“WITHIN THE HOLLOW CROWN”:
PERFORMING KINGSHIP IN *RICHARD II* AND *HENRY IV PART ONE*

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By
Angeline Morris

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“WITHIN THE HOLLOW CROWN”: PERFORMING KINGSHIP IN RICHARD II AND HENRY IV PART ONE

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ABSTRACT

“WITHIN THE HOLLOW CROWN”:
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This paper examines the parallels and connections between Richard II and Prince Hal in Shakespeare’s Richard II and 1 Henry IV and what the results would be if the characters were cross-cast, or played by the same actor onstage, in performance. Criticism on the two plays has often addressed the parallels between the two characters, but as of yet no one has examined ways to show this in performance. This paper acts as a form of critical introduction for a proposed combined performance text of both Richard II and 1 Henry IV, arguing that the textual parallels between the two characters – specifically, their interactions with father figures, their understandings of kingship, and their divided performances of their roles – are highlighted in performance.
DEDICATION

To Sarah Duncan, Jeff Stoyanoff, and Andrew Tumminia –

Thank you for believing in me at the times when I did not believe in myself.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

This project would not exist without the help and support of so many people.
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“within the hollow crown”: Performing Kingship in *Richard II* and *Henry IV Part One*

Shakespeare’s second tetralogy, spanning *Richard II* to *Henry V*, is interested in understanding the role of king, expanding on the thoughts Shakespeare had previously expressed in the first tetralogy about the War of the Roses. In particular, the second tetralogy is most concerned with what it means, not just to be king, but to be a *good* king; it seeks to define what good kingship is, what it entails, and how to enact such behavior. It does so through a study of three English kings and their actions: Richard II, Henry IV, and Henry V.

These three kings perform their roles differently; however, textual connections throughout the tetralogy show an evolution between Richard’s immature kingship and Hal’s growth and maturation into Henry V, the “mirror of all Christian kings.”¹ These connections within the text are not a recent interest in scholarship; indeed, scholars as early as E.M.W. Tillyard have compared the two figures. However, while many scholars have discussed the performance of the second tetralogy, very little research has been done which considers the implications of staging *Richard II* and *Henry IV Part One* alongside each other in an effort to foreground the textual parallels between the two main characters. The connections between Richard and Hal offer directors an interesting conundrum – how do you highlight these similarities and differences without overwhelming the audience? The best way to showcase this is to stage the texts of *Richard II* and *Henry IV Part One* and cross-cast the characters in performance – having the same actor take on the roles of Richard II and Prince Hal and giving the audience a visual cue as to the director’s intentions.²

¹ William Shakespeare, *King Henry V*, ed. T. W. Craik (London: Bloomsbury Arden Shakespeare, 1995), 2.0.6. All further citations from the play will be in-text.
² For the sake of brevity, all future references to the titles of the plays will be in abbreviated form; *Richard II* will be abbreviated as *RII*, *Henry IV Part One* will be abbreviated as *1 HIV*, and *Henry V* will appear as *HV*. 

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I argue that, in cross-casting Richard II and Prince Hal, a more nuanced understanding of kingship and leadership appears. While both characters are, in some way, behaving in a manner unbecoming of anointed kings, it is Hal’s determination to prove himself to his father and country that redeems him. Richard’s failures only highlight Hal’s perseverance and innate moral character, traits which come to full fruition at the tetralogy’s end in *Henry V*. True leadership, within these plays, is not a role that the king is born into, but rather one which he must attain through perseverance and hard work.

**Critical Reasoning**

**The History Play and Early Modern Society**

The role of the history play in early modern society was a unique one. There was a rise in the popularity of writing and performing history plays in the 1590s. This is not surprising, especially since concerns about the succession abounded at the time. The history play not only functioned as a way for audiences to examine their own history, but as a way to critique current events through critique of the past. Elizabeth I, for example, was often symbolized onstage by the Biblical figure Deborah or by Richard II; this was so common an image that Elizabeth herself once remarked, “I am Richard II – know ye not that?” Not surprisingly, “history plays were far more censored than any other dramatic genre, and certainly more so than other political genres such as tragedy.” *RII* itself was heavily censored during Elizabeth’s reign; it was not until 1608

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4 Interestingly, Neema Parvini writes that, “Rather than seeing them as working to uphold or undermine the dominant ideology, I prefer to view the history plays as a serious attempt (or a series of serious attempts) by Shakespeare to make sense of the past.” Neema Parvini, “Ideology in *Richard II* and *Henry V*,” in *Shakespeare’s History Plays* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2012), 181.
that a printed quarto of the play claimed “new additions of the Parliament scene and the deposing of King Richard” on its title page.⁷ Although Tiffany Stern is quick to point out that these changes in print did not necessarily affect the performance text, this does not change the fact that the play was censored because it showed the deposition of a monarch – something with which Elizabeth was very uncomfortable.⁸ Part of the reason that something like this could be so concerning was that, as David Scott Kastan writes, “Whatever their overt ideological content, history plays inevitably, if unconsciously, weakened the structure of authority: on stage the king becomes a subject – the subject of the author’s imaginings and the subject of the attention and judgment of an audience of subjects.”⁹ In making the monarch a subject, history plays erase the boundaries between king and common people; the people now have the ability to pass judgment on their monarch. Art representing the monarch could possibly lead to less respect for the monarch, the fear being that the audience, in watching their king be performed by someone else on stage, would lose respect for the two bodies of the king; for this reason, Elizabeth could not be portrayed on stage by actors, but she could act herself, if she chose.¹⁰ Patrick Collinson notes that, “Since those who impersonated kings on the stage were commoners of low social status, historical drama could even be said to have had a subversive potential […]”¹¹ Because the boundaries between king and subject are erased by performance, having an actor of lower class play the king could be considered subversive – almost as if it suggested the possibility that anyone, no matter their class, could be king. Similarly, James C. Bulman notes that “[h]istory plays, simply by representing kingship on the public stage, stripped it of its sacred aura […]” and

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changed the way in which the audience interacted with the idea of royalty.\textsuperscript{12} Public representation of kingship allows for the possibility of mocking of the king, rather than reinforcing the sacredness of the position. Kastan’s argument that “[t]he theatre […] works to expose the mystifications of power” supports this idea.\textsuperscript{13} Not only does staging kingship weaken respect, but it also opens up the possibility of false kingship. While this merely meant, on the stage, that an actor played the king, politically it was much more damaging. If a king was deemed to be false, it could not only damage his reign, but also those of his heirs. Concerns about falsified nobility are present throughout the second tetralogy; they are especially prevalent within \textit{1 HIV}, which is concerned with a stable rule by a monarch who did not come to the throne through legitimate succession, and who uses literal counterfeits of himself as protection on the battlefield.

The location in which history plays were performed affected the way in which audiences perceived them. Theatres located outside of London’s city walls often performed history plays.\textsuperscript{14} Those plays which focused on English history were often perceived differently than, say, Roman histories like \textit{Julius Caesar} or \textit{Titus Andronicus}, in part because they were often performed in and around London; this allowed the city itself to serve as “the theatre’s backdrop, and it was part of the play’s context.”\textsuperscript{15} Using the city as a backdrop to the stories told on stage helped audiences to better picture the setting of the play. The material was also a way to educate the populace; James Loehlin writes that, “According to Thomas Heywood’s \textit{Apology for Actors}

\begin{thebibliography}{9}
\bibitem{kastan} Kastan, “Proud Majesty,” 464.
\bibitem{stern1} Stern, \textit{Making Shakespeare}, 18.
\bibitem{stern2} Stern, \textit{Making Shakespeare}, 18.
\end{thebibliography}
(1612), historical plays were valued in part for the way they ‘instructed such as cannot read in the discovery of all our English chronicles.’”

The nature of history plays also made them a useful tool for representing the nation’s past. This interest in the nation, which served not only as backdrop to the literal performance but also to the plot of English history plays as a whole, resounds within the second tetralogy’s fascination with English nationhood. In *RII*, John of Gaunt speaks movingly about “[t]his precious stone set in the silver sea, […] This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England” (*RII* 2.1.26, 50), recalling the nation’s days of glory. In its sequel, *I HIV*, Hotspur’s rebellion divides the island against itself; England divides between the Percies and the Lancastrians, and Wales and Scotland both place their support with Hotspur’s view of England rather than siding with Henry IV. Here, especially, Wales is seen as a supernatural place – a view that shapes the way other characters interact with Wales and Welshmen. Glendower tells Hotspur that he can teach him to command the Devil, and Falstaff refers to him as “he of Wales that gave Amaimon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook […]” Wales is, in this view, impossible to unify with England - their dissimilarities outweigh their connections. However, by the end of *HV*, the fears of disunity among the nation are put to rest; Henry’s army is peopled with men from all of the territories where England holds power, presenting a unification of nationhood similar to the connection between visible backdrop and textual presentation.

**How Do You Know He’s the King?: Early Modern Concepts of Kingship**

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Shakespeare’s second tetralogy is, at its heart, interested in the meaning of kingship. Neema Parvini writes that, among the questions asked by this grouping of plays, are “[…]what is the role of a king?” and “What is it that sets kings apart from those they rule?”18 In order to more fully address these questions within the text of the plays, it is helpful to understand the different interpretations of the king’s position in early modern society.19

Tensions were rising in the early modern period, especially in the 1590s, when RII was most likely written, as to what constituted the center of governmental power: a monarch anointed by God (“rex imago Dei”), or laws put into place by Parliament.20 Two different concepts of kingship were beginning to present themselves, as ways of understanding the position which kings held in society. The first of these was the “providential” theory, often known as the divine right of kings.21 The central concern of providential theorists was solidifying and codifying an explanation of the connection between the king and God.22 One of the popular applications of this idea was the concept of the king’s two bodies, which stemmed from medieval political and theological traditions and was later solidified under Elizabeth I.23 A text from Elizabethan lawyers defending decisions made by Edward VI while still in his minority is an excellent example of this way of thinking:

For the King has in him two Bodies, viz., a Body natural and a Body politic. His Body natural (if it be considered one in itself) is a Body mortal, subject to all

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18 Parvini, “Ideology,” 177.
19 Because this paper is interested in addressing kingship within the second tetralogy, I will be using the word “king” and masculine pronouns to discuss the leader of England; however, these arguments also applied to Elizabeth I and other female monarchs of Shakespeare’s time.
20 Charles Forker, introduction to King Richard II, William Shakespeare, edited by Charles Forker (London: Bloomsbury Arden Shakespeare, 2002), 16. Much of this concern was sparked by the succession crisis, as Elizabeth I had no heir (male or female) to succeed her on the throne.
22 Carroll, “Theories of Kingship,” 127.
23 Carroll, “Theories of Kingship,” 127. For a thorough exploration of this concept, see Ernst Kantorowicz’s seminal work, The King’s Two Bodies.
Infirmities that come by Nature or Accident, to the Imbecility of Infancy or old Age, and to the like Defects that happen to the natural Bodies of other people. But his Body politic is a Body that cannot be seen or handled, consisting of Policy and Government, and constituted for the Direction of the People, and the Management of the public weal, and this Body is utterly void of Infancy and old Age, and other natural Defects and Imbecilities which the Body natural is subject to and for this Cause, what the King does in his Body politic, cannot be invalidated or frustrated by any Disability in his natural Body.  

The king, therefore, is made up of two parts: his body natural, which is his physical form, and his body politic, which is the political nature of kingship. This body politic does not die; instead, when the monarch dies, the body politic is immediately passed on to the legitimate successor. While this was fine in cases where the king had an heir, there was no way to define who would receive the body politic if the monarch did not, as was the case with Elizabeth. James I, Elizabeth’s eventual successor, built upon this theory of the king’s two bodies to support his own rule, arguing that not only was the king God’s representative on Earth, but that only God could depose a king. Similarly, the king was not bound by the law of the realm because the king’s body politic had existed before the law did. Finally, James argued that because only God can depose the king, he cannot be lawfully deposed by Parliament or the people; even tyrannical kings must still be obeyed, because they were chosen by God. Therefore, failing to obey God’s anointed monarch, even if he proved to be mentally unstable, cruel, or a literal tyrant, was failing to obey God; there was no escape from his rule, even if the actions of the monarch seemed to make deposition necessary.

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26 Carroll, “Theories of Kingship,” 130.
27 Interestingly, Shakespeare himself addressed monarchical figures, both historical and fictional, who fit these molds. His plays *King Lear, Macbeth, Henry VIII*, and *King John* all show monarchs who fit, in some way, shape, or form the image of a tyrant king in a realm with an unstable crown.
Richard II’s obsession with being the anointed, God-chosen king of England, finds its basis in the rhetoric of providential kingship. As Charles Forker writes, “Richard’s dual nature not only defines but magnifies his sufferings, forcing him in stages to come to terms with the fatal disuniting of his human form from his mystical body, and pushing him ultimately to self-deposition and self-annihilation.” Marjorie Garber similarly comments that “Richard deposes himself. He will not be deposed.” Because Richard views himself as God’s anointed, he refuses to believe that the people have the right to remove him; if God cannot be physically present to complete the action, then the next best option is Richard himself, having been chosen by God.

Conversely, the contractual theory of kingship argued that the king’s power came not from God, but from the people whom he governed. As Forker is quick to point out, “Although [early modern political scholars] were far from denying divine right, they emphasized a more contractual relationship between ruler and people and viewed the commonwealth as a system of checks and balances rooted in the primacy of law as institutionalized in Parliament.” Many of these theorists would also argue, as Forker notes, that the coronation oath of English monarchs “implied that the King, as distinct from a tyrant, derived his power from the consent of the governed and, as the appointed executive of law and justice (interpreted as the will of God), could be removed from office if he failed to redress grievances or abused his powers.” While contractual theorists in England did not (or, possibly, were not allowed to) criticize directly the concept of divine right monarchy, opposition to the idea certainly existed in France and Scotland. One of these was the *Vindiciae contra Tyrannos*, published by an anonymous Frenchman under

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28 Forker, introduction to *RII*, 17.
30 Forker, introduction to *RII*, 18.
31 Forker, introduction to *RII*, 19.
the pseudonym Stephano Junio Bruto Celta.\textsuperscript{32} The \textit{Vindiciae} presented five key arguments in favor of a contractual basis for kingship, asking at what point it is possible to disobey a monarch without retribution.\textsuperscript{33} These ideas appear throughout Shakespeare’s history plays, but are especially highlighted during moments of rebellion, such as Jack Cade’s rebellion in \textit{Henry VI Part Two} and the Shrewsbury rebels of \textit{1 HIV}. Concerns about the people’s opinion and position also arise during Richard II’s deposition, as Northumberland urges Richard multiple times to “[r]ead oe’r [the] articles” listing his crimes against them.\textsuperscript{34}

Debates between providential and contractual theorists often centered on the issue of succession.\textsuperscript{35} Concern over Elizabeth’s successor was certainly brewing in the 1590s, so much so that talking about the succession was eventually made illegal.\textsuperscript{36} Three forms of argument and evidence were used to debate succession. The first was using religious teachings and texts to justify God’s choice of king. The second was the use of secular history, or the tracing of succession through the historical record. The third, and most agreed upon, basis for succession was the “mystique of the blood,” or a blood relationship between the previous monarch and the one after. Blood relationships were considered better than any other evidence as proof of legitimate succession.\textsuperscript{37} These issues come to the fore after Richard II’s abdication and Bolingbroke’s seizure of the throne, and play a major role in the action and plot of Shakespeare’s second tetralogy.

\textsuperscript{32} Carroll, “Theories of Kingship,” 136.
\textsuperscript{33} Carroll, “Theories of Kingship,” 136.
\textsuperscript{34} William Shakespeare, \textit{King Richard II}, ed. Charles Forker (London: Bloomsbury Arden Shakespeare, 2002), 4.1.243. All further citations of the play will be made in-text.
\textsuperscript{35} Carroll, “Theories of Kingship,” 138.
\textsuperscript{36} Carroll, “Theories of Kingship,” 139-40.
\textsuperscript{37} Carroll, “Theories of Kingship,” 140-1. Interestingly, Carroll notes that the Scottish succession for the Stuart dynasty traces itself back to Banquo through Fleance, but is based on the story that Fleance, fleeing Macbeth’s reign, “impregnates” a Welsh princess, who has a son, Walter, that founds the Stuart line. While blood relationship was always preferred, it clearly could come about in some rather morally complex ways (142).
Before discussing the texts themselves, it is first important to explain the theoretical basis for casting the same actor to play both Richard and Hal. Comparisons between the two characters are not new; in fact, in his 1944 book *Shakespeare’s History Plays*, critic E.M.W. Tillyard writes that, “First and most important, Richard and Prince Hal are deliberately contrasted characters; Richard being the prince in appearance rather than in reality, Hal being the prince in reality whose appearance at first obscures the truth.”38 Indeed, scholars have been connecting *RII* to *1 HIV* and the other plays in the so-called Henriad for generations. As Andrew Gurr points out, “That *Richard II* was designed from the start to launch a sequence of plays can hardly be doubted;” similarly, Jonathan Bate and Eric Rasmussen write that, in writing *RII*, “Shakespeare was setting himself up for another cycle of plays that would inevitably climax in the short but triumphant reign of Bullingbrook’s son, King Henry V, victor over the French.”39 Characters overlap between both plays – not only Bolingbroke, the future Henry IV, and Northumberland, but also Hal and Hotspur – but this does not necessarily mean that they were intended to be connected. What most clearly marks the connections and parallels between the two plays are references to the action of *RII* – both positive and negative. Garber points out that by the start of *1 HIV*’s action, Richard is missed and greatly mourned.40 Forker specifically draws attention to this fact, especially Hotspur’s recollection of his first meeting with Bolingbroke at Ravenspur and Richard’s prophecy of Northumberland’s betrayal, and Henry V’s later reminiscences the night before Agincourt.41

41 Forker, introduction to *RII*, 119.
There is also a repetition of imagery throughout the plays, especially imagery tied to the role of kingship. Both Richard and Hal use sun imagery in describing themselves; Richard, in attacking Bolingbroke, compares himself to the rising sun, and then reverses it, telling his followers to go “[f]rom Richard’s night to Bolingbroke’s fair day” (RII 3.2.47-53, 217-18). Similarly, Hal, in his confessional soliloquy at the beginning of 1 HIV, remarks that “herein I will imitate the sun / Who doth permit the base contagious clouds / To smother up his beauty from the world […]” (1 HIV 1.2.187-89). Garber notes that Richard and Hal make parallel comparisons to themselves as the sun overwhelmed by clouds; Hal refers to the “base contagious clouds” that hide his true self, while Richard complains that he is covered up by the “envious clouds” of Bolingbroke and the other rebels.42 These two characters, so seemingly different in personality from each other, echo the other’s imagery in these moments; it is also worth noting that, at this moment, Hal is speaking in verse, as Richard does for the entirety of his play. These moments of parallelism have led many scholars to believe that there is a connection between the two characters. Cross-casting them, therefore, adds a new means of foregrounding the differing models of kingship which both Richard and Hal represent.

