Ser. 2
P'ts 5, 6, 9
The Chronicle History

of

HENRY THE FIFTH.

REPRINT OF FIRST QUARTO, 1600.

PUBLISHED FOR
The New Shakspere Society
BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, 1875.
The Chronicle History

of

HENRY THE FIFTH.

REPRINT OF FIRST QUARTO, 1600.
THE CRONICLE

History of Henry the fift,
With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Aultient Pistoll.

As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants.

LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington, and Iohn Busby. And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle head. 1600.
NOTICE.

Henry the Fifth.

Quarto 1600.

The following reprint was set up, through the liberality of Mr F. W. Cosens, from his copy of the Ashbee fac-simile of 1868. The proofs were then read with the British Museum original, C. 12. e., King's, and where there was a blurred letter or other cause of doubt, Mr W. Aldis Wright referred me to the Capell quarto. Afterwards the revises were read with Mr Henry Huth's quarto kindly lent me for that purpose.

Each page, in its general arrangement and in each line, fac-similes the original as much as possible. The old and worn, and sometimes more than worn type, is not of course imitated. Nor the paper, which may be said to be of about the average quality of these quarto pamphlets, thin, but not so poor as in some, nor so good as in others. Nor have those occasional curvings and irregularities of the lines which betoken over-carelessness in the compositor been followed. Nor that over-size of the Roman capitals which caused him now and then to place them rather below line, nor the somewhat varied shapes of some of the italic capitals. Nor is the occasional non-spacing of a colon or semi-colon, nor the frequent non-spacing after a comma, followed, unless occasionally by way of example; had it been, the openness of the reprint as compared with the greater closeness of the words in the original would have over-exaggerated an irregularity, which, as regards the comma, is so constant a practice in books of that period that it can hardly be called an irregularity. Nor except on p. 16 have the displacements of letters a little out of the level of the rest been imitated. But all other irregularities and errors have, that the reader may know something of what the old quarto is like, and be enabled to judge, as far as may be, of its character. With this view it may be worth adding by way of note, that as the substitutions of italic capitals for Roman, and the reverse, occur chiefly in groups, it may be inferred that they were not so much due to error, as to the temporary exhaustion of the case.

The original being unpaged, its signatures are given, and below
Notice.

These, the reprint signatures and paging. There being also no division into scenes or acts, and the folio division being into acts wrongly, the modern numberings of the folio or reprint text have been added, each in its corresponding place.

Here the first scene of the quarto corresponds with Act 1, Sc. 2 of the folio text and is numbered 11. 2, and so onwards, 1. 1, 1. 2, and IV. 2 are wanting, but as the order of sequence is the same—except that IV. 3 precedes IV. 4,—inter-reference is made from essay.

Second and third editions of this quarto were printed by Thomas Creech for Thomas Norton in 1602 and 1608. Of these the second may be called a mere reprint. The third—which, whether from exhaustion of the second edition or other cause, was also printed from the first—re-divides some of the lines and adds a few words, chiefly with an intent to improve what the improver took to be the metre. The variations of both will be given in the parallel-text edition of the quarto and folio, but they neither aid in determining the character of this first quarto, nor in the correction of the folio text.

B. Nicholson.
The Chronicle Historie
of Henry the fift: with his battel fought
at Agin Court in France. Together with
Auncient Pistoll.

[I. 2] Enter King Henry, Exeter, 2. Bishops Clarence, and other
Attendants.

Exeter.

S Hall I call in Thambaffadors my Liege?
 King. Not yet my Cousin, til we be refolude
 Of some serions matters touching vs and France.
 4 Bi. God and his Angels guard your sacred throne,
 And make you long become it.
  King. Shure we thank you. And good my Lord proceed
 Why the Lawe Salicke which they haue in France,
 8 Or should or should not, flrop vs in our clayme:
 And God forbid my wife and learned Lord,
 That you should fathion, frame, or wret the fame.
 For God doth know how many now in health,
 12 Shall drop their blood in approbation,
 Of what your reverence shull incite vs too.
 Therefore take heed how you impawne our person,
 How you awake the sleeping sword of warre:
 16 We charge you in the name of God take heed.
 After this coniuration, speake my Lord:
 And we will judge, note, and beleue in heart,
 That what you speake, is waiht as pure
 20 As sin in baptism.
The Chronicle Historie

Then heare me gracious soueraigne, and you peers, Which owe your liues, your faith and seruices To this imperiall throne.

There is no bar to stay your highnesse clame to France But one, which they produce from Faramount, No female shall succeed in falicke land, Which falicke land the French vnuitly glose To be the realme of France:

And Faramont the founder of this law and female barre: Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme That the land falicke lyes in Germany, Betweene the floods of Sabeck and of Elme, Where Charles the fift hauing subdued the Saxons, Thare left behind, and fytled certaine French, Who holding in disdain the Germaine women, For some dishonest maners of their liues, Etablifiht there this lawe. To wit, No female shall succeed in falicke land: Which falicke land as I fayd before, Is at this time in Germany called Mofene:

Thus doth it well appeare the falicke lawe Was not devised for the realme of France, Nor did the French poifete the falicke land, Vntill 400: one and twentie yeares After the function of king Faramont, Godly supposd the founder of this lawe: Hugh Capet also that vrup the crowne, To fynge his title with some showe of truth, When in pure truth it was corrupt and naught:

Comaid himselfe as heire to the Lady Inger, Daughter to Charles, the forefaid Duke of Lorain, So that as cleare as is the sommers Sun, King Pippins title and Hugh Capets clame, King Charles his satisfacion all appeare, To hold in right and title of the female:

So do the Lords of France vntil this day, Howbeit they would hold vp this falicke lawe To
of Henry the fift.

[I. 2] To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
60 Then amply to imbace their crooked cances,
Vsurpt from you and your progenitors. (claine?  
K. May we with right & confidence make this
Bi. The fin vnpon my head dread fouraigne.
64 For in the booke of Numbers is it writ,
When the fonna dies, let the inheritance
Defend vnto the daughter.
Noble Lord stand for your owne,
68 Unwinde your bloody flagge,
Go my dread Lord to your great graunfirs graue,
From whom you clayme :
And your great Uncle Edward the blacke Prince,
72 Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whilest his most mighty father on a hill,
Stood flailing to behold his Lyons whelpe,
76 Foraging blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English that could entendaine
With halfe their Forces the full power of France :  
And let an other halfe stand laughing by,
80 All out of worke, and cold for action.
   King. We must not onely arme vs against the French,
   But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,
   Who will make rode upon vs with all advantages.
84 Bi. The Marches gracious fouraigne, shalbe sufficient
To guard your England from the pilfering borderers.
   King. We do not meane the courfing facturers onely,
   But feare the mayne entendement of the Scot,
88 For you shall read, never my great grandfather
Vnnmaskt his power for France,
But that the Scot on his vnfurnifht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tide into a breach,
92 That England being empty of defences,
Hath shooke and trembled at the brute hereof.
   Bi. She hath bin then more feared then hurt my Lord:

\[ A \quad 3 \quad \text{For} \]
The Chronicle Historie

For heare her but examplified by her selfe, [I. 2]
When all her chivalry hath bene in France 96
And the a mourning widow of her Nobles,
She hath her selfe not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a fray, the king of Scots,
Whom like a catyfie she did leade to France, 100
Filling your Chronicles as rich with praiue
As is the owle and bottome of the sea
With funken wrack and shipteles treaurie.

