, may fix the date of this play subsequently to the beginning of the year 1566;—and perhaps it was written while this fact was yet recent. Malone.
SECOND PART OF

This in the English, 4 not the Turkish court; Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds, But Harry, Harry:—Yet be sad, good brothers, For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you; Sorrow so royally in you appears, That I will deeply put the fashion on, And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad: But entertain no more of it, good brothers, Than a joint burthen laid upon us all, For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd, I'll be your father and your brother too! Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares. Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I: But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears, By number, into hours of happiness.

Lan. &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

K. Henry. You all look strangely on me:—and you most; [To the Ch. Just.

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measured rightly, Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

K. Henry. No! How might a prince of my great hopes forget So great indignities you laid upon me? What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison The immediate heir of England! + Was this easy? May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father; The image of his power lay then in me: And, in the administration of his law, While I was busy for the commonwealth, Your highness pleased to forget my place, The majesty and power of law and justice,

4 ———not the Turkish court;] Not the court where the prince that mounts the throne puts his brothers to death. ———JOHNSON.

5 ———Was this easy?] That is, Was this not grievous? Shakespeare has easy in this sense elsewhere. ———JOHNSON.
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;

Where-

5 And struck me in my very seat of judgment; I do not recollect that any of the editors of our author have thought this remarkable passage worthy of a note. The chief justice, in this play, was Sir William Gascoigne, of whom the following memoir may be as acceptable as necessary.

While at the bar, Henry of Bolingbroke had been his client; and upon the decease of John of Gaunt, by the above Henry, his heir, then in banishment, he was appointed his attorney, to sue in the court of Wards the livery of the estates descended to him. Richard II. revoked the letters patent for this purpose, and defeated the intent of them, and thereby furnished a ground for the invasion of his kingdom by the heir of Gaunt; who becoming afterwards Henry IV. appointed Gascoigne chief justice of the King's Bench in the first year of his reign. In that station Gascoigne acquired the character of a learned, an upright, a wise, and an intrepid judge. The story so frequently alluded to of his committing the prince for an intuff on his person, and the court where- in he presided, is thus related by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his book entitled the Governour: “The most renowned prince king Henry the fyfth, late kyng of Englond, durynge the lyfe of his father, was noted to be fiers and of wanton courage: it hapned, that one of his seruantes, whom he well favoured, was for felony by him committed, arraigned at the kynges benche: whereof the prince being advertised, and incensed by lyghte persone aboute him, in furious rage came halily to the barre, where his seruante stode as a prisoner, and commanded hym to be vngyued and set at libertie: wherat all men were abasshed, referred the chiefe Juslicie, who humbly exorted the prince, to be contented, that his seruante oughte be ordred, accordyngye to the aunciente lawes of this realme: or if he wolde haue hym faued from the rigour of the lawes, that he shulde opteyne, if he moughte, of the kyngse his father, his gratious pardon, whereby no lawe or justyce shulde be derogate. With whiche anfwer the prince nothyng appeased, but rather more inflamed, endeuored him selwe to take away his seruant. The iuge considering the perillous example, and inconvenience that ought therby influe, with a yalyant spirite and courage, commanied the prince upon his alegance, to leave the prisoner, and depart his way. With which commandment the prince being fet all in a fury, all chafed and in a terrible maner, came vp to the place of judgement, men thynking that he wold haue slayne the iuge, or haue done to hym some damage: but the iuge fittynge fyll without mouing, declaring the majestie of the kynges place of iugement, and with an affured and bolde countenaunce, had to the prince, these wordes followyng,”

"Syr,
SECOND PART OF
Whereon as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,

"Syr, remembre yourselfe, I kepe here the place of the kyng
your fourseine lorde and father, to whom ye owe double obed-
ence, wherefore eftefoones in his name, I charge you defyde of
your wyulfnes and vnaulfull enterprise, & from henshert give
good example to thosse, whyche hereafter shal be your propre
subjectes. And nowe, for your contempt and disobedience,
go you to the pryfone of the kynges bencche, whereunto I com-
mytte you, and remayne ye there pryfoner vntill the pleasure
of the kyng your father be further known."  
With whiche wordes beinge abashed, and also wondrynge
at the meruaylous grauitie of that worshipfulle justyce, the noble
prince layinge his weapon as parte, doyng reuerence, departed,
and wente to the kynges bencche, as he was commanded. Wherar
his feruantes disdaynyng, came and shewed to the kyng all
the hole affaire. Wherar he awyls fandeyng, after as a man all
rauysthed with gladnesse, holdynge his eien and handes vp towarde
heuen, abraid, sayng with a loude voice, "O mercyfull God,
howe moche am I, abowe all other men, bounde to your infinite
goodnes, specially for that ye haue gyuen me a fuge, who feare-
eth not to minisster justyce, and also a sonne, who can suffre
""femblably, and obeye justyce?"

And here it may be noted, that Shakspeare has deviated from
history in bringing the chief justice and Henry V. together, for it
is expressely said by Fuller, in his Worthykes in Yorkshire, and that
on the beft authorith, that Gascoigne died in the life-time of his
father, viz. on the first day of November, 14 Henry IV. See
Dugd. Origines Juridic. in the Chronica Series, fol. 54, 96.
Neither is it to be presumed but that this laboured defence of his
conduct is a fiction of the poet: and it may justly be inferred from
the character of this very able lawyer, whose name frequently oc-
curs in the year-book of his time, that, having had spirit and re-
solution to vindicate the authority of the law, in the punishment
of the prince, he disdained a formal apology for an act that is re-
corded to his honour. Sir J. Hawkins.