There is also the running question throughout the plays of legitimate kingship and the need for purification in order to truly claim the throne. At the end of RII, Bolingbroke, horrified at Exton’s murder of Richard, proclaims “Though I did wish him dead, / I hate the murderer, love him murdered.” Bemoaning Richard’s death and the tainting of his reign by blood – “my soul is full of woe / That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow” – Bolingbroke vows to take a pilgrimage to the Holy Land “to wash [Richard’s] blood off from my guilty hand” (RII 5.6.39-40, 45-6, 49-50). This vow of pilgrimage reappears in the opening moments of 1 HIV,

when Henry finds that he must call off his pilgrimage to Jerusalem in order to deal with rebellion in his own country (1 HIV 1.1.100-1). Haunted throughout the two plays that bear his name by the ghost of the king whose blood stains his title, Henry IV never finds himself able to fully atone for his guilt; instead, he dies inside the Jerusalem chamber at Westminster, leaving his son Hal, now king, to continue in his quest to cleanse the name of Lancaster from the blood of the last Plantagenet. Indeed, Barbara Hodgkin argues that, “In Richard II, 

   closure describes, not a rejoicing of kingship or a restatement of the ideological propositions which sustain it, but a site where what is contested, in a last echo of the doctrine of the king’s two bodies, is the split between one king’s body and another’s, a gap which opens Bolingbroke’s history to Richard’s myth, showing them to be incorporate […] in terms of real history, the process – and procession – initiated here will not attain closure for more than a generation, when Henry V returns Richard’s body to Westminster Abbey, replacing him within a sacramental space.

Bolingbroke’s claim of the crown splits the two bodies asunder, preventing actual closure from occurring during his own reign; it can only be repaired by one who is not directly guilty of the separation – Henry V – and through the return of the body of God’s anointed king to a location dedicated to the faith. This concern over a tainted kingship, one which has left the monarch in a position where his hands will “ne’er be clean,” haunts the story of the second tetralogy, from the Bishop of Carlisle’s premonitions that the crowning of Bolingbroke will lead to “[t]he blood of English […] manur[ing] the ground” (RII 4.1.138) to Henry V’s desperate pleas to God to “think not upon the fault / My father made in compassing the crown” before Agincourt (HV

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43 As Forker notes, this continues to plague Henry V’s conscience up to the Battle of Agincourt; in his prayer before the battle begins, he begs God to not turn his eye from the English because of Richard’s murder, and lists the many things he has done as an attempt to atone for it (Forker, “Introduction,” 119; Shakespeare, HV, 4.1.289-300).
44 Typescript of chapter titled “‘The End Crowns All’: Closure in Shakespeare’s Histories” by Barbara Hodgkin, 1989, Box 090, Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, United Kingdom, 284.
4.1.290-1). The question of true kingship, and what it means to truly be a king, is key to the understanding of the tetralogy as a whole, as well as to the understanding of both Richard’s and Hal’s characters.

Ultimately, what makes the parallel between Richard and Hal most convincing, and what I believe necessitates the cross-casting of the actor playing both roles, is the ways in which they both present different understandings of kingship. The textual evidence for this is increasingly highlighted by the rising popularity of staging all of the plays of the second tetralogy together and in order; however, only a few modern productions have considered cross-casting actors, and even fewer have taken the opportunity to cross-cast Richard and Hal. As Lois Potter points out, “There is no evidence that Shakespeare’s own public ever saw the English history plays in sequence; surviving records suggest that even the two parts of Henry IV were rarely performed together.” Readings of the plays as a cohesive whole by J. Dover Wilson and E.M.W. Tillyard have greatly influenced modern productions. This is not, necessarily, a phenomenon unique to the present; the earliest known performance of the plays in cycle form occurred in 1901, and was most famously resurrected by the Royal Shakespeare Company in 1951. The English Shakespeare Company also staged the entire second tetralogy, alongside the first, in a late 1980s production directed by Michael Bogdanov.

Even without taking these productions into account, there has certainly been a recent increase in interest in the second history tetralogy; in the past decade, the BBC has filmed a

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48 Bate and Rasmussen, “Richard II in Performance,” 138. Both the RSC and ESC productions are discussed in more detail later in this paper. They are also by no means the only two cycle productions of the second tetralogy, but they are key moments in the cycle’s performance history.
version for television, titled *The Hollow Crown*; the Royal Shakespeare Company has staged the plays in order (though not at the same time), in a series of performances called “King and Country: Shakespeare’s Great Cycle of Plays;” and the Globe Theatre in London is, as of the time of this writing, preparing to open the first play in their own performance of the Henriad, with an all-female, all women of color cast for *RII*. However, this does not mean that these plays are only staged together; in fact, quite the opposite. David Scott Kastan notes in his introduction to *1 HIV* that, most often, *1 HIV* is staged alongside *Henry IV Part Two*, and, occasionally, *HV*.\footnote{Kastan, introduction to *King Henry IV: Part 1*, edited by David Scott Kastan (London: Bloomsbury Arden Shakespeare, 2002), 93. This is what Kastan terms the “Henriad.”} Although both *RII* and *1 HIV* can be staged on their own, staging them as a group allows audiences to view them in context. “Seen in the context of the other histories,” Kastan writes, “*1 Henry IV* becomes a play about the nature and costs of political success and one that, in the delicate balance of its sympathies, nicely catches the modern age’s own ambivalences.”\footnote{Kastan, introduction to *1 HIV*, 94.} Placing the plays in dialogue with each other in this manner helps to highlight not only each play’s unique ideas and themes, but also the parallels between the two. One of the key pieces of imagery which this type of staging highlights is the textual parallels between Richard and Hal.

### Performing the Role of King

#### Direct Textual Parallels

The main textual parallel between Richard and Hal occurs in *1 HIV*, during Henry IV’s confrontation of Hal. Here, Henry directly compares his son to Richard II, arguing that Hal is too liberal with himself. Richard was too profligate with himself and his presence, according to Henry; he

\begin{verbatim}
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoffed himself to popularity,
\end{verbatim}
That, being daily swallowed by men’s eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loath the taste of sweetness […]” (I HIV 3.2.68-72)

Richard’s presence, in other words, was so cloying that the populace became overwhelmed with it; he was no longer desired because he was too much present. Henry, on the other hand, argues that, “[b]y being seldom seen, I could not stir, / But, like a comet, I was wondered at […]” (I HIV 3.2.46-7). Richard’s excessive presence causes men to no longer pay attention to him, which is what Henry accuses Hal of doing: “And in that very line, Harry, standest thou, / For thou hast lost thy princely privilege / With vile participation” (I HIV 3.2.85-7). According to Henry,” writes James Loehlin, “Richard lost his kingliness by straying too often into the platea, mingling too much with ‘shallow jesters’ rather than maintaining a proper distance and marshalling carefully quantified manifestations of royal glory.”

Richard, therefore, finds himself too often in the neutral space, or platea, among those of varying ranks; this association with those of lower class than himself has tarnished Richard in Henry IV’s eyes, making him appear more base than he was in reality.

Where Richard failed to correctly perform his role as king, Hal, similarly, has failed to correctly perform his role as heir. Hal’s brother has taken his seat in Council, because Hal does not attend; he is “almost an alien to the hearts / Of all the court and princes of [Henry IV’s] blood” (I HIV 3.2.34-5). Hal, like Richard, has made himself too available to the people whose opinions are not counted highly, flaunting his presence in the platea to an excessive degree, as his father has accused Richard of doing. In cavorting with Falstaff and his companions in Eastcheap, Hal has separated himself almost completely from the court, to the point where “the

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52 This echoes, in some ways, the concern about actors portraying the king onstage; by performing the king, an actor could possibly make him look more common than he was in actuality, thereby disengaging the notion of the king as the representative of the divine on Earth.
soul of every man / Prophetically do forethink thy fall” (1 HIV 3.2.37-8). Henry berates Hal, telling him that

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. (I HIV 3.2.93-96)

Henry directly compares his son to Richard, and Henry Hotspur to himself. Hotspur maintains the virtues which Henry prizes in himself; he is selective in his appearances, quiet where others are loud, and popular where others are not. In making this comparison between Richard and Hal and Hotspur and himself, Henry attacks Hal’s irresponsible behavior by focusing on his lack of positive traits. Hal does not fulfill the vision of kingship which Henry has put forth; by failing to be more subtle and serious, Hal has made himself, like Richard, too easily accessed by the public, and therefore does not perform his role as a public figure to the best of his abilities. This direct comparison opens the texts of both RII and 1 HIV for reading the two characters as parallels of each other. I focus here on three key similarities: first, the role of father figures in both plays, and the ways in which both Richard and Hal respond to their advice; second, the moments in which the theoretical performance of kingship matches with or fails to connect with the characters’ practice of the role; and, finally, both men’s performance of two concurrent roles, roles which divide them between man and king.

Father Figures and Advice: Gaunt, Falstaff, and Henry IV

Both Richard and Hal are presented with father figures within their respective plays – Richard with John of Gaunt, and Hal with Henry IV and Falstaff. Although both men interact with these paternal characters during the course of the play, Richard and Hal react differently to their presence and advice. Where Richard chooses ultimately to ignore John of Gaunt’s
admonitions and does nothing to correct his actions, Hal listens carefully to the recommendations of both his father and Falstaff, and chooses to implement select elements of each man’s advice. In doing so, Hal proves himself to be a more mature, thoughtful figure than Richard, and more willing to listen to others.

**Richard and John of Gaunt**

At the beginning of *RII*, John of Gaunt appears to be respected by Richard. Richard’s opening lines address his uncle directly, referring to him as “time-honoured Lancaster” (*RII* 1.1.1), a salutation not only referring to Gaunt’s age but also implying Richard’s respect for his wisdom and counsel. Richard also trusts Gaunt’s judgment and believes his uncle will help him bring Bolingbroke and Mowbray’s quarrel to a calm and reasonable end; when it seems that the two men will not take any peaceful action seriously, Richard calls upon Gaunt, saying, “Good uncle, let this end where it begun; / We’ll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son” (*RII* 1.1.158-9). Similarly, once Richard has stopped the trial by combat, he turns to the side to confer with his nobles, including Gaunt. These moments suggest that Richard values his uncle’s input and advice. Up to the actual trial by combat, Richard understands the value of Gaunt’s presence and ideas, and utilizes him and his advice as a stabilizing force to support his own ideas and actions. Gaunt acts as an extension of Richard’s own kingly power – he enacts the desires which Richard expresses, and does not argue with or attack Richard at any point.

Once Richard banishes Bolingbroke, however, Gaunt’s behavior changes. Seeing Gaunt’s sadness at his son’s banishment, Richard shortens his banishment from ten years to six. Despite Richard’s expectation of gratitude, however, his uncle instead mourns his loss. Gaunt acknowledges that it is his own forthright opinion that has placed him in this situation; in trying to avoid the “partial slander” of favoring his son over Mowbray, Gaunt has gone too far. Instead
of protecting Bolingbroke, Gaunt complains that Richard “gave leave to my unwilling tongue, / Against my will, to do myself this wrong” (RII 1.3.240, 245-6). Although Gaunt recognizes his own fault in causing his son’s banishment, he still blames Richard for sending away his son and preventing him from seeing Bolingbroke again before his death. It is this moment that sparks the break in trust between Richard and Gaunt. While Gaunt still respects his monarch and trusts his decisions, Richard loses all respect and trust for Gaunt and his advice. Richard is not used to people speaking back to him; after all, as he tells Bolingbroke and Mowbray, “We were not born to sue but to command” (RII 1.1.396). This is the first moment in the play where Richard is spoken back to by another character, and the shock is clear in his response once Gaunt is no longer in sight. Upon learning of his uncle’s illness, Richard’s first thought is not that he will lose a valued advisor. Instead, he tells Bushy, Bagot, Green, and Aumerle, “Now put it, God, in the physician’s mind / To help him to his grave immediately!” He sees his uncle as nothing more than a source of wealth to fund his wars in Ireland, and prays that he and his companions “may make haste and come too late!” (RII 1.4.58-64). There is no respect here anymore; instead, Richard feels comfortable mocking his uncle, who had once provided trusted advice.

Despite his illness, Gaunt himself still wishes to provide advice to Richard, in order to prevent Richard’s self-destruction, which he can see is imminent. He sees himself as “a prophet new inspired” and, despite York’s pleading with him to be gentle with Richard, chooses instead to speak candidly to his nephew (RII 2.1.31). Gaunt mourns the England that Richard, with his scheming and political machinations, has destroyed; the “earth of majesty” that Gaunt remembers so fondly “is now bound in with shame, / With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds,” having “made a shameful conquest of itself” (RII 2.1.41, 63-4, 66). This anger at the disappearance and dissolution of England only becomes more apparent after Richard himself
arrives at Gaunt’s home. Richard, sensing Gaunt’s behavior as intended to flatter him, asks, “Should dying men flatter those that live?” (*R II* 2.1.84). His uncle responds that it is not the job of the dying to flatter the living, but that of the living to flatter the dying. Although Gaunt is, quite literally, dying, he argues that Richard is dying, too, although Gaunt is more ill. He tells his nephew, “Now He that made me knows I see thee ill –

   Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.  
   Thy deathbed is no lesser than thy land,  
   Wherein thou liest in reputation sick:  
   And thou, too careless patient as thou art,  
   Committ'st 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, encaged in so small a verge,  
   The waste is no whit lesser than thy land. […]

   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. (*R II* 2.1.93-103, 109-113)

Whereas Gaunt is not afraid to speak honestly before his monarch for the sake of England, the men who surround Richard hurt him, damaging the body politic and, instead of preventing any issues from arising, use their power to fix the problems that they have created. In listening to these men – Bushy, Bagot, and Green – rather than taking advice from those who would speak candidly with him, Richard has caused irreparable damage to the nation. Part of Gaunt’s critique also touches on Richard’s misuse of his power as king to leasing crown lands to raise money. Doing so, Gaunt tells his nephew, shames the land, as well as the king who willingly mistreats it
so; this kind of behavior means that he no longer has the power of a king over England, but rather is merely the landlord. In response, Richard fully rejects his uncle’s paternal guidance and deafens his ear to any advice Gaunt may provide.

Richard does not want to hear a critique of his reign from anyone, least of all his uncle who has spoken back to him and shown his disapproval of his actions. His anger is met calmly by Gaunt, who tells his nephew, “Live in thy shame, but die not shame in thee! / These words hereafter thy tormenters be” (RII 2.1.135-6). His final words to his nephew are a curse; in failing to take the advice given him by someone who only wants for him to succeed in his task, Richard will suffer the shame of failing in his position as a king. This shame will outlast his lifetime, however; it will remain linked to his name and his actions long after his death. Gaunt also realizes that, if Richard will no longer listen to his advice, even when he is on his deathbed, then there is nothing more he can do to save his nephew from himself. In cursing Richard to eternal shame, Gaunt has given up any hope of Richard reversing the wrongs he has enacted, and resigns himself to death.

Richard’s disrespect for his uncle continues, even after his death. He professes sadness at his uncle’s passing; however, after a (very) brief pause to mourn, he tells his courtiers, “So much for that” (RII 2.1.155). He carelessly throws Bolingbroke’s rights to Lancaster away in favor of claiming the wealth of the estate to support his own desires. Although he is critiqued by his remaining uncle, York, for this action, he refuses to back down. York reminds him that he, himself, is only king “[b]ut by fair sequence and succession” (RII 2.1.199). Because Richard has inherited the throne and the body politic directly from his grandfather, he has both the protection of God and of legitimate inheritance to support his claim. York reminds him here that without either part of this, the legitimacy of his rule would come into question, and there would be no
protection against Richard losing his own title in the way that he is taking Bolingbroke’s. “Think what you will,” Richard tells him, “we seize into our hands / His plate, his goods, his money and his lands” (RII 2.1.209-10). Once again, Richard has been warned of the possible repercussions of his actions; again, he chooses to ignore the advice presented to him, not because it is bad advice, but because it goes counter to his own desires. Richard no longer respects anyone other than his trusted cohort of Bushy, Bagot, and Green, the “caterpillars of the commonwealth,” (RII 2.3.166) whose, rather than strengthening Richard’s reign, weakens it. In rejecting the advice of not only his father figure, but also of those who would see him succeed, Richard dooms himself, preferring to act on pride rather than on wise council.

**Hal’s Dual Fathers: Henry IV and Falstaff**

The issues with paternal figures and advice continue into *1 HIV*, and are exacerbated by the division between the king’s two bodies that Gaunt refers to in *RII*. Barbara Hodgkin writes that, in the plays after *Richard II*, “the fiction of the king’s two bodies will recur, rewritten as the father’s two bodies, one of which, though fat and old, remains potentially capable of fracturing and subverting the state’s traditional hierarchies.” Hal’s two fathers, Henry IV and Falstaff, present differing paths of advice and support; Henry IV, although disappointed in his son, clearly cares for him, and wants him to improve himself, while Falstaff seeks only to provide advice that will serve his own ends, threatening the security of the state.

From the first moments of the play, readers and viewers are aware of Henry IV’s struggles with his son. He tells his council that he is jealous of Northumberland’s son, Henry Percy, nicknamed Hotspur, because Hotspur’s glories lead Henry IV to “[s]ee riot and dishonor stain the brow / Of my young Harry” (*1 HIV* 1.1.84-5). Henry’s jealousy of Northumberland

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53 Typescript of chapter titled “‘The End Crowns All’: Closure in Shakespeare’s Histories” by Barbara Hodgkin, 1989, Box 090, Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, United Kingdom, 284.
blinds him to his own love for his son, and, in *1 HIV* 3.2, the first scene which the two share together, causes him to berate Hal for failing to uphold the tenets of Henry IV’s understanding of kingship. Despite his father’s disapproval of his actions, however, it is clear that Hal desperately wants his father’s approval and loves him dearly. Although Henry IV accuses Hal of being “his nearest and dearest enemy,” and of being most likely “[t]o fight against [him] under Percy’s pay, / To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns, / To show how much thou art degenerate,” Hal responds in earnest that these accusations hold no weight (*1 HIV* 3.2.123, 126-8). He promises his father that he “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 washed away shall scour my shame with it.
    And that shall be the day, whene’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. […]
    And I will call him to so strict account
    That he shall rend every glory up […]
    Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart. (*1 HIV* 3.2.132-141, 149-150, 152).

Although his father is willing to believe the worst in him, Hal is eager to prove to his father that he is worthy both of his position and his father’s love. Noting that his father has placed Hotspur in the position of favor, Hal says that, when the opportunity arises, he will challenge Hotspur to prove his devotion and his love. In defeating Hotspur, Hal will take on all of the glories that Hotspur has taken from him, and redeem himself in the eyes of his father.
Hal’s eagerness to fulfil his promise to his father comes to fruition in the last act of the play, during the Battle of Shrewsbury. Before the action of the fight even begins, Hal offers to fight Hotspur in single combat. He tells Worcester to tell Hotspur that

The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy. […]
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with 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:
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. (1 HIV 5.1.85-100)

Hal admits his own faults; he has not upheld the values of chivalry and honor, where Hotspur has. He respects Hotspur for his faithfulness and valiant nature; because of this, he is willing to challenge him to single combat in order to save lives on both sides of the fight. In offering himself up as a sacrifice here, Hal has proven to his father not only his worth as Prince of Wales, but also his worth as his son. Hal is willing to suffer in order to prevent the suffering of others; while Henry approves of this selfless act, he is still loath to approve it fully, telling Hal, “so dare we venture thee, / Albeit considerations infinite / Do make against it” (1 HIV 5.1.101-3).