Lord. There is a saying very old and true, 104
If you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:
For once the Eagle, England being in pray,
To his vnfurnih neest the weazel Scot
Would suff her eggs, playing the moose in abience of the
To spoyle and haueock more then she can eat. 108 (cat :
Exe. It followes then, the cat must stay at home,
Yet that is but a curt necellitie,
Since we have trappes to catch the petty theeuens:
Whilethe that the armed hand doth fight abroad
The adulited head controles at home:
For gouvemment though high or lowe, being put into parts, 116
Congrueth with a mutuall consent like musick.

Bi. True : therefore doth heauen diuide the fate of man
in divers functions.
Whereunto is added as an ayre or but, obedience:
For so live the honey Bees, creatures that by awe 120
Ordaine an act of order to a peopeld Kingdom:
They have a King and officers of fort,
Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
Others like Marchants venture trade abroad : 124
Others like fouldiers armed in their fittings,
Make boote vpon the fombers veluet bud :
Which pillage they with mery march bring home
To the tent royall of their Emperor,
Who bafed in his maiestie, behold 128
The singling maflons building roofes of gold :

The
of Henry the fifth.

[I. 2] The cinell citizens lading vp the honey,
132 The fad eyde Iustice with his furly humme,
    Delivering vp to executors pale, the lazy caning Drone.
    This I infer, that 20. actions once a foote,
    May all end in one moment.
136 As many Arrowses lofes feuerall wayes, flye to one marke:
    As many feuerall wayes meete in one towne:
    As many freth fireames run in one selfe sea:
    As many lines close in the dyall center:
140 So many a thousand actions once a foote,
    End in one moment, and be all well borne without defect.
    Therefore my Liege to France,
    Divide your happy England into foure,
144 Of which take you one quarter into France,
    And you withall, shall make all Gallia shake.
    If we with thrice that power left at home,
    Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,
148 Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth lose
    The name of policy and hardineesse.
    Ki. Call in the messenger sent fro the Dolphin,
    And by your ayde, the noble fineuws of our land,
152 France being ours, weeue bring it to our awe,
    Or breake it all in piecues:
    Eyther our Chronicles thel with full mouth speake
    Freely of our acts,
156 Or else like toonglese mutes
    Not worhippt with a paper Epitaph:
    Enter Thambaffadors from France.
    Now are we well prepared to know the Dolphins pleasure,
    For we heare your comming is from him.
160 Ambaffa. Pleaeth your Maiestie to giue vs leau
    Freely to render what we have in charge:
    Or shall I sparingly thew a farre off,
    The Dolphins pleasure and our Embaflage?
164 King. We are no tyrant, but a Christian King,
    To whom our spirit is as fliee,
    As are our wretches fettered in our prisons.
The Chronicle Historie

Therefore freely and with uncurbed boldnesse
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

Antef. Then this in fine the Dolphin faith,
Whereas you claime certaine Townes in France,
From your predecessor king Edward the third,
This he returns.

He faith, thers nought in France that can be with a nimble
Galliard wonne: you cannot reuel into Dukedomes there:
Therefore be sendeth meeter for your study,
This tuinne of treasure: and in lieu of this,
Desires to let the Dukedomes that you craue
H-are no more from you: This the Dolphin faith.

King. What treasure Vncle?

Etc. Tennis balles my Liege.

King. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,
Your message and his present we accept:
When we have matched our rackets to these balles,
We will by Gods grace play such a fet,
Shall strike his fathers crowne into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the Courts of France shall be disturb'd with chases.
And we understand him well, how he comes ore vs
With our wilder days, not measuring what vs we made
of them.

We never valued this poore state of England.
And therefore gave our felues to barbarous licence:
As tis common seene that men are merrieft when they are
from home.

But tell the Dolphin we will keepe our state,
Be like a King, mightie and command,
When we do rowle vs in throne of France:
Forthis haue we laid by our Maiestie
And plodded lide a man for working days.
But we will rise there with so full of glory,
That we will dazell all the eyes of France,
I strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs,
(tones, And
And tell him this, his mock hath turnd his balles to gun
And
of Henry the fift.

[I. 2.] And his foule shall fore charged for the waftfull

(vengeance)
That shall flye from them. For this his mocke
204 Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands.
Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mocke Caffles downe,
I some are yet vnngotten and vnborne,
That shall have cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.
208 But this izes all within the will of God, to whom we doo

(appelle,
And in whose name tell you the Dolphin we are coming on
To venge us as we may, and to put forth our hand
In a rightfull cause: to get you hence, and tell your Prince,
212 His left will favour but of shalow wit,
When thousands weep, more then did laugh at it:
Convey them with safe conduct: see them hence.

Err. This was a merry mesilage.
216 King. We hope to make the fender blush at it:
Therefore let our colectio for the wars be soone prouided:
For God before, weell check the Dolphin at his fathers

(doore.
Therefore let every man now take his thought,
220 That this faire action may on foote be brought.

Execunt omnes.

[II. 1]

Enter Nim and Bardolf.

Bar. Godmorrow Corporall Nim.
Nim. Godmorrow Lieutenent Bardolf.
Bar. What is antient Pistoll and thee friends yet?

4 Nim. I cannot tell, things must be as they may:
I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron:
It is a simple one, but what tho; it will serue to toffe cheefe,
And it will endure cold as an other mans sword will,
8 And there the humor of it.
Bar. Yfaith mistresse quickly did thee great wrong,
For thou wert treth plight to her.

Nim. I
The Chronicle Historie

Nim. I must do as I may, the patience be a tryed mare, [II. 1]
Yet fire, pitt, and some say knaves have edges,
And men may shope and have their throates about them
At that time, and there is the humour of it.

Bar. Come, faith, he let a breakfast to make Pifflol
And thee friends. What a plague should we Carrie knaves
To cut our owne throates.

Nim. Yea, faith I live as long as I may, thats the certaine of it.
And when I cannot live any longer, lle do as I may,
And there my rest, and the randevous of it.

Enter Pifflol and Hoyles quickly, his wife.

Bar. Good morrow ancient Piffloll.
Here comes ancient Piffloll, I prithee Nim be quiet.

Nim. How do you my Hoyle?

Piffloll. Bafe Slave, calleth thou me hoyle?

Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,
Nor shall my Nell keepe lodging.

Hoyle. No by my truth not I,
For we cannot bed nor board half a score honest gentlewoman.
That lieu honestly by the prick of their needle,
But it is thought straight we kepe a bawdy-house.
O Lord heeres Corporall Nim, now shall
We haue wilful adultery and murther committed:
Good Corporall Nim shew the valour of a man,
And put vp your sword.

Nim. Pufh.

Piffloll. What dost thou pufh, thou prickeard cur of Ireland?

Nim. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

Piffloll. Solus egregious dog, that solus in thy throate,
And in thy lungs, and which is worfe, within
Thy mefull mouth, I do retort that solus in thy
Bowels, and in thy law, perdie: for I can talke,
And Piffloll flaming fiery cock is vp.

Nim. I am not Barbifom, you cannot conjure me:
I haue an humour Piffloll to knock you indifferentely well,
And you fall soule with me Piffloll, lle scoure you with my

Rapier
of Henry the fift.

[II. 1] Rapier in faire termes. If you will walke off a little,
    Ile prick your guts a little in good termes,
48 And theres the humour of it.
    Pift. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
    The Graue doth gape, and groaning
    Death is neare, therefore exall.
    They drawe.

