

Droll. 19. <i>Simpkin.</i>	p. 112.
Droll. 20. <i>Hobbinal.</i>	p. 118.
Droll. 21. <i>Swabber.</i>	p. 121.
Droll. 22. <i>Monsieur the French Dancing-Master, out of the Varieties.</i> ¹	p. 134.
Droll. 23. <i>The Landlady, out of the Chances.</i>	p. 140.
Droll. 24. <i>The testy Lord, out of the Maids Tragedy.</i>	p. 148.
Droll. 25. <i>The Imperick, out of the Alchymist.</i>	p. 159.
Droll. 26. <i>The Surprise out of the Maid in the Mill.</i>	p. 167.
Droll. 27. <i>The Doctors of Dulbead Colledge, out of Fathers own son.</i>	p. 182.

¹ *the Varieties*: should be *The Varietie*. In the text the droll is called *Monsieur Galliard*.

THE
BOUNCING KNIGHT,
OR, THE
ROBERS ROB'D.

ARGUMENT.

A company of mad fellows resolve to take a Purse, and to that purpose separate themselves, 4. in one company, 2. in the other, the four Rob and tame¹ true Men, the two Rob those four again. And then all meeting, the 4. exclaim against the absent two; and other Scenes of mirth follow.

ACTORS NAMES.

Prince, Hal, Knight,² Jack, Paines, Peto, Roff,³ Hostesse,⁴ Drawer.

*Enter Several.*⁵

*Hal.*⁶ How now? *Jack*, where hast thou been?

Jack. A plague of all Cowards I say and a vengeance too, marry and amen; give me a Cup of Sack Boy, no virtue extant, you Rogue; there's lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but

¹ *Rob and tame*: B., *Rob the*. ² B. omits the redundant *Hal, Knight*.

³ *Roffe* is given three speeches in the droll. The name is probably a mere misreading of the abbreviation "Ross.," which occurs in these speeches in the Qq. texts of *1 Hen. IV.* At I. ii. 156, QqFf. read *Falstaff, Harvey, Rossill and Gadsbill*; Theobald substituted *Bardolph, Peto* for *Harvey, Rossill*, which he took to be the names of the actors playing those parts. But nothing else is known of such actors. (See Nungesser, Edwin, *Dictionary of Actors*, under "Rossill.")

⁴ B. adds *Bardol* after *Hostess*.

⁵ The droll opens at *1 Hen. IV.* II. iv. 107. *Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph*, and *Peto*, followed by the drawer Francis with wine, enter at this point to *Prince Henry* and *Poins*; but in QqFf. the stage direction is simply *Enter Falstaffe*.

⁶ B., *Prince*; *1 Hen. IV.* gives the speech to *Poins*.

⁷ *How now*: *1 Hen. IV.* *Welcome*.

Roguery to be found in villanous Man, yet a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sack with lime in it, a villanous Coward, go thy wayes old *Jack*, dye when thou wilt: if Man-hood, good Man-hood, be not forgot upon the face of the Earth, then am I a shotten hearing: there lives not three good men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat and growes old: a bad World I say, and a plague of all Cowards I say still.

Hal. How now wool-sack, what mutter you?

Jack. A Kings Son? If I do not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a Dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a stock¹ of wild Geese, I'll never weare haire on my face more, you Prince of *Wales*?

Hal. Why you horson round man what's the matter?

Jack. Are you not a Coward? answer me to that, and *Poines* there.

*Hal.*² Why³ ye fat paunch, and ye call me, Coward by this light,⁴ I'll stab thee.

Jack. I call thee Coward? I'll see thee damn'd e're 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 drank to day.

Prince. Oh villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drink'st⁵ last.

Jack. All's one for that, a plague of all cowards still say I.

Prince. What's the matter? *Jack.* What's the matter? here be four of us have ta'ne a thousand pound this morning.

Prince. Where is it, I aske⁶ where is it.

Jack. Where is it? taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What a hundred man?

¹ *1 Hen. IV*, l. 129, *flock*. ² *1 Hen. IV*, l. 135, Q₁-Q₄ give this speech to *Poins*.

