

# The Second part of King Henry the Fourth

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## SCENE III. Gloucestershire. SHALLOW'S orchard.

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, DAVY, BARDOLPH, and the Page*

### SHALLOW

Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour,  
we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing,  
with a dish of caraways, and so forth: come,  
cousin Silence: and then to bed.

### FALSTAFF

'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

### SHALLOW

Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all,  
Sir John: marry, good air. Spread, Davy; spread,  
Davy; well said, Davy.

### FALSTAFF

This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your  
serving-man and your husband.

### SHALLOW

A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet,  
Sir John: by the mass, I have drunk too much sack  
at supper: a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit  
down: come, cousin.

### SILENCE

Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, we shall  
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,

*Singing*

And praise God for the merry year;  
When flesh is cheap and females dear,  
And lusty lads roam here and there  
So merrily,  
And ever among so merrily.

### FALSTAFF

There's a merry heart! Good Master Silence, I'll  
give you a health for that anon.

### SHALLOW

Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

### DAVY

Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon. most sweet  
sir, sit. Master page, good master page, sit.  
Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink:  
but you must bear; the heart's all.

*Exit*

### SHALLOW

Be merry, Master Bardolph; and, my little soldier  
there, be merry.

### SILENCE

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;

*Singing*

For women are shrews, both short and tall:  
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,  
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.

Be merry, be merry.

**FALSTAFF**

I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

**SILENCE**

Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

*Re-enter DAVY*

**DAVY**

There's a dish of leather-coats for you.

*To BARDOLPH*

**SHALLOW**

Davy!

**DAVY**

Your worship! I'll be with you straight.

*To BARDOLPH*

A cup of wine, sir?

**SILENCE**

A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,

*Singing*

And drink unto the leman mine;  
And a merry heart lives long-a.

**FALSTAFF**

Well said, Master Silence.

**SILENCE**

An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the night.

**FALSTAFF**

Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

**SILENCE**

Fill the cup, and let it come;

*Singing*

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

**SHALLOW**

Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief.

*To the Page*

And welcome indeed too. I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros about London.

**DAVY**

I hove to see London once ere I die.

**BARDOLPH**

An I might see you there, Davy,--

**SHALLOW**

By the mass, you'll crack a quart together, ha!  
Will you not, Master Bardolph?

**BARDOLPH**

Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

**SHALLOW**

By God's liggens, I thank thee: the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. A' will not out; he is true bred.

**BARDOLPH**

And I'll stick by him, sir.

**SHALLOW**

Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry.

*Knocking within*

Look who's at door there, ho! who knocks?

*Exit DAVY*

**FALSTAFF**

Why, now you have done me right.

*To SILENCE, seeing him take off a bumper*

**SILENCE**

[Singing]  
Do me right,  
And dub me knight: Samingo.  
Is't not so?

**FALSTAFF**

'Tis so.

**SILENCE**

Is't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

*Re-enter DAVY*

**DAVY**

An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

**FALSTAFF**

From the court! let him come in.

*Enter PISTOL*

How now, Pistol!

**PISTOL**

Sir John, God save you!

**FALSTAFF**

What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

**PISTOL**

Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

**SILENCE**

By'r lady, I think a' be, but goodman Puff of Barson.

**PISTOL**

Puff!  
Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!  
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,  
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,

And tidings do I bring and lucky joys  
And golden times and happy news of price.

**FALSTAFF**

I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

**PISTOL**

A foutre for the world and worldlings base!  
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

**FALSTAFF**

O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?  
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

**SILENCE**

And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

*Singing*

**PISTOL**

Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?  
And shall good news be baffled?  
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

**SILENCE**

Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

**PISTOL**

Why then, lament therefore.

**SHALLOW**

Give me pardon, sir: if, sir, you come with news  
from the court, I take it there's but two ways,  
either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am,  
sir, under the king, in some authority.

**PISTOL**

Under which king, Besonian? speak, or die.

**SHALLOW**

Under King Harry.

**PISTOL**

Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

**SHALLOW**

Harry the Fourth.

**PISTOL**

A foutre for thine office!  
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;  
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth:  
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like  
The bragging Spaniard.

**FALSTAFF**

What, is the old king dead?

**PISTOL**

As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

**FALSTAFF**

Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. Master Robert  
Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land,  
'tis thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

**BARDOLPH**

O joyful day!

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

**PISTOL**

What! I do bring good news.

**FALSTAFF**

Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow,--be what thou wilt; I am fortune's steward--get on thy boots: we'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph!

*Exit BARDOLPH*

Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow: I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief-justice!

**PISTOL**

Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!  
'Where is the life that late I led?' say they:  
Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days!

*Exeunt*