Although Hal’s offer is not accepted, he still has the opportunity to prove his value to his father. At the moment when it looks most like Douglas will have the upper hand over Henry IV, Hal rushes in and attacks him, causing Douglas to flee. Turning to leave and rejoin the main
fight, he is stopped by his father, who tells him, “Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion / And showed thou mak’st some tender of my life / In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me” (1 HIV 5.4.47-9). Hal’s bold action has redeemed him in the eyes of his father. Henry IV, who had earlier accused Hal of wanting him dead, and being willing to serve Hotspur to make it so, now trusts his son deeply. He has earned his place in his father’s heart, and redeemed himself in his father’s eyes.

Falstaff’s role is on the other side of the spectrum from that of Henry IV. E. Pearlman argues that “Hal is torn between the rival models of behavior represented by his excessively conspiratorial father and the excessively carefree Falstaff.”54 Where Henry IV is distant with Hal, unwilling to see him as his son until he has proven his value, Falstaff welcomes Hal with open arms. He is Falstaff’s comrade; they steal purses together, drink sack together, and carouse together. Pearlman finds that Falstaff’s “use of the diminutive ‘Hal’ and the treacherously paternal ‘lad’ assert an inappropriate intimacy” between the pair.55 This sort of “inappropriate” intimacy shapes the eventual separation between Falstaff and Hal throughout the play, as Hal becomes more aligned with his father’s ideals and less with Falstaff’s. The closer Hal draws to performing his role of prince, the less he is comfortable with Falstaff’s familiarity; ultimately, it is Falstaff’s presuming on his closeness with Hal that causes him to be dismissed forever from the new king’s sight at the end of Henry IV Part Two.

Hal and Falstaff’s close relationship is established from the moment they first appear onstage together. The comfortable hurling of insults at each other – Falstaff calls Hal “mad wag” – reveals how close the pair are (1 HIV 1.2.42). Similarly, the traditional staging of Falstaff’s first line, in which Hal wakes up Falstaff with his entrance, highlights their closeness. Hal is

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55 Pearlman, William Shakespeare, 91.
familiar enough with Falstaff to walk into his chambers, and Falstaff is comfortable enough with Hal to allow him into his bedroom. Falstaff also has no issues with discussing Hal’s rank; one of his first requests is that, when Hal is king, he not hang a thief. Jesting with him, Hal responds, “No, thou shalt.” Falstaff, excitedly proclaiming that he will “be a rare judge,” is immediately set right by Hal, who tells him, “Thou judgest false already. I mean thou shalt have the hanging of thieves and so become a rare hangman” (1 HIV 1.2.58-65). The inequality between Hal and Falstaff is already apparent; Falstaff asks for gifts from Hal, but assumes the value of the gift before it is given. Although the moment is in jest, it still reveals Falstaff’s willingness to ask Hal for things – some of which, like his insistence at the play’s end that he, and not Hal, has killed Hotspur, and demands a title and money as reward – come to harm Hal at the same time that they help Falstaff.

It is not until the tavern scene, and the play extempore, that we see Falstaff explicitly attempting to take on the role of father. Telling Hal that he must go to court in the morning, he begs the prince to practice his response to his father; “If thou lovest me,” he tells Hal, “practice an answer” (1 HIV 2.4.364-5). By framing the play extempore in these terms – if Hal complies, then he loves Falstaff – Falstaff manipulates Hal into doing what he wants. Falstaff wants a distraction, something to take thought off of the way in which Hal mocked him not too long ago; in causing Hal to perform in the play, he is providing himself not only with a way to mock Hal back, but also to become as close to being Hal’s literal father as he can. Falstaff is the one who takes up the role of Henry IV first; however, instead of performing the role seriously, Falstaff uses it as an opportunity to laud himself in the king’s voice. “And yet,” he tells Hal, “there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name. […] If that man

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56 This staging tradition dates back to Stephen Kemble’s production in 1804, and is commonly maintained by modern productions (Kastan, footnote 1, 1 HIV, 149).
should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me, for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. […] there is virtue in that Falstaff. Him keep with; the rest banish” (2.4.406-8, 414-18). Falstaff’s self-laudatory speech only serves to show how poorly he advises Hal; instead of providing him with an actual opportunity to practice his answers, Falstaff uses the play extempore to advise Hal to keep him as his chief companion. Whereas Henry IV wants to see his son improve, and to ultimately take on the role of prince and king, Falstaff wants to keep Hal to himself – he does not want Hal to grow or mature, because then he loses the ability to use him for his own ends. Unlike with his father, Hal does not abide by Falstaff’s advice; he does not seek to make Falstaff love him more deeply. Instead, he follows Falstaff’s performance of his father with his own, and hints at the future between them: despite Falstaff’s begging that he not banish him from his company, Hal foreshadows the time when he will do just that.

King in Theory versus King in Reality

Both Hal and Richard perform kingship in different ways; however, it is interesting to see the changes (or lack thereof) between their proposed actions as a leader and their actual behavior. Richard, most clearly, wavers back and forth between theoretical kingship and real actions. His behavior in the opening of the play presents him as someone who is unable to stay true to his own decisions. Upon his return from Ireland, Richard vacillates between confidence in his position and downright weeping over his loss of power. Stepping ashore, Richard speaks directly to the ground of England, declaring that, “This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones / Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king / Shall falter under foul rebellion’s arms” (RII 3.2.24-6). Richard is so confident that he is in the right that the earth itself will defend him; with the earth of his realm on his side, there is no way that Bolingbroke can win. Similarly, when

57 This loss, of course, has not actually happened yet; Richard is simply predicting his own loss and mourning it before he even tries to take action to prevent it from happening.
Aumerle chides him for not taking Bolingbroke’s threat seriously, Richard responds by comparing Bolingbroke to a thief being discovered:

So, when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath reveled in the night
Whilst we were wand’ring with the Antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit 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 off from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord. (*RII* 3.2.47-57)

Even though he was gone from the realm, Richard believes that his appearance alone will convince Bolingbroke to flee, atoning for his sin against his king. No matter what buffets the king, there is no way for the seal of God’s choice to be removed; neither water nor men can remove God’s anointed monarch. After learning of the loss of his supporters, however, Richard collapses. “Of comfort no man speak!,” he declares;

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. […]
For God’s sake let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings […] (*RII* 3.2.144-7, 155-6)

Nothing exists that can provide Richard comfort. His only recourse, as he inwardly disintegrates, is to verbalize his crumbling understanding of himself as king. His proposed performance – confident that the whole of England would not dare support Bolingbroke because of his connection with God – tumbles away, leaving the struggling concept of the king in its wake.
This crumbling façade becomes even more apparent in his first meeting face to face with Bolingbroke. As he appears on the ramparts of Flint Castle, York remarks, “Yet looks [Richard] like a king” (RII 3.3.68). Richard has put as much power into his physical appearance as he can, and uses this as support for the language he uses to convince Northumberland (and, through him, Bolingbroke) of the illegitimacy of his actions. Declaring his surprise at the rebels’ lack of respect, Richard questions their assumption that he has lost his kingship:

If we be not [king], show us the hand of God
That hath dismissed us from our stewardship;
For well we know no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal or usurp. (RII 3.3.77-81)

Unless Richard is abandoned by God, he implies, he is still king; this is something that no man can truly take away from him. No other man can take up the role unless the sacredness of the seat is profaned, or the throne is stolen from Richard. Despite his apparent confidence, Richard falls to pieces as he waits for Northumberland’s answer. Told that Northumberland returns, Richard panics, asking what he must do in order to please his cousin; he declares himself willing to not only be deposed, but also to lose “[t]he name of King” if it will end the conflict (RII 3.3.143-6). Richard’s anxiety over Bolingbroke’s desires leads him to give away the crown, and do so himself, performing the ritual of coronation backwards and thus, fulfilling his own declaration that kingship could only be removed through the profaning of its sacred nature.

Hal, on the other hand, is quite clear as to what his goals are as prince, and he does not waver from them in performance. In his only soliloquy of the play, Hal opens up to the audience, revealing the reason behind his behavior. Comparing himself to the sun, which allows “the base contagious clouds” to hide itself, Hal says that when the time comes for him to take up his role as king, he “shall [...] falsify men’s hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o’er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off. (1 HIV 1.2.188, 201-205)

Hal’s ultimate goal is to increase the praise and admiration heaped upon him when he becomes king. By hiding himself in Eastcheap and promoting the idea that he is irredeemable, Hal hopes that his “reformation” and assumption of the crown will make him appear more agreeable to the people, and impress those around him. He does not need to keep the “base contagious clouds” of Falstaff and his friends around him forever; in fact, he plans to remove himself from them at the opportune moment.

Although Hal does not actually perform the banishment of Falstaff until Part Two, his portrayal of his father during the play extempore reveals how easily he can put his own desires into action. “Deposing” Falstaff, Hal immediately takes on a more kingly demeanor. Whereas Falstaff treats the play extempore like a game, using it as an opportunity to laud himself, Hal treats it as a precursor of his future actions. Hal, unlike Falstaff, takes the performance seriously, and accuses Falstaff’s Hal of being haunted by a devil “in the likeness of an old fat man” (1 HIV 2.4.435-6). Finding himself in the position of self-defense from Hal’s accusations, Falstaff begs Hal’s Henry IV to reconsider; “Banish plump Jack,” he tells Hal, “and banish all the world” (1 HIV 2.4.466-7). What Falstaff has failed to recognize during this exchange is that Hal is not playing the role of his father; rather, Hal is speaking of his own volition. The audience, too, has no idea of Hal’s change until his final words to Falstaff in the play extempore: “I do; I will” (1 HIV 2.4.468). Pearlman writes that this is the moment of the play in which Hal finally takes on the role he has been avoiding, allowing “the real Hal – the King who will be” to make a brief
While Hal’s speech in act one is a clear signal to the audience that he is aware of his future as king, this moment, in the play extempore, is the first sign to his friends that he is ready to undertake the role. In “banishing” Falstaff, Hal has set the stage for the time when he will have to banish the side of himself that glories in life as a common citizen. Banishing plump Jack will not, as Falstaff argues, banish the whole world; rather, it will banish the world of Eastcheap from the Prince, and solidify Hal’s glorious reputation.

Double-sided Performance: Enacting King and Man, Prince and “madcap”

Richard and Hal both perform two different personalities throughout their stories – Richard as man and divinely ordained king, and Hal as prince and, as Hotspur terms it, “nimble-footed madcap” (1 HIV 4.1.94). Both men struggle to unite these two seemingly disparate sides into a single whole. Despite their efforts, neither man is truly successful – Richard’s inability to understand himself as human dooms him, while Hal’s struggles to redeem himself and push away his childish behavior are not fully achieved.

Richard is most thrown off-kilter by his inability to understand who he is, if he is not king. “For you have mistook me all this while,” he tells his companions;

I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends. Subjected thus,
How can you say to me I am a king? (RII 3.2.174-7)

Richard views himself as “subjected” by human behavior; he is no longer unique or powerful, but rather is subject to human wants and desires. Trapped by his own humanity, he has lost the divine spark within himself which he viewed as the center of his kingship. He has always had two bodies; how is he supposed to behave, he asks, if he suddenly loses one that he has had for as long as he can remember? Even as he is in the act of deposing himself, Richard cannot quite

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come to terms with this separation. When Bolingbroke asks him if he is “contented to resign the crown,” Richard wavers; “Ay, no. No, ay; for I must nothing be. / Therefore, no ‘no’, for I resign to thee” (RII 4.1.200-2). Not only is Richard’s response an auditory play on words – “ay” and “I,” when said out loud, have the same sound – but it is also representative of Richard’s mental state. He wants to be both king and man; however, he ultimately views his humanity as resigning him to nothingness, for in giving away his title, he becomes only a man, and therefore nothing.

This concept of becoming nothing echoes through the rest of Richard’s self-deposition. He prefaces his action by saying that he is “undoing” himself (RII 4.1.203), and, afterward, when Northumberland addresses him as “my lord,” Richard snaps back that he no longer has a title:

I have no name, no title –
No, not that name was given me at the font –
But ‘tis usurped. Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out
And know not now what name to call myself. (RII 4.1.255-9)

Stripped down to his bare humanity, Richard no longer recognizes himself. He cannot fully process who he is without also being king. Shocked, he believes that this must be a physical change, but is surprised to discover that it has had no outward effect on him; staring into a mirror, he gently berates it for being too generous in its reflection. “Hath Sorrow struck / So many blows upon this face of mine / And made no deeper wounds?” he asks (RII 4.1.277-9).

This physical representation of Richard cannot, in his mind, be the same as those before his deposition; something must have changed that alerts those around him to the absence of his kingliness. As Jonathan Bate and Eric Rasmussen write in their introduction to the play, Richard questions which aspect of himself is real:

Which is the substance and which the shadow? The office or the man? The king
in his capacity as embodiment of the nation and God’s representative upon earth
assumes his role by means of costumes and props (robe, crown, sceptre, orb, throne on which to sit) and of a highly theatrical ceremony (coronation, anointing, ritualized words, the blessing of the Church). Is there some sense in which a king is an actor-like “shadow,” whereas the true “substance” is the flesh-and-blood body of the mortal individual whose name is Richard? Or is it the other way round: does Richard become a mere “shadow” of himself when he loses the name of king?59

Without the kingly nature attached to himself, Richard is unable to comprehend who he is. Richard certainly believes that Bate and Rasmussen’s second formation is correct; rather than being a substance which has lost its shadow, Richard sees himself as a shadow that has lost its substance. This explains his shock at the lack of physical change; because he sees himself as only a shadow, Richard cannot conceive of deposition leaving him physically unmarked, and refuses to acknowledge that it has not literally changed him.

Richard’s inability to accept this separation continues until just before his death. Sitting in his prison cell, Richard reveals how he has been trying to come to terms with the world; as he does this, he struggles with understanding who he is. “Thus play I in one person many people,” he tells the audience,

And none contented. Sometimes am I king;
Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am. Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Thus am I kinged again, and by and by
Think that I am unkinged by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing. (RII 5.5.31-8)

In attempting to understand himself, Richard finds himself constantly reliving the actions that brought him to this moment. He is alternately, in his mind, king and peasant, and ultimately finds

59 Bate and Rasmussen, introduction to RII, 2.
himself to be nothing. As king, he finds himself treasonously wishing to not be so; when he is poor, he wishes he were king again; and, upon finding himself king once more, discovers that he has been “unkinged” by Bolingbroke, and is nothing – neither king nor peasant. Richard does not even see himself as being merely human; he requires a status to help define himself. Without the presence of a status marker – whether that be the title of king or peasant – he sees himself as nothing at all. Richard’s inability to understand himself after he has been deposed prevents him from truly understanding both roles he has played. He cannot find a way to appreciate himself without being king, and prefers to be nothing than to be merely Richard.

Hal, on the other hand, acknowledges from the very beginning that he is performing two roles; his performances in Eastcheap are designed to only strengthen his later performances as prince and king. His acting, though, is almost too successful; in behaving in a manner designed to repulse those at court, Hal nearly cuts himself off completely from his father, and jeopardizes his role as Prince of Wales. His desire to quickly cast off Falstaff and the other friends he has made in Eastcheap does not fully succeed in 1 HIV. Falstaff’s apparent death causes Hal to genuinely mourn his friend; although he is using Falstaff to further his own goals, he is still saddened by losing him. However, Hal’s willingness to lie to his father in order to provide Falstaff with a reward shows his inability to fully cut himself off from the older man. Although, to an extent, Hal has redeemed himself as Prince of Wales, he still has not managed to shake his wastrel ways, and will not be able to do so until the very end of Henry IV Part Two.

Performance: Script, Staging, and Results

In considering the logistical possibilities of staging RII and 1 HIV with the same actor playing the two leads, I looked for past performances of the second tetralogy that utilized a cross-casting system. One of the earliest of these performances that I could find was the Royal
Shakespeare Company’s 1951 staging of the entire second tetralogy. This production cross-cast actors throughout the entire tetralogy, with Michael Redgrave playing a queer coded Richard II as well as Hotspur.\footnote{Bate and Rasmussen, “Richard II in Performance,” 133. Bate and Rasmussen note that Laurence Olivier, seeing Redgrave’s performance of Richard, called the character “an ‘out-and-out pussy queer’.” This comment, along with the other lukewarm reviews of the production, lead them to conclude that audiences were “unable – or unwilling – to acknowledge the character’s homosexuality […]” This type of performance of Richard’s character, possibly influenced by Marlowe’s play Edward II, which was written around the same time, has risen in popularity from the late twentieth century into the twenty-first. Ben Whishaw’s performance in The Hollow Crown and David Tennant’s for the 2013 staging at the Royal Shakespeare Company are both noted for their queer-coding of Richard.} Similarly, the English Shakespeare Company’s performance of all of Shakespeare’s histories, called The Wars of the Roses, cross-cast actors across the plays, with Michael Pennington playing Richard II, Prince Hal, and Henry V.\footnote{Original cast call lists from the English Shakespeare Company’s The War of the Roses, Box 090, Michael Bogdanov Collection, Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, United Kingdom.} The cuts made to the script by Pennington and Bogdanov, however, led to a staging which Kastan terms “edgy and iconoclastic.”\footnote{Kastan, introduction to 1 HIV, 98. Kastan is referring here specifically to the performance of 1 HIV, and not to the tetralogy as a whole.} Each play was connected to a different period in British history, starting with the Regency era in RII and continuing until the 1980s in Richard III.\footnote{Elizabeth Brandon, “History, Royal or English: A Study of the Royal Shakespeare Company’s The Plantagenets and the English Shakespeare Company’s The Wars of the Roses,” MA diss., (University of Birmingham, 1999), 18. Brandon also notes that clothing was used to differentiate characters’ generational differences; Prince Hal, for example, wore denim, while Henry IV wore a Victorian suit.} Most significantly, Bogdanov and Pennington edited the script for 1 HIV so that Falstaff enters bearing Hotspur’s body after Henry IV’s closing lines in 5.3; this places Henry IV onstage during Falstaff’s claim to have killed Hotspur, and places Hal in an uncomfortable position before his father, reversing the traditional staging and placing tension on Hal’s relationship with both father figures.\footnote{Typescript of performance text for Henry IV Part One, Box 030, Michael Bogdanov Collection, Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, United Kingdom.} Although an intriguing way to flip the traditional victorious ending of the play on its head, this sort of staging damages the audiences’ view of Hal’s growth throughout the play; instead of being seen as a maturing prince, Hal is trapped by Falstaff into remaining with the people of Eastcheap.
Ultimately, while these productions provided some interesting ideas for casting my own performance, I did not utilize their staging, instead preferring to focus my attention on Richard and Hal’s similarities.

In order to more clearly envision these parallels, I created a script for a theoretical performance of both as a combined text. The scenes chosen are designed not only to highlight the key connections between Richard and Hal, but also to maintain at least a basic semblance of the plots of both plays. This was done so that audiences who view the play would still be able to understand the story without being confused by references to events or characters not viewed on stage. In total, nine scenes from both plays are included in the combined text. Within these scenes, as well, I made strategic cuts in order to make the text more streamlined and focused more on the connections between Richard and Hal. Some characters were also combined with others in order to lessen the number of actors required and to make the text more compact.

Willoughby, therefore, has been removed from the script, and his lines in RII 2.1 have been given to Northumberland and Ross. Similarly, Scroop and Salisbury have been combined in RII 3.2 and 3.3, and Gadshill has been removed and his lines in I HIV 2.4 have been divided among Bardoll and Peto. The cuts made within the remaining scenes of play are intended to highlight more of the parallels between Richard and Hal, while maintaining the basic plot of the play to the greatest extent possible. Logistically, performing all eighteen scenes onstage was impractical; therefore, I created a smaller version of the script to stage. The performance script cuts the scenes down from eighteen to four, with two from each play.