In the foregoing account of this transaction, there is no mention
of the prince's having stroke Gascoigne, the chief justice.
Holinhed however speaking of the wanton pastime in which he
paffed his youth, says, that "where on a time hee stroke the
chief justice on the face with his fife, for emprisoning one of his
mates, he was not only committed to straignt prison himselfe by
the sayde chief justice, but also of his father putte out of the privie
counfell, and banished the courte." Holinhed has here followed
Hall.

Our author (as an anonymous criticke has observed) might have
found the same circumstances in the old play of King Henry V.
MALONE.

And
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person:
Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son;
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely flighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, so silencing your son:
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,—
What I have done, that mistook my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.
K. Henry. You are right, justice, and you weigh
this well;
Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase,
'Till you do live to see a son of mine
Oftend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words;—

6 To trip the course of law, —— ] To defeat the process of jux-
tice; a metaphor taken from the act of tripping a runner.

7 To mock your workings in a second body.] To treat with con-
tempt your acts executed by a representative.

8 —— and propose a son.], i. e. Image to yourself a son,
conceive for a moment to think you have one. So in Titus Ar-
denicus:

9 —— a thousand deaths I could proffer. St Eevens.

9 —— so silencing your son. —— ] The old copies read:
—— so fast silencing your son. St Eevens.

1 —— in your state. ] In your regal character and office, not
with the passion of a man interested, but with the impartiality of
a spectator. J ohnson.

Vol. V.  S 3  Hbopy
SECOND PART OF

Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son:
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so,
Into the hands of justice. — 2 You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have us’d to bear;
With this 3 remembrance,—That you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done ’gainst me. There is my hand;
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis’d wise directions. ——
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you: —
* My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit 5 sadly I survive,

2 — You did commit me: &c.] So in the play on this subject,
anteceudent to that of Shakespeare:
“ You sent me to the Fleet; and, for revengement,
“ I have chosen you to be the protector
“ Over my realm.” Steevens.

3 — remembrance. ——] That is, admonition. Johnson.

4 My father is gone wild — Mr. Pope, by substituting swild 4
for wild, without sufficient consideration, afforded Mr. Theobald
much matter of ostentatious triumph. Johnson.
The meaning seems to be—My wild dispositions having ceased
on my father’s death, and being now as it were buried in his tomb,
he and wildness are interred in the same grave.

A passage in K. Henry V, act i. sc. 1. very strongly confirms
the reading of the text:
“ The courses of his youth promis’d it not:
“ The breath no sooner left his father’s body,
“ But that his wildness mortified in him,
“ Seem’d to die too.”

So, in K. Henry VIII:
“ And when old time shall lead him to his end,
“ Goodness and he fill up one monument.
A kindred thought is found in the Two Gentlemen of Verona:
“ And so suppose am I; for in his grave
“ Affure thyself my love is buried.” Malone.

5 — sadly I survive,]Sadly is the same as soberly, seriously,
gravely. & c. is opposed to wild. Johnson.

To
KING HENRY IV. 627

To mock the expectations of the world;
To frustrate prophecies; and to raze our
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow’d in vanity, ’till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.

Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best-govern’d nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;—
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.——

[To the lord Chief Justice.

Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember’d, all our state:
And (heaven confining to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,—
Heaven shorten Harry’s happy life one day. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Shallow’s seat in Gloucestershire.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, the Page,
and Davy.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard: where, in
an arbour, we will eat a last year’s pippin of my own

6 —— the state of floods,] i.e. The assembly, or general
meeting of the floods: for all rivers, running to the sea, are there
represented as holding their sessions. This thought naturally in-
troduced the following:

Now call we our high court of parliament.
But the Oxford editor, much a stranger to the phraseology of
that time in general, and to his author’s in particular, out of mere
lust for his meaning, reads it backwards, the floods of state,
Warburton.
SECOND PART OF

grafting, with a dish of carraways, and so forth;—come, cousin Silence;—and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

—*a dish of carraways, &c.* A comfit or confection so called in our author's time. A passage in De Vigent Marsilei's Melanges de l'Histoire et de Litt. will explain this odd treat: "Dans le dernier siecle on l'on avoit le goût delicat, on ne croitait pas pouvoir vivre sans Dragées. Il n'étoit fils de bonne mere, qui n'eut fon Dragier; et il est reporté dans l'histoire du duc de Guîte, que quand il fut tué à Blois il avoit fon Dragier à la main."

WARBURTON.

Mr. Edwards has diverted himself with this note of Dr. Warburton's, but without producing a happy illustration of the passage. The dish of carraways here mentioned was a dish of apples of that name. GOLDSMITH.

Whether Dr. Warburton, Mr. Edwards, or Dr. Goldsmith is in the right, I cannot determine, for the following passage in Decker's Satiromastix leaves the question undecided:

"By this handful of carraways I could never abide to say grace."

"—by these confits we'll let all slide."

"By these confits and these carraways; I warrant it does him good to swear."—

"—I am glad, lady Petula, by this apple, that they please you."

That apples, confits, and carraways, at least were distinct things, may be inferred from the following passage in the old bl. l. intlude of the Diobedient Child, no date:

"What running had I for apples and nuttes,

"What calling for biskettes, cumfettes, and carrawaes,"

In How to chuse a Good Wife from a Baw, 1630:

"For apples, carrawais, and cheese."

There is a pear, however, called a carraway, which may be corrupted from caillouel, Fr. So in the French Roman de la rose:

"Ou la poire de caillouel."

Chaucer, in his version of this passage, says:

"With cakeveis, &c." STEVENS.