³ *1 Hen. IV*, Q₁, 'Zounds'; Ff. omit.

⁴ *by this light*: *1 Hen. IV*, l. 136, Q₁, *by the Lord*; Ff. omit.

⁵ *1 Hen. IV*, l. 145, *drunkest*. ⁶ *I aske*: *1 Hen. IV*, l. 151, *Jack*.

Jack. I am a Rogue if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two houres 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 hackt like a hansaw, *ecce signum*, I never dealt better since I was a man, all would not do, a plague of all Cowards, let them speak, if they speak more or less then truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

Poines. Speak Sirs, how was it.

*Roff.*¹ We four set upon a douzen.

Jack. Sixteen at least my Lord.

*Roff.*¹ And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Jack. You rogue they were bound, every man of them, or I am a *Jew* else, an *Hebrew*² *Jew*.

*Roff.*¹ And as we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us.

Jack. And unbound the rest, & then came in the others.

Prince. What fought ye with them all?

Jack. All? I know not what you call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of raddish: if there were not two or three & fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then I am no two-leg'd Creature.

*Prince.*³ Pray God you have not murther'd some of them.

Jack. Nay that's past praying for, I have pepper'd two of them; two Rogues in buckrom suites: I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lye spit in my face, call me horse, thou knowst my old ward, here I lay, and thus I bore my point, four Rogues in buckrom let drive at me.

Prince. What four? thou said'st⁴ but two even now.

Jack. Four *Hal*, I told thee four.

¹ *1 Hen. IV*, Ff., *Gadshill*; Q₁, *Ross*. See note above (p. 47) on the name in the list of characters.

² *an Hebrew*: so *1 Hen. IV*, l. 170, Q₇, Q₈; Q₂-Q₄, and *Ebrew*.

³ So *1 Hen. IV*, l. 180, Q₁-Q₄; other edns. give the speech to *Poins*.

⁴ *1 Hen. IV*, l. 188, *saidst*.

Poines. I, I, he said four.

Jack. These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me; I made no more a doe but took all their seven points in my Target, thus. -----

Prince. Seven? Why there were but four even now:

Jack. In Buckrum *Hal*, in Buckrum.¹

Poines. I four in Buckrum suits.

Jack. Seven by these Hilts, or I am a² villain else.

Prince. Prithe let him alone, we shall have more anon:

Jack. Dost thou hear me.

*Hal.*³ I, and mark thee too *Jack*.

Jack. Do so for 'tis worth the listning to. These nine in Buckrum that I told thee off.

Prince. So, two more already.

Jack. Their points being broken.

Poynes. Down fell his⁴ Hose.

Jack. 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.

Prince. O Monstrous! eleven Buckrum men grown out of two.

Jack. But as the divell would have it, three mis-begotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back and let drive at me, for it was so darke *Hal* that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lyes are like the father that begets,⁵ grosse as a Mountain, open, palpable, why thou clay-brain'd guts thou knotty pated fool, thou horson obscent⁶ greasy tallow catch.

Jack. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

Prince. Why how couldst thou know these men in Kendall green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? what saidst? thou to this?

Poines. Come, your reason *Jack*, your reason.

Jack. What upon compulsion? and I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion.

¹ *Hal*. . . *Buckrum*: not in 1 *Hen. IV.* ² B. omits. ³ B., *Prince*.

⁴ So 1 *Hen. IV.*, l. 206, except Q₁, which has *their*, followed in modern edns.

⁵ B., *begets 'em*. ⁶ B., *obscene*. ⁷ 1 *Hen. IV.*, l. 224, *sayest*.

Give you a reason on compulsion? were reasons as plenty as Blackberries, I would give no Man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin, this sanguine Coward, this Bed-presser, this horseback breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

Jack. You starvling, you Elf-skin, you dryed Neats tongue, Bulls pizle, you stock fish: O for breath to utter what is like thee? you Taylors yard, you sheath, you Bow-case, you vile standing *Turke*.¹

Prince. Hear me sirrah bumbast ----²

Poynes. Mark *Jack*.