One of the greatest differences between the performed script and the full one is the amount of I HIV 2.4 that is kept. In both versions, the moments with Francis during the first

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65 See Appendix A.
66 See Appendix B.
third of the scene are cut. While this is a comedic moment, it does not further the audience’s understanding of Hal’s character or the roles that he must play. However, the full script retains the second third of the scene, during which Falstaff recounts the story of the robbery to Hal and Poins; the performance script cuts this scene for the sake of time.

Although not performed, *1 HIV* 2.4.109-316 adds a valuable parallel between Richard and Hal. Throughout both plays, Richard and Hal perform two different roles. In performing these roles, both men present two faces to the world, similar to the Roman god Janus. Richard is both king and man – he performs the role of divinely appointed monarch at the same time that he performs his desire to be a man. Similarly, Hal is both man and future king – he wants to be loved and accepted by the people, while also remaining separated from them by his role. Both men are divided by their roles as nobility; however, it is this moment in the tavern which helps to define the different way in which Hal approaches this divide. The dynamics of the tavern scene allow Hal to present both of his faces at once. Hal’s declaration that he “can drink with any tinker in his own language during [his] life” (*1 HIV* 2.4.17-19) allows him to connect with the common man. His jests with Falstaff about the failed robbery give him an opportunity to show his more light-hearted nature; most of the scenes which remain in the cut script show a very serious, focused Hal. The one exception to this is 1.2, which begins with Hal and Falstaff making jokes back and forth to each other. However, this scene ends with Hal’s “I know you all” soliloquy, which opens up the scene to the possibility that Hal is merely using Falstaff and Poins; if this is the case, then the joking nature Hal displays is not natural, and is instead faked for the sake of furthering his own goals. The tavern scene presents Hal genuinely laughing and ribbing Falstaff and his friends, having played a clever joke on them previously and enjoying the payoff. Providing this moment of levity allows the audience to see a different side of Hal, one which is
less serious and more at ease. It also helps audience members to believe that Hal is actually friends with these men, and not merely planning to betray them at the opportune moment. This establishes Hal’s second face; here, he does not perform as prince or future king, but rather as a man enjoying spending time with his friends. He is humanized by its inclusion, and becomes more relatable to the audience as a result.

Another moment that may seem unnecessary within the full script is the inclusion of Hotspur. Although Hotspur has been seen as a significant role in 1 HIV in the past, the cuts to this selection are focused on parallels between Hal and Richard. Why, then, include Hotspur, who can be seen as a distraction from the Richard/Hal comparisons? Hotspur is one of the few characters who makes an appearance in both RII and 1 HIV, along with his father, Northumberland, and the future Henry IV. He allows for a visible bridge between the different worlds of both plays, not only through his literal presence in both, but also his embodiment of chivalric honor, a concept more highly prized in Richard’s England than in Henry IV’s. His rivalry with Hal also acts as a callback to the rivalry between Richard and Bolingbroke in RII, something that Henry IV himself calls attention to in 1 HIV. Although Henry IV highlights Hotspur as having “more worthy interest to the state” than his son (1 HIV 3.2.108), Hotspur’s perceived ability to perform the role of king does not necessarily line up with his ability to lead. Like Richard, who is anointed by God as king of England, Hal has the capacity for leadership – he is the Prince of Wales, and will inherit the throne – but he does not act in a manner worthy of his position. Hotspur, however, behaves like a perfect leader – he commands the respect of his monarch and his countrymen through his prowess on the battlefield – but fails to maintain the traits necessary to truly lead. Where Bolingbroke struggles to take up the rituals and rites that Richard maintained as part of governance, Hotspur struggles to keep his temper in check long
enough to successfully achieve his goals. Each man struggles to completely fill the role he has taken on; however, Hal, unlike Richard, matures and is capable of reforming his behavior so that he becomes capable of fulfilling his duties.

Hotspur and Hal also act as foils to each other throughout the text. Removing Hotspur from the play completely not only makes the final battle scene less climactic, but also removes the ability to measure Hal’s behavior. In order to understand where Hal falls short, readers and audience members need something to examine his behavior against. Hotspur’s military prowess and obsession with honor contrast sharply with Hal’s apparent lack of interest in anything related to England and general fascination with drinking and partying. Even from the very first scene of the play, Henry IV makes it clear that he prefers Hotspur’s performance of leadership to Hal’s, noting his own jealousy that Northumberland “[s]hould be the father to so blest a son, / A son who is the theme of honour’s tongue, / [...] Who is sweet Fortune’s minion and her pride” (1 HIV 1.1.79-80, 82). He even expresses the wish that Hotspur and Hal had been switched at birth, making Hotspur his true son and Hal Northumberland’s (1 HIV 1.1.85-9). As Pearlman writes, “The comparison of Hal and Hotspur, introduced in this emotionally charged passage, is one of the play’s most important structural elements.”67 This comparison between the two is therefore pivotal, not only because they act as foils for each other, but also because it provides a barometer for understanding Henry IV’s feelings about his son. These come to a head in the final climactic battle, where Hal tells his rival,

think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more.
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one England brook a double reign

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67 Pearlman, William Shakespeare, 90.
As Hal points out, neither can exist with the other and still maintain the natural status quo. In order for there to be balance in England, one must defeat the other in this fight; the victor will then take on the qualities from the other which he lacks, and become the most fully formed version of himself that he can. In killing Hotspur, Hal successfully completes the promise he made to his father in act 3; he has made “this northern youth exchange / His glorious deeds for my indignities” (*HIV* 3.2.145-6). To remove Hotspur from the narrative with the exception of the moment where he interacts with Hal, therefore, would mean that the play loses its valuable comparisons and no longer highlights the many issues which Henry IV sees in his son.

Hotspur also provides one of the play’s recollections of Richard’s reign within the body of *HIV*. The only other characters who are seen recalling the events of the previous play are Worcester and Henry IV himself; for Henry, this recollection only serves as a manner of unfavorably comparing his son to his predecessor. What Hotspur and Henry IV’s recollections both share is the tendency to be very selective in what they remember. Henry IV’s memories of how he got the throne – or at least, the version of the memories he shares with Hal – skirt around the exact details of how he became king. Instead of being honest about the events of *RII*, Henry seems to prefer painting a picture of himself which makes his role more passive; he does not literally take the crown, but rather appears to act in a manner more becoming of a king, which leads the people to select him.\(^68\) Hotspur performs a similar act of selective memory, as he

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\(^68\) In fact, it is not until near the end of *Henry IV Part Two* that Henry actually verbally admits that in taking the crown he has done something wrong. He tells Hal,

> Heaven knows, my son,
> By what bypaths and indirect crooked ways
> I met this crown; and I myself know well
> How troublesome it sat upon my head. […]
> How I came by the crown, O heaven forgive,
> And grant it may with thee in true peace live.

narrates the events of Richard’s overthrow which he, his father, and his uncle participated in. In Hotspur’s retelling, Richard is mourned; he is “that sweet lovely rose” replaced by “this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke” (*I HIV* 1.3.174-5). In painting Richard as a sympathetic figure, one who did not deserve the fate he received and who is dearly missed, Hotspur recalls his own participation in the deposition in a negative light. Looking back on events, he is bitter about their repercussions; he wants nothing more than to undo them completely and so restore his and his family’s honor. Hotspur’s memories act as a parallel to Henry IV’s; both of them are selective in that they incompletely and inaccurately recall the events of *RII*, but they also allow for insight into the different ways in which Richard’s memory survives after his death.

The other major moment within the full script text which raises questions is the retention of Douglas within the play. In the full text of *I HIV*, it is Douglas who fights with Henry IV and his “counterfeits” on the battlefield. Although Glendower is the highest ranking political leader on the rebellion’s side, he does not appear to fight against the Lancastrian army at Shrewsbury; instead, it is Douglas who holds a rank that is most similar to the king.69 While Douglas is not king of Scotland, he does serve as the chief of Clan Douglas. Where Henry IV does not hold his title through blood right, Douglas does; in this manner, Douglas represents the figure of a “true king” in the traditional, providential idea of kingship. It is fitting, therefore, that he be the one to attack each of the king’s doubles on the battlefield and, eventually, to take on the real king in person. In retaining Douglas, then, I sought to maintain these parallels, and to hopefully highlight their significance, rather than replacing Douglas with another character altogether.

Staged Reading: Casting, Directing, and Performing

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69 Glendower, at the beginning of his rebellion against Lancastrian control of Wales, was named Prince of Wales by his supporters in 1400. This makes him the closest in rank to Henry IV, although it was only a title he claimed, and not one which he held by birthright (Kastan, *I HIV* cast list annotations, 137).
In creating the performance script, I carefully selected two scenes from each play which highlight aspects of the characters’ parallels that I felt were most significant. The chosen scenes are Gaunt’s rebuke of Richard in *RII 2.1*; the tavern scene in *I HIV 2.4*; the deposition scene in *RII 4.1*; and Henry IV’s chastising of Hal in *I HIV 3.2*. These scenes not only highlight the ways in which Richard and Hal both respond to father figures, but also point out how each man reacts differently to his duty as king or prince. I also felt it important to include *I HIV 3.2* because it is the moment where Richard and Hal are specifically compared to each other by name; since this project is intended to highlight this textual parallel, it seemed only appropriate for it to be chosen as part of the staging. For the performance script, I chose to further cut down *I HIV 2.4*, removing the second third in which Falstaff and Hal discuss Falstaff’s robbery of the Canterbury pilgrims. This was the only major change between the scenes as originally cut and the performance text. The scene was shortened to help aid in audience comprehension, as they would not have seen or heard about the robbery until this moment; because it does not appear again after that in the performance script, it seemed most practical to cut any references to it. It also allowed for a shorter runtime. The remaining portion of the scene also eliminated Bardoll and the Vintner, replacing them with Peto and Mistress Quickly, respectively.

My main concern, in terms of casting the performance, was to make sure that the actors I chose had a decent ability to read verse in their auditions. Because it was a staged reading, in which the actors have their scripts onstage with them during the actual show, I was not necessarily worried about actors struggling to memorize lines – if I had chosen to do a traditional performance, the actors playing both Richard/Hal and Bolingbroke/Henry IV would have had a difficult time remember everything. With the short amount of time available for rehearsals before the actual performance, I wanted to make sure that, after a quick crash course in speaking verse,
that my actors would be able to handle everything on their own. Poor performance of verse can take the audience out of the performance, whereas fluid verse helps to draw the audience in. The actors needed to be able to seamlessly switch between verse and prose without the audience being keyed into the difference by the way they performed each.

I also wanted to make sure that each actor chosen could handle playing multiple roles; in order to not have an inordinately large cast for such a small portion of the text, I chose to cross-cast each play. This also allowed me to highlight connections between the plays outside of Richard and Hal, such as the treatment of father figures and the characters’ conceptualization of kingship. This meant that the twelve roles remaining in the script would be played by six actors total, with each actor taking on one role in each play. After auditions, this was broken down into the following couplings: Richard II and Prince Hal, the original cross-casting concept behind the project; Bolingbroke and Henry IV; Gaunt and Falstaff; Northumberland and Poins; York and Peto; and Ross and Mistress Quickly. Because Bolingbroke and Henry IV are the same person, casting the two with the same actor seemed logical; similarly, because Gaunt and Falstaff are both older men, it seemed reasonable to cast the same actor in both roles, not only because they are two of the father figures in the plays, but also to limit the amount of time necessary for a costume change between them.

Thanks to the generosity and support of John Lane and the Duquesne Red Masquers, I was able to utilize the university’s Genesius Theatre for the actual performance of my project.

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70 Doubling characters in Shakespeare performance is not a unique concept. As Lois Potter notes, doubling on stage is often used to highlight the actor, rather than the characters (302). However, doubling was a practice utilized by companies of the early modern period, where several parts would need to be performed by smaller casts of fifteen to twenty men and boys, and therefore it would not surprise me if the same actor played Richard and Hal (albeit at different times, as the plays were not necessarily staged alongside each other).

71 In a performance of the full script, I would cross-cast Aumerle and Poins, as they both play the confidante/friend role for Richard and Hal. However, because of the limited characters, I was forced to cut Aumerle from the RII text, and instead cross-cast Poins with Northumberland.
Because my thesis was solidified after the Masquers’s season had already been set, I only had two weeks to rehearse the entire play with my actors before performing it in front of an audience. The short amount of time meant that rehearsals had to be rigorous and focused; whereas in a typical production, I would have time for the actors to become more familiar with their characters at their own pace, for this show I needed to make sure that everyone understood their lines and motivations before tech week began.

For the first week of rehearsals, each practice began with a rough walkthrough of the scene assigned for that day. After seeing some of the actors’ confusion, I sat down with them and helped to break the scene down; this often meant “translating” Shakespeare’s language into modern English and providing character details to explain plot points from other parts of the text that were referenced in the scene being performed. I also made sure to ask the actors themselves what they thought was happening in the scene, and if there were any struggles they had with the language or the verse. Often, if there was a word that both the actor and myself were unfamiliar with, I was able to consult different editions of Shakespeare to find a definition. I would then have the actors run the scene again, providing brief notes as the scene progressed.

In staging the scenes, I found myself influenced by both my own reading of the plays and also the various productions of them that I have seen. There are certainly moments in my production that are homages to other performances; among these are Richard’s prostration before Bolingbroke during the deposition and rolling the crown to him, taken from Ben Whishaw’s performance in *The Hollow Crown* (2010), and the call for Bolingbroke to seize the crown, modeled on David Tennant’s performance at the Royal Shakespeare Company (2013). Although these performances were certainly on my mind as I blocked the show, I was also influenced by my own reading of the texts. I wanted to emphasize certain traits, such as the characters’
performativity, to highlight the similarities and differences between Richard and Hal, in order to create a nuanced end product.

This desire for a nuanced performance also affected my choices for costuming and sound. In costuming Richard/Hal, I knew that I wanted the actor to change on stage; this helps to provide a visual cue to the audience in order to facilitate a more conscious connection between the two characters. While it would have been fascinating to have the entire cast change onstage, it would distract from the performance’s emphasis on Richard/Hal. That being said, however, I did not want the two characters to look identical. For Richard’s costume, I drew upon the play’s staging conventions, and dressed him in as close to head-to-toe white as possible. For 2.1, he wears a gold and cream cloak and a crown to recall his position as king; for 4.1, the cloak is gone, and he stands barefoot before the assembly of nobles. Hal, on the other hand, is dressed in a slightly rebellious, but still conservative manner; he also wears a white shirt, but his is unbuttoned and with the sleeves rolled, revealing a white undershirt beneath. He wears dark washed skinny jeans and red Converse, which provide him with a pop of color. Although this look seems very simple, it is designed to stand out in stark contrast to the vibrant costumes worn by his friends in Eastcheap and the darker colors of his father’s court. For practicality, all of the actors’ costumes needed to be designed for quick changes; therefore, all the characters wear blue jeans, and only need to exchange tops. For Richard’s court, all of the actors wear light colored t-shirts; in the tavern, these are replaced by brightly colored tacky shirts; and for Henry IV’s court, the light shirts return, but are covered by dark sweaters or cardigans. These color differences are

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72 This would also complicate scene changes, as the rest of the cast was helping the crew move set pieces on and off stage.

73 My note to my costume designer for the tavern scene was “make it as tacky and colorful as possible.”
also designed as visual cues for the audience, not only to show the passing of time, but also to differentiate the locations from each other.

I chose specific songs for each set and costume change, not only to help prevent awkward moments of silence as they occurred, but also to provide character details and help set the mood for the audience. Because this was not a period production, I did not want to play early modern music; instead, I opted for modern music which, for me, displayed traits of each character. The first transition, from \textit{RII} 2.1 to \textit{1 HIV} 2.4, was set to “Don’t Threaten Me With a Good Time” by Panic! at the Disco. The song’s lyrics tell stories of wild parties, and nights filled with “champagne, cocaine, gasoline – and most things in between.” These details seem to fit with Hal’s raucous times in Eastcheap, and provide a transition from the relatively serious themes of the scene before to the more comedic overtones of the play extempore. For the next transition, from \textit{1 HIV} 2.4 to \textit{RII} 4.1, I chose “Broken Crown” by Mumford and Sons. The lyrics to this song are more subdued than those in “Don’t Threaten Me with a Good Time;” they are also more mournful. The key moment, lyrically, is the reference to mirrors (“The mirror shows not / Your values are all shot”) and to refusing to wear the “broken crown,” both images which resonate with Richard’s actions within the deposition scene. The final scene transition, between \textit{RII} 4.1 and \textit{1 HIV} 3.2, also uses a Mumford and Sons song, this time “Dust Bowl Dance.” The song as a whole contains echoes of both Richard’s character and Hal’s; the singer accuses someone of taking all they have “from the weak hands of the poor,” while also steeling himself to “Align my heart, my body, my mind / To face what I’ve done and do my time.” These joint parallels make

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\begin{itemize}
    \item \textsuperscript{74} Panic! at the Disco, “Don’t Threaten Me With A Good Time,” by Ricky Wilson, Jerker Hansson, Amir Salem, Carl Lehman, et. al., recorded April 2015, track 2 on \textit{Death of A Bachelor}, Fueled by Ramen, compact disc.
    \item \textsuperscript{75} Mumford & Sons, “Broken Crown,” by Marcus Mumford, Ben Lovett, Winston Marshall, and Ted Dwane, recorded September 2012, track 10 on \textit{Babel}, Island, compact disc.
    \item \textsuperscript{76} Mumford & Sons, “Dust Bowl Dance,” by Mumford & Sons, recorded 2008-2009, track 11 on \textit{Sigh No More}, Island, compact disc.
\end{itemize}
it the perfect song to help connect the two characters through sound. The closing song for the show, which also acted as the opening song, is a cover of “Hazy Shade of Winter” by Gerard Way and Ray Toro. The song’s opening line, “Time, time, time – see what’s become of me,” calls back to Richard’s single soliloquy in *RII* 5.4. Although not staged, Richard’s obsession with time and memory is one of his hallmark characteristics; similarly, *1 HIV* is interested in the ways in which events are remembered and recalled after they occur. These connections make it the perfect song to bookend the performance, leading the audience to ponder the possibilities that these two plays together open.

The performance itself, staged March 15, 2019, ran incredibly smoothly. I was not able to see the full show, including lighting and sound, until the day of the performance, and so my main concerns were that something would not work and there would be no way for it to be fixed before the actual show. It was also the first time that the actors were able to see the set on the full stage, as our rehearsals had been scheduled at the same time as those for another show. In order to make sure both performances were able to rehearse, our cast practiced in the rehearsal hall, while the other cast practiced on the stage proper. Despite the differences between the rehearsal hall and the final set, the actors navigated everything beautifully. Only two things happened during the final show that were unintentional: first, in rolling the crown to Bolingbroke for *RII* 4.1, the actor playing Richard accidentally rolled the crown too hard, causing it to spin off to stage right past Bolingbroke. Secondly, in the same scene, Richard smashed the mirror so hard that the entire hand mirror broke into pieces. This was not completely unexpected; during rehearsals, the mirror’s back had popped off, and had been reattached with hot glue, and before the final dress rehearsal the rim broke when the stage manager tested it to make sure the “glass”

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inside would shatter.\textsuperscript{78} Other than these two minor issues, everything went flawlessly, and members of the audience told me afterward not only how much they had enjoyed the performance, but also how well the cuts highlighted the connections between Richard and Hal.

