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Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen
Weber Freiligrath Frey
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas
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Chamberlain Langbein Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates
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Katharina II. von Rußland Gerstäcker Raabe Gibbon Tschchow
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Wilde Vulpus
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Morgenstern Gleim Goedicke
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Kleist Mörike Musil
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke
Nestroy Marie de France
Nietzsche Nansen Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht Ringelnatz
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Henry IV Part 1

William Shakespeare

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The First Part of Henry the Fourth
with the Life and Death of Henry Sirnamed Hot-Spvrre

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland,
with others.

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Finde we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breath shortwinded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in Stronds a-farre remote:
No more the thirsty entrance of this Soile,
Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens blood:
No more shall trenching Warre channell her fields,
Nor bruise her Flowrets with the Armed hooves
Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heauen,
All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shocke,
And furious cloze of ciuill Butchery,
Shall now in mutuall well-beseeming rankes
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his Master. Therefore Friends,
As farre as to the Sepulcher of Christ,
Whose Souldier now vnder whose blessed Crosse
We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we leuie,
Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe,
To chace these Pagans in those holy Fields,
Ouer whose Acres walk'd those blessed feete
Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd
For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse.
But this our purpose is a tweluemonth old,
And bootlesse 'tis to tell you we will go:

Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cousin Westmerland,
What yesternight our Councill did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience

West. My Liege: This haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the Charge set downe
But yesternight: when all athwart there came
A Post from Wales, loaden with heauy Newes;
Whose worst was, That the Noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wilde Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:
Vpon whose dead corpes there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shamelesse transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
(Without much shame) re-told or spoken of

King. It seemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our businesse for the Holy land

West. This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord,
Farre more vneuen and vnwelcome Newes
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant Hotspurre there,
Young Harry Percy, and braue Archibald,
That euer-valiant and approoued Scot,
At Holmeden met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:
As by discharge of their Artillerie,
And shape of likely-hood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Vncertaine of the issue any way

King. Heere is a deere and true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horse,
Strain'd with the variation of each soyle,

Betwixt that Holmedon, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcome newes.
The Earle of Dowglas is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedons Plaines. Of Prisoners, Hotspurre tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne
To beaten Dowglas, and the Earle of Atholl,
Of Murry, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha Cosin, is it not? Infaith it is

West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, & mak'st me sin,
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne:
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue;
Among'st a Groue, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:
Whil'st I by looking on the praise of him,
See Ryot and Dishonor staine the brow
Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd,
That some Night-tripping-Faiery, had chang'd
In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet:
Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze
Of this young Percies pride? The Prisoners
Which he in this aduventure hath surpriz'd,
To his owne vse he keepes, and sends me word
I shall haue none but Mordake Earle of Fife

West. This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worcester
Malevolent to you in all Aspects:
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp
The crest of Youth against your Dignity

King. But I haue sent for him to answer this:
And for this cause a-while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.
Cosin, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold
At Windsor, and so informe the Lords:
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be saide, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered

West. I will my Liege.

Exeunt.

Scaena Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and Pointz.

Fal. Now Hal, what time of day is it Lad? Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping vpon Benches in the afternoone, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldest truely know. What a diuell hast thou to do with the time of the day? vnlesse houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons, and clockes the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls the signes of Leaping-houses, and the blessed Sunne himselve a faire hot Wench in Flame-coloured Tafata; I see no reason, why thou shouldest bee so superfluous, to demaund the time of the day

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now Hal, for we that take Purses, go by the Moone and seuen Starres, and not by Phoebus hee, that wand'ring Knight so faire. And I prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God saue thy Grace, Maiesty I should say, for Grace thou wilte haue none

Prin. What, none?

Fal. No, not so much as will serue to be Prologue to an Egge and Butter

Prin. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee call'd Theeues of the Dayes

beautie. Let vs be Dianaes Forresters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone; and let men say, we be men of good Government, being gouerned as the Sea, by our noble and chast mistris the Moone, vnder whose countenance we steale

Prin. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too: for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doeth ebbe and flow like the Sea, beeing gouerned as the Sea is, by the Moone: as for prooffe. Now a Purse of Gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday Morning; got with swearing, Lay by: and spent with crying, Bring in: now, in as low an ebbe as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes

Fal. Thou say'st true Lad: and is not my Hostesse of the Tauerne a most sweet Wench? Prin. As is the hony, my old Lad of the Castle: and is not a Buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance? Fal. How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe with a Buffe-Ierkin? Prin. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hostesse of the Tauerne? Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reck'ning many a time and oft

Prin. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast paid al there

Prin. Yea and elsewhere, so farre as my Coine would stretch, and where it would not, I haue vs'd my credit

Fal. Yea, and so vs'd it, that were it heere apparant, that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee sweet Wag, shall there be Gallowes standing in England when thou art King? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rustie curbe of old Father Anticke the Law? Doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theefe

Prin. No, thou shalt

Fal. Shall I? O rare! Ile be a braue Iudge

Prin. Thou iudgest false already. I meane, thou shalt haue the hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare Hangman

Fal. Well Hal, well: and in some sort it iumpes with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you

Prin. For obtaining of suites?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Beare

Prin. Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe

Prin. What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly of Moore Ditch? Fal. Thou hast the most vnsauoury smiles, and art indeed the most comparatiue rascaldest sweet yong Prince. But Hal, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names were to be bought: an olde Lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the street about you sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet hee talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too

Prin. Thou didst well: for no man regards it

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harme vnto me Hall, God forgiue thee for it. Before I knew thee Hal, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man shold speake truly) little better then one of the wicked. I must giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: and I do not, I am a Villaine. Ile be damn'd for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome

Prin. Where shall we take a purse to morrow, Iacke?

Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, Ile make one: and I doe not, call me Villaine, and baffle me

Prin. I see a good amendment of life in thee: From Praying, to Purse-taking

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my Vocation Hal: 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his Vocation

Pointz. Now shall wee know if Gads hill haue set a Watch. O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent

Villaine, that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man

Prin. Good morrow Ned

Poin. Good morrow sweet Hal. What saies Monsieur remorse? What sayes Sir Iohn Sacke and Sugar: Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy Soule, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a Cup of Madera, and a cold Capons legge? Prin. Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuel shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a Breaker of Prouerbs: He will giue the diuell his due

Poin. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the diuell

Prin. Else he had damn'd cozening the diuell

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Purses. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues: Gads-hill lyes to night in Rochester, I haue bespoke Supper to morrow in Eastcheape; we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will go, I will stuffe your Purses full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd

Fal. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going

Poy. You will chops

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a Theefe? Not I

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood-royall, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings

Prin. Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap

Fal. Why, that's well said

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home

Fal. Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King

Prin. I care not

Poy. Sir Iohn, I prythee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that he shall go

Fal. Well, maist thou haue the Spirit of perswasion; and he eares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may moue; and what he heares may be beleueed, that the true Prince, may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe; for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance. Farwell, you shall finde me in Eastcheape

Prin. Farwell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown Summer

Poy. Now, my good sweet Hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a iest to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. Falstaffe, Haruey, Rossill, and Gads-hill, shall robbe those men that wee haue already way-layde, your selfe and I, wil not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulderes

Prin. But how shal we part with them in setting forth? Poy. Why, we wil set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themselues, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but wee'l set vpon them

Prin. I, but tis like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues

Poy. Tut our horses they shall not see, Ile tye them in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them: and sirrah, I haue Cases of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for vs

Poin. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred Cowards as euer turn'd backe: and for the third if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear Armes. The vertue of this Iest will be, the incomprehensible lyes that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper: how thirty at least he fought with, what

Wardes, what blowes, what extremities he endured; and in the re-proofe of this, lyes the iest

Prin. Well, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile sup. Farewell

Poyn. Farewell, my Lord.

Exit Pointz

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while vphold
The vnyoak'd humor of your idlenesse:
Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes
To smother vp his Beauty from the world,
That when he please againe to be himselfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists
Of vapours, that did seeme to strangle him.
If all the yeare were playing holidaiies,
To sport, would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they seldome come, they wisht-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidentes.
So when this loose behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promised;
By how much better then my word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,
And like bright Mettall on a sullen ground:
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no foyle to set it off.
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspurre, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate,
Vnapt to stirre at these indignities,
And you haue found me; for accordingly,

You tread vpon my patience: But be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition
Which hath beene smooth as Oyle, soft as yong Downe,
And therefore lost that Title of respect,
Which the proud soule ne're payes, but to the proud

Wor. Our house (my Soueraigne Liege) little deserues
The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it,
And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make so portly

Nor. My Lord

King. Worcester get thee gone: for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And Maiestie might neuer yet endure
The moody Frontier of a seruant brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs. When we need
Your vse and counsell, we shall send for you.
You were about to speake

North. Yea, my good Lord.
Those Prisoners in your Highnesse demanded,
Which Harry Percy heere at Holmedon tooke,
Were (as he sayes) not with such strength denied
As was deliuered to your Maiesty:
Who either through enuy, or misprision,
Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.
But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle,
Breathlesse, and Faint, leaning vpon my Sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest;
Fresh as a Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt,
Shew'd like a stubble Land at Haruest home.
He was perfumed like a Milliner,

And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumbe, he held
 A Pouncet-box: which euer and anon
 He gaue his Nose, and took't away againe:
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Tooke it in Snuffe. And still he smil'd and talk'd:
 And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,
 He call'd them vntaught Knaues, Vnmannerly,
 To bring a slouenly vnhandsome Coarse
 Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility.
 With many Holiday and Lady tearme
 He question'd me: Among the rest, demanded
 My Prisoners, in your Maiesties behalfe.
 I then, all-smarting, with my wounds being cold,
 (To be so pestered with a Poppingay)
 Out of my Greefe, and my Impatience,
 Answer'd (neglectingly) I know not what,
 He should, or should not: For he made me mad,
 To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet,
 And talke so like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
 Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: God saue the marke;
 And telling me, the Soueraign'st thing on earth
 Was Parmacity, for an inward bruise:
 And that it was great pittie, so it was,
 That villanous Salt-peter should be digg'd
 Out of the Bowels of the harmlesse Earth,
 Which many a good Tall Fellow had destroy'd
 So Cowardly. And but for these vile Gunnes,
 He would himselfe haue beene a Souldier.
 This bald, vnioynted Chat of his (my Lord)
 Made me to answer indirectly (as I said.)
 And I beseech you, let not this report
 Come currant for an Accusation,
 Betwixt my Loue, and your high Maiesty