52    Bar. Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,
    Ile kill him, as I am a fouldier.
    Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shal abate.
    Nim. Ile cut your throat at one time or an other in faire
56 And theres the humor of it. (termes,
    Pist. Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen:
    A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get?
    No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
60 Fetch forth the lazar kite of Crefides kinde,
    Doll Tear-theete, the by name, and her espowre
    I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,
    For the onely she and Paco, there it is enough.
    Enter the Boy.

64    Boy. Hoftes you must come straight to my maifter,
    And you Hoft Pistoll. Good Bardolfe
    Put thy noze betweene the sheetes, and do the office of a
    (warming pan.
    Host. By my troath heele yeeld the crow a pudding one
    (of these dayes.

68    Ile go to him, husband youle come?
    Bar. Come Pistoll be friends.
    Nim prithee be friends, and if thou wilt not be
    Enemies with me too.
72    Ni. I shal haue my eight shillings I woon of you at beating?
    Pift. Bafe is the flaye that payes.
    Nim. That now I will haue, and there the humor of it.
    Pift. As manhood shall compound. They drawe.

76    Bar. He that strikes the first blow,
    Ile kill him by this fword.
    Pift. Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course.
The Chronicle Historie

Nim. I shall haue my eight shillings I wonne of you at beating?

Pist. A noble shalt thou haue, and readie pay,
And liquor likewise will I glie to thee,
And friendship shall combind and brotherhood:
Ile live by Nim as Nim shall live by me:
Is not this iust? for I shall sutler be
Vnto the Campe, and profit will occur.
   Nim. I shall have my noble?
   Pist. In cash most truly paid.
   Nim. Why therses the humour of it.

Enter Hastes.

Hastes. As ever you came of men come in,
Sir John poore soule is so troubled
With a burning tathan contigian feuer, tis wonderfull.
   Pist. Let vs condole the knight: for lamkins we will lye.
      Exeunt omnes.

   Enter Exeter and Gloster.

Gloft. Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to trust thefe traytons.

Exe. They shalbe apprehended by and by.

Glost. I but the man that was his bedfellow
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with princely fauours
That he shoulde for a foraine purfe, to sell
His Soueraigne life to death and trechery.

Exe. O the Lord of Maisham.

Enter the King and three Lords.

King. Now first the winde faire, and we wil aaboard;
My Lord of Cambridge, and my Lord of Maisham,
And you my gentle Knight, glue me your thoughts,
Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,
Will make vs conquerors in the field of France?

Maisha. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his beft.

Cam. Neuer
of Henry the fift.

[II. 2]  
Cam. Never was Monarch better feared and loued then is your maiestie.

Gray. Euen those that were your fathers enemies

16 Haue steeped their galles in honey for your sake.

King. We therefore haue great caufe of thankfulnesse,
And shall forget the office of our hands:
Sooner then reward and merit,

20 According to their caufe and worthinesse.

Majfa. So seruice shall with sceleled finewes shine,
And labour shal refresh it selfe with hope
To do your Grace incessant seruice.

24  King. Vnclle of Exeter, enlarge the man
Committed yesterday, that rayled against our person,
We consider it was the heathe of wine that set him on,
And on his more aduice we pardon him.

28 Majfa. That is mercie, but too much securitie:
Let him bee punifhed Soueraigne, leaft the example of (him,

Breed more of such a kinde.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

32 Cam. So may your highnesse, and punifh too.

Gray. You shewed great mercie if you giue him life,
After the taffe of his correction.

King. Alas your too much care and loue of me

36 Are heavy orifons gainft the poore wretch,
If little faults proceeding on dieltemper should not bee (winked at,

How should we fretsh our eye, when capitall crimes,
Chewed, swallowed and digested, appeare before vs:

40 Well yet enlargdef the man, tho Cambridge and the rest
In their deare loues, and tender premodation of our state,
Would haue him punifht.
Now to our French caufes.

44 Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. Me one my Lord, your highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

B 3  Majfa. So
The Chronicle Historie

Mafh. So did you me my Soueraigne. [II. 1]

Gray. And me my Lord.

King. Then Richard Earle of Cambridge there is yours. 48

There is yours my Lord of Mafham.

And fr Thomas Gray knight of Northumberland, this fame is
Read them, and know we know your worthineffe. (yours:

Vnckle Exeter I will aboord to night. 52

Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?

What see you in those papers

That hath so chafed your blood out of appearance?

Cam. I do confesse my fault, and do submit me 56

To your highneffe mercie.

Mafh. To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy which was quit in vs but late,

By your owne reasons is foresptald and done:

You must not dare for thame to ask for mercy,

For your owne conffience turue vpon your bofomes,

As dogs vpon their maisters worrying them.

See you my Princes, and my noble Peeres,

These English monsters:

My Lord of Cambridge here,

You know how apt we were to grace him,

In all things belonging to his honour:

And thisilde man hath for a fewe light crownes,

Lightly confpired and sworne vnto the practises of France:

To kill vs here in Hampton. To the which,

This knight no leffe in bountie bound to vs 64

Then Cambridge is, haah likewise sworne.

But oh what shall I say to thee false man,

Thou cruell ingrateaufull and inhumane creature,

Thou that didst beare the key of all my counfell,

That knewest the very secretts of my heart,

That almost mightest a coyned me into gold,

Wouldest thou a practife on me for thy vfe:

Can it be possibfe that out of thee

Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?

Tis
of Henry the fift.

[II. 2] Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth shew as groce
As black from white, mine eye will scarcely see it.
84 Their faults are open, arrest them to the answer of the lawe,
   And God acquit them of their practices.
   Exe. I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of Richard, Earl of Cambridge.
88 I arrest thee of high treason,
   By the name of Henry, Lord of Malfham.
I arrest thee of high treason,
   By the name of Thomas Gray, knight of Northumberland.
92 Maff. Our purposes God justly hath discovered,
   And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your majestie forgiue,
Altho my body pay the price of it.
96 King. God quit you in his mercy. Hearre your sentence.
   You have conspired against our royall person,
   Joined with an enemy proclaimed and fixed.
   And from his coffers received the golden earneft of our death
100 Touching our person we seek no redresse.
   But we our kingdoms safest must do tender
Whose ruine you have fought,
That to our lawes we do deliver you.
104 Get ye therefore hence: poore miserable creatures to your
   The taffe whereof, God in his mercy give you (amiss):
   Patience to endure, and true repentance of all your deeds
   Bearer them hence.
   Exit three Lords.

108 Now Lords to France. The enterprize whereof,
   Shall be to you as vs, successfuell.
   Since God cut off this dangerous treason lurking in our way
   Cheerly to sea, the signes of war aduance:
112 No King of England, if not King of France.

Exit omnes.

Enter
The Chronicle Historie

Enter Nim, Pifoll, Bardolfe, Hoftes and a Boy. [II. 3]

Hoft. I prethy sweete heart, let me bring thee so farre as

(Stanes)

Pifl. No fur, no fur.

Bar. Well sir John is gone. God be with him.

Hoft. I, he is in Arthors bodome, if euer any were:

He went away as if it were a cryombed childe,

Bwetwene twelue and one,

Iuft at turning of the tide:

His nofe was as sharpe as a pen:

For when I saw him sumble with the sheetes,

And talk of flourues, and smyle vpô his fingers ends

I knew there was no way but one.