**Conclusion:** “some sparks of better hope”

Connecting Richard and Hal provides a clearer understanding for readers and viewers of the thematic arc of the second tetralogy. Marjorie Garber argues that the tetralogy moves from division to union, and from feudalism into “modernity,” highlighting the progression of time and the changes in the country as a whole.\textsuperscript{79} In understanding the plays as a movement towards a unified state, it is also important to note, as Garber does, that *HIV* utilizes post-lapsarian language when discussing the loss of Richard II. “[…] after the fall of Adam, as Shakespeare’s Christian audience would have believed, came the redemption through Christ,” Garber writes, “and after the fall of Richard will come the redemption of Prince Hal, ‘[r]edeeming time,’ as he says, ‘when men think least I will’ (1.2.195).”\textsuperscript{80} This view of Hal, as someone who will redeem himself as Richard cannot, also allows for the possibility that Hal, as he matures into Henry V, will be the better king because he can also redeem England from her failures – not only Richard’s, but also his father’s – unifying the country as a whole.

Hal’s recognition of the inherent performativity of kingship gives him the ability to be a successful king. From the end of *HIV* 1.2, the audience knows that Hal is performing a role in Eastcheap. Joan Webber writes that Hal’s actions throughout the *HIV* plays are not for fun, but

\textsuperscript{78} For audience safety, we could not use an actual mirror – the shattered glass would have flown into the front rows of the black box theatre and caused serious harm. After much discussion between myself, my stage manager, the theatre’s technical director, and the general director of the Genesius, we made the decision to remove the glass from an actual hand mirror and replace it with pieces of plastic wrapped in reflective paper. These pieces were secured to the mirror’s rim using Velcro, and allowed for Richard to smash the mirror without causing any physical harm or making a mess onstage.

\textsuperscript{79} Garber, “Henry IV Part 1,” 315.

\textsuperscript{80} Garber, “Henry IV Part 1,” 315.
are a form of “play-acting” that allows him to learn more about the people around him.\footnote{Joan Webber, “The Renewal of the King’s Symbolic Role from Richard II to Henry V,” \textit{Texas Studies in Literature and Language} 4, no. 4 (Winter 1963): 535.} I think that there is more to this “play-acting” than Webber seems to suggest, however. Because Hal has both the example of his father, Henry IV, and his father’s predecessor, Richard II, he has been privy to kings who have both over and underperformed the role of king. In performing his double role of prince and wastrel, Hal is providing himself with the opportunity to not only gather information on the populace, but also prepare himself for the time when he will shed the companionship of Falstaff and become wholly his own man. “By cultivating an image of inadequacy,” Jesse M. Lander writes, “Hal, who begins \textit{I Henry IV} as the ‘shadow of succession,’ is able to stage a transformation that obscures the problem of usurpation with a triumphal assumption of the role of prince and heir apparent.”\footnote{Jesse M. Lander, “Crack’d Crowns’ and Counterfeit Sovereigns: The Crisis of Value in \textit{I Henry IV},” \textit{Shakespeare Studies} 30 (2002): 154.}

Part of the problem that plagues both Henry IV and Henry V is the emphasis on performative kingship that resulted from the overthrow of Richard II. With the deposition of Richard – not to mention his murder – the sacred kingship that England had enjoyed no longer existed. As James C. Bulman notes, “After the violation of sacramental and inherited kingship by Henry [IV], the office itself has become secular: anyone who performs kingship can lay claim to it.”\footnote{Bulman, “Henry IV,” 162.} Henry IV has not successfully performed the role of king; Hotspur’s willingness to lead a rebellion against a man whom he believes is a wrongful king is evidence of this. In inheriting his father’s throne, Henry V is inheriting this secularized kingship. Barbara H. Traister highlights the issues which Henry must face in taking on the kingship. “Henry V,” she writes, “like Richard, has inherited the crown; his guilt is not so direct as his father’s. But he inherits a kingship which
has been demythologized, its charisma dissipated through self-indulgent misuse by Richard and by Henry IV’s might-makes-right policy. Henry’s self-appointed task is to reinvigorate the myth of the omnipotent English king.”84 In order to secure the throne fully, Henry must return the sacred performativity of kingship to the role which disappeared when Richard II was deposed. In order to do this, he must, according to Traister, imitate “the actor Richard. Unlike Richard, however, he knows that the royal actor must be aware of his audience […]”85 Whereas Richard consistently behaves as though the only audience that matters is himself – epitomized by his self-deposition – Henry chooses instead to perform kingship for the men and women of England. Richard’s self-obsessive kingship, while creating a (rather weak) illusion of control, pales in comparison to Henry’s masterful manipulation of events to strengthen his position indirectly; as Traister notes, “Henry plays the role which Richard failed to maintain – that of unquestioned and unquestionable monarch – with almost total success.”86 With Henry’s ascension to the throne, therefore, the English people find themselves with a king who embodies both the symbolic role of kingship and the physical presence.

Ultimately, the parallels between Richard and Hal’s behavior are only more deeply highlighted by examining their characterizations throughout the entire tetralogy. As Harry Berger, Jr. writes, “the third and fourth plays [Henry IV Part Two and Henry V] not only presume the material of the first two, they represent and continually revise that material […] this demands a process of reinterpretation that sends you back and forth between the earlier and later plays.”87 The plays of the entire tetralogy build on and reflect back to the plays previous. Henry

85 Traister, “‘I Will…Be Like a King,’” 119.
86 Traister, “‘I Will…Be Like a King,’” 117.
V is, ultimately, a culmination of the knowledge and experiences presented in RII and both parts of *Henry IV*. It only makes sense, therefore, for our understanding of Henry V’s actions to be supported by our understanding of both his earlier incarnation as Prince of Wales and the ways in which the action of the entire tetralogy shape his kingship in the play that bears his name.

Richard’s behavior in RII greatly affects the power of Henry IV and Henry V throughout the remaining plays. The full significance of Richard’s self-deposition is not revealed in RII; it is only upon reading the other plays of the tetralogy that the impact of Richard’s actions becomes apparent. The deposition marks the point in the tetralogy when the spiritual power of kingship disappears from the role. “The role [of king],” Margaret Shewring writes, “has destroyed its own theatrical presentation or mask, as the trappings necessary to the identification between the player and the role are systematically removed and the symbols of royal authority change hands.” Richard has, by deposing himself, removed the power behind the role of king; while inklings of this appear in RII, it does not become a key issue for his successors until the other three plays of the tetralogy.

Richard’s actions and Bolingbroke’s responses in RII echo throughout the text, especially in relation to the throne. Bolingbroke’s guilt over Richard’s death becomes so much a part of his reign that other men are willing to overthrow him for his actions; as Garber writes, “The England of Henry IV is a fallen world, a world, we might say, made up too much of politics and plotting, and not enough of fellowship and love.” This fallen England cannot be redeemed by the man that caused its devolution; instead, it is up to Henry’s son to save the kingdom. Hal, like Richard, is connected to Christ; however, where Richard saw himself as taking on the role of Christ,

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89 Garber, “*Henry IV Part 1*,” 321.
betrayed by his friends and mistreated, others see Hal as taking on a Christ-like role. “In a play that draws strongly on biblical typology,” Garber notes, “[Hal] is both implicitly and explicitly compare to Christ. […] Hal becomes one of the people, as Christ descended to Earth, to learn about them, to instruct them, and to redeem them.”Richard’s self-absorption keeps him from fully performing the role of king; he does not have any understanding of the lives of his subjects, and therefore does not understand the ways in which they are abused by his rule. Hal, on the other hand, in placing himself among the people and pretending to be one of them, becomes more sympathetic; he is not only able to connect with them and understand their concerns, but also has the ability to implement policies that will help ease them. He does not need to emphasize the spiritual nature of his place as king once he is on the throne, unlike Richard, who is completely dependent on God’s support of his actions.

Hal’s growth into Henry V is shaped, therefore, by not only his own prior actions, but also by those of his father and Richard. Henry V is able to reunite England through his understanding of the people themselves, rather than believing in an abstracted England which is not affected by his actions. He is both secular and Christian in his kingship, combining the traits of both Richard and Henry IV to strengthen his position. The “mirror of all Christian kings” is most successful, however, in his understanding of the performativity of kingship. He treads the balance between overperforming and underperforming, recognizing that his citizens need to see a strong king, even in moments where he, himself, does not feel strong. Where Richard failed, Henry V has risen above; he has learned that kingship is more than being born into the title, but a role that requires perseverance and effort to be successful, fulfilling Bolingbroke’s conviction that his son will provide “some sparks of better hope” to England (RII 5.3.21).

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The Tragedy of King Richard the Second

And

The History of Henry the Fourth, Part One

Dramatis Personae (in order of appearance)

**Richard II**
- King RICHARD II
- John of GAUNT
- Henry BOLINGBROKE, later King Henry IV
- Thomas MOWBRAY, duke of Norfolk
- LORD MARSHAL
- Duke of AUMERLE
- Duke of YORK
- ROSS
- NORTHUMBERLAND
- Bishop of CARLISLE
- SCROOP
- HOTSPUR
- Sir Piers EXTON
- KEEPER of the Tower

**Henry IV Part One**
- King HENRY IV, formerly Henry BOLINGBROKE
- Prince John of LANCASTER
- Prince HAL
- Sir John FALSTAFF
- Ned POINS
- WORCESTER
- NORTHUMBERLAND
- HOTSPUR
- VINTNER
- BARDOLL
- PETO
- MISTRESS Quickly
- The DOUGLAS
- MESSENGER
- Sir Richard VERNON
- WESTMORLAND
Richard II

1.1

Enter KING RICHARD, JOHN OF GAUNT, and [the LORD MARSHAL]

RICHARD: Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
   Hast thou according to thy oath and bond
   Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son,
   Here to make good the boist’rous late appeal –
   Which then our leisure would not let us hear –
   Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

GAUNT: I have, my liege.

RICHARD: Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded 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
   Aimed at your highness, no inveterate malice.

RICHARD: Then call them to our presence. [Exit GAUNT]
   Face to face,
   And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
   The accuser and the accused freely speak.

Enter GAUNT, with BOLINGBROKE and MOWBRAY

BOLINGBROKE: Many years of happy days befall
   My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

MOWBRAY: Each day still better than other’s happiness,
   Until the heavens, envying earth’s good hap,
   Add an immortal title to your crown!

RICHARD: We thank you both. Yet one but flatters us,
   As well appeareth 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?

BOLINGBROKE: First – heaven be the record to my speech –
   In the devotion of a subject’s love,
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.

MOWBRAY: 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 returned  
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.  
Setting aside his high blood’s royalty,  
I do defy him, and I spit at him,  
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain;  
By all my hopes most falsely doth he lie.

BOLINGBroke: Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,  
   [throws down his gage]  
Disclaiming here the kindred of the King,  
And laying aside my high blood’s royalty,  
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.  
If guilty dread have 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 spoke or thou canst worst devise.

MOWBRAY: I take it up,  
   [takes up gage]  
and by that sword I swear  
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,  
I’ll answer thee in any fair degree  
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial.

RICHARD: [to BOLINGBROKE]  
What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray’s charge?  
It must be great that can inherit us  
So much of as a thought of ill in him.

BOLINGBROKE: Look what I speak, my life shall prove it true:  
That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles  
In name of lendings for your highness’ soldiers,
The which he hath detained for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrivèd in this land
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

RICHARD: How high a pitch his resolution soars!
   Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears.
   He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou.
   Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

MOWBRAY: Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy hearth
   Through the false passage of thy throat thou liest.
   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 overweening traitor’s foot,
   To prove myself a loyal gentleman
   Even in the best blood chambered in his bosom. –
   [throws down his gage. BOLINGBROKE takes it up.]

RICHARD: Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled 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 month 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.

RICHARD: And Norfolk, throw down his.

GAUNT: When, Harry, when?
   Obedience bids I should not bid again.

RICHARD: Norfolk,
   Give me his gage. Lions make leopards tame.

MOWBRAY: Yea, but not change his spots.
My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one.
Take honour from me, and my life is done.

RICHARD: Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

BOLINGBROKE: O, God defend my soul from such deep sin!

RICHARD: We were not borne to sue, but to command;
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
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.

Exeunt omnes

1.3

The trumpets sound and RICHARD enters with GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, and other nobles. When they are set, enter the LORD MARSHAL, followed by MOWBRAY Duke of Norfolk, defendant, in arms.

RICHARD: Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms.
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

MOWBRAY: My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither come engagèd by my oath –
Which God defend a knight should violate –
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to God, my king, and me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven.

The trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE, appellant, in armour;
RICHARD: 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,
    Depose him in the justice of his cause.

LORD MARSHAL: [to Bolingbroke]
    What is thy name? And wherfore com’st thou hither
    Before King Richard in his royal lists?
    Against whom comest thou? And what’s thy quarrel?
    Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven.

BOLINGBROKE: Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby
    Am I, who ready here do stand in arms
    To prove, by God’s grace and my body’s valour
    In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
    That he is a traitor, foul and dangerous,
    To God of heaven, King Richard and to me;
    And as I truly fight, defend me heaven.

LORD MARSHAL: On pain of death, no person be so bold
    Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists
    Except the Marshal and such officers
    Appointed to direct these fair designs.

BOLINGBROKE: 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;

LORD MARSHAL: The appellant in all duty greets your highness
    And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

RICHARD: 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 today thou shed,
    Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

BOLINGBROKE: O, let no noble eye profane a tear
    For me if I be gored with Mowbray’s spear.
    [To the LORD MARSHAL] My loving lord, I take leave of you;
    [To GAUNT] O thou, the earthly author of my blood,
    Whose youthful spirit in me regenerate,
    Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up.
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers

GAUNT: God in thy good cause make thee prosperous.
Be swift like lightening in the execution,
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.
Rouse up the youthful blood, be valiant, and live.

BOLINGBROKE: Mine innocence and Saint George to thrive!

RICHARD: Order the trial, Marshal, and begin.

LORD MARSHAL: Sound trumpets, and set forward, combatants.

[A charge is sounded.]
[RICHARD throws down his warder.]

Stay! The King hath thrown his warder down.

RICHARD: 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 [RICHARD confers apart with GAUNT and other nobles, then addresses Combatants]

Draw near,
And list what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom’s earth should not be soiled
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds ploughed up with neighbours’ sword;
And for we think the eagle-wingèd pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
Therefore, we banish you our territories.
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
Till twice five summers have enriched 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.

RICHARD: Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
   Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
   The sly slow 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 unlooked for from your highness’ mouth.
   The language I have learnt these forty years,
   My native English, now I must forgo,
   And now my tongue’s use is to me no more
   Than an unstringed viol or a harp,
   Or like a cunning instrument cased up —
   Within my mouth you have engaoled my tongue,
   Doubly portcullised with my teeth and lips,
   And dull unfeeling barren Ignorance
   Is made my jailer to attend on me.
   What is thy sentence then but speechless death,
   Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

RICHARD: It boots thee not to compassionate.
   After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

MOWBRAY: Then thus I turn me from my country’s light,
   To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.
   [Starts to leave]

RICHARD: [to MOWBRAY] Return again, and take an oath with thee.
   [to BOLINGBROKE and MOWBRAY] Lay on our royal sword your banished hands.
   [They place their hands on RICHARD’s sword]
   Swear by the duty that you owe to God —
   Our part therein we banish with yourselves —
   To keep the oath that we administer:
   You never shall, so help you truth and God,
   Embrace each other’s love in banishment;
   Nor never look upon each other’s face;
   Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile
   This louring tempest of your home-bred hate;
   Nor never by advised purpose meet
   To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
   ’Gainst us, our state, our subjects or our land.

BOLINGBROKE: I swear.
MOWBRAY: And I, to keep all this.

BOLINGBROKE: Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy:
By this time, had the King permitted us,
One of our souls had wandered in the air,
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm.
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

MOWBRAY: No, Bolingbroke. If ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banished as from hence!
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue.
Exit.

RICHARD: Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grievèd heart. Thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banished years
Plucked four away. [to Bolingbroke] Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

BOLINGBROKE: 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 of 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-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night.

RICHARD: Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

GAUNT: But not a minute, King, that thou canst give.
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow.

RICHARD: Thy son is banished upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave.
Why at our justice seem’st thou then to lour?

GAUNT: Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urged 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 should have been more mild.
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroyed.
Alas, I looked 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.

RICHARD: Cousin, farewell, and uncle, bid him so.
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

Flourish. Exeunt [all but GAUNT and BOLINGBROKE]

GAUNT: O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words
that thou return’st no greeting to thy friends?

BOLINGBROKE: I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue’s office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to Grief?

GAUNT: Teach thy necessity to reason thus:
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the King did banish thee,
But thou the King.
Look what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou goest, not whence thou com’st.
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread’st the presence strewed,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance;
For gnarling Sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

BOLINGBROKE: O, 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?
O no, the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

GAUNT: Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way.
    Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

BOLINGBROKE: Then England's ground, farewell! Sweet soil, adieu –
    My mother and my nurse that bears me yet!
    Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
    Though banished, yet a true-born Englishman.

Exeunt omnes

2.1

Enter GAUNT, sick, with Duke of YORK

GAUNT: Will the King come that I may breathe my last
    In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?

YORK: Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath,
    For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

GAUNT: O, but they say the tongues of dying men
    Enforce 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
    Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
    My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

YORK: No, it is stopped with other, flatt'ring sounds,
    As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond.
    Lascivious metres to whose venom sound
    The open ear of youth doth always listen;
    Then all too late comes Counsel to be heard,
    Where Will doth mutiny with Wit's regard.
    Direct not him whose way himself will choose.
    'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

GAUNT: Methinks I am a prophet new inspired,
    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;
    With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder.
    Light vanity, insatiable cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this sceptred 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,
This blessèd plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renownèd for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out – I die pronouncing it –
Like to a tenement or pelting farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of wat’ry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds.
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 ensuing death!

Enter RICHARD, AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY.

YORK: The King is come. Deal mildly with his youth,
For young hot colts, being raged, do rage the more.

RICHARD: How fares our noble uncle Lancaster?
What comfort, man? How is’t with agèd Gaunt?

GAUNT: O, 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 watched;
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 hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits naught but bones.

RICHARD: 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.

RICHARD: Should dying men flatter with those that live?

GAUNT: No, no, living men flatter those that die.

RICHARD: Thou, now a-dying, sayest thou flatterest me.

GAUNT: O no, thou diest, though I the sicker be.

RICHARD: I am in health, I breathe, and 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 deathbed is no lesser than thy land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Committ’st 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, encagèd in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
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 state of law is bondsclave to the law,
And thou –

RICHARD: A lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague’s privilege!
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence?
Now by my seat’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 unreverent shoulders!

GAUNT: O, spare me not, my brother Edward’s son,
   For that I was his father Edward’s son.
Join with the present sickness that I have,
   And thy unkindness be like crooked Age,
To crop at once a too long withered 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

RICHARD: And let them die that age and sullens have,
   For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

YORK: I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
   To wayward sickliness and age in him.
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
   As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

RICHARD: Right, you say true. As Hereford’s love, so his;
   As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

   Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

NORTHUMBERLAND: My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

RICHARD: What says he?

NORTHUMBERLAND: 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.

RICHARD: 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:
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
   The plate, coin, revenues and movables
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possessed.

