

Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

Here they embrace. The trumpets sound. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. A Plain between the camps.]

The KING enters with his power [and passes over]. Alarum to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and SIR WALTER BLUNT.

BLUNT. What is thy name, that in battle thus
Thou crossest me? What honor dost thou seek
Upon my head?

DOUGLAS. Know then my name is Douglas,
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

BLUNT. They tell thee true.
DOUGLAS. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him. So shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

BLUNT. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

They fight. DOUGLAS kills BLUNT. Then enter HOTSPUR.

HOTSPUR. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumphed upon a Scot.

DOUGLAS. All's done, all's won. Here breathless lies the king.

HOTSPUR. Where?

DOUGLAS. Here.

HOTSPUR. This, Douglas? No. I know this face full well.
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnished like the king himself.

DOUGLAS. Ah fool, go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear:
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

HOTSPUR. The king hath many marching in his coats.

96. *Esperance*: motto of the Percy family, used here as a battle cry.

97. *lofty* . . . *war*: i.e., drums and trumpets.

99. *heaven* . . . *earth*: heaven bet against earth.

S.D. *power*: army; *Alarum*: call to arms.

7. *dear*: dearly.

7-8. *bought* . . . *likeness*: paid for resembling you.

16. *breathless*: i.e., dead.

21. *Semblably furnished*: similarly dressed.

25. *coats*: garments worn over armor and embroidered with coats of arms.

DOUGLAS. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

HOTSPUR. Up and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

[Exeunt.]

Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF solus.

FALSTAFF. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the
shot here. Here's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft! who are
you? Sir Walter Blunt. There's honor for you! Here's no
vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too. God
keep lead out of me. I need no more weight than mine own
bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered.
There's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they
are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter the PRINCE.

PRINCE. What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy sword.
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unrevenged. I prithee
Lend me thy sword.

FALSTAFF. O Hal, I prithee give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk
Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day.
I have paid Percy; I have made him sure.

PRINCE. He is indeed, and living to kill thee.
I prithee lend me thy sword.

FALSTAFF. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st
not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

PRINCE. Give it me. What, is it in the case?

FALSTAFF. Ay, Hal. 'Tis hot, 'tis hot. There's that will sack a
city.

The PRINCE draws it out and finds it to be a bottle of sack.

PRINCE. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

He throws the bottle at him. Exit.

29. *stand* . . . *day*: are in a good position to gain the victory.

30. *shot-free*: without having to pay the bill.

31. *scoring*: (1) reckoning up a bill, (2) cutting.

32-33. *Here's* . . . *vanity!*: If this doesn't prove I'm right about the emptiness of honor, nothing will.

35. *I* . . . *peppered*: I have led my company to where they have all been killed (perhaps in order to collect their pay).

37. *town's end*: the edge of town, where the destitute would gather to beg from travelers.

43-44. *Turk Gregory*: possibly Pope Gregory XIII, who had promised immunity to anyone who murdered Queen Elizabeth; "Turk" was synonymous with cruelty and savagery.

45. *paid*: killed; *made* . . . *sure*: made certain of him.

51. *hot*: i.e., from firing; *sack*: ransack (punning on wine).