How now sir John quoth I?

And he cryed three times, God, God, God,

Now I to comfort him, bad him not think of God,

I hope ther was no fuch need.

Then he bad me put more cloathes at his feete:

And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any ftone:

And to his knees, and they were as cold as any ftone.

And so vpward, and vpward, and all was as cold as any ftone.

Nim. They say he cride out on Sack.

Hoft. I that he did.

Boy. And of women.

Hoft. No that he did not.

Boy. Yes that he did: and he fed they were diuels incarnat.

Hoft. Indeed carnation was a colour he never loued.

Nim. Well he did cry out on women.

Hoft. Indeed he did in some fort handle women,

But then he was rumaticke, and talkt of the whore of

(Babylon)

Boy. Hoftes do you remember he saw a Flea stond

Upon Bardolfe Nofe, and fed it was a black soule

Burning in hell fire?

Bar.
of Henry the fifth.

[II. 3] Bar. Well, God be with him,
That was all the wealth I got in his service.
Nim. Shall we shog off?
The king will be gone from Southampton.
36 Pijl. Cleare vp thy cristalles,
Looke to my chattels and my movables.
Truit none: the word is pitch and pay:
Mens words are wafer cakes,
40 And holdfast is the only dog my deare.
Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,
Touch her soft lips and part.
Bar. Farewell hostes.
44 Nim. I cannot kiss: and thers the humor of it.
But adieu
Pist. Keep fast thy buckle boe.
Exit omnes.

[II. 4] Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin,
and others.

King. Now you Lords of Orlance,
Of Bourbon, and of Berry,
You see the King of England is not slack,
4 For he is footed on this land alreadie.
Dolphin. My gracious Lord, tis meet we all goe
And arme vs against the foe:
foorth,
And view the weak & sickly parts of France:
8 But let vs do it with no shew of feare,
No with no more, then if we heard
England were buisied with a Moris dance.
For my good Lord, the is so idely kingd,
12 Her scepter so fantastically borne,
So guided by a shallow humorus youth,
That feare attends her not.

Con. O peace Prince Dolphin, you deceine your selfe,
C Question
The Chronicle Historie

Question your grace the late Embassador,
With what regard he heard his Embassage,
How well supplied with aged Counsellours,
And how his resolution andswered him,
You then would say that Harry was not wilde.

King. Well thinke we Harry strong:
And strongly arme vs to preuent the foe.

Con. My Lord here is an Embassador
From the King of England.

Kin. Bid him come in.

You see this chafe is hotly followed Lords.

Dol. My gracious father, cut vp this English short,
Selfeloue my Liege is not so vile a thing,
As selfe neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie:
He wils you in the name of God Almightye,
That you deueft your selfe and lay apart
That borrowed tytle, which by gift of heauen,
Of lawe of nature, and of nations, longs
To him and to his heires, namely the crowne
And all wide strecthed titlet that belongs
Unto the Crowne of France, that you may know
Tis no finisster, nor no awkeward claimen,
Pickt from the wormeholes of old vanisht dayes,
Nor from the durt of old oblivion rackte,
He sends you these most memorablie lynes,
In euerie branch truly demonstrated:
Willing you overlooke this pedigree,
And when you finde him euene derivued
From his most famed and famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resigne
Your crowne and kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the natuie and true challenger.

King.
of Henry the fift.

[II. 4] King. If not, what followes?
   Exe. Bloody costraint, for if you hide the crown

52 Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
   Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
   In thunder, and in earthquake, like a loue,
   That if requiring faile, he will compell it:
56 And on your heads turns he the widowes teares,
   The Orphanes cries, the dead mens bones,
   The pining maydens grones.
   For husbands, fathers, and distrest loners,

60 Which shall be swallowed in this controuersie.
   This is his claime, his threatning, and my message.
   vnles the Dolphin be in presence here,
   To whom expressly we bring greeting too.

64 Dol. For the Dolphin? I stand here for him,
   What to heare from England.
   Exe. Scorn & defiance, flight regard, contempt,
   And any thing that may not misbecome

68 The mightie sender, doth he prife you at:
   Thus faith my king. vnles your fathers highnesse
   Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maiestie,
   Heele call you to so loud an answer for it,

72 That causeth and wombely vaultes of France
   Shall chide your trefpasse, and return your mock,
   In second accent of his ordinance.
   Dol. Say that my father render faire reply,

76 It is against my will:
   For I desire nothing so much,
   As oddes with England.
   And for that cause according to his youth

80 I did present him with thofe Paris balles.
   Exe. Heele make your Paris Louer shake for it,
   Were it the misfreffe Court of mightie Europe.
   And be affured, youle finde a difference

84 As we his subiects haue in wonder found:

   C 2

   a—q.
The Chronicle Historie

Betweene his yonger dayes and thefe he musters now,
Now he wayes time even to the latef graine,
Which you shall finde in your owne ofles
If he stay in France.

King. Well for vs, you shall returne our anfwere backe
To our brother England.

Exit omnes.

Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Piftoll, Boy.

Nim. Before God here is hote seruice.

Pist. Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,

Gods vassals drop and die.

Nim. Tis honor, and thers the humor of it.

Boy. Would I were in London:
Idc give all my honor for a pot of Ale.

Pift. And I. If wishes would preuaile,
I would not stay, but thither would I hie.

Enter Flewellen aud beates them in.

Flew. Godes plud vp to the breaches
You rafcals, will you not vp to the breaches?

Nim. Abate thy rage sweete knight,
Abate thy rage.

Boy. Well I would I were once from them:
They would haue me as familiar
With mens pockets, as their gloues, and their
Handkerchers, they will steale any thing.

Bardolfe stole a Lute cafe, carryed it three mile,
And fold it for three hapence.

Nim stole a fierhouell.
I knew by that, they meant to carry coales:
Well, if they will not leaue me,
I meane to leaue them.

Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Piftoll, and the Boy.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captain Flewellen, you must come strait
To the Mines, to the Duke of Glyfter.

Looke
of Henry the fift.

[III. 2]  Fleu. Looke you, tell the Duke it is not so good
To come to the mines: the concuasties is otherwise.
You may difficule to the Duke, the enemy is digd
28 Himselfe fowe yarudy vnder the countermines:
By Iefus I thinke heele blowe vp all
If there be no better direction.

[III. 3]  Enter the King and his Lords alarum.

King. How yet resolues the Gouernour of the Towne?
This is the lateff parley weele admit:
Therefore to our beff mercie gue your felues,
4 Or like to men proud of deftruction, defie vs to our worst,
For as I am a fouldier, a name that in my thoughts
Becomes me beff, if we begin the battery once againe
I will not leave the halfe atchieued Harfl ew,
8 Till in her afhes the be buried,
The gates of mercie are all shu vp.
What say you, will you yeeld and this anoys,
Or guiltie in defence be thus deffroyd?

Enter Gouernour.

12 Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin whom of fuccour we entreated,
Returns vs word, his powers are not yet ready,
To raise fo great a fiege: therefore dread King,
16 We yeeld our towne and liues to thy soft mercie:
Enter our gates, disposer of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defensife now.


Kate. Allice venecia, vous aues cates en,
Vous parte fort bon Angloys englata ra,
Coman fae palla vou la main en francoy.

