

# The Second part of King Henry the Fourth

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## SCENE IV. London. The Boar's-head Tavern in Eastcheap.

*Enter two Drawers*

### First Drawer

What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns?  
thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

### Second Drawer

Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish  
of apple-johns before him, and told him there were  
five more Sir Johns, and, putting off his hat, said  
'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round,  
old, withered knights.' It angered him to the  
heart: but he hath forgot that.

### First Drawer

Why, then, cover, and set them down: and see if  
thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress  
Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch: the  
room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

### Second Drawer

Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Poins  
anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and  
aprons; and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph  
hath brought word.

### First Drawer

By the mass, here will be old Utis: it will be an  
excellent stratagem.

### Second Drawer

I'll see if I can find out Sneak.

*Exit*

*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY and DOLL TEARSHEET*

### MISTRESS QUICKLY

I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an  
excellent good temperality: your pulside beats as  
extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your  
colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good  
truth, la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much  
canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine,  
and it perfumes the blood ere one can say 'What's  
this?' How do you now?

### DOLL TEARSHEET

Better than I was: hem!

### MISTRESS QUICKLY

Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold.  
Lo, here comes Sir John.

*Enter FALSTAFF*

### FALSTAFF

[Singing] 'When Arthur first in court,'  
--Empty the jordan.

*Exit First Drawer*

*Singing*

--'And was a worthy king.' How now, Mistress Doll!

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

Sick of a calm; yea, good faith.

**FALSTAFF**

So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

**FALSTAFF**

You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

**FALSTAFF**

If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue grant that.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

**FALSTAFF**

'Your broaches, pearls, and ouches:' for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely,--

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

*Re-enter First Drawer*

**First Drawer**

Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouthed'st rogue in England.

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live among my neighbours: I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best: shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.

**FALSTAFF**

Dost thou hear, hostess?

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

**FALSTAFF**

Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the debuty, t'other day; and, as he said to me, 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last, 'I good faith, neighbour Quickly,' says he; Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then; 'neighbour Quickly,' says he, 'receive those that are civil; for,' said he, 'you are in an ill name:' now a' said so, I can tell whereupon; 'for,' says he, 'you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive,' says he, 'no swaggering companions.' There comes none here: you would bless you to hear what he said: no, I'll no swaggerers.

**FALSTAFF**

He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

*Exit First Drawer*

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: but I do not love swaggering, by my troth; I am the worse, when one says swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

So you do, hostess.

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

*Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page*

**PISTOL**

God save you, Sir John!

**FALSTAFF**

Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

**PISTOL**

I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

**FALSTAFF**

She is Pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

**PISTOL**

Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What!  
you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen  
mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for  
your master.

**PISTOL**

I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away!  
by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy  
chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away,  
you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale  
juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's  
light, with two points on your shoulder? much!

**PISTOL**

God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

**FALSTAFF**

No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here:  
discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

No, Good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou  
not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were  
of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for  
taking their names upon you before you have earned  
them. You a captain! you slave, for what? for  
tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a  
captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy  
stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's  
light, these villains will make the word as odious  
as the word 'occupy;' which was an excellent good  
word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains  
had need look to 't.

**BARDOLPH**

Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

**FALSTAFF**

Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

**PISTOL**

Not I I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could  
tear her: I'll be revenged of her.

**Page**

Pray thee, go down.

**PISTOL**

I'll see her damned first; to Pluto's damned lake,  
by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and  
tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I.  
Down, down, dogs! down, faitors! Have we not  
Hiren here?

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis very late, i'  
faith: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

**PISTOL**

These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses  
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,  
Which cannot go but thirty mile a-day,  
Compare with Caesars, and with Cannibals,  
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with  
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.  
Shall we fall foul for toys?

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

**BARDOLPH**

Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to abrawl anon.

**PISTOL**

Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we  
not Heren here?

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What  
the good-year! do you think I would deny her? For  
God's sake, be quiet.

**PISTOL**

Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.  
Come, give's some sack.  
'Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.'  
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:  
Give me some sack: and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

*Laying down his sword*

Come we to full points here; and are etceteras nothing?

**FALSTAFF**

Pistol, I would be quiet.

**PISTOL**

Sweet knight, I kiss thy neaf: what! we have seen  
the seven stars.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot  
endure such a fustian rascal.

**PISTOL**

Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

**FALSTAFF**

Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat  
shilling: nay, an a' do nothing but speak nothing,  
a' shall be nothing here.

**BARDOLPH**

Come, get you down stairs.

**PISTOL**

What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?

*Snatching up his sword*

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!  
Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds  
Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

Here's goodly stuff toward!

**FALSTAFF**

Give me my rapier, boy.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

**FALSTAFF**

Get you down stairs.

*Drawing, and driving PISTOL out*

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these terrors and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

*Exeunt PISTOL and BARDOLPH*

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

He you not hurt i' the groin? methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

*Re-enter BARDOLPH*

**FALSTAFF**

Have you turned him out o' doors?

**BARDOLPH**

Yea, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder.

**FALSTAFF**

A rascal! to brave me!

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest! come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops: ah, rogue! i'faith, I love thee: thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies: ah, villain!