Prince. We two saw you four set upon four, bound them, and were Masters of their wealth, then did we two set on you four, and with a word out-fac'd you from the prize; what starting hole canst thou now find out to hid³ thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poynes. Come lets hear *Jack*, what trick hast thou now?

Jack. By the Lord I knew ye as well as he that made ye, why hear you Masters, was it for me to kill the heire apparant? should I turn up in⁴ the true *Prince*? why thou know'st I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware instinct, the Lyon will not touch the true *Prince*. Instinct is a great matter, I was a Coward on instinct; I shall think the better of my selfe, and thee during my life; I for a valiant Lyon, and thou for a true *Prince*: but by the Lord Lads, I am glad you have the money, *Hostesse* clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow, what hearts of Gold shall we be merry? shall we have a Play *ex tempore*.

Prince. Content and the argument shall be thy runing away.

Jack. O no more of that *Hal* if thou lovest me.⁵

Prince. How long i'st ago *Jack* since thou saw'st thine own knee.

¹ B., *Tuck*; so 1 *Hen. IV.*, l. 238.

² *Hear* . . . *bumbast*: 1 *Hen. IV.*, ll. 240, 241, *hear me speak but this*.

³ B., *hide*. ⁴ *up in*: B., *upon*; so 1 *Hen. IV.*, l. 259.

⁵ The droll here omits 1 *Hen. IV.*, II. iv. 273-315. The cut sustains interest by keeping Falstaff on the stage.

Jack. My own knee? when I was about thy yeares (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles tallant in the Wast: I could have crept into any¹ Aldermans Thumb-Ring, a plague of sighing and greif, it blowes a man up like a Bladder; but to [t]he² Play *Hal*.³ *Prince.* I have a mind *Jack* that thou shouldst stand for my father,⁴ and examine me upon the perticulars of my life.

Jack. Content: this Chaire shall be my State, this dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crown. Well if the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved, give me a cup of Sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept: For I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cam-bysis veyne.

Prince. Well, here is my Leg.

Jack. And here is my speech: stand aside Nobility.

Hostesse. O the Father, how he holds his countenance, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

Jack. Peace good pint Pot, peace good tickle branes. *Harry* I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied, thou art my Son, I have partly thy Mothers word, partly my opinion, but cheifely a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy neither lip that doth warrant me. There is a thing *Harry* which thou hast often heard off, and known to many, in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient writers report) doth defile, so doth the company thou keepest, yet there is one vertuous Man whom I have noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of Man, and it like⁵ your Majesty:

Jack. A good⁶ portly man y'faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerfull look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage, and as I

¹ So *1 Hen. IV.*, l. 319; B., *an.* ² B., *the.*

³ *But . . . Hal:* not in *1 Hen. IV.* The phrase bridges over the droll's omission of ll. 320-360, in which Falstaff relates the news of the Percy rebellion. It makes a neat transition from Falstaff's suggestion of a play, above, to the mock rehearsal which follows.

⁴ *Prince I have a mind . . . father:* *1 Hen. IV.*, l. 361, *Prince. Do thou stand for my father.*

⁵ *it like:* So *1 Hen. IV.*, l. 403; B., *it is like.* ⁶ *1 Hen. IV.*, l. 404, *goodly.*

think his age some fifty, or bir Lady, inclining to threescore, and now I remember me, his name is *Falstaff*: if that man be lewdly given he deceives me, for *Harry* I see vertue in his lookes; If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speak it, there is vertue in that *Falstaff*, and now thou noughty varlet, tell me where hast thou¹ been this moneth?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a King? do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Jack. If thou dost it so Majestically, hang me up by the heels for a Rabbet-sucker or a Poulters² Hare.

Prince. Well here I am set.

Jack. And here I stand, judge my Masters.

Prince. Now *Harry* whence come you?

Jack. My noble Lord from *Eastcheap*.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Jack. Zlud³ my Lord they are false: nay I'll tickle you for a young Prince.