C 3  

Allice. La
The Chronicle Historie

Allice. La main madam de han. [III. 4]
Kate. E da bras.
Allice. De arma madam.
Kate. Le main da han la bras de arma.
Allice. Owy e madam.
Kate. E Coman fa pella vow la menton a la coll.
Allice. De neck, e de cin, madam.
Kate. E de neck, e de cin, e de code.
Allice. De cudie ma foy Ie oblye, mais Ie rememble, 12
Le tude, o de elbo madam.
Kate. Ecowte Ie reherfere, towt cella que Iac apaoandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.
Allice. De elbo madam.
Kate. O Iefu, Iea obloye ma foy, ecowte Ie recontera
De han, de arma, de neck, de'cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.
Allice. Ma foy madam, vow parla au fe bon Angloys
Asie vous auës ettue en Englatura.
Kate. Par la grace de deu an pettie tanes, Ie parle milleur
Coman fe pella vou le peid e le robe.
Allice. Le foot, e le con.
Kate. Le fot, e le con, ò Iefu / Ie ne vew point parler, 24
Sie plus deuant le che cheualieres de franca,
Pur one million ma foy.
Allice, Madam, de foote, e le con.
Kate. O et ill auxie, ecowte Allice, de han, de arma,
De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.
Allice. Cet fort bon madam.
Kate. Aloues a diner.

Exit omnes.

Enter King of France Lord Constable, the Dolphin, and Burbon. [III. 5]

King. Tis certaine he is past the Riuier Some.
Con. Mordeu ma via : Shall a few spranes of vs,
The
of Henry the Fifth.

III. 5] The emptying of our fathers luxerie,
4 Outgrow their grafters.
   Bur. Normanes, basterd Normanes, mor du
   And if they passe vnfoughtwithall,
   Ile fell my Dukedome for a foggy farme
8 In that short nooke Ile of England.
   Cont. Why whence haue they this mettall?
   Is not their clymate raw, foggy and colde.
   On whom as in diidaine, the Sunne lookes pale?
12 Can barley broath, a drench for fwole lades
   Their sodden water decocct fuch linely blood?
   And shall our quick blood spirited with wine
   See me frostly? O for honour of our names,
16 Let vs not hang like frozen licesickles
   Upon our houfes tops, while they a more frostly clymate
   Sweate drops of youthfull blood.
   King. Constable dipatch, fend Montiow forth,
20 To know what willing raunfome he will give?
   Sonne Dolphin you shal lye in Rome with me.
   Dol. Not so I do befeech your Maiestie.
   King. Well, I lay it shalbe so.

Exeunt omnes.

[III. 6]

Enter Gower.

Go. How now Captain Flewllenn, come you fro the bridge?
Flew. By Jefus thers excellët fervice comitted at f bridge.
Gour. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?
4 Flew. The duke of Exeter is a mä whom I love, & I honor,
   And I worship, with my foule, and my heart, and my life,
   And my lands and my liuings,
   And my vettermoost powers.
8 The Duke is looke you,
   God be præfed and pleased for it, no harme in the worell,
   He is maintain the bridge very gallently: there is an Ensigne
   There,
The Chronicle Historie

There, I do not know how you call him, but by Iefus I think [III. 6]
He is as valient a man as Marke Anthonie, he doth maintain 12
the bridge most gallantly: yet he is a man of no reckoning:
But I did see him do gallant service.

Gower. How do you call him?
Flew. His name is ancient Pistoll.
Gower. I know him not.

Enter Ancient Pistoll.

Flew. Do you not know him, here comes the man.
Pist. Captaine, I thee beseech to do me fauour,
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.
Flew. I, and I praiue God I haue merrited some lune at
(his hands.

Pist. Bardolfe a soouldier, one of buxsome valour,
Hath by furious fate
And giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,
That Godes blinde that stands upon the rowling refleffe
(ftone.

Flew. By your patience ancient Pistoll,
Fortune, looke you is painted,
Plind with a mufler before her eyes,
To signifie to you, that Fortune is plind:
And she is moreover painted with a wheele,
Which is the morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconstant, and variation; and mutabilitie:
And her fate is fixed at a spherialcall ftonne
Which roules, and roules, and roules:
Surely the Poet is make an excellé: descriptio of Fortune.
Fortune looke you is and excellent morall.
Pist. Fortune is Bardolfe fue, and frownes on him,
For he hath stolne a packs, and hanged must he be:
A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,
Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe ftop.

But
of Henry the seft.

[III. 6] But Exeter hath gien the doome of death,
For packs of pettie price:
Therefore go speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce,
44 And let not Bardolfes vitall thred be cut,
With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.
Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flew. Captain Pijoll, I partly understand your meaning.
48 Pist. Why then rejoyce therefore.

Flew. Certainly Antient Pijol, tis not a thing to rejoyce at,
For if he were my owne brother, I would with the Duke
To do his pleasure, and put him to executions: for look you,

52 Disciplines ought to be kept, they ought to be kept.
Pist. Die and be damned, and figa for thy friendhip.
Flew. That is good.
Pist. The figge of Spaine within thy Iawe.

56 Flew. That is very well.
Pist. I say the fig within thy bowels and thy durty maw.

Exit Pistoll.

Fle. Captain Gour, cannot you hear it lightene & thunber?
Gour. Why is this the Ancient you told me of?

60 I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flew. By Iefus heeis ytter as praeue words vpou the bridge
As you shall defire to fee in a fommers day, but its all one,
What he hath fed to me, looke you, is all one.

64 Go. Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue that goes to the wars
Onely to grace himselfe at his returne to London:
And such fellowes as he,
Are perfect in great Commaunders names.

68 They will leare by rote where feruices were done,
At fuch and fuch a sconce, at fuch a breach,
At fuch a convoy: who came off bralyely, who was shot,
Who disgraced, what termes the enemie stood on.

72 And this they con perfectly in phrase of warre,
Which they trick vp with new tuned oathes, & what a berd
Of the Generalls cut, and a horid shout of the canpe

D  Will
The Chronicle Historie

Will do among the foming bottles and alewaft wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must leanne
To know such slaunders of this age,
Or else you may maruellously be mistooke.

Flew. Certain captain Gower, it is not the man, looke you,
That I did take him to be: but when time shall serue,
I shall tell him a little of my desires: here comes his Maiestie.

Enter King, Clarence, Gloster and others.

King. How now Flewelen, come you from the bridge?
Flew. I and it shal pleafe your Maiestie,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.

King. What men have you loft Flewelen?
Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie,
The partition of the aduerfarie hath bene great,
Very reasonably great: but for our owne parts, like you now,
I thinke we have loft neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a church, one Bardolfe, if your Maiestie
Know the man, his face is full of whelkes and knobs,
And pumple, and his breath blowes at his nofe
Like a cole, sometimes red, sometimes plew:
But god be praiued, now his nofe is executed, & his fire out.

King. We would have all offenders to cut off,
And we here giue expreffecommaundment,
That there be nothing taken from the villages but paid for,
None of the French abused,
Or abraided with disdainfull language:
For when cruelty and lenity play for a Kingdome,
The gentlef gamester is the sooner winner.

Enter French Herald.

Hera. You know me by my habit.
Ki. Well the, we know thee, what shuld we know of thee?
Hera. My maisters minde.

King. Unfold it.

Heral. Go thee vnto Harry of England, and tell him,
Advantage is a better souledier then rafhnesse:

Altho
of Henry the fift.