**FALSTAFF**

A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

Do, an thou darest for thy heart: an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

*Enter Music*

**Page**

The music is come, sir.

**FALSTAFF**

Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

**FALSTAFF**

Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head;  
do not bid me remember mine end.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

Sirrah, what humour's the prince of?

**FALSTAFF**

A good shallow young fellow: a' would have made a  
good pantler, a' would ha' chipp'd bread well.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

They say Poins has a good wit.

**FALSTAFF**

He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit's as thick  
as Tewksbury mustard; there's no more conceit in him  
than is in a mallet.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

Why does the prince love him so, then?

**FALSTAFF**

Because their legs are both of a bigness, and a'  
plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel,  
and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and  
rides the wild-mare with the boys, and jumps upon  
joined-stools, and swears with a good grace, and  
wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of  
the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet  
stories; and such other gambol faculties a' has,  
that show a weak mind and an able body, for the  
which the prince admits him: for the prince himself  
is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the  
scales between their avoirdupois.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

**POINS**

Let's beat him before his whore.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll  
clawed like a parrot.

**POINS**

Is it not strange that desire should so many years  
outlive performance?

**FALSTAFF**

Kiss me, Doll.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what  
says the almanac to that?

**POINS**

And look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not  
lisp'ing to his master's old tables, his note-book,  
his counsel-keeper.

**FALSTAFF**

Thou dost give me flattering busses.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

**FALSTAFF**

I am old, I am old.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young  
boy of them all.

**FALSTAFF**

What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive  
money o' Thursday: shalt have a cap to-morrow. A  
merry song, come: it grows late; we'll to bed.  
Thou'lt forget me when I am gone.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping, an thou  
sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome  
till thy return: well, harken at the end.

**FALSTAFF**

Some sack, Francis.

**PRINCE HENRY POINS**

Anon, anon, sir.

*Coming forward*

**FALSTAFF**

Ha! a bastard son of the king's? And art not thou  
Poins his brother?

**PRINCE HENRY**

Why, thou globe of sinful continents! what a life  
dost thou lead!

**FALSTAFF**

A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth,  
welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet  
face of thine! O, Jesu, are you come from Wales?

**FALSTAFF**

Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light  
flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

**POINS**

My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and  
turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

**PRINCE HENRY**

You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you  
speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous,  
civil gentlewoman!

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is,  
by my troth.



**FALSTAFF**

Didst thou hear me?

**PRINCE HENRY**

Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away  
by Gad's-hill: you knew I was at your back, and  
spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

**FALSTAFF**

No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

**PRINCE HENRY**

I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse;  
and then I know how to handle you.

**FALSTAFF**

No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour, no abuse.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Not to dispraise me, and call me pantier and  
bread-chipper and I know not what?

**FALSTAFF**

No abuse, Hal.

**POINS**

No abuse?

**FALSTAFF**

No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I  
dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked  
might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I  
have done the part of a careful friend and a true  
subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it.  
No abuse, Hal: none, Ned, none: no, faith, boys, none.

**PRINCE HENRY**

See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth  
not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to  
close with us? is she of the wicked? is thine  
hostess here of the wicked? or is thy boy of the  
wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his  
nose, of the wicked?

**POINS**

Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

**FALSTAFF**

The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable;  
and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he  
doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,  
there is a good angel about him; but the devil  
outbids him too.

**PRINCE HENRY**

For the women?

**FALSTAFF**

For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns  
poor souls. For the other, I owe her money, and  
whether she be damned for that, I know not.

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

No, I warrant you.

**FALSTAFF**

No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for

that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee,  
for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house,  
contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

All victuallers do so; what's a joint of mutton or  
two in a whole Lent?

**PRINCE HENRY**

You, gentlewoman,-

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

What says your grace?

**FALSTAFF**

His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

*Knocking within*

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

*Enter PETO*

**PRINCE HENRY**

Peto, how now! what news?

**PETO**

The king your father is at Westminster:  
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts  
Come from the north: and, as I came along,  
I met and overtook a dozen captains,  
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,  
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

**PRINCE HENRY**

By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,  
So idly to profane the precious time,  
When tempest of commotion, like the south  
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt  
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.  
Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.

*Exeunt PRINCE HENRY, POINS, PETO and BARDOLPH*

**FALSTAFF**

Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and  
we must hence and leave it unpicked.

*Knocking within*

More knocking at the door!

*Re-enter BARDOLPH*

How now! what's the matter?

**BARDOLPH**

You must away to court, sir, presently;  
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

**FALSTAFF**

[To the Page] Pay the musicians, sirrah. Farewell,  
hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches,  
how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver  
may sleep, when the man of action is called on.  
Farewell good wenches: if I be not sent away post,  
I will see you again ere I go.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

I cannot speak; if my heart be not read to burst,--

well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

**FALSTAFF**

Farewell, farewell.

*Exeunt FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH*

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these  
twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an  
honester and truer-hearted man,--well, fare thee well.

**BARDOLPH**

[Within] Mistress Tearsheet!

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

What's the matter?

**BARDOLPH**

[Within] Good Mistress Tearsheet, come to my master.

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll: come.

*She comes blubbered*

Yea, will you come, Doll?

*Exeunt*