It would be easy to prove by several instances that carraways were generally part of the diet in Shakspere's time. See particularly Marvel's Cookery, &c. A late writer however affirms that carraways is the name of an apple as well known to the natural inhabitants of Bath as nonpareil is in London, and as generally associated with golden pippins. He observes also that if Shakspere had meant confits he would have said, "a dish of last year's pippins with carraways."—With a dish, &c. clearly means something distinct from the pippins. Jackson's Thirty Letters, 8vo. vol. ii. p. 42. Editor.
King Henry IV.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy, spread Davy: well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man, and your husband-man.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have drank too much fack at supper:—a good varlet. Now fit down, now fit down:—come cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—

We shall do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,

[Singing.]

And praise heaven for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear;
And lusty lads roam here and there;
So merrily, and ever among so merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, fit;—I'll be with you anon:—most sweet sir, fit.—Master page, good master page, fit: 4 Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in

2 By the mass,—]
"In elder's time, as ancient custom was,
"Men swore in weighty causes by the mass;
"But when the mass went down (as others note)
"Their oaths were, by the croise of this fame grant, &c."

Springes for Woodcocks; a collection of epigrams, 1666, Ep. 221.

S TE EVENS.

3 This very natural character of justice Silence is not sufficiently observed. He would scarcely speak a word before, and now there is no possibility of stopping his mouth. He has a catch for every occasion:

When flesh is cheap, and females dear.

Here the double sense of the word dear must be remembered.—

Ever among is used by Chaucer in the Romant of the Rose:
"Ever among (fothly to faine)
"I suffre note and mochil paine." F AR M E R.

4 ——proface——] Italian from proflaccia; that is, much good way it do you. H A N M E R.
in drink. But you must bear; 'The heart's all. [Exit Shal. Be merry master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

SIL. [Singing] Be merry, be merry, my wife has all!'

For

Sir Thomas Hanmer (says Dr. Farmer) is right, yet it is no argument for his author's Italian knowledge.

Old Heywood, the epigrammatist, addressed his readers long before:

"Readers, read this thus; for preface, preface,
"Much good may it do you, &c."

So, Taylor, the water-poet, in the title of a poem prefixed to his Praise of Hempstead:

"A preamble, preface, pregallop, prepace, or preface, and
"preface, my masters, if your stomach serve."

Decker, in his comedy, If this be not a good play the Devil is in it, makes Shackle-foul, in the character of Friar Rush, tempt his brethren "with choice of dishes;"

"To which preface: with blythe the lookes fit thee."

I am still much in doubt whether there be such an Italian word as profaccia. Baretti has it not, and it is more probable that we received it from the French; preface being a colloquial abbreviation of the phrase—Bou pren leur face; i.e. Much good may it do them. See Cotgrave, in voce Prou.

To these instances produced by Dr. Farmer, I may add one more from Springs for Woodcocks, a collection of epigrams, 1636: Ep. 110:

"Preface, quothe Fulvius, fill us t'other quart."

And another from Heywood's Epigrams:

"I came to be merry, wherewith merrily
"Preface. Have among you, &c."

Again, in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 538: "—the cardinall came in boated and spurred, all sodainly amongst them, and bade them prefaire." STEEVENS.

So, in Nathe's Apologie for Prince Penniels, 1593: "A preface to courteous minds—as much as to say preface, much good may it do you! would it were better for you!"

Sir T. Hanmer, as an ingenious friend observes to me, was mistaken in supposing profaccia, a regular Italian word, the proper expression being buon profaccia, much good may it do you! Profaccia is however a cant term used by the common people in Italy, though it is not inferred in the best Italian dictionaries.

MALONE.

5—The heart's all.] That is, the intention with which the entertainment is given. The humour consists in making Davy act as master of the house. JOHNSON.

6—my wife has all;] Dr. Farmer very acutely observes that
KING HENRY IV. 631

For women are shrews, both short and tall;
'Tis merry in Hall, when beards wag all',
And welcome merry Shrove-tide'.

Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think, master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who 1? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

that we should read — "my wife's at all, i.e. as all women are. This affords a natural introduction to what follows. Steevens.

"'Tis merry in Hall, when beards wag all." Mr. Warton, in his 11th of English Poetry, observes, that this rhyme is found in a poem by Adam Davie, called the Life of Alexander:

"Merry twelth it is in halle
"When the herdes swarteth alle. Steevens.

This song is mentioned by a contemporary author, "— which done, grace sayd, and the table taken up, the plate presently conveyed into the pantry; the hall fummons this comfort of companions (upon payne to dyne with duke Humfric, or to kisse the hares foot) to appear at the first call: where a song is to be sung, the under song or holding whereof is It is merrie in Hall where herdes swaggs all. The Serving-man's Comfort," 1598. Sign. c. Again," it is a common proverbe Its merie in Hall, when Beares wag all. Briefe Concetpe of English Pollicye, by William Stafford, 1581. Re-printed 1751, as a work of Shakspeare's.

EDITOR.

8 And welcome merry Shrove-tide.] Shrove-tide was formerly a season of extraordinary sport and feasting. In the Romish church there was anciently a feast immediately preceding Lent, which lasted many days, called Carniscapium. See Carpenter in v. Supp. Lat. Gloss. Du Cange, tom. I. p. 131. In some cities of France, an officer was annually chosen, called Le Prince D'Amoreux, who presided over the sports of the youth for six days before Ash-Wednesday. Ibid. v. Amoratus, p. 195 : and v. Cardinatis, p. 818. Also V. Spinetum, tom iii. p. 843. Some traces of these festivities still remain in our universities. In the Percy Houblond-Book, 1512, it appears, "that the clergy and officers of Lord Percy's chapel performed a play before his Lordship upon Shroweteveday at night." p. 345. T. Warton.