[III. 6] Altho we did feeme dead, we did but flumber.
Now we speake vpon our kue, and our voyce is imperiall,
England shall repent her folly: see her rafhnesse,
And admire our fufferance. Which to raunfome,

112 His pettiness would bow vnder:
For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake:
For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe
Kneeling at our feete, a weake and worthlesse satifaction.

116 To this, adde defyance. So much from the king my maifter.
King. What is thy name? we know thy qualitie.
Herald. Montjoy.

King. Thou doft thy office faire, returne thee backe,

120 And tell thy King, I do not seeke him now:
But could be well content, without impeach,
To march on to Callis: for to lay the footh,
Though tis no wyldeome to confesse so much

124 Vnto an enemie of craft and vantage.
My soldiers are with ficknesse much infuebled,
My Army lessenoned, and those fewe I haue,
Almoft no better then so many French:

128 Who when they were in heart, I tell thee Herauld,
I thought vpon one pair of English legges,
Did march three French mens.
Yet forgue me God, that I do brag thus:

132 This your heire of France hath blewne this vice in me.
I must repent, go tell thy maifter here I am,
My raunfome is this fraye and worthlesse body,
My Army but a weake and fickly guarde.

136 Yet God before, we will come on,
If France and such an other neighbour flood in our way:
If we may passe, we will: if we be hindered,
We shal your tawny ground with your red blood discoulour.

140 So Montjoy get you gone, there is for your paines:
The sum of all our anfwere is but this,
We would not seeke a battle as we are:

D a Nor
The Chronicle Historie

Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it.  

_Herald._ I shall deliver so: thanks to your Majestie.

_Hof._ My Liege, I hope they will not come upon us now.

_King._ We are in God's hand brother, not in theirs:

To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away.

_Enter_ Burbon, Constable, Orleance, Gebon.  

_Const._ Tut I have the best armour in the world.

_Orleance._ You have an excellent armour,

But let my horse have his due.

_Burbon._ Now you talk of a horse, I have a feed like the

Palfrey of the sun, nothing but pure ayre and fire,

And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

_Orleance._ He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

_Bur._ And of the heate, a the Ginger.

Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues,

And my horse is argument for them all:

I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,

And began thus. Wonder of nature.

_Const._ I have heard a Sonnet begin so,

In the praise of ones Mistresse.

_Bur._ Why then did they imitate that

Which I writ in praise of my horse,

For my horse is my mistresse.

_Const._ But the other day, me thought

Your mistresse thooke you threwdly.

_Bur._ I bearing me. I tell thee Lord Constable,

My mistresse weares her owne haire.

_Const._ I could make as good a boaste of that,

If I had had a fow to my mistresse.

_Bur._ Tut thou wilt make vse of anything.

_Const._ Yet I do not vse my horse for my mistresse.

_Bur._ Will it never be morning?

Ile rise too morrow a mile,

And my way shalbe paused with English faces.

_Const._ By
of Henry the fift.

[III. 7]  Con. By my faith fo will not I,
For feare I be outfaced of my way.
Bur. Well ile go arme my selfe, hay.
32  Gebon. The Duke of Burbon longs for morning
Or. I he longs to eate the Engliſh.
Con. I thinke heele eate all he killes.
Orle. O peace, ill will neuer fayd well.
36  Con. Ile cap that prouerbe,
With there is flattery in friendship.
Or. O for, I can anfwer that,
With guie the diuel his due.
40  Con. Haue at the eye of that prouerbe,
With a logge of the diuel.
Or. Well the Duke of Burbon, is fimpily,
The moft actiue Gentleman of France.
44  Con. Doing his actiuitie, and heele fil be doing.
Or. He neuer did hurt as I heard off.
Con. No I warrant you, nor neuer will.
Or. I hold him to be exceeding valiant.
48  Con. I was told fo by one that knows him better the you.
Or. Whofe that?
Con. Why he told me fo himſelfe:
And faid he cared not who knew it.
52  Or. Well who will go with me to hazard,
For a hundred English prifoners?
Con. You muft go to hazard your felfe,
Before you haue them.

Enter a Mefſenger.
56  Meff. My Lords, the Engliſh lye within a hundred
Paces of your Tent.
Con. Who hath meafured the ground?
Meff. The Lord Granpeere.

60  Con. A valiant man, a. an expert Gentleman.
Come, come away:
The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day.  Exit omnes.

Enter
The Chronicle Historie

Enter the King disguisif, to him Fiftoll. [IV. 1]
Pist. Ke ve la?
King. A friend.
Pifl. Diclus into me, art thou Gentleman?
Or art thou common, base, and popele?
King. No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.
Pist. Trailes thou the puissiant pike?
King. Even so sir. What are you?
Pifl. As good a gentleman as the Emperour.
King. O then thou art better then the King?
Pil. The kings a bago, and a hart of gold.
Pifl. A lad of life, an impo of fame:
Of parents good, of fift moft valiant:
I kis his durtie shoe: and from my hart frings
I loue the lonely bully. What is thy name?
King. Harry le Roy.
Pist. Le Roy, a Cornifh man:
Art thou of Cornifh crew?
Kin. No sir, I am a Wealchman.
Pifl. A Wealchman: knowst thou Flewelen?
Kin. I sir, he is my kinsman.
Pifl. Art thou his friend?
Kin. I sir.
Pifl. Figa for thee then: my name is Pifloll.
Kin. It forts well with your fierceness.
Pifl. Pifloll is my name.

Exit Pifloll.
Enter Gower and Flewelen.

Gour. Captaine Flewelen.
Flew. In the name of Iefu speake newer.
It is the greatest folly in the worrell, when the auncient
Prerogatives of the warres be not kept.
I warrant you, if you looke into the warres of the Romanes,
You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bible bable there:

But
of Henry the fift.

[IV. 1] But you shall finde the cares, and the feares,
And the cerimonies, to be otherwise.

Gour. Why the enemy is loud: you heard him all night.
Flew. Godes follud, if the enemy be an Asle & a Poole,
And a prating cocks-come, is it meet that we be also a fooler,
And a prating cocks-come, in your conscience now?

Gour. He speake lower.
Flew. I befeech you do, good Captaine Gower.

Exit Gower, and Flewelen.

Kin. Tho it appeare a little out of fathion,
Yet therese much care in this.

Enter three Souldiers.

1. Soul. Is not that the morning yonder?
2. Soul. I we see the beginning,

44 God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.
3. Soul. Well I think the king could with himselfe
Up to the necke in the middle of the Thames,
And so I would he were, at all adventures, and I with him.

48 Kin. Now matters god morrow, what cheare?
3. S. I faith small cheer some of vs is like to haue,
Ere this day ende.

Kin. Why fear nothing man, the king is frolike.

52 2. S. I he may be, for he hath no such caufe as we
Kin. Nay say not so, he is a man as we are.
The Violet fmelts to him as to vs:
Therefore if he fee reafons, he feares as we do.

56 2. Soul. But the king hath a heavy reckoning to make,
If his caufe be not good: when all those foules
Whole bodies shall be slayne together here,
Shall ioyne together at the latter day,

60 And say I dyed at such a place. Some fwearing:
Some their wines rawly left:
Some leaving their children poore behind them.

Now
The Chronicle Historie

Now if his cause be bad, I think it will be a greeuous matter [IV. 1]
(to him.