YORK: How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?  
Not Gloucester’s death, nor Hereford’s banishment,  
Nor Gaunt’s rebukes, nor England’s private wrongs,  
nor my own disgrace  
Have ever made me sour 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.  
But when he frowned 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.  
O, Richard, York is too far gone with grief,  
Or else he never would compare between –

RICHARD: Why uncle, what’s the matter?

YORK:  
O my liege,

Pardon me if you please; if not, I, pleased  
Not to be pardoned, am content withal.  
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands  
The royalties and rights of banished Hereford?  
Is Gaunt not 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 Time  
His charters and his customary rights;  
Let not tomorrow then ensue today;  
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,  
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,  
You lose a thousand well-disposèd hearts  
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts  
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

RICHARD: Think what you will, we seize into our hands  
His plate, his goods, his money and his lands.

YORK: I’ll not be by the while. My liege, farewell.  
What will ensue hereof there’s none can tell.  

Exit.

RICHARD:
Tomorrow 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 loved us well.
Tomorrow must we part.
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Flourish. Exeunt all but NORTHUMBERLAND and ROSS.

NORTHUMBERLAND: Well, m’lord, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

ROSS: And living too, for now his son is duke.
    Barely in title, not in revenues.

NORTHUMBERLAND: Richly in both, if justice had her right.

ROSS: My heart is great, but it must break with silence
    Ere’t be disburdened with a liberal tongue.

NORTHUMBERLAND: Nay, speak thy mind, and let him ne’er speak more
    That speaks thy words again to do thee harm.
    Tends that that thou wouldst 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.

ROSS: No good at all that I can do for him,
    Unless you call it good to pity him,
    Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

NORTHUMBERLAND: 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.

ROSS: The commons hath he pilled with grievous taxes,
    And quite lost their hearts. The nobles hath he fined
    For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
    And daily new exactions are devised,
    But what, a’ God’s name, doth become of this?

NORTHUMBERLAND: The King’s grown bankrupt like a broken man.
    Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.
    Most degenerate King!
But, m’lord, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm.

ROSS: We see the very wreck that we must suffer,
And unavowed is the danger now
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

NORTHUMBERLAND: 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.

ROSS: Nay, let me share thy thoughts, as thou dost mine.
Thy words are but as thoughts. Therefore be bold.

NORTHUMBERLAND: Then thus, I have from Port le Blanc,
A bay in Brittaine, received intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford,
With eight tall ships and three thousand men of war,
Is making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly means to touch our northern shore.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our dropping country’s broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemis hed crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre’s gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh.
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

ROSS: To horse, to horse! Urge doubts to them that fear.

Exeunt.

3.2


AUMERLE: How brooks your grace the air
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

RICHARD: Needs must I like it well. I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
[He touches the ground]
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 favours with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign’s foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense,
But let thy spiders that suck up thy venom
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower
Guard it I pray thee with a lurking adder
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign’s enemies.
Mock not my sensless conjuration, lords.
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armèd soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion’s arms.

CARLISLE: Fear not, my lord. That Power that made you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.

AUMERLE: He means, my lord, that we are too remiss,
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in power.

RICHARD: Discomfortable cousin, know’st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
In murders and in outrage boldly 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 sins,
The cloak of night being plucked from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So, when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revelled in the night
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit 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 pressed
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.

Enter SCROOP

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?

SCROOP: Nor near nor farther 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 me, noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
O, call back yesterday, bid Time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
Today, today, 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, dispersed and fled.

AUMERLE: Comfort, my liege. Why looks your grace so pale?

RICHARD: 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 souls that will be safe, fly from my side,
For Time hath set a blot upon my pride.

AUMERLE: Comfort, my liege. Remember who you are.

RICHARD: I had forgot myself. Am I not king?
    Awake, thou sluggard Majesty, thou sleepest!
Is not the King’s name twenty 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
Hath power enough to serve our turn.

SCROOP: More health and happiness betide my liege
    Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him.

RICHARD: Mine ear is open and my heart prepared.
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 and decay:
The worst is death, and Death will have his day.

SCROOP: Glad am I that your highness is so armed
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores
As if the world were all dissolved to tears,
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.
Both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

RICHARD: Too well, too well thou tell’st a tale so ill.

AUMERLE: Where is the Duke my father with his power?

RICHARD: 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 choose executors and talk of wills.
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath
Save our deposèd bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke’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.
[sitting] For God’s sake let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings –
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed –
All murdered. For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be feared and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable; and humoured thus,
Comes at the last and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell, 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 with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends. Subjected thus,
How can you say to me I am a king?

AUMERLE: My father hath a power. Enquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

RICHARD: [standing] Thou chid’st me well. Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

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 tell.
I play the torturer by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your uncle York is joined with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

RICHARD: Thou has said enough.
[to AUMERLE] Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
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 slave, 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.
AUMERLE: My liege, one word.

RICHARD: 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

3.3

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, [and soldiers] with drums and colours

BOLINGBROKE: So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispersed, and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.

NORTHUMBERLAND: The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

YORK: It would beseem the Lord Northumberland
To say ‘King Richard’. Alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head.

NORTHUMBERLAND: 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,
For taking so the head, your whole head’s length.

Enter HOTSPUR.

BOLINGBROKE: But who comes here?
Welcome, Harry. What, will not this castle yield?

HOTSPUR: The castle royally is manned, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

BOLINGBROKE: Royally?
Why? It contains no king.

HOTSPUR: Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king. King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone,
And with him are the Lord Aumerle and
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence – who, I cannot learn.

NORTHUMBERLAND: O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

BOLINGBROKE: [to NORTHUMBERLAND] Noble lord,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley
Into his ruined ears, and thus deliver:
Henry 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 repealed
And lands restored again be freely granted.
If not, I’ll use the advantage of my power
And lay the summer’s dust with showers of blood
Rained from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen –
Go signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

NORTHUMBERLAND and a trumpeter advance to the walls.

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, whilst on the earth I rain
My waters – on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

The trumpets sound a parley without and an answer within; then a flourish. RICHARD appeareth on the walls, with CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.

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 track
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

YORK: Yet looks he like a king.
Alack, alack for woe
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

RICHARD: [to NORTHUMBERLAND] We are amazed, and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
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, show us the hand of God
That hath dismissed us from our stewardship;
For well we know no hand of blood and bone
Can grip the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, 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 mustering in His clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike
Your children, yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke – for yon methinks he stands –
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason. He is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mother’s sons
Shall ill become the flower of England’s face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastor’s grass with faithful English blood.

NORTHUMBERLAND: [kneeling]
Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the buried 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 further scope
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees;
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbéd steeds to stables and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince and just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

RICHARD: 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.

[NORTHUMBERLAND and the trumpeter return to BOLINGBROKE]

[to AUMERLE] We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not,
   To look so poorly and to speak so fair?
   Shall we call back Northumberland and send
   Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

AUMERLE: No, good my lord. Let’s fight with gentle words
   Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

RICHARD: O, 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!

[NORTHUMBERLAND advances to the walls]

AUMERLE: Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

RICHARD: What must the King do now? Must he submit?
   The King shall do it. Must he be deposed?
   The King shall be contented. Must he lose
   The name of King? I’God’s name, let it go.
   I’ll give my jewels for a set of beads,
   My gorgeous apparel for an almsman’s gown,
   My figured goblets for a dish of wood,
   My sceptre for a palmer’s walking staff,
   My subjects for a pair of carvéd saints,
   And my large kingdom for a little grave,
   Or I’ll be buried 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 buried once, why not upon my head?
   Aumerle, thou weep’st, my tender-hearted cousin!
   We’ll make foul weather with despisèd tears,
   Till they have fretted upon us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid, there lies
Two kinsmen digged their graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see
I talk but idly and you laugh at me.
[to NORTHUMBERLAND] 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.’

NORTHUMBERLAND: My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you. May it please you to come down?

RICHARD: Down, down I come, like glist’ring Phaëton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the base court? Base court where kings grow base
To come at traitors’ calls and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down court, down king!
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.

[Exeunt RICHARD and his party. NORTHUMBERLAND returns to BOLINGBROKE]

BOLINGBROKE: What says his majesty?
Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.

He kneels down.

My gracious lord.

RICHARD: Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
To make the base earth proud with kissing it.
Me rather had my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.
Up cousin, up. Your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

BOLINGBROKE: My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

RICHARD: Your own is yours, and I am yours and all.

BOLINGBROKE: So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

RICHARD: Well you deserve. They well deserve to have
That know the strong’st and surest way to get!
BOLINGBROKE rises.

[to YORK] Uncle, give me your hands. Nay, dry your eyes.
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.
[to BOLINGBROKE] 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 must what force will have us do.
Set on towards London, cousin: is it so?

BOLINGBROKE: Yea, my good lord.

RICHARD: Then I must not say no.

Flourish. Exeunt.

4.1

YORK: Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-plucked Richard, who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

BOLINGBROKE: In God’s name I’ll ascend the regal throne.

NORTHUMBERLAND: May it please you, lords, to grant the commons’ suit?

BOLINGBROKE: Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender. So we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

YORK: I will be his conduct. Exit.

BOLINGBROKE: Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.
Little are we beholding to your love,
And little looked for at your helping hands.

Enter RICHARD and YORK with attendants bearing the crown and sceptre.

RICHARD: Alack, why am I sent for to a king
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reigned? I hardly yet have learned
To insinuate, flatter, bow and bend my knee.
Give Sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men. Were they not mine?
Did they not sometimes 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 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.

RICHARD: [to YORK] Give me the crown.
[to BOLINGBROKE] Here, cousin, seize the crown. Here, cousin,
On this side my hand, and on that side thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets, filling one another,
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 you mount up on high.

BOLINGBROKE: I thought you had been willing to resign.

RICHARD: 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.

BOLINGBROKE: Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

RICHARD: Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss 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 stay.

BOLINGBROKE: Are you contented to resign the crown?

RICHARD: 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 weighty crown from off my head,
BOLINGBROKE accepts the crown

And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,

BOLINGBROKE accepts the sceptre

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 foreswear;
My manors, rents, revenues I forgo;
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me;
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee.
Long mayst thou live in Richard’s seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
‘God save King Henry,’ unkinged Richard says,
‘And send him many years of sunshine days.’ –
What more remains?

NORTHUMBERLAND: [giving RICHARD papers]

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 deposed.

RICHARD: Must I do so? And must I ravel out
My weaved-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 wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article
Containing the deposing of a king
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Marked with a blot, damned in the book of heaven.
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity, yet you Pilates
Have here delivered me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

NORTHUMBERLAND: My lord, dispatch. Read o’er these articles.
RICHARD: 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
    T’undeck the pompous body of a king,
    Made Glory base and Sovereignty a slave,
    Proud Majesty a subject, State a peasant.

NORTHUMBERLAND: My lord –

RICHARD: No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
    Nor no man’s lord! I have no name, no title –
    No, not that name was given me at the font –
    But ’tis usurped. Alack the heavy day,
    That I have worn so many winters out
    And know not now what name to call myself.
    O, 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,
    Let it command a mirror hither straight,
    That it may show me what a face I have,
    Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

BOLINGBROKE: Go, some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

Exit [one or more]

NORTHUMBERLAND: Read o’er this paper while the glass doth come.

RICHARD: Fiend, thou torments me ere I come to hell!

BOLINGBROKE: Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

NORTHUMBERLAND: The commons will not then be satisfied.

RICHARD: 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.

Enter one with a glass
Give me that glass, and therein will I read.

*RICHARD takes the glass and looks into it.*

No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath Sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine
And made no deeper wounds? O, flatt’ring 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?
Is this the face which faced so many follies,
That was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face –
As brittle as the glory is the face!

*He shatters the glass*

For there it is, cracked in an hundred shivers.
Mark, silent King, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.

**BOLINGBROKE:** The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed
The shadow of your face.

**RICHARD:** 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 laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured 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?

**BOLINGBROKE:** Name it, fair cousin.

**RICHARD:** ‘Fair cousin’? I am greater than a king;
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects. Being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
BOLINGBROKE: Yet ask.

RICHARD: And shall I have?

BOLINGBROKE: You shall.

RICHARD: Then give me leave to go.

BOLINGBROKE: Whither?

RICHARD: Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

BOLINGBROKE: Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

RICHARDL O good – ‘Convey’! Conveyors are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king’s fall.

Exit, guarded.

Exeunt omnes

5.4

Enter Sir Piers EXTON, and MEN.

EXTON: Didst thou not mark the King, what words he spake:
‘Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?’
Was it not so?
‘Have I no friend?’ quoth he. He spake it twice,
And urged it twice together, did he not?
And speaking it, he wishfully looked 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.

Exeunt

5.5

Enter RICHARD, alone.

RICHARD: 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’t 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,
For no thought is contented.

Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of Fortune’s slaves,
Nor shall not be the last
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.

Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I king;
Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am. Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I kinged again, and by and by
Think that I am unkinged by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing. But whate’er I be,
Nor I nor any man that but man is
With nothing shall be pleased till he be eased
With being nothing.

Music plays

Music do I hear?
Ha, ha, keep time! How sour sweet music is
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So it is in the music of men’s lives.
I wasted time, and now doth Time waste me;
For now hath Time made me his numb’ring clock.
Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is
Are clamourous groans which strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell. So sighs, and tears, and groans
Show minutes, times, and hours. But my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke’s proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his jack o’ the clock.
This music mads me! Let it sound no more;
For though it have holp madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.

Music stops

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 KEEPER to RICHARD, with meat.
KEEPER: My lord, will’t please you to fall to?

RICHARD: Taste of it first, as thou art want to do.

KEEPER: My lord, I dare not. Sir Piers of Exton, who lately
    Came from the King, commands the contrary.

RICHARD: The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!
    Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. \[Attacks KEEPER\]

KEEPER: Help, help, help!

\textbf{EXTON and his men rush in.}

RICHARD: How, now! What means Death in this rude assault?

\begin{quote}
    He seizes a weapon from a man, and kills him
\end{quote}

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death’s instrument.

\begin{quote}
    He kills another
\end{quote}

Go thou, and fill another room in hell!

\begin{quote}
    Here EXTON strikes him down.
\end{quote}

RICHARD: That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
    That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand
    Hath with the King’s blood stained the King’s own land.
    Mount, mount, my soul! Thy seat is up on high,
    Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. \[He dies.\]

\textit{Exit EXTON, with RICHARD’s body, one way, and the rest the other.}

5.6

\textit{Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE with YORK and HOTSPUR.}

BOLINGBROKE: Can no man tell me 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 God, my lords, he might be found.
    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,
Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.

HOTSPUR: My lord, some two days since I saw the Prince,
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

BOLINGBROKE: And what said the gallant?

HOTSPUR: His answer was he would unto the stews,
And from the common’st creature pluck a glove
And wear it as a favour, and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

BOLINGBROKE: As dissolute as desp’rate! Yet through both
I see some sparks of better hope, which elder years
May happily bring forth.

Enter EXTON, carrying a coffin.

EXTON: Great King, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear. Herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

BOLINGBROKE: Exton, I thank thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander with thy fatal hand
Upon my head and all this famous land.

EXTON: From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

BOLINGBROKE: They love not poison that do poison need;
Nor do I thee. Though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murderèd.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour.

Exeunt EXTON and his men

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 a sullen black incontinent.
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, with coffin.*

**Henry IV, Part One**

1.1

*Enter HENRY, Prince John of LANCASTER, Earl of WESTMORLAND, with others.*

HENRY: So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
    Find we a time for frightened peace to pant
    And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
    To be commenced in strands far remote.
No more the thirst entrance of this soil
    Shall daub her lips with her own children’s blood;
Those opposèd 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-beseeming ranks
March all one way and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies.
Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulcher of Christ
    Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers’ womb
    To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blessèd feet,
    Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now is twelve month old,
    And bootless ‘tis to tell you we will go.
Therefor we meet not now. – Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmorland,
What yesternight our Council did decree
In forwarding this dear experience.

WESTMORLAND: My liege, this haste was hot in question,
    And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight, 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,
HENRY: It seems then that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

WESTMORLAND: This matched with other did, my gracious lord,
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import:
On Holy Rood Day the gallant Hotspur there
(Young Harry Percy) and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Humbleton met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody hour,
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balked in their own blood.
Of prisoners Hotspur took
Murdoch, Earl of Fife and eldest son
To beaten Douglas, and the Earl of Atholl,

HENRY: And is this not an honourable spoil,
A gallant prize? Ha, cousin, is it not?

WESTMORLAND: In faith, it is; a conquest for a prince to boast of.

HENRY: Yea, there thou mak’st me sad and mak’st me sin
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,
A son who is the theme of honour’s tongue,
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle clothes our children where they lay,
And called 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? The prisoners
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word
I shall have none but Murdoch, Earl of Fife.

WESTMORLAND: This is his uncle’s teaching.

HENRY: But I have sent for him to answer this,
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

WESTMORLAND: I will, my liege.
Exeunt omnes.

1.2

Enter HAL and Sir John FALSTAFF.

FALSTAFF: Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

HAL: Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten 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 sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

FALSTAFF: Indeed you come near me now, Hal. I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art a king, as God save thy grace – ‘majesty’, I should say, for grace thou wilt have not –

HAL: What, none?

FALSTAFF: No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

HAL: Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

FALSTAFF: Marry then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night’s body be called thieves of the day’s beauty. Let men say we be of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

HAL: Thou sayst 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 governed, as the see is, by the moon.

FALSTAFF: By the Lord, thou sayst true, lad - but I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

HAL: No, thou shalt.

FALSTAFF: Shall I? O, rare! By the Lord, I shall be a brave judge!

HAL: Thou judgest false already. I meant thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.

FALSTAFF: Well, Hal, well, and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

HAL: For the obtaining of suits?
FALSTAFF: Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. But Hal, I prithee 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 marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely and in the street too.

HAL: Thou didst well, for wisdom cries out in the streets and no man regards it.

FALSTAFF: O, thou hast damnable iteration and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked.

HAL: Where shall we take a purse tomorrow, Jack?

FALSTAFF: Zounds, where thou wilt, lad. I’ll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

HAL: I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purse-taking.

FALSTAFF: Why, Hal, ‘tis my vocation, Hal; ‘tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

HAL: Well, come what will, I’ll tarry at home.

FALSTAFF: By the Lord, I’ll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

HAL: I care not.

POINS: Sir John, I prithee leave the Prince and me alone. I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

FALSTAFF: Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting. Farewell. You shall find me in Eastcheap.

HAL: Farewell, the latter spring; farewell, All-hallown summer.

Exit FALSTAFF

HAL: I know you all, and will awhile uphold The unyoked humour of your idleness. Yet herein will I imitate the sun, Who doth permit the base 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. So when this loose behaviour I throw off
And pay the debt I never promisèd,
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 show 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.

Exeunt

1.3

Enter HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, Sir Walter BLOUNT, with others

HENRY: My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
    Unapt 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 lost that title of respect.

WORCESTER: Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
    The scourge of greatness to be used on it,
    And that same greatness, too, which our own hands
    Have holp to make so portly.

NORTHUMBERLAND: [to HENRY] My lord –

HENRY: Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
    Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
    When we need
    Your use and counsel we shall send for you.

Exit WORCESTER

[to NORTHUMBERLAND] You were about to speak.