See also Dodley's Collection of old Plays, vol. xii. p. 403. last edition. Editor.

Ss 4

Re-enter
Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

Shal. Davy, -

Davy. Your worship? - I'll be with you straight. -

A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. [Singing] A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the lemon wine; —
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet
of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence!

Sil. * Fill the cup, and let it come;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou want'st
any thing, and wilt not call, bestrew thy heart.
Welcome, my little tiny thief [to the Page]; and wel-
come, indeed, too. - I'll drink to master Bardolph,
and to all the 2 cavaleroes about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy, -

Shal. You'll crack a quart together. Ha! will
you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal I thank thee: — The knave will stick by thee,
I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true
bred.

9 leather-coats] The apple commonly denominated ruffetine in
Devonshire is called the buff-coat. Henley.

1 Fill the cup, &c.] This passage has hitherto been printed
as prose, but I am told that it makes a part of an old song, and
have therefore refored it to its metrical form. Steevens.

2 — cavaleroes] This was the term by which an airy, splen-
did, irregular fellow was distinguished. The soldiers of king
Charles were called Cavaliers from the gaiety which they affected
in opposition to the four faction of the parliament. Johnson.
Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Sal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks?

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[To Silence, who drinks a bumper.

Sil. [Singing] Do me right, and dub me knight:

Samingo.—Is't not so?

Fal.

3 Do me right, &c. To do a man right and to do him reason, were formerly the usual expressions in pleading healths. He who drank a bumper, expected a bumper should be drank to his toast.

So, in Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, Captain Otter says in the drinking scene: "Ha' you done me right, gentlemen?"

Again, in The Bondman by Massinger:

"These glaffes contain nothing;—do me right,

"As ere you hope for liberty."

Steevens.

It was the custom of the good fellows in Shakspeare's days to drink a very large draught of wine, and sometimes a lefs pintable potion, on their knees to the health of their mistres. He who performed this exploit was dubb'd a knight for the evening.

So, in the Yorkshire Tragedy, 1608:

"They call it knighting in London, when they drink upon their knees.—Come follow me; I'll give you all the degrees of it in order." Malone.

4 Samingo.—] He means to say, San Domingo. Hanmer.

Unles Silence calls Falstaff St. Dominic from his faunes, and means, like Dryden, to fineer at facerdotal luxury, I can give no account of the word. In one of Nahe's plays, entituled, Summer's last Will and Testament, 1600, Bacchus sings the following catch:

"Monseur Mingo, for quaffing doth surpafs

"In cup, in can, or glafs;

"God Bacchus do me right

"And dub me knight."

"Domingo."

Domingo is only the burthen of the song.

Again, in The letting of Humours Blood in the Head-vaine: with a new Morisco, daunted by seaven Satyres, upon the bottome of Dio-

genes Tubbe," 1600.

Epigram I.

"Monseur Domingo is a skilful man,

"For much experience he hath lately got,

"Proving more phisicke in an alchouse can

"Than may be found in any vintner's pot;"

"Beere
Second Part Of

Fal. 'Tis so.
Sil. Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.—

Enter Pistol.

How now, Pistol.

Pist. Sir John, 'fave you, sir!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. 'Not the ill wind which blows no man good.

—Sweet

"Beere he protestes is sodden and refin'd,
"And this he speaks, being single-penny-lind
"For when his purse is twolne but sixpence bigge,
"Why then he tewares:—Now by the Lorde I thinke
"All beere in Europe is not worth a figge;
"A cuppe of clarret is the only drinke,
"And thus his praise from beer to wine doth goe,
"Euen'as his purse in pence doth ebe and flowe."

Steevens.

Samingo, that is San Domingo, as some of the commentators have rightly observed. But what is the meaning and propriety of the name here, has not yet been shewn. Justice Silence is here introduced as in the midif of his cups: and I remember a black-letter ballad, in which either a San Domingo, or a Junior Domingo, is celebrated for his miraculous feats in drinking. Silence, in the abundance of his fettivity, touches upon some old fong, in which this convivial saint or junior, was the burden. Perhaps too the pronunciation is here suited to the character. Warton.

Of the gluttony and drunkenness of the Dominicans, one of their own order says thus in Weever's Funeral Monuments, p. cxxxi: "Sanctus Dominicus fit nobis senser amicus, cui canimus—licentias ante hagenis—fratres qui non curant nisi ventres." Hence Domingo might (as Mr. Steevens remarks) become the burthen of a drinking song. Toller.

In Marlow's Antonio and Mellida, we meet with

"Do me right, and dub me knight, Ballardo."

Farmer.

5 Not the ill wind that blows no man good. The old copy reads

"—which blows no man to good." The word to was misplaced,

But
KING HENRY IV. 635

—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. Indeed I think 'a be; but goodman Puff of Barston.

Pist. 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;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

FAL. I prythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

FAL. O, base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let king Cophtetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [Sings.

Pist.

but should not be rejected, for it completes the metre, and Pistol delights in talking in verse. I would therefore read:

"Not the ill wind which blows to no man good.

—Sweet knight, thou'rt now one of the greatest men in the realm. Malone.

—goodman Puff of Barston.] A little before, William Vifor of Woncot is mentioned. Woodmancot and Barton (lays Mr. Edward's MSS.) which I suppose are these two places, and are represented to be in the neighbourhood of justice Shallow, are both of them in Berkeley hundred in Glostershire. This, I imagine, was done to disguise the satire a little; for Sir Thomas Lucy, who, by the coat of arms he bears, must be the real justice Shallow, lived at Charlecot near Stratford, in Warwickshire.