King. Why so you may say, if a man send his servant
As Factor into another Countrey,
And he by any means miscarry,
You may say the businesse of the master,
Was the author of his servants misfortune.
Or if a sonne be employd by his father,
And he fall into any leau'd action, you may say the father
Was the author of his sonnes damnation.
But the master is not to answere for his servants,
The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subiects:
For they purpose not their deaths, wher they crave their fer-
Some there are that haue the gift of premeditated (siices:
Murder on them:
Others the broken seale of Forgery, in beguiling maydens.
Now if these outstrip the lawe,
Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.
War is Gods Beadel. War is Gods vengeance:
Every mans servise is the kings:
But every mans soule is his owne.
Therefore I would haue every soldier examine himselfe,
And waft every moueth out of his conscience:
That in so doing, he may be the readier for death:
Or not dying, why the time was well spent,
Wherein such preparation was made.

3. Lord. Yfaith he saies true:
Every mans fault on his owne head,
I would not haue the king answere for me.
Yet I intend to fight luftily for him.

King. Well, I heard the king, he wold not be ranfomde.
2. L. I he said so, to make vs fight:
But when our throates be cut, he may be ranfomde,
And we neuer the wifer.

King. If I live to see that, Ile neuer truft his word againe.
2. Lord,
of Henry the fift.

[IV. 1] 2. Sol. Mas youle pay him then, tis a great displeasure
That an elder gun, can do against a cannon,
Or a fablie in against a monarke.
Youle nere take his word again, your a nasse goe.
King. Your reprooche is somewhat too bitter:
Wore it not at this time I could be angry.
2. Sol. Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.
King. How shall I know thee?
2. Sol. Here is my glose, which if euuer I see in thy hat,
He challenge thee, and strike thee.
King. Here is likewife another of mine,
And assure thee ile weare it.
2. Sol. Thou dar'ft as well be hard.
3. Sol. Be friends you foolives,
We haue French quarrels anow in hand:
We haue no need of English broyles.
King. Tis no treason to cut French crownes,
For to morrow the king himself wil be a clipper.
Exit the fouldiers.

Enter the King, Gloster, Epingam, and Attendants.

K. O God of battels fleele my fouldiers harts,
Take from them now the fence of reckoning,
That the appoied multitudes which stand before them,
May not appall their courage.
O not to day, not to day o God,
Think on the fault my father made,
In compassing the crowne.
Richards bodie haue interred new,
And on it hath belowe'd more contrite teares,
Then from it influed forced drops of blood:
A hundred men haue I in yearly pay,
The Chronicle Historie

Which every day their withered hands hold vp
To heauen to pardon blood,
And I haue built two chanceries, more wil I do:
Tho all that I can do, is all too little.

Enter Gloster.

Glost. My Lord.
King. My brother Glosters voyce.
Glost. My Lord, the Army stayes vpon your presence.
King. Stay Gloster stay, and I will go with thee,
The day my friends, and all things stayes for me.

Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, and Salisbury.

War. My Lords the French are very strong.
Ere. There is fiue to one, and yet they all are fresh.
War. Of fighting men they haue full fortie thousand.
Sal. The oddes is all too great. Farewell kind Lords:
Braue Clarence, and my Lord of Gloster,
My Lord of Warwicke, and to all farewell.
Clar. Farewell kind Lord, fight valiantly to day,
And yet in truth, I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the true sparkes of honour.

Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thousand men
Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England.
King. Whose that, that wishes so, my Cousen Warwick?
Gods will, I would not loose the honour
One man would share from me,
Not for my Kingdome.
No faith my Cousen, with not one man more,
Rather proclaime it presently from our campe,
That he that hath no stomacke to this feast,
Let him depart, his passport shall bee drawne,
And crownes for convoy put into his purse,
of Henry the fifth.

[IV. 3] We would not die in that mans company,
    That feares his fellowship to die with vs.
This day is called the day of Crylpin,
24 He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
    Shall stand a tiptoe when this day is named,
    And rowse him at the name of Crylpin.
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
28 Shall yearly on the vygill feast his friends,
    And say, to morrow is S. Crypines day:
    Then shall we in their flowing bowls
    Be newly remembred.  Harry the King,
32 Bedford and Exeter, Clarence and Gloster,
    Warwick and Yorke.
    Familiar in their mouthes as househould words.
This story shall the good man tell his sonne,
36 And from this day, vnto the generall doome:
    But we in it shall be remembred.
We fewe, we happie fewe, we bond of brothers,
    For he to day that theads his blood by mine,
40 Shall be my brother: be he nere so baue,
    This day shall gentle his condition.
    Then shall he stripe his fleeces, and thew his skars,
    And say, these wounds I had on Cripines day:
44 And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
    Shall thinke themselues accurt,
    And hold their manhood cheape.
While any speake that fought with vs
48 Upon Saint Cripines day.
    Glost. My gracious Lord,
    The French is in the field.
    Kin. Why all things are ready, if our minds be so.
52 War. Perish the man whose mind is backward now.
    King. Thou dost not with more help from England coulen?
    War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battle out.
E 2  King. Why
The Chronicle Historie

Why well said. That doth please me better,
Then to with me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

Enter the Herald from the French.

Herald. Once more I come to know of thee king Henry,
What thou wilt give for raunfome?

Kin. Who hath sent thee now?

Her. The Constable of France.

Kin. I pretty bear my former answer backe:
Bid them atchieue me, and then fell my bones.

Good God, why should they mock good fellows
The man that once did fell the Lions skin, (thus ?
While the beast liued, was kild with hunting him.

A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Finde graves within your realm of France :
Tho buried in your dunghils, we shall be fam'd,
For there the Sun shall greete them,

And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heaven,
Leauen their earthy parts to choke your clyme:
The fume wherof, shall breed a plague in France:
Marke then abundant valour in our Englith,
That being dead, like to the bullets crazing.

Breaks forth into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relaps of mortalitie:
Let me speake proudly,

There's not a peace of feather in our campe,

Good argument I hope we shall not flye:
And time hath wore vs into flouendry.
But by the mas, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore souldiers tel me, yet ere night

Thayle be in frether robes, or they will plucke
The gay new cloathes ore your French souldiers ears,
And turne them out of service. If they do this,
As if it please God they shall,
Then shall our ranfome soone be leuied.

Sawe
of Henry the fift.

[IV. 3] Saeue thou thy labour Heralud:
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle Heralud.
92 They shall have nought I sweare, but these my bones:
Which if they haue, as I wil leve am them,
Will yeeld them little, tell the Comptable.
Her. I shall deliver so.

Exit Heralud.

96 Yorke. My gracious Lord, vpon my knee I craue,
The leading of the vaward.
Kin. Take it braue Yorke. Come soouldiers lets away:
And as thou pleasest God, dispose the day.

Exit.

[IV. 5]

Enter the foure French Lords.

Ge. O diabello.
Confl. Mor du ma vie.
Or. O what a day is this!
4 Bur. O four dei houte all is gone, all is loft.
Con. We are inough yet liuing in the field,
To smother vp the Englishe,
If any order might be thought vpon.
8 Bur. A plague of order, once more to the field,
And he that will not follow Burbun now,
Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,
Like a bace leno hold the chamber doore,
12 Why leaff by a slaue no gentler then my dog,
His fairest daughter is contamuracke.
Con. Disorder that hath spoylt vs, right vs now,
Come we in heapes, weele offer vp our liues
16 Vnto these Englishe, or else die with fame.
Come, come along,
Lets dye with honour, our shame doth laft too long.