Prince. Swear'st thou, ungracious Boy? henceforth n'ere look on me, thou art violently carryed away from grace; there is a divell haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man,⁴ a Tun of man, is thy companion, why dost thou converse with that trunck of humors, that boulding-Butch⁵ of beastliness? that swolne parcell of dropsies, that huge bombard of Sack, that stuff cloak bag of guts, that roasted manning-tree Oxe, with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, wherein is he good but to tast 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 villany? wherein vullanous but in all things? wherein Worthy but in nothing?

Jack. I would your grace would take me with you: who⁶ meanes your grace?

¹ *hast thou:* B., *thou hast.* ² B., *Poulterers.*

³ *1 Hen. IV.*, l. 424, Qq., *'Sblood;* F₁F₂, *Yfaith;* F₃, *Ifaith.*

⁴ *a fat old man:* *1 Hen. IV.*, ll. 428, 429, Q₁-Q₃, *an old fat man.*

⁵ *1 Hen. IV.*, l. 430, *bolting-butcb.* ⁶ *1 Hen. IV.*, l. 441, *whom.*

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, *Falstaff*, that old white bearded satan.

Jack. My Lord the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Jack. But to say I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know; that he is old, (the more the pittie;) his white haire do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny; if Sack and Sugar be a fault, Heaven help the wicked: if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old Host that I know is damn'd; if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharaoh's* lean Kine are to be below'd¹ my² good Lord: Banish *Peto*, banish *Bardol*, banish *Poynes*; 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.

Prince. I do. I will.

Enter *Bardol*.

Bardol. Oh my Lord the Sheriffe with a monstrous watch is at the door.

Jack. Out you Rogue, play out the play, I have much to say in the behalfe of that *Falstaff*.

Exeunt.³

Enter *Jack* and *Bardol*.

Jack. Am I not falne away vilely,⁴ do I not bate? do I not diminish?⁵ my skin hangs about me like an old Ladies loose Gown, I am withered like an old apple *John*: well I'll repent, and that suddainly I shall be out of heart shortly and then I shall have no strength to repent, and I ha'not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a *pepper-corn*, villanous company hath been the spoile of me.

Bardol. Sir *John* you are so fretfull you cannot live long.

Jack. Why there's it, come sing me a bawdy song, make me merry, well I have been as vertuously given as a Gentleman need

¹ *1 Hen. IV*, 1. 453, *loved*. ² *B.*, *No my*; so *1 Hen. IV*, 1. 453.

³ The droll passes from *1 Hen. IV*, II. iv. 464, to III. iii. 1.

⁴ *B.* adds *since this last action*; so *1 Hen. IV*, III. iii. 1, 2.

⁵ *B.*, *dwindle? Why*; so *1 Hen. IV*, 1. 2.

to be, lived well and in good compasse, and now I live out of all order, out of all compasse.

Bardol. Why you are so fat Sir *John*, that you must needes be out of all compasse, all reasonable compasse Sir *John*.

Jack. O mend thou thy¹ face, and I'll mend my life: thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the Lanthorn in the poop, but 'tis in the Nose of thee, thou art the King² of the burning Lamp, when thou run'st³ up Gads Hill in the night to catch my Horse if I did not think thou hadst been an *Ignis fatuus* or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money, O thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting Bon-fire, by night.⁴

Bardol. I would my face were in your⁵ belly.

Jack. God a mercy, so I should be heart-burnt. Now dame partlet the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pickt my pocket.

Enter *Hostesse*.

Hostesse. Why, Sir *John* do you think I keep theeves in my House Sir *John*.

Jack. I'll besworne my pocket was pickt; go, you are a woman, go.

Hostesse. Who I? I defie thee: 'ods light I never was call'd so in my own House before, you owe me money Sir *John*, I bought you a douzen shirts to your back.

Jack. Dowlis, filthy Dowlis, I have given them away to Bakers Wives, they have made boulders of them; I say my pocket was pickt,⁶ I have lost a Seal-Ring of my Grandfathers worth fourty markes.

