

## APPENDICE 3: IL TESTO ORIGINALE

### *The History of Henry the Fourth*

#### Act 1 Scene 2

2-4 (*L - Falstaff*: III.1)

PRINCE HARRY Thou art so fait-witted with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that you hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know.

104-5 (*G - Falstaff*: II.2)

SIR JOHN Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal. 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

156-57 (*E - Falstaff*: I.1)

PRINCE HARRY Farewell, the latter spring; farewell, All-hallow summer. *Exit Sir John*.

#### Act 2 Scene 2

34-35 (*M - Falstaff*: III.2)

SIR JOHN Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down?

#### Act 2 Scene 5

119-122 (*L - Falstaff*: III.1)

PRINCE HARRY Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter - pitiful hearted Titan - that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

123-26 (*A, L - Falstaff*: I.1, III.1)

SIR JOHN (*to Francis*) You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man, yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime it. [*Exit Francis*]

127-29 (*L - Falstaff*: III.1)

SIR JOHN A villainous coward! Go this ways, old Jack, die when thou wilt. If manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I shotten herring.

135 (*N - Falstaff*: III.2)

PRINCE HARRY How now, woosack, what matter you?

140-41 (*N - Falstaff*: III.2)

PRINCE HARRY Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

144 (*N - Falstaff*: III.2)

POINS Zounds, ye fat paunch, [...]

245-54 (*N - Falstaff*: III.2)

PRINCE HARRY I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh-

SIR JOHN 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neats tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish -O, for breath to utter what is like thee! -

your taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck -

PRINCE HARRY Well, breathe awhile, and then to't again, and when you hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

317-21 (*C - Falstaff*: I.1)

PRINCE HARRY O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away. What instinct hadst thou for it?

322-28 (*A - Falstaff*: I.1)

RUSSELL [*BARDOLPHE*] (*indicating his face*) My Lord, do you see these meteors? Do you behold these exhalations?

PRINCE HARRY I do

RUSSELL What think you they portend?

PRINCE HARRY Hot livers, and cold purses.

RUSSELL Choler, my lord, if rightly taken. [*Exit*]

PRINCE HARRY No, if rightly taken, halter.

329-34 (*H - Falstaff*: II.2)

PRINCE HARRY Here comes lean Jack; here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is't ago Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

SIR JOHN My own knee? When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagles talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb ring. A plague of sighing and grief [...]

425-35 (*D - Falstaff*: I.1)

SIR JOHN A goodly, portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r Lady, inclining to threescore. And now I remember me, his name is Oldcastle [*Falstaff*]. If that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speak it - there is virtue in that Oldcastle. Him keep with; the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been his month?

492-93 (*I - Falstaff*: II.2)

PRINCE HARRY Heigh, heigh, the devil rides upon a fiddlestick! What's the matter?

536-543 (*C - Falstaff*: I.1)

[*HARVEY*] (*reads*)

Item: a capon. 2s. 2d.

Item: sauce. 4d.

Item: sack, two gallons. 5s. 8d.

Item: anchovies and sack after supper. 2s. 6d.

Item: bread. ob.

[PRINCE HARRY] O monstrous! But one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read at more advantage.

### Act 3 Scene 3

36-47 (C - *Falstaff*: I.1)

SIR JOHN [...] When thou rannest 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 wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou hart a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern - but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two-and-thirty years, God reward me for it.

59 (N - *Falstaff*: III.2)

SIR JOHN [...] and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked.

### Act 5 Scene 1

129-40 (F - *Falstaff*: I.1)

SIR JOHN [...] honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? How then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hat no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word 'honour'? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' 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 no suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon. And so ends my catechism.

### Act 5 Scene 4

160-62 (C - *Falstaff*: I.1)

SIR JOHN [...] If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and leave cleany, as a nobleman should do.

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## *The Second Part of Henry the Fourth*

### Act 1 Scene 2

6-10 (N - *Falstaff*: III.2)

SIR JOHN Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.

94-95 (E - *Falstaff*: I.1)

POINS [...] And how doth the martlemas your master?

182-186 (L - *Falstaff*: III.1)

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE [...] Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity? And will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

235-238 (C - *Falstaff*: I.1)

SIR JOHN What money is in my purse?

PAGE Seven groats and two pence.

SIR JOHN I can get not remedy against this consumption of the purse.

### Act 2 Scene 4

131-132\* (B - *Falstaff*: I.1)

SIR JOHN No more, Pistol. I would not have you go off here.

### Act 4 Scene 2

18-20 (C - *Falstaff*: I.1)

SIR JOHN (*aside*) I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name.

92-110 (L - *Falstaff*: III.1)

SIR JOHN [...] A good sherry-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain, dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it, makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherry is the warming of the blood, which, before cold and settled, left the liver with and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice. But the sherry warms it, and makes it course from the inward to the parts' extremes; it illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the hearth; who, great and puffed with is retinue, doth any deed of courage. And this valour comes of sherry.

Le citazioni sono tratte da *William Shakespeare the Complete Works*, Oxford 1988 (\* da *The new Shakespeare*, Cambridge 1968-69).