STEVENS.

—goodman Puff of Barston.] Barston is a village in Warwickshire, lying between Coventry and Solyhull, Percy.

Mr. Tollet has the same observation, and adds that Woncot may be put for Wolphmancot, vulgarly Ovencote, in the same county. Shakspere might be unwilling to disguise the satire too much, and therefore mentioned places within the jurisdiction of Sir Thomas Lucy. STEVENS.

3 Let king Cophtetua, &c.] Lines taken from an old bombast play of King Cophtetua; of whom we learn from Shakspere, there were ballads too. WAREURTTON.

See Love's Labour's Lost. JOHNSON.

—Scarlet and John.] This scrap (as Dr. Percy has ob-

served
SECOND PART OF

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons? And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistoll, lay thy head in Furies' lap.
Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.
Pist. Why then, lament therefore.
Shal. Give me pardon, sir,—If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.
Pist. Under which king,? Bezonian? speak, or die.
Shal. Under king Harry.
Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?
Shal. Harry the fourth.
Pist. A foutra for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king; Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistoll lies, do this; and I fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Serv'd in the first volume of his Reliques of ancient English Poetry
is taken from a stanza in the old ballad of Robin Hood and the Pinder of Wakefield. Steevens.
?—Bezonian? speak or die.] So again Suffolk says in the
2d part of Henry VI:
"Great men oft die by vile Bezonians."
It is a term of reproach, frequent in the writers contemporary with
our poet. Bifognoso, a needy person; thence metaphorically, a
base scoundrel. Theobald.
Naff, in Pierce Penilesse his Suppllication, &c. 1595, says:
"Proud lords do tumble from the towers of their high desents,
and be trod under feet of every inferior Bezoniar."
In The Widow's Tears, a comedy by Chapman, 1612, the
primitive word is used:
"—furn'd out by grooms, like a base Befoguo!"
And again, in Sir Giles Goofscap, a comedy, 1666:
"—If he come like to your Befoguo, your boor, so he be
rich, they care not." Steevens.

—fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.] To fig, in Spanish bigas dar, is to
insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger.
From this Spanish custom we yet say in contempt, "a fig for you."

Johnson.
KING HENRY IV.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

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

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride all night:—Oh, sweet Pistol!—Away, 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 commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice!

Pist. 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.

[Exeunt.

So, in The Shepherd's Slumber, a song published in England's Helicon, 1614:

"With scowling brows their follies check,
And so give them the fig, &c."

2 What! is the old king dead?

As nail in door!] This proverbial expression is often used than understood. The door nail is the nail on which in ancient doors the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison to any one irrecoverably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) "in morte morte, i.e. with abundant death, such as reiteration of strokes on the head would naturally produce. Steevens.

3 Where is the life that late I led, &c.] Words of an old ballad. Wardourton.

The fame has been already introduced in the Taming of a Shrew: Steevens.

SCENE
SECOND PART OF
SCENE IV.

A street in London.

Enter, hostess, Quickly, Doll Tear-sheet, and Beadles.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

Bead. The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: There hath been a man or two, lately, kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damnd tripe-vilag'd rascal; if the

4 Enter hostess, &c.] This stage-direction in the quarto edit. of 1600, stands thus: Enter Sincklo, and three or four officers." And the name of Sincklo is prefixed to those speeches, which in the later editions are given to the Beadle. This is an additional proof that Sincklo was the name of one of the players. See the note on the Taming of the Shrew, act i. sc. 1. Tyrwhitt.

5 whipping-cheer — ] So, in Thomas Newton’s Herball to the Bible, 8vo. 1587: "— in wedlocke all penive fullnesse and lowring cheer ought to be utterly excluded, &c." Again, in an ancient bl. l. ballad, entitled, O, yes, &c.

"And if he chance to scape the rope,
"He shall have whipping cheer." Steevens.

6 Nut-hook, &c.] It has been already observed on the Merry Wives of Windsor, that nut-hook seems to have been in those times a name of reproach for a catchpoll. Johnson.

A nut-hook was, I believe, a person who stole linen, &c. out at windows by means of a pole with a hook at the end of it. Greene, in his Arte of Consey-catching, has given a very particular account of this kind of fraud; so that nut-hook was probably as common a term of reproach as rogue is at present. In an old comedy intitled Match me in London, 1637, I find the following passage—"She’s the king’s nut-hook, that when any filbert is ripe, pulls down the bravest boughs to his hand."

Again, in the Three Ladies of London, 1544: "To get a filling with a crauke through a window, or to set lime-twigs to catch upon, pot, or diffn." Again, in Alhambasar, 1615:

"—picking of locks and hooking cloaths out of window." Again,
the child I now go with, do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-
fac’d villain.

Hoft. O the Lord, that sir John were come! he
would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I
pray God, the fruit of her womb miscarry!

Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions
again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge
you both go with me; for the man is dead that you
and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I’ll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer!
I will have thee as soundly swing’d for this, you blue-
bottle

Again, in the Jew of Malta, by Marlowe, 1633:

"I saw some bags of money, and in the night I

"Chamber’d up with my books."