Hostesse. O Lord I have heard the Prince tell him I know⁷ how oft that Ring was Copper.

Jack. The Prince is a *Jack*, a sneak-cap,⁸ and he were here I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so. Enter *Prince*.

¹ O . . . *thy*: *1 Hen. IV*, 1. 21, *Do thou amend thy* (*F₁F₂* read *my*).

² So *1 Hen. IV*, 1. 23, *Q₆-Q₈*; other edns., *Knight*.

³ So *1 Hen. IV*, 1. 34, *Q₆-Q₈*; other edns., *rannest*.

⁴ *Bon-fire, by night*: *1 Hen. IV*, 1. 37, *bonfire-light*. ⁵ *B.*, *thy*.

⁶ I . . . *pickt*: *1 Hen. IV*, II. 75, 76, *shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket pickt?* Several speeches (II. 66-74) are omitted here.

⁷ *B.*, *know not?* so *1 Hen. IV*, II. 78, 79.

⁸ So *1 Hen. IV*, 1. 80, *Q₈*; other edns., *sneak-cap*.

Hostesse. Good my Lord hear me.

Jack. Prithee let her alone and list to me, this house is turn'd bawdy house, my pocket has been pickt here.¹

Prince. And what didst thou lose *Jack*?

Jack. If thou wilt believe me *Hal*, three or four Bonds of fourty pounds a peece, and a Seal-Ring of my Grandfathers.

Prince. A trifle, some eight penny matter.

Hostesse. I told him you said so, and he said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What a' did not.

Hostesse. As *I* am a true woman he did.²

Jack. Go you thing, go. *Hostesse.* Say, what thing, what thing?

Jack. Why, a thing to thank God on.

Hostesse. I am nothing³ to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it.

Prince. Thou slanderest her⁴ most grosely.

Hostesse. So he doth you my Lord, he said the other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah do I owe you a thousand pound?

Jack. A thousand pound *Hal*? a million: thy love is worth a million: thou ow'st me thy love.

Hostesse. Nay, my Lord he cal'd you *Jack*, and said he would cudgell you.

Jack. Did I *Bardol*?

Bardol. Indeed Sir *John*, you said so.

Jack. Yea if he said my Ring was Copper.

Prince. I say 'tis Copper: dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Jack. Why *Hal*? thou know'st, as thou art but a man *I* dare: but as thou art *Prince* I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the Lyons Whelp.

¹ *my . . . here:* 1 *Hen. IV*, 1. 94, *they pick pockets.*

² *Hostesse . . . did:* 1 *Hen. IV*, ll. 104, 105, *Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.*

³ So 1 *Hen. IV*, 1. 112, except Q₅-Q₈ and F₁, which read *no thing.*

⁴ *Thou slanderest her:* 1 *Hen. IV*, ll. 124, 125, *he slanders thee.*

Prince. And why not as the Lyon?

Jack. The King himselfe is to be feared as the Lyon: dost thou think I'le fear thee, as I fear thy Father? nay,¹ and I do, I pray my Girdle may break.

Prince. If it should, how would thy Guts fall about thy knees. *Exeunt.*²

Enter *Jack* as to the Wars.

Jack. Well *I* have misus'd the Kings press damnably, *I* have got in exchange of 150. Souldiers 300. And od pound, *I* press none but warm slaves that had as lieve heare the divell as a Drum, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then pins heads, and they have bought out their services, and now my whole charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, and the like:³ A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me *I* had unloaded all the Gibbets, & prest the dead bodies, there's not a shirt and an halfe in all my company, and the halfe shirt is two napkins tuckt⁴ together, and thrown over the shoulders like a Heralds coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to speak truth on't, is stolne from my hoast at St. *Albanes*, but that's all one, they'l find linnen enough⁵ on every hedge. *Enter Prince.*

Prince. How now *Quilt*? tell me whose fellowes are these that come after?

Jack. Mine *Hal*, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pittyfull Rascals.

Jack. Tut, tut, good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder, they'l fill a pit as well as better: mortall men; mortall men,⁶ but *I* would all were well *Hal*.