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord,
 What euer Harry Percie then had said,
 To such a person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,
 May reasonably dye, and neuer rise

To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he vnsay it now

King. Why yet doth deny his Prisoners,
But with Prouiso and Exception,
That we at our owne charge, shall ransome straight
His Brother-in-Law, the foolish Mortimer,
Who (in my soule) hath wilfully betraid
The liues of those, that he did leade to Fight,
Against the great Magitian, damn'd Glendower:
Whose daughter (as we heare) the Earle of March
Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then,
Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Treason? and indent with Feares,
When they haue lost and forfeyed themselues.
No: on the barren Mountaine let him sterue:
For I shall neuer hold that man my Friend,
Whose tongue shall aske me for one peny cost
To ransome home reuolted Mortimer

Hot. Reuolted Mortimer?
He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of Warre: to proue that true,
Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds,
Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Seuernes siedgie banke,
In single Opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
Vpon agreement, of swift Seuernes flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,
Ran fearefully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his crisper-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-stained with these Valiant Combatants.
Neuer did base and rotten Policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor neuer could the Noble Mortimer
Receiue so many, and all willingly:

Then let him not be sland' red with Reuolt

King. Thou do'st bely him Percy, thou dost bely him;
He neuer did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the diuell alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But Sirrah, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer.
Send me your Prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me
As will displease ye. My Lord Northumberland,
We License your departure with your sonne,
Send vs your Prisoners, or you'l heare of it.

Exit King.

Hot. And if the diuell come and roare 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

Nor. What? drunke with choller? stay & pause awhile,
Heere comes your Vnckle.
Enter Worcester.

Hot. Speake of Mortimer?
Yes, I will speake of him, and let my soule
Want mercy, if I do not ioyne with him.
In his behalfe, Ile empty all these Veines,
And shed my deere blood drop by drop i'th dust,
But I will lift the downfall Mortimer
As high i'th Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King,
As this Ingrate and Cankred Bullingbrooke

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad
Wor. Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?
Hot. He will (forsooth) haue all my Prisoners:
And when I vrg'd the ransom once againe
Of my Wiues Brother, then his cheeke look'd pale,

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling euen at the name of Mortimer

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

Nor. He was: I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the vnhappy King
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth
Vpon his Irish Expedition:
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered

Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Liue scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of

Hot. But soft I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaime my brother Mortimer,
Heyre to the Crowne?

Nor. He did, my selfe did heare it

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren Mountaines staru'd.
But shall it be, that you that set the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his sake, wore the detested blot
Of murtherous subornation? Shall it be,
That you a world of curses vndergoe,
Being the Agents, or base second meanes,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I descend so low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range vnder this subtill King.
Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe
(As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe Richard, that sweet louely Rose,
And plant this Thorne, this Canker Bullingbrooke?

And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off
By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?
No: yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme
Your banish'd Honors, and restore your selues
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.
Reuenge the geering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answer all the Debt he owes vnto you,
Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths:
Therefore I say-

Wor. Peace Cousin, say no more.

And now I will vnclaspe a Secret booke,
And to your quicke conceyuing Discontents,
Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenturous Spirit,
As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud
On the vnstedfast footing of a Speare

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimme:
Send danger from the East vnto the West,
So Honor crosse it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The blood more stirres
To rowze a Lyon, then to start a Hare

Nor. Imagination of some great exploit,
Driues him beyond the bounds of Patience

Hot. By heauen, me thinkes it were an easie leap,
To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where Fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned Honor by the Lockes:
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without Co-riuall, all her Dignities:
But out vpon this halfe-fac'd Fellowship

Wor. He apprehends a World of Figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend:

Good Cousin giue me audience for a-while,
And list to me

Hot. I cry you mercy

Wor. Those same Noble Scottes
That are your Prisoners

Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By heauen, he shall not haue a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would saue his Soule, he shall not.
Ile keepe them, by this Hand

Wor. You start away,
And lend no eare vnto my purposes.
Those Prisoners you shall keepe

Hot. Nay, I will: that's flat:
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer:
Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer.
But I will finde him when he lyes asleepe,
And in his eare, Ile holla Mortimer.
Nay, Ile haue a Starling shall be taught to speake
Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger still in motion

Wor. Heare you Cousin: a word

Hot. All studies heere I solemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,
And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.
But that I thinke his Father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would haue poyson'd him with a pot of Ale

Wor. Farewell Kinsman: Ile talke to you
When you are better temper'd to attend