Hence perhaps the phrase *By book or by crook*, which is as old as
the time of Tuffer and Spenser. The first uses it in his Husbandry
for the month of March, the second in the 3d book of his Faery
Queene. In the first volume of Holinshed’s Chronicle, p. 183, the
reader may find the cant titles belotted by the vagabonds of that
age on one another, among which are *bookers*, or *anglers*; and
Decker, in the Bell-man of London, 5th edit, 1640, describes this
species of robbery in particular. *Steevens.*

7 ——*a dozen of cushions*——] That is, to stuff her out that
she might counterfeit pregnancy. So in Maffinger’s Old Law:

"I said I was with child, &c. Thou saidst it was a cushion;" &c.

Again, in Greene’s Disputation between a He Conycatcher, &c.
1592: "——to wear a cushion under her own kirtle, and to faine
herself with child. *Steevens.*

8 ——*thou thin man in a censer!*] These old cenfers of thin
metal had generally at the bottom the figure of some saint raised
up with a hammer, in a barbarous kind of imboffed or chafed
work. The hunger-starved beadle is compared, in substance, to
one of these thin-raised figures, by the same kind of humour
that Pistol, in The Merry Wives, calls Slender a *latten bilboe*.

*Warburton.*

9 ——*blue bottle rogue!*] A name, I suppose, given to the bea-
dle from the colour of his livery. *Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson is right with respect to the livery, but the allusion
seems to be to the great flesh fly, commonly called a *blue-bottle*.

*Farmer.*

The same allusion is in Northward Hoe, 1607:

"Now blue-bottle! what flutter you for, tea-pie?"

The
SECOND PART OF

bottle-rogue! you filthy famish'd correctioner! if you be not swing'd, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

Bead. Come, come, you the knight-errant; come.

Hoft. O, that right should thus overcome might!

Well; of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Hoft. Ay; come, you starv'd blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Hoft. Thou atomy, thou ²!

Dol.

The serving men were anciently habited in blue, and this is spoken on the entry of one of them. It was natural for Doll to have an aversion to the colour, as a blue gown was the dres in which a strumpet did penance. So, in The Northern Lofç, 1633:

"let all the good you intended me be a lockram coif, a blue gown, a wheel, and a clean whip." Mr. Malone confirms Dr. Johnson's remark on the dres of the beadle, by the following quotation from Michaelmas Term by Middleton, 1607: "And to be free from the interruption of blue beadles and other bawdy officers, he most politickly lodges her in a constable's house."

STEEVENS,

¹—half-kirtles] Probably the dres of the prostitutes of that time. JOHNSON.

A half-kirtle was perhaps the same kind of thing as we call at present a short-gown, or a bed-gown. There is a proverbial expression now in use which may serve to confirm it. When a person is loathly drest they say—Such a one looks like a w—in a bed-gown. See Wестward Hoe, by Decker and Webster, 1612:

"forty shillings I lent her to redeem two half-silk kirtles."

STEEVENS.

The dres of the courteous of the time confirms Mr. Steevens's observation. So, in Michaelmas Term by Middleton, 1607: "Dost dream of virginity now? remember a loose-bodied gown, wench, and let it go."

Again, in Skialetheia, or a shadow of truth in certain Epigrams and Satires, 1598:

"—my muse

—keeps decorum to the times,

"To women's loose gowns suiting her loose rhimes."

MALONE.

²—thou atomy, thou?] Anatomy for anatomy. Anatomy or ota
mny is sometimes used by the ancient writers where no blunder or depravation is designed. So, in Look about you, 1600:

"For thee, for thee, thou t'ame of honour,

"Thou worm of mufelly"— STEEVENS.

The
KING HENRY IV. 641

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal! Bead. Very well. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

A public place near Westminster abbey.

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

1 Groom. * More rushes, more rushes.
2 Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.
1 Groom. It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: Dispatch, dispatch.

[Exeunt Grooms.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and the Boy.

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. 'Bless thy lungs, good knight!

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liversies, I would have bellow'd the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. [To Shallow.] But 'tis no matter; this poor fellow doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

The preceding expression seems to confirm Mr. Steevens' explanation. But whether the Otimics of Surgeon's Hall were known at this time, may perhaps be question. Atomy is perhaps here the motes or atoms in the sun beams, as the poet himself calls them, speaking of queen Mab's chariot:

"Drawn with a beam of little Atomics. Romeo and Juliet.
And Otimic of honour, may very easily be so understood."

Whalley.

---you rascal! [In the language of the forest, lean deer were called rascal deer. Steevens.

*More rushes, &c.] It has been already observed, that, at ceremonial entertainments, it was the custom to strew the floor with rushes. Caius de Ephemeræa. Johnson.

VOL. V. Tt Shal.
SECOND PART OF

Shel. It doth so.

Fal. It shews my earnestness of affection.

Pisf. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shel. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shel. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

Pisf. 'Tis semper idem, for absque hoc nihil est: 'Tis all in every part.

Shel. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pisf. My knight, I will enflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base durance, and contagious prison; Haul'd thither By most mechanical and dirty hand:— Rouze up revenge from ebon den with fell Alesto's snare,

For Doll is in; Pisfol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Pisf. There roard the sea, and trumpet-clangor founds.

[It doth, it doth, it doth.] The two little answers here given to Pisfol are transferred by sir T. Hamner to Shallow, the repetition of it doth suits Shallow best. Johnson.

'All in every part.' The sentence alluded to is:

"'Tis all in all, and all in every part."

And so doubled it should be read. 'Tis a common way of expressing one's approbation of a right measure to say, 'tis all in all. To which this fantastic character adds, with some humour, and all is in every part, which, both together, make up the philosophic sentence, and complete the absurdity of Pisfol's phraseology.

Warburton.
The trumpets sound. Enter the King, and his train.

Fal. God save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal! The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame.