NORTHUMBERLAND:
    Those prisoners in your highness’ name demanded,
    Which Harry Percy here at Humbleton took,
    Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
    As is delivered to your majesty.
    Either envy, therefore, or misprision
    Is guilty of this fault and not my son.
HOTSPUR: My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
   But I remember, when the fight was done,
   Came there a certain lord.
   He questioned me, amongst the rest demanded
   My prisoners in your majesty’s behalf.
   I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
   To be so pestered with a popinjay,
   Out of my grief and my impatience
   Answered neglectingly, I know not what –
   He should or he should not – for he made me mad
   To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet
   And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman
   Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God save the mark!
   This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
   I answered indirectly, as I said,
   And I beseech you, let not his report
   Come current for an accusation
   Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

NORTHUMBERLAND: [to HENRY] The circumstance considered, good my lord,
   Whate’er Lord 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.

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 willfully betrayed
   The lives of those that he did lead to fight
   Against that great magician, damned Glendower,
   Whose daughter, as we hear, that Earl of March
   Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
   Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
   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.

HOTSPUR: ‘Revolted Mortimer’!
   He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
   But by the chance of war. To prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those 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.  
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 not him be slandered with revolt.

HENRY: Thou dost belie him, Percy; thou dost belie him.  
He never did encounter with Glendower.  
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth  
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.  
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.  
[to HOTSPUR] Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

Exit HENRY and remaining courtiers. Manet HOTSPUR and NORTHUMBERLAND.

HOTSPUR: An 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,  
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

NORTHUMBERLAND: What, drunk with choler? Stay and pause a while.

Enter WORCESTER  
Here comes your uncle.

HOTSPUR: ‘Speak of Mortimer’?  
Zounds, 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 in the dust,  
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer  
As high in the air as this unthankful King,  
As this ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke.

NORTHUMBERLAND: [to WORCESTER] Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.

WORCESTER: Who struck this heat up after I was gone?
HOTSPUR: He will forsooth have all my prisoners;  
And when I urged the ransom once again  
Of my wife’s brother, then his cheek looked pale  
And on my face he turned an eye of death,  
Trembling even at the name of ‘Mortimer’.

WORCESTER: I cannot blame him: was not he proclaimed  
By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

NORTHUMBERLAND: 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 deposed and shortly murderèd.

WORCESTER: And for whose death we in the world’s wide mouth  
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

HOTSPUR: But soft, I pray you; did King Richard then  
Proclaim my brother, Edmund Mortimer,  
Heir to the crown?

NORTHUMBERLAND: He did; myself did hear it.

HOTSPUR: Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin King  
That wished him on the barren mountains starve.  
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 murderous subordination – shall it be  
That you a world of curses 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 show the line and the predicament  
Wherein you range under this subtle King!  
Shall it for shame be spoke in these days,  
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your nobility and power  
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 fooled, discarded and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No! Yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banished honours and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdained 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 –

WORCESTER: Peace, cousin, say no more.

NORTHUMBERLAND: [to WORCESTER] Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

HOTSPUR: By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
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 corrrival, all her dignities.
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

WORCESTER: [to NORTHUMBERLAND] He apprehends a world of figures here
But not the form of what he should attend.
[to HOTSPUR] Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

HOTSPUR: I cry you mercy.

WORCESTER: Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners –

HOTSPUR: I’ll keep them all.
By God, he shall not have a scot of them;
No, if a scot would save his soul he shall not.
I’ll keep them, by this hand.

WORCESTER: You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

HOTSPUR: Nay, I will; that’s flat.
He said he would not ransom Mortimer,
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I’ll holler ‘Mortimer!’
Nay, I’ll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but ‘Mortimer’ and give it him
To keep his anger still in motion.

WORCESTER: Hear you, cousin, a word.

HOTSPUR: All studies here I solemnly defy,
   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 would have him poisoned with a pot of ale).

WORCESTER: Farewell, kinsman. I’ll talk to you
   When you are better tempered to attend.

NORTHUMBERLAND: [to HOTSPUR] 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!

HOTSPUR: Why, look you, I am whipped and scourged with rods,
   When I hear
   Of this vile politician Bolingbroke.
   In Richard’s time – what do you call the place?
   A plague upon it. It is in Gloucestershire.
   ‘Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
   His uncle York, where I first bowed my knee
   Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke.
   ‘Sblood, when you and he came back from Ravenspur.

NORTHUMBERLAND: At Berkeley castle?

HOTSPUR: You say true.
   Why, what a candy 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;
   I have done.

WORCESTER: Nay, if you have not, to it again;
   We will stay your leisure.
HOTSPUR: I have done, i’faith.

WORCESTER: Then once more to your Scottish prisoners. Deliver them up without their ransom straight, And make the Douglas’ son your only mean For power in Scotland, which, for divers reasons, Which I shall send you written, be assured Will easily be granted.

HOTSPUR: I smell it. Upon my life, it will do well.

NORTHUMBERLAND: Before the game is afoot thou still let’st slip.

HOTSPUR: Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot – And then the power of Scotland To join with Mortimer, ha?

WORCESTER: And so they shall.

HOTSPUR: In faith, it is exceedingly well aimed.

WORCESTER: 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 unsatisfied, 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.

HOTSPUR: He does; he does. We’ll be revenged on him.

WORCESTER: Cousin, farewell. No further go in this Than I by letters shall direct your course.

NORTHUMBERLAND: Farewell, good brother. We shall thrive, I trust.

HOTSPUR: [to WORCESTER] Uncle, adieu. O, let the hours be short Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport! Exeunt omnes

2.4

Enter HAL

HAL: Ned, prithee come out of that fat room and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.
Enter POINS

POINS: Where hast thou been, Hal?

HAL: With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very bass string of humility. Sirrah, I am a sworn brother to a leash of drawers and can call them all by their Christian names, as Tom, Dick and Francis. They take it already, upon their salvation, that, though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy, and 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 Eastcheap. 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.

Enter VINTNER.

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

HAL: Let them alone awhile and then open the door. Exit VINTNER.

Poins! 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 coming match have you made with this jest of the drawer? Come, what’s the issue?

HAL: I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of Goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o’clock at midnight. I am not yet of Percy’s mind, the Hotspur 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, ‘Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.’ ‘O my sweet Harry,’ says she, ‘how many hast thou killed today?’ ‘Give my roan horse a drench,’ says he, and answers, ‘Some fourteen,’ an hour after, ‘a trifle, a trifle’. I prithee, call in Falstaff. I’ll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife.

Enter FALSTAFF, BARDOLL, and PETO, followed by VINTNER carrying wine.

POINS: Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

FALSTAFF: 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 sew netherstocks and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards. – Give me a cup of sack, rogue. – Is there no virtue extant?

VINTNER hands FALSTAFF a cup and he drinketh

FALSTAFF: [to VINTNER] You rogue, here’s lime in this sack too. – There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man, yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack 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 lives 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. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

HAL: How now, woolsack, what mutter you?

FALSTAFF: 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!

HAL: Why, you whoreson round man, what’s the matter?

FALSTAFF: Are not you a coward? Answer me to that. And Poins there?

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

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

HAL: O villain, thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

FALSTAFF: All is one for that. [He drinketh] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

HAL: What’s the matter?

FALSTAFF: What’s the matter? There be four of us here have ta’en a thousand pound this day morning.

HAL: Where is it, Jack? Where is it?

FALSTAFF: Where is it? Taken from us it is. A hundred upon poor four of us.

HAL: What, a hundred, man?

FALSTAFF: I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them, two hours together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hacked like a handsaw. I never dealt better since I was a man. [indicates PETO, GADSHILL, and BARDOLL] Let them speak. If they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

HAL: Speak, sirs, how was it?

BARDOLL: We four set upon some dozen –
FALSTAFF: [to HAL] Sixteen at least, my lord.

BARDOLL: And bound them.

PETO: No, no, they were not bound.

FALSTAFF: You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else.

BARDOLL: As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us.

FALSTAFF: And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

HAL: What, fought you with them all?

FALSTAFF: 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 I am no two-legged creature.

HAL: Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

FALSTAFF: Nay, that’s past praying for. I have peppered two of them. Two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

HAL: What, four? Thou saidst but two even now.

FALSTAFF: Four, Hal; I told thee four.

POINS: Ay, ay, he said four.

FALSTAFF: These four came all affront and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

HAL: Seven? Why, there were but four even now.

FALSTAFF: In buckram?

POINS: Ay, four in buckram suits.

FALSTAFF: Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

HAL: [to POINS] Prithee, let him alone. We shall have more anon.

FALSTAFF: Dost thou hear me, Hal?
HAL: Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

FALSTAFF: Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of –

HAL: So, two more already.

FALSTAFF: Their points being broken –

POINS: Down fell their hose.

FALSTAFF: Began to give me ground, but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

HAL: O monstrous! Eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FALSTAFF: 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.

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

FALSTAFF: What, art thou mad? Art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

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

POINS: Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FALSTAFF: What, upon compulsion? Zounds, an I were 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 plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

HAL: I’ll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh –

FALSTAFF: ‘Sblood, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat’s tongue, you bull’s pizzle, you stock-fish! O, for breath to utter what is like thee! You tailor’s yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck –

HAL: Well, breathe awhile and then to it again, and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

POINS: Mark, Jack.

HAL: We two saw you four set on four, and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it, yea, and
can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

POINS: Come, let’s hear, Jack. What trick hast thou now?

FALSTAFF: By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules, but beware instinct. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. 

[calls] Hostess, clap to the doors. Watch tonight; pray tomorrow. – Gallants, lads, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

HAL: Content, and the argument shall be thy running away.

FALSTAFF: Ah, no more of that, Hal, as thou lovrest me.

Enter MISTRESS Quickly.

MISTRESS: O Jesu, my lord the Prince!

HAL: How now, my lady the hostess; what sayst thou to me?

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

HAL: Give him as much as will make him a royal man and send him back again to my mother.

FALSTAFF: What manner of man is he?

MISTRESS: An old man.

FALSTAFF: What doth Gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

HAL: Prithee do, Jack.

FALSTAFF: Faith, and I’ll send him packing.

Exit.

HAL: Now, sirs: tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff’s sword so hacked?

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

BARDOLL: Yea, and to tickle our noses with speargrass to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men.
HAL: O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran’st away. What instinct hadst thou for it?

Enter FALSTAFF

Here comes lean Jack; here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is’t ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

FALSTAFF: 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. There’s villainous news abroad. Here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must go to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales that gave Amaimon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook – what a plague call you him?

POINS: Owen Glendower.

FALSTAFF: Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots Douglas, that runs a-horseback up a hill perpendicular – and one Murdoch, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away tonight. Thy father’s beard is turned white with the news. Tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? 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?

HAL: Not a whit, I’faith. I lack some of thy ‘instinct’.

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

HAL: Do thou stand for my father and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FALSTAFF: Shall I? Content. This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre and this cushion my crown.

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

FALSTAFF: Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept, for I must speak in passion.

HAL: Well, here is my leg.

FALSTAFF: And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.
MISTRESS: O Jesu, this is excellent sport, I’faith.

FALSTAFF: Weep not, sweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

MISTRESS: O the father, how he holds his countenance!

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

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

FALSTAFF: Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. – Harry, I do not only marvel where  
thou spendest thy time but also how thou art accompanied. 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 thou be son to me – here lies the point – why,  
being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses?  
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 oft  
noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

HAL: What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

FALSTAFF: A goodly, portly man, i’faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye  
and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age so fifty, or, by’r Lady, inclining to  
threescore. And now I remember me: his name is…

ALL: Falstaff!

FALSTAFF: If that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me, for, Harry, I see virtue in his  
looks. Him keep with; the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast  
thou been this month?

HAL: Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I’ll play my father.

FALSTAFF: Depose me? If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically both in word and matter,  
hang me up by the heels for a rabbit sucker or a poulter’s hare.

HAL: Well, here I am set.

FALSTAFF: And here I stand. – Judge, my masters.

HAL: Now, Harry, whence come you?
FALSTAFF: My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

HAL: The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FALSTAFF: ‘Sblood, my lord, they are false. – Nay, I’ll tickle ye for a young prince, i’faith.

HAL: 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 an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why doest thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that father Ruffian, that Vanity in years? Wherein is the good, but to taste sack 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?

FALSTAFF: I would your grace would take me with you. What means your grace?

HAL: That villainous, abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

FALSTAFF: My lord, the man I know.

HAL: I know thou dost.

FALSTAFF: 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 merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned. If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharoah’s lean kin are to be loved. No, my good lord, banish Peto, banish Bardoll, banish Poins, but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant being as he is old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry’s company. Banish plump Jack and banish all the world.

Loud knocking within. Exeunt BARDOLL and MISTRESS Quickly.

HAL: I do; I will.

Enter BARDOLL running.

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

FALSTAFF: Out, ye rogue! Play out the play. I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Enter MISTRESS Quickly

MISTRESS: O Jesu, my lord, my lord! The sheriff and all the watch are at the door. They are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?
FALSTAFF: Dost thou hear, Hal? Never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit. Thou art essentially made without seeming so.

HAL: And thou a natural coward without instinct.

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

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

FALSTAFF: Both which I have had, but their date is out; and therefore I’ll hide me. [hides behind the arras]

HAL: This oily rascal is known as well as Paul’s.

PETO: [pulls back the arras] Falstaff! Fast asleep behind the arras and snorting like a horse.

HAL: Hark how hard he fetches breath. 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 twelvescore. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning, and so good morrow, Peto.

PETO: Good morrow, good my lord.

HAL closes the arras, and exeunt omnes.

3.2

Enter HENRY, HAL, and others.

HENRY: Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I must have Some private conference.

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
Make me believe that thou art only marked
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society
As thou art matched withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

HAL: So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal.
Yet such extenuation let me beg
As, in reproof of many great tales devised
(Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear),
By smiling pickthanks and base newsmongers,
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandered and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

HENRY: God pardon thee! Yet let me wonder, Harry,
As 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 supplied,
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 ruined, and the soul of every man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackneyed in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept 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 wondered at,
That men would tell their children ‘This is he!’
Others would say, ‘Where? Which is Bolingbroke?’
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven
And dressed 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,
Ne’er seen but wondered at; and so my state,
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 cap’ring fools,
Had his great name profanèd wit
Their scorns,
And gave his countenance against his name
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoffed himself to popularity,
That, being daily swallowed by men’s eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loath 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 cuckoo 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 sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes,
But rather drowsed and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou,
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation. Not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more,
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

HAL: I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

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;
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swaddling-clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas; ta’en him once,
Enlargèd 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,
Douglas, and 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 nearest and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough,
To fight against me under Percy’s pay,
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

HAL: Do not think so. You shall not find it so;
And God forgive them that so much have swayed
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 washed away shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene’er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praisèd knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
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 slightest 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 pleased 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 bonds,
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

HENRY: A hundred thousand rebels die in this.
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.
Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS, talking. Enter MESSENGER with letters.

HOTSPUR: What letters hast thou there?

MESSENGER: These letters come from your father.

HOTSPUR: Letters from him? Why comes he not himself?

MESSENGER: He cannot come, my lord. He is grievous sick.

HOTSPUR: Zounds, how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a jostling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

MESSENGER: His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

WORCESTER: I prithee, tell me: doth he keep his bed?

MESSENGER: He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much feared by his physicians.

WORCESTER: 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.

HOTSPUR: Sick now? Droop now? This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise.
‘Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
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 removed but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement
That with our small conjunction we should on
To see how fortune is disposed to us,
For, as he writes, ‘there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possessed
Of all our purposes’. What say you to it?

WORCESTER: Your father’s sickness is a maim to us.
HOTSPUR: A perilous gash, a very limb lopped off.
   And yet, in faith, it is not.
   Were it good
   To set the exact wealth of all our states
   All at one cast.
   It were not good, for therein should we read
   The very bottom and the soul of hope,
   The very list, the very utmost bound
   Of all our fortunes.

DOUGLAS: Faith, and so we should,
   Where now remains a sweet reversion:
   We may boldly spend upon the hope of what is to come in.

WORCESTER: But yet I would your father had been here.
   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.
   This absence of your father’s draws a curtain
   That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
   Before not dreamt of.

HOTSPUR: 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 enterprise,
   Than if the Earl were here; for men must think
   If we without his help can make a head
   To push against a kingdom, with his help
   We shall o’erturn it topsy-turvy down.

Enter Sir Richard VERNON

HOTSPUR: My cousin Vernon! Welcome, by my soul.

VERNON: Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
   I have learned
   The King himself in person is set forth,
   Or hitherwards intended speedily,
   With strong and mighty preparation.
HOTSPUR: Where is his son,
    The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
    And his comrades that daffed the world aside
    And bid it pass?

VERNON: I saw young Harry with his beaver on,
    His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,
    Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
    And vaulted with such ease into his seat
    As if an angel dropped down from the clouds
    To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
    And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

HOTSPUR: Let them come!
    They come like sacrifices in their trim,
    And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war
    All hot and bleeding will we offer them.
    The mailèd Mars shall on his altar sit
    Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
    To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
    And yet not ours! Come, let me taste my horse,
    Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
    Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales.
    Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
    Meet and ne’er part till one drop down a corpse.
    What may the King’s whole battle reach unto?

VERNON: To thirty thousand.

HOTSPUR: 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.
    Doomsday is near. Die all; die merrily.

Exeunt omnes

5.1

Enter HENRY, HAL, Lord John of LANCASTER, Sir Walter BLOUNT, and FALSTAFF

HENRY: How bloodily the sun begins to peer
    Above yon bulky hill. The day looks pale
    At his distemperature.

HAL: The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

HENRY: Then with the losers let it sympathize,  
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

The trumpet sounds.

Enter WORCESTER

How now, my lord of Worcester? ‘Tis not well  
That you and I should meet upon such terms  
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust  
And made us doff our easy robes of peace  
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel.  
What say you to it? 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 exhaled meteor,  
A prodigy of fear and a portent  
Of broachèd mischief to the unborn times?

WORCESTER: 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 protest  
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

HENRY: You have not sought it? How comes it, then?

WORCESTER: [to HENRY] It pleased 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  
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 swore our aid, but in short space
It rained down fortune show’ring on your head,  
And a flood of greatness fell on you –  
And from this swarm of fair advantages  
You took occasion to be quickly wooed  
To grip the general sway into your hand,  
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster  
And, being fed by us, you used us so  
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo’s bird,  
Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest,  
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk  
That even our love durst not come near your sight  
For fear of swallowing. But with nimble wing  
We were enforced for safety sake to fly  
Out of your sight and raise this present head  
Whereby we stand opposèd by such means  
As you yourself have forged against yourself  
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance  
And violation of all faith and troth  
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

HENRY: These things indeed you have articulate,  
Proclaimed at market crosses, read in churches,  
To face the garment of rebellion  
With some fine colour that may please the eye  
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,  
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,

HAL: In both your armies there is many a soul  
Shall pay most 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 enterprise 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:  
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.

HENRY: And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. – No, good Worcester, no.
We love our people well, even those we love
That are mislead 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

HAL: It will not be accepted, on my life,
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

HENRY: Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,
For on their answer will we set on them;
And God befriend us as our cause is just!

Exeunt all but HAL and FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF: Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and bestride me, so; ‘tis a point of friendship.

HAL: Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

FALSTAFF: I would ‘twere bedtime, Hal, and all well.


5.4

Alarum. Excursions. Enter HENRY, HAL, and LANCASTER..

HENRY: I prithee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed’st too much.
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

LANCASTER: Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

HAL: I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

HENRY: I will do so.
M’lord of Lancaster, lead him to his tent.

HAL: I do not need your help,
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from a field such as this,
Where stained nobility lies trodden on
And rebels’ arms triumph in massacres!