Prince. Why, thou ow'st⁷ a death.

¹ B. omits *and*, placing a semicolon after *nay*.

² The droll passes from 1 *Hen. IV*, III. iii. 146, to IV. ii. 12, and adds the two stage directions.

³ *and the like* is substituted in the droll for a long enumeration in 1 *Hen. IV*, ll. 23-33.

⁴ 1 *Hen. IV*, 1. 40, *tacked*. ⁵ B. omits *enough*.

⁶ The droll here passes from 1 *Hen. IV*, IV. ii. 62, to V. i. 125, making the battle of Shrewsbury follow immediately after the passage of Falstaff's ragged regiment.

⁷ 1 *Hen. IV*, V. i. 125, *owest God; Ff., owest Heaven.*

Jack. 'Tis not due yet, and I would be loath to pay before the day,¹ what need I be so forward till I am cal'd upon,² well 'tis no matter, Honour prickes me on, yea but how if Honour prickes me off when I come on? how then? can Honour set to a leg? or an arme? no: or take away the grieve of a wound? no: Honour hath no skill in surgery then? no: what is Honour? a word: what is that word? Ayre: a trym reckoning: who hath it? he that dyed a wednesday: doth he feel it? no: doth he hear it? No: 'tis insensible then? yea to the dead: but will it not live with the living? No: why? detraction will not suffer it: therefore I'll have none of it, Honour is a meere scutchion, and so ends my Catechisme.

*Exit.*³

Jack in fight falls down as he were dead, the Prince espying him on the ground, speaks.

Prince. What old acquaintance, could not all this flesh keep in a little life? poor *Jack* farewell; imbowel'd will I see thee by and by, till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lye.

Exit.

Jack. Imbowel'd? if thou imbowell me to day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me to morrow, Z'Bloud⁴ 'twas time to counterfeit, or the *Termagant Scot* had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed, the better part of valour is destruction;⁵ in the which better part I have saved my life. --- 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:

¹ so . . . day: 1 *Hen. IV*, ll. 127, 128, to pay him [God] before his day.

² forward . . . upon: 1 *Hen. IV*, ll. 128, 129, forward with him that calls not on me. Note the consistent alteration in this passage to avoid all references to the Deity, even the euphemism employed in the Ff.

³ The droll passes from 1 *Hen. IV*, V. i. 140 (end of the scene), to V. iv, taking the first part of the stage direction (through *dead*) from one which follows l. 76, and the remainder from another, which follows l. 101.

⁴ B., *Zlud*; 1 *Hen. IV*, V. iv. 113, Q3-Q3, *Zlud*; Ff. omit.

⁵ 1 *Hen. IV*, l. 119, *discretion*.

therefore I'll make him sure; yea and I'll swear I slew him, why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes,¹ and no body sees me! therefore sirrah with a new wound in your thigh, come you a long² with me.

Ent. Pr. again.

Prince. What's here?³ art thou alive? thou art not what thou seem'st sure.

Jack. No, that's certain, I am not a double man: but if I be not *Jack Falstaffe*, then I am a *Jack*: there is *Percy*, if your Father will do me any Honour, So: if not, let him slay the next *Percy* himselfe: I look to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, *Percy* I slew my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Jack. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the World is given to lying! I grant you I was down, & out of breath, and so was he, but wee rose at an instant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury*⁴ Clock, if I may be beleaved, So: if not, let them that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads, I'll take it upon my death I gave him this wound in the thigh, if the man were alive and would deny it i'de make him eat a peice of my sword.

Prince. Come bring your luggage nobly on your back, for my part, if a lye will do thee grace, I'll guild it with the happiest termes I have.

Jack. I'll follow, as they say, for a reward: He that rewards me, God reward him, if I do grow great, I'll grow less: for I'll purge and leave Sack, and live cleanly, as a Noble man should do.

Exit.

¹ B., *my eyes*. ² a long: B., *along*.

³ 1 *Hen. IV*, l. 130, gives the first words of this speech (*whom have we here?*) to Lancaster.

⁴ B., *Shrewsbury*.