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speake to that vain man.

Cl. Qui! Have you your wits? know you what'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speake to thee my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers:

How ill white hairs become a fool and jeffer!

I have long dream'd of such a kind or man,

So surfeitt-well'd, so old, and, and, and so profane;

But, being awake, I do despight my dream.

7 God save thy grace, king Hal! — A similar scene occurs in the anonymous Henry V. Falstaff and his companions address the king in the same manner, and are dismissed as in this play of Shakspeare. Steevens.

8 —most royal imp of fame! — The word imp is perpetually used by Ulpius Fulwell, and other ancient writers, for progeny.

"And were it not thy royal imp

"Did mitigate our pain." &c.

Here Fulwell addresses Anne Boleyn, and speaks of the young Elizabeth.

Again, in Claudius Tiberius Nero, 1607:

"Young imp of honour."

Again, in, Faunsus Trux, 1633:

"—— From hence I bring:"

"A pair of martial imp—"

Impus is a Welsh word, and primitively signifies a spout, 

fucker. So, in the tragedy of Darius, 1609:

"Like th' ancient trunk of some dishbranched tree

"Which Zeb's rage hath to confusion brought,

"Dismay'd of all tho' imp's that spring from me,"

"Unprofitable flock, I serve for naught."

Again, in Thomas Newton's Herball to the Bible, 1619, there is a chapter on "shrubs, bushes, frigges, fets, 

frigges, boughs, branches, twigs, young imp's, spry and buds. See vol. ii. p. 409. Steevens.

9 —profane; — In our author it often signifies 'love of talk without the particular idea now given it. So, in Othello: 'Is he not a profane and very liberal counsellor.' Johnson.
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace:
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men:
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;
Presume not, that I am the thing I was:
For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I thine that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou waft,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
'Till then, I banish thee on pain of death,—
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
KING HENRY IV. 645

For competence of life I will allow you; That lack of means enforce you not to evil: And, as we hear you do reform yourselves, We will,—according to your strength, and qualities,—Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord, To see perform’d the tenor of our word.—

Set on. [Exeunt. King, &c.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how; unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

I think the poet more blamable for Poins, who is always represented as joining some virtues with his vices, and is therefore treated by the prince with apparent distinction, yet he does nothing in the time of action; and though after the buffle is over he is again a favourite, at last vanishes without notice. Shakespeare certainly lost him by heedlessness, in the multiplicity of his characters, the variety of his action, and his eagerness to end the play. Johnson.

The dismissal of Falstaff was founded on a historical fact. Stowe says, that "K. Henry, after his coronation, called unto him all those young lords and gentlemen that were the followers of his young acts, to every one of whom he gave rich gifts; and then commanded, that as many as would change their manners, as he intended to do, should abide with him in his court; and to all that would persever in their former like conversation, he gave express commandment, upon pain of their heads, never after that day to come in his presence."

In the play of Sir John Oldcastle (with Shakespeare’s name prefixed to it, 1600,) K. Henry V. is made to enquire after his old companions, as if they were still carrying on their former occupations: "Where the devil are all my old thieves? Falstaff, that villain is so far, he cannot get on’s horse; but methinks Poins and Petoe should be stirring hereabouts." Steevens.
SecoNd PaRT oF

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter the Chief Justice, Prince John, of Lancaster, &c.

Ch. Just. 'Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the fleet; Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon. Take them away.

Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.

[Exeunt.

Manent Lancaster, and Chief Justice.

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the king's: He hath intent, his wouted followers Shall all be very well provided for; But all are banish'd, 'till their conversations Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds,—that ere this year expire, We bear our civil swords, and native fire,

---to the fleet;] I do not see why Falstaff is carried to the Fleet. We have never lost sight of him since his dismission from the king; he has committed no new fault, and therefore incurred no punishment; but the different agitations of fear, anger and surprize in him and his company, made a good scene to the eye; and our author, who wanted them no longer on the stage, was glad to find this method of sweeping them away, Johnson.
KING HENRY IV. 647

As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose musick, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence? [Exeunt.

2 I heard a bird so sing.] This phrase, which I suppose to be proverbial, occurs in the ancient ballad of The Rising in the North:

"I heare a bird sing in mine ore,
"That I might either fight or flee." Steevens.

3 I fancy every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with Deflemaha, "O most lame and impotent conclusion!" As this play was not, to our knowledge, divided into acts by the author I could be content to conclude it with the death of Henry the Fourth.

In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

These scenes, which now make the fifth act of Henry the Fourth, might then be the first of Henry the Fifth; but the truth is, that they do unite very commodiously to either play. When these plays were represented, I believe they ended as they are now ended in the books; but Shakspere seems to have designed that the whole series of action from the beginning of Richard the Second, to the end of Henry the Fifth, should be considered by the reader as one work, upon one plan, only broken into parts by the necessity of exhibition.

None of Shakspere's plays are more read than the First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth. Perhaps no author has ever in two plays afforded so much delight. The great events are interesting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the slighter occurrences are diverting, and, except one or two, sufficiently probable; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diversified with the utmost nicety of discernment, and the profoundest skill in the nature of man.

The prince, who is the hero both of the comic and tragic part, is a young man of great abilities and violent passions, whose sentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whose virtues are obscured by negligence, and whose understanding is dissipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather loose than wicked; and when the occasion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The trifler is raised into a hero, and the hero again repose in the trifler. This character is great, original, and just.

Percy is a rugged soldier, choleric and quarrelsome, and has only the soldier's virtues, generosity and courage.