Exeunt HAL and LANCASTER.

Enter DOUGLAS

DOUGLAS: Another king! They grow like Hydra’s heads.
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit’st the person of a king?

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 assay thee; and defend thyself.

DOUGLAS: I fear thou art another counterfeit,
And yet, in faith, thou bearest 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 HAL.

HAL: Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again.
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth but means to pay. They fight.

Cheerly, my lord. How fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succor sent,
And so hath Clifton. I’ll to Clifton straight.

HENRY: Stay and breathe awhile.
Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion
And showed thou mak’st some tender of my life
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

HAL: O God, they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearkened 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 saved the treacherous labour of your son.

HENRY: Make up to Clifton; I’ll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. Exit.

Enter HOTSPUR

HOTSPUR: If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

HAL: Thou speak’st as if I would deny my name.

HOTSPUR: My name is Harry Percy.

HAL: Why then, I see
A very valiant rebel of the 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,
Nor can England brook a double reign
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

HOTSPUR: Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us, and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine.

HAL: 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.

HOTSPUR: I can no longer brook thy vanities. They fight.

Enter FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF: Well said, Hal! To it, Hal!

Enter DOUGLAS. He fighteth with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead.

Exit DOUGLAS
HAL killeth HOTSPUR

HOTSPUR: O Harry, thou hast robbed 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 thoughts, the slaves 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
Lies on my tongue. No, Percy, thou art dust
And food for -

He dies.

HAL: For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart.
   Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit
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 dear a show of zeal.
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 praises with thee to heaven.
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave
But not remembered in thy epitaph.

He Spieth FALSTAFF on the ground

What, old acquaintance! Could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell.
I could have better spared a better man.
Embowelled will I see thee by and by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

Exit.

FALSTAFF riseth up

FALSTAFF: Embowelled? If thou embowel me today, I’ll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, tomorrow. ‘Sblood, ‘twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me, scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am no counterfeit. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part I have saved my life. Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I’ll make him sure, yea, and I’ll swear I killed him. Why may
not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. [He stabs the body] Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

*He takes HOTSPUR on his back.*

*Enter HAL and LANCASTER*

LANCASTER: But soft; whom have we here? Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

HAL: I did; I saw him dead,
   Breathless and bleeding on the ground.
   [to FALSTAFF] Art thou alive, or is it fantasy
   That plays upon our eyesight? I prithee speak;
   We will not trust our eyes without our ears.
   Thou art not what thou seem’st.

FALSTAFF: No, that’s certain: I am not a double man. [He drops HOTSPUR’s body] But, if I be not Jack Falstaff, then I am a jack. There is Percy. 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.

HAL: Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

FALSTAFF: 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. I’ll take it upon my death I gave him this wound in the thigh. If the man were alive and would deny it, zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

LANCASTER: This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

HAL: This is the strangest fellow, brother John.
   [to FALSTAFF] Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back.
   For my part, if a lie may do thee grace
   I’ll guild it with the happiest terms I have.

   *A retreat is sounded*

   The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
   Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field
   To see what friends are living, who are dead.  

5.5

*The trumpets sound. Enter HENRY, HAL, LANCASTER, WESTMORLAND, with WORCESTER and VERNON prisoners.*

HENRY: Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
   Ill-spirited Worcester, did not we send grace,
   Pardon and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary,
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman’s trust?
Many a creature
Had been alive this hour
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

WORCESTER: What I have done my safety urged me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

HENRY: Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too.
Other offenders we will pause upon.

Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON under guard

How goes the field?

HAL: The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turned 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.

HENRY: With all my heart.

HAL: 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 valours shown upon our crests today
Have taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

LANCASTER: I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

HENRY: 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 omnes.
Some Sparks of Better Hope:
A Selection of Scenes from Shakespeare’s Richard II and Henry IV Part One

Dramatis Personae (in order of appearance)

Richard II

John of GAUNT
Duke of YORK
King RICHARD II
ROSS
NORTHUMBERLAND
Henry BOLINGBROKE

Henry IV Part One

Prince HAL
Ned POINS
Sir John FALSTAFF
PETO
MISTRESS Quickly
King HENRY IV, formerly Henry BOLINGBROKE

RII 2.1

Enter GAUNT, sick, with Duke of YORK

GAUNT: Will the King come that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?

YORK: Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath,
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

GAUNT: O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce 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
Though Richard my life’s counsel would not hear,
My death’s sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

YORK: No, it is stopped with other, flatt’ring sounds,
As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond.
Lascivious metres to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Then all too late comes Counsel to be heard,
Where Will doth mutiny with Wit’s regard.
Direct not him whose way himself will choose.
‘Tis breath thou lack’st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

GAUNT: Methinks I am a prophet new inspired,
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;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder.
Light vanity, insatiable cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this sceptred 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,
This blessèd plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renownèd for their deeds far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out – I die pronouncing it –
Like to a tenement or pelting farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of wat’ry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds.
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 ensuing death!

Enter RICHARD and ROSS.

 YORK: The King is come. Deal mildly with his youth,
For young hot colts, being raged, do rage the more.

RICHARD: How fares our noble uncle Lancaster?
What comfort, man? How is’t with agèd Gaunt?

GAUNT: O, 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 watched;
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 hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits naught but bones.

RICHARD: 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.

RICHARD: Should dying men flatter with those that live?

GAUNT: No, no, living men flatter those that die.

RICHARD: Thou, now a-dying, sayest thou flatterest me.

GAUNT: O no, thou diest, though I the sicker be.

RICHARD: I am in health, I breathe, and 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 deathbed is no lesser than thy land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Committ’st 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, encagèd in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
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 state of law is bondslave to the law,
And thou –

RICHARD: A lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague’s privilege!
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence?
Now by my seat’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 unreverent shoulders!

GAUNT: O, spare me not, my brother Edward’s son,
For that I was his father Edward’s son.
Join with the present sickness that I have,
And thy unkindness be like crookèd Age,
To crop at once a too long withered 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

RICHARD: And let them die that age and sullens have,
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

YORK: I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him.
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

RICHARD: Right, you say true. As Hereford’s love, so his;
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

NORTHUMBERLAND: My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

RICHARD: What says he?

NORTHUMBERLAND: 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.

RICHARD: 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: And, for these great affairs do ask some charge, Towards our assistance we do seize to us The plate, coin, revenues and movables Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possessed.

YORK: How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong? Not Gloucester’s death, nor Hereford’s banishment, Nor Gaunt’s rebukes, nor England’s private wrongs, nor my own disgrace Have ever made me sour 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. But when he frowned 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. O, Richard, York is too far gone with grief, Or else he never would compare between –

RICHARD: Why uncle, what’s the matter?

YORK: O my liege, Pardon me if you please; if not, I, pleased Not to be pardoned, am content withal. Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands The royalties and rights of banished Hereford? Is Gaunt not 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 Time His charters and his customary rights; Let not tomorrow then ensue today; 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, You pluck a thousand dangers on your head, You lose a thousand well-disposèd hearts
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

RICHARD: Think what you will, we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money and his lands.

YORK: I’ll not be by the while. My liege, farewell.
What will ensue hereof there’s none can tell;

Exit.

RICHARD:
    Tomorrow 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 loved us well.
    Tomorrow must we part.
    Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Flourish. Exeunt all but NORTHUMBERLAND and ROSS.

NORTHUMBERLAND: Well, m’lord, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

ROSS: And living too, for now his son is duke.
    Barely in title, not in revenues.

NORTHUMBERLAND: Richly in both, if justice had her right.

ROSS: My heart is great, but it must break with silence
    Ere’ it be disburdened with a liberal tongue.

NORTHUMBERLAND: Nay, speak thy mind, and let him ne’er speak more
    That speaks thy words again to do thee harm.
    Tends that that thou wouldst 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.

ROSS: No good at all that I can do for him,
    Unless you call it good to pity him,
    Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

NORTHUMBERLAND: 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.
ROSS: The commons hath he pilled with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts. The nobles hath he fined
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
And daily new exactions are devised,
But what, a’ God’s name, doth become of this?

NORTHUMBERLAND: The King’s grown bankrupt like a broken man.
Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.
Most degenerate King!
But, m’lord, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm.

ROSS: We see the very wreck that we must suffer,
And unavowed is the danger now
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

NORTHUMBERLAND: 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.

ROSS: Nay, let me share thy thoughts, as thou dost mine.
Thy words are but as thoughts. Therefore be bold.

NORTHUMBERLAND: Then thus, I have from Port le Blanc,
A bay in Brittaine, received intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford,
With eight tall ships and three thousand men of war,
Is making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly means to touch our northern shore.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our dropping country’s broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemished crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre’s gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh.
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

ROSS: To horse, to horse! Urge doubts to them that fear.

Exeunt.

H IV 2.4

Enter HAL
HAL: Ned, prithee come out of that fat room and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Enter POINS

POINS: Where hast thou been, Hal?

HAL: With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very bass string of humility. Sirrah, I am a sworn brother to a leash of drawers and can call them all by their Christian names, as Tom, Dick and Francis. They take it already, upon their salvation, that, though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy, and 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 Eastcheap. 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.

Enter MISTRESS Quickly.

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

HAL: Let them alone awhile and then open the door. Exit MISTRESS.

Poins! Sirrah, Falstaff is at the door. Shall we be merry?

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

HAL: I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of Goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o’clock at midnight. I am not yet of Percy’s mind, the Hotspur 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, ‘Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.’ ‘O my sweet Harry,’ says she, ‘how many hast thou killed today?’ ‘Give my roan horse a drench,’ says he, and answers, ‘Some fourteen,’ an hour after, ‘a trifle, a trifle’. I prithee, call in Falstaff. I’ll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife.

Enter MISTRESS, followed by FALSTAFF and PETO

Here comes lean Jack; here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is’t ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

FALSTAFF: 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. There’s villainous news abroad. Here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must go to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales that gave Amaimon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook – what a plague call you him?
POINS: Owen Glendower.

FALSTAFF: Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots Douglas, that runs a-horseback up a hill perpendicular – and one Murdoch, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away tonight. Thy father’s beard is turned white with the news. Tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? 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?

HAL: Not a whit, I’faith. I lack some of thy ‘instinct’.

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

HAL: Do thou stand for my father and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FALSTAFF: Shall I? Content. This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre and this cushion my crown.

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

FALSTAFF: Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept, for I must speak in passion.

HAL: Well, here is my leg.

FALSTAFF: And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

MISTRESS: O Jesu, this is excellent sport, I’faith.

FALSTAFF: Weep not, sweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

MISTRESS: O the father, how he holds his countenance!

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

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

FALSTAFF: Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. – Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time but also how thou art accompanied. 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 thou be son to me – here lies the point – why,
being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? 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 oft noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

HAL: What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

FALSTAFF: A goodly, portly man, i’faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by’r Lady, inclining to threescore. And now I remember me: his name is…

ALL: Falstaff!

FALSTAFF: If that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me, for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. Him keep with; the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

HAL: Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I’ll play my father.

FALSTAFF: Depose me? If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit sucker or a poulter’s hare.

HAL: Well, here I am set.

FALSTAFF: And here I stand. – Judge, my masters.

HAL: Now, Harry, whence come you?

FALSTAFF: My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

HAL: The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FALSTAFF: ‘Sblood, my lord, they are false. – Nay, I’ll tickle ye for a young prince, i’faith.

HAL: 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 an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that father Ruffian, that Vanity in years? Wherein is the good, but to taste sack 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?

FALSTAFF: I would your grace would take me with you. What means your grace?
HAL: That villainous, abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

FALSTAFF: My lord, the man I know.

HAL: I know thou dost.

FALSTAFF: 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 merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned. If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharoah’s lean kin are to be loved. No, my good lord, banish Peto, banish Bardoll, banish Poins, but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant being as he is old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry’s company. Banish plump Jack and banish all the world.

Loud knocking within. Exeunt PETO and MISTRESS Quickly.

HAL: I do; I will.

Enter PETO running.

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

FALSTAFF: Out, ye rogue! Play out the play. I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Enter MISTRESS Quickly

MISTRESS: O Jesu, my lord, my lord! The sheriff and all the watch are at the door. They are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

FALSTAFF: Dost thou hear, Hal? Never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit. Thou art essentially made without seeming so.

HAL: And thou a natural coward without instinct.

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

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

FALSTAFF: Both which I have had, but their date is out; and therefore I’ll hide me. [hides behind the arras]
HAL: This oily rascal is known as well as Paul’s.

PETO: [pulls back the arras] Falstaff! Fast asleep behind the arras and snorting like a horse.

HAL: Hark how hard he fetches breath. 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 twelvescore. Be with me betimes in the morning, and so good morrow, Peto.

PETO: Good morrow, good my lord.

HAL closes the arras, and exeunt omnes.

RII 4.1

YORK: Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee

From plume-plucked Richard, who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

BOLINGBROKE: In God’s name I’ll ascend the regal throne.

NORTHUMBERLAND: May it please you, lords, to grant the commons’ suit?

BOLINGBROKE: Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender. So we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

YORK: I will be his conduct. Exit.

BOLINGBROKE: Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.
Little are we beholding to your love,
And little looked for at your helping hands.

Enter RICHARD and YORK with attendants bearing the crown and sceptre.

RICHARD: Alack, why am I sent for to a king
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reigned? I hardly yet have learned
To insinuate, flatter, bow and bend my knee.
Give Sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men. Were they not mine?
Did they not sometimes 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 what service am I sent for hit

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.

RICHARD: [to YORK] Give me the crown.
   [to BOLINGBROKE] Here, cousin, seize the crown. Here, cousin,
   On this side my hand, and on that side thine.
   Now is this golden crown like a deep well
   That owes two buckets, filling one another,
   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 you mount up on high.

BOLINGBROKE: I thought you had been willing to resign.

RICHARD: 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.

BOLINGBROKE: Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

RICHARD: Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
   My care is loss 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 stay.

BOLINGBROKE: Are you contented to resign the crown?

RICHARD: 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 weighty crown from off my head,

   BOLINGBROKE accepts the crown
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,

**BOLINGBROKE accepts the sceptre**

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 foreswear;  
My manors, rents, revenues I forgo;  
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me;  
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee.  
Long mayst thou live in Richard’s seat to sit,  
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!  
‘God save King Henry,’ unkinged Richard says,  
‘And send him many years of sunshine days.’ –  
What more remains?

**NORTHUMBERLAND:** [giving RICHARD papers]  
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 deposed.

**RICHARD:** Must I do so? And must I ravel out  
My weaved-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 wouldst,  
There shouldst thou find one heinous article  
Containing the deposing of a king  
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,  
Marked with a blot, damned in the book of heaven.  
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon  
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,  
Showing an outward pity, yet you Pilates  
Have here delivered me to my sour cross,  
And water cannot wash away your sin.

**NORTHUMBERLAND:** My lord, dispatch. Read o’er these articles.

**RICHARD:** 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
T’undeck the pompous body of a king,
Made Glory base and Sovereignty a slave,
Proud Majesty a subject, State a peasant.

NORTHUMBERLAND: My lord –

RICHARD: No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
Nor no man’s lord! I have no name, no title –
No, not that name was given me at the font –
But ‘tis usurped. Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out
And know not now what name to call myself.
O, 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,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

BOLINGBROKE: Go, some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

RICHARD: Fiend, thou tormentest me ere I come to hell!

BOLINGBROKE: Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

NORTHUMBERLAND: The commons will not then be satisfied.

RICHARD: 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.

Enter one with a glass

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.
RICHARD takes the glass and looks into it.

No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath Sorrow struck  
So many blows upon this face of mine  
And made no deeper wounds? O, flatt’ring 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?  
Is this the face which faced so many follies,  
That was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?  
A brittle glory shineth in this face –  
As brittle as the glory is the face!

He shatters the glass

For there it is, cracked in an hundred shivers.  
Mark, silent King, the moral of this sport,  
How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.

BOLINGBROKE: The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed  
The shadow of your face.

RICHARD: 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 laments  
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief  
That swells with silence in the tortured 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?

BOLINGBROKE: Name it, fair cousin.

RICHARD: ‘Fair cousin’? I am greater than a king;  
For when I was a king, my flatterers  
Were then but subjects. Being now a subject,  
I have a king here to my flatterer.  
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

BOLINGBROKE: Yet ask.
RICHARD: And shall I have?

BOLINGBROKE: You shall.

RICHARD: Then give me leave to go.

BOLINGBROKE: Whither?

RICHARD: Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

BOLINGBROKE: Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

RICHAR DL O good – ‘Convey’! Conveyors are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king’s fall.

Exit, guarded.

Exeunt omnes

H IV 3.2

Enter HENRY, HAL, and others.

HENRY: Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I must have
Some private conference.

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
Make me believe that thou art only marked
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society
As thou art matched withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

HAL: So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal.
Yet such extenuation let me beg
As, in reproof of many great tales devised
(Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear),
By smiling pickthanks and base newsmongers,
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandered and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

HENRY: God pardon thee! Yet let me wonder, Harry,
As 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 supplied,
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 ruined, and the soul of every man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackneyed in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept 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 wondered at,
That men would tell their children ‘This is he!’
Others would say, ‘Where? Which is Bolingbroke?’
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven
And dressed 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 crownèd King.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,
Ne’er seen but wondered at; and so my state,
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 cap’ring fools,
Had his great name profanèd with their scorns,
And gave his countenance against his name
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoffed himself to popularity,
That, being daily swallowed by men’s eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loath 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 cuckoo 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 sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes,
But rather drowsed and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou,
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation. Not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more,
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

HAL: I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

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;
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swaddling-clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas; ta’en him once,
Enlargèd 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,
Douglas, and 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 nearest and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough,
To fight against me under Percy’s pay,
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

HAL: Do not think so. You shall not find it so;
    And God forgive them that so much have swayed
    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 washed away shall scour my shame with it.
    And that shall be the day, whene’er it lights,
    That this same child of honour and renown,
    This gallant Hotspur, this all-praisèd knight,
    And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
    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 slightest 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 pleased 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 bonds,
    And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
    Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

HENRY: A hundred thousand rebels die in this.
    Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Exeunt omnes
Notes

- For cross-casting:
  - RII/Hal
  - HIV/Bolingbroke
  - Gaunt/Falstaff
  - York, Northumberland, and Ross can all be paired interchangeably with Poins, Peto, and Mistress Quickly
    - I’d suggest Ross/Mistress, Northumberland/Poins, and York/Peto, but other combos may work better depending on who is cast

- Total, 6 actors will be needed

- For 2.1, it seems unrealistic that Richard would enter without at least two other people; therefore, Aumerle remains, but is silent (and can then be played by our actor for Bolingbroke, with something to differentiate him)

- Props (based on text alone):
  - RII 2.1
    - Wheelchair (for Gaunt)
    - Depending on time period, swords at the waist for RII, Northumberland, Ross, and (maybe) York
  - RII 4.1
    - Throne (preferably raised on a dais so that Henry has to come down to talk to RII)
    - Crown and sceptre on pillows
    - Papers (charges from Northumberland)
    - Mirror (which will be smashed – maybe candy glass?)
  - IHIV 2.4
    - At least one table, and a few chairs (since this is a pub)
    - Dagger for Falstaff
    - Cushion for Falstaff (needs to be able to sit on his head like a crown)
    - Cup (for wine)
    - Curtain (to act as an arras)
  - IHIV 3.2
    - Throne (again, preferably on a dais or raised in some manner)
    - Sword for Hal?