

And saved the treacherous labor of your son.
KING. Make up to Clifton; I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.

Exit.

Enter HOTSPUR.

HOTSPUR. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
PRINCE. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
HOTSPUR. My name is Harry Percy.
PRINCE.

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 one 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!
PRINCE. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee,
And all the budding honors 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! Nay, you shall find no boy's
play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS. He fighteth with FALSTAFF, [who] falls down as if
he were dead. [Exit DOUGLAS.] The PRINCE killeth PERCY.

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—

57. Make up: advance.
65. brook: endure.
71. budding . . . crest: feathers or other mark of honor on his helmet.
73. vanities: idle boasts.
74-75. boy's play: child's play.
82. prophesy: dying men were thought to have the gift of prophecy.

[Dies.]

PRINCE. 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 favors hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven.
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not rememb'ed 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.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
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 to-day, I'll give
you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood,
'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid
me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie; 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

92. stout: valiant.
93. sensible . . . courtesy: able to hear these compliments.
94. dear: heartfelt; zeal: admiration.
95. favors: feathers or material worn as a badge of honor; Hal is giving Hotspur the
honor he has just won by killing him.
104. have . . . thee: miss you terribly (punning on Falstaff's weight).
105. vanity: foolishness.
108. Embowelled: disemboweled and ready for embalming.
111. powder: salt.
112. termagant: violent; paid: killed.
113. scot . . . lot: thoroughly, in a final reckoning.