But Falstaff unimitated, unimitable Falstaff, how shall I describe thee? thou compound of sense and vice; of sense which may be admired, but not esteemed; of vice which may be despised, but hardly detested. Falstaff is a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a

6

thief
SECOND PART, &c.

Thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaster, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous, and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and malignant, he fatirizes in their absence those whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is so proud, as not only to be supercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the duke of Lancaster. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety, by an unfailing power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy scones and fallacies of levity, which make sport, but raise no envy. It must be observed, that he is stained with no enormous or sanguinary crimes, so that his licentiousness is not so offensive but that it may be borne for his mirth.

The moral to be drawn from this representation is that no man is more dangerous than he that, with a will to corrupt, hath the power to please; and that neither wit nor honesty ought to think themselves safe with such a companion, when they see Henry seduced by Falstaff. 

JOHNSON.

EPI-
EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Dancer.

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'ry; last, my speech.

My fear is your displeasure; my court'ry, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say, is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say, will I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which if like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue.

1 This epilogue was merely occasional, and alludes to some theatrical transaction. Johnson.

5 All the gentlewomen, &c.] The trick of influencing one part of the audience by the favour of the other, has been played already in the epilogue to As You like It. Johnson.
650 EPILOGUE.

the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill’d with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

6—and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: I think this is a proof that the French scenes in Henry V. however unworthy of our author, were really written by him. It is evident from this passage, that he had at this time formed the plan of that play; and how was fair Katharine to make the audience merry, but by speaking broken English? The conversation and courtship of a great prince, in the usual style of the drama, was not likely to afford any merriment. Tyrwhitt.

7—where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless he be already killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.] I do not believe that there is any allusion here to the old play of King Henry V. in which there is a character called Sir John Oldcastle. Shakespeare, I think, meant only to say, that “Falstaff may perhaps die of his debaucheries in France,” (having mentioned Falstaff’s death, he then with his usual licence ues the word in a metaphorical sense, adding,) unless he be already killed by the hard and unjust opinions of those who imagined the knight’s character was intended as a ridicule on Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham. This our author disclaims; reminding the audience, that there can be no ground for such a supposition. I call them (says he) hard and unjust opinions, “for Oldcastle was no debaucher, but a protestant martyr, and our Falstaff is not the man;” i.e. has no allusion whatsoever to him.

Shakespeare seems to have been hurt at some report that his imitable character (like the despicable buffoon of the old play already mentioned, whose dress and figure resembled that of Falstaff;—see a note on King Henry IV. P. I. p. 279,) was meant to throw an imputation on the memory of lord Cobham; which in the reign of so zealous a friend to the Protestant cause, as Elizabeth, would not have been easily pardoned, either at court, or by the people in general. Malone.

8—for Oldcastle died a martyr, &c.] This alludes to a play in which Sir John Oldcastle was put for Falstaff. Pope.

The reader will find this assertion disputed in a note on the play of Henry V. Steevens.

9 I wonder no one has remarked at the conclusion of the epilogue, that
EPILOGUE

that it was the custom of the old players, at the end of their performance, to pray for their patrons. Thus at the end of New Custom:

"Preserve our noble Q. Elizabeth, and her counsell all."

And in Locrine:

"So let us pray for that renowned maid, &c."

And in Middleton's Mad World, my Masters: This shows like kneeling after the play; I praying for my lord Overmuch and his good counteys, our honourable lady and mistress." Farmer.

Thus at the end of Preston's Cambises:

"As duty binds us, for our noble queene let us pray,
And for her honourable counsel, the truth that they may use,
To praepare justice, and defende her grace eche day;
To maintaine God's word they may not refuse,
To correct all those that would her grace and grace's laws abuse:
Beseaching God over us she may reign long,
To be guided by trucht and defended from wrong."

"Amen, q. Thomas Preston."

So, at the end of All for Money, a morality, by T. Lupton, 1578:

"Let us pray for the queen's majesty our sovereign governour,
That she may reign quietly according to God's will, &c."

Again, at the end of Lusty Juventus, a morality, 1561:

"Now let us make our supplications together,
For the prosperous estate of our noble and and virtuous king," &c.

Again, at the end of the Disobedient Child, an interlude by Thomas Ingelad, bl. I. no date:

"Here the rest of the players come in, and kneel down all togethers, eche of them sayinge one of these versnes:
And laft of all to make an end,
O God to the we most humbly praye
That to queen Elizabeth thou do fende
Thy lyvely pathe and perfect waye, &c, &c."

Again, at the conclusion of Tom Tyler and his Wife, 1598:

"Which God preserve our noble queene,
From perilous chance which hath been seene;
And send her subjectes grace, say, I
To serve her highnes patientely!"

Again, at the conclusion of a comedy called A Knack to know a knave, 1594:

"And may her days of blisse never have end,
Upon whose lyfe so many lyves depend."

Again, at the end of Apius and Virginia, 1575:

"Beseaching God, as duty is, our gracious queene to save,
The nobles, and the commons eke, with prosperous life I crave."

Lastly, sir John Harrington's Metamorphosis of Ajax, 1596, signifies with these words: "But I will neither end with sermon nor
EPLOGUE.

nor prayer, lest some wags liken me to my L. ( ) players, who when they have ended a baudie comedy, as though that were a preparative to devotion kneele down solemnly, and pray all the companie to pray with them for their good lord and maister."

Almost all the ancient interludes I have met with, conclude with some solemn prayer for the king or queen, house of commons, &c. Hence perhaps the Vivant Rex and Regina, at the bottom of our modern play-bills. STEEVENS.

END OF VOLUME THE FIFTH.