

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,  
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

*Hot.* I think, there is no man speaks better *Welsh*.  
I'll to dinner.

*Mort.* Peace, cousin *Percy*; you will make him mad.

*Glend.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hot.* Why, so can I; or so can any man:  
But will they come, when you do call for them?

*Glend.* Why, I can teach thee to command the devil.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,  
By telling truth: *Tell truth, and shame the devil.*  
If thou have pow'r to raise him, bring him hither,  
And I'll be sworn, I've pow'r to shame him hence.  
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

*Mort.* Come, come!  
No more of this unprofitable chat.

*Glend.* Three times hath *Henry Bolingbroke* made head  
Against my pow'r; thrice from the banks of *Wye*,  
And sandy-bottom'd *Severn*, have I sent  
Him bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

*Hot.* Home, without boots, and in foul weather too!  
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

*Glend.* Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right,  
According to our threefold order ta'en?

*Mort.* Th' archdeacon hath divided it already  
Into three limits, very equally:

*England*, from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto,  
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:  
All westward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound,  
To *Owen Glendower*:—and, dear coz, to you  
The remnant northward, lying off from *Trent*.  
And our indentures tripartite are drawn:  
Which being sealed interchangeably,  
(A business that this night may execute)  
To-morrow, cousin *Percy*, you, and I,

And