Exit omnes.

Enter
The Chronicle Historie

Enter Piffloll, the French man, and the Boy.

Piffl. Eyld cur, eyld cur.
French. O Monsire, ie vous en pree aues petie de moy.
Piffl. Moy shall not ferue. I will haue fortie moys.

Boy aske him his name.

Boy. Comant ettes vous apelles ?
French. Monsier Fer.
Boy. He faies his name is Mafter Fer.
Piffl. Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him:

Boy discus the fame in French.

Boy. Sir I do not know, whats French
For fer, ferit and fearkt.

Piffl. Bid him prepare, for I wil cut his throte.
Boy. Feste, vou preat, ill vouelles coupele vorte gage.
Pist. Ony e ma foy couple la gorge.
Vnleffe thou giue to me egregious raunfome, dye.
One poyn of a foxe.

French. Qui dit ill monsifer.
Ill diyte fi vou ny vouly pa domy luy.
Boy. La gran ranfome, ill vou tueres.
French. O Iee vous en pri pettit gentelhome, parle
A cee, gran capataine, pour aunt mercie
A moy, ey Iee donerees pour mon ranfome
Cinquante ocios. Ie fuyes vngentelhome de France.
Pist. What fayes he boy ?
Boy. Marry sir he fayes, he is a Gentleman of a great
Houfe, of France: and for his ranfome,
He will giue you 500. crownes.
Pist. My fury shall abate,
And I the Crownes will take.
And as I suck blood, I will some mercie shew.
Follow me cur.

Exit omnes.

Enter the King and his Nobles, Piffloll.

King. What the French retire?

Yet
of Henry the fift.

[IV. 6] Yet all is not done, yet keepe the French the field.

_Ere._ The Duke of Yorke commends him to your Grace.

4 King. Lines he good Vnkle, twife I lawe him downe,
Twife vp againe:
From helmet to the spurre, all bleeding ore.

_Ere._ In which aray, braue fouldier doth he lye,

8 Larding the plaines, and by his bloody side,
Yoake fellow to his honour dying wounds,
The noble Earle of Suffolk alfo lyes.
Suffolk first dye, and Yorke all hafted ore,

12 Comes to him where in blood he lay slooped,
And takes him by the beard, kiffes the gaffes
That bloodily did yane upon his face,
And cryde aloud, tary deare cousin Suffolk:

16 My foule shall thine keep company in heauen:
Tary deare foule awhile, then flie to reft:
And in this glorious and well foughten field,
We kept togethier in our chinaldry.

20 Upon these words I came and cheerd them vp,
He tooke me by the hand, faid deare my Lord,
Commend my servise to my soueraigne.
So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke

24 He threw his wounded arme, and so eployed to death,
With blood he sealed. An argument
Of nuer ending loue. The pretie and sweet maner of it,
For thofe waters from me, which I would haue stopt,

28 But I not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into my eyes,
And gawe me vp to teares.
King. I blame you not: for hearing you,

32 I must convert to teares.

_Alarum foundes._

What new alarum is this?
Bid euer fouldier kill his prifoner.

_Pijt._ Couple gorge.  _Exit omnes._

_Enter
The Chronicle Historie

Enter Flewelen, and Captaine Gower.

_Flew._ Godes plud kil the boyes and the lugyge,
Tis the arrants pece of knauery as can be defird,
In the worell now, in your conscience now.

_Gour._ Tis certaine, there is not a Boy left alie,
And the cowardly rafcals that ran from the battell,
Themfelues have done this slaughter:
Befide, they haue carried away and burnt,
All that was in the kings Tent:

_Wherypon the king caused every prifoners
Throat to be cut._ O he is a worthy king.

_Flew._ I he was born at Monmorth.

_Captain Gower, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne?

_Gour._ Alexander the great.

_Flew._ Why I praye, is nat big great?
As if I say, big or great, or magnanimoys,
I hope it is all one reconing,
Sune the frase is a little variation.

_Gour._ I thinke Alexander the great
Was borne at Macedon.

_His father was called Philip of Macedon,
As I take it.

_Flew._ I thinke it was Macedon indeed where Alexander
Was borne: looke you captaine Gower,
And if you looke into the mappes of the worrell well,
You shall finde little difference between
Macedon and Monmorth. Looke you, there is
A Riuers in Macedon, and there is also a Riuers
In Monmorth, the Riuers name at Monmorth,
Is called Wye.
But tis out of my braine, what is the name of the other:
But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to my fingers,
And there is Samons in both.
Looke you captaine Gower, and you marke it,
of Henry the fifth.

[IV. 7] You shall finde our King is come after Alexander.
36 God knowes, and you know, that Alexander in his
Bowles, and his alles, and his wrath, and his displeaures,
And indignations, was kill his friend Clitus.
Gower. I but our King is not like him in that,
40 For he never killd any of his friends.
Flew. Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out
Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finisht:
I speake in the comparifions, as Alexander is kill
44 His friend Clitus: so our King being in his ripe
Wits and judgements, is turne away, the fat knite
With the great belly doublet: I am forget his name.
Gower. Sir John Falstaff.
48 Flew. I, I thinke it is Sir John Falstaffe indeed,
I can tell you, there is good men borne at Monmouth.

Enter King and the Lords.
King. I was not angry since I came into France,
Vntill this houre.
52 Take a trumpet Heralds,
And ride vnto the horfmen on yon hill:
If they will fight with vs bid them come downe,
Or leaue the field, they do offend our fight:
56 Will they do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skyr away, as fast
As ftones enforft from the old Affirian flings.
Besides, weele cut the throats of thofe we haue,
60 And not one alie shall taffe our mercy.

Enter the Heralds.

Gods will what means this? knowft thou no
That we haue fined these bones of ours for ranfome?
Herald. I come great king for charitable faviour,
64 To ftrt our Nobles from our common men,
We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,
Which in the field lye fpoyled and troden on.
King. I tell thee truly Heralds, I do not know whether
The Chronicle Historie

The day be ours or no:

For yet a many of your French do keep the field.

*Hera.* The day is yours.

*Kin.* Praised be God therefore.

What Castle call you that?

*Hera.* We call it Agincourt.

*Kin.* Then call we this the field of Agincourt.

Fought on the day of Cry/pin, Cry/pin.

*Flew.* Your grandfather of famous memorie,

If your grace be remembred,

Is do good servuce in France.

*Kin.* Tis true *Flewellen*.

*Flew.* Your Maiestie fayes verie true.

And it please your Maiestie,

The Wealchmen there was do good servuce,

In a garden where Leekeis did grow.

And I thinke your Maiestie wil take no scorne,

To weare a Leake in your cap vpon S. Davies day.

*Kin.* No *Flewellen*, for I am wealch as well as you.

*Flew.* All the water in *Wyre* wil not wash your wealch.

Blood out of you, God keep it, and preferue it,

To his graces will and pleasure.

*Kin.* Thankes good countryman.

*Flew.* By Iefus I am your Maiesties countryman:

I care not who know it, so long as your majesty is an honest

*K.* God keep me so. Our Herald go with him,

And bring vs the number of the scattred French.

Exit Heraldso.

Call yonder fouldier hither.

*Flew.* You fellow come to the king.

*Kin.* Fellow why dooost thou weare that gone in thy hat?

*Soul.* And please your maiestie, tis a rafcals that swagard

With me the other day: and he hath one of mine,

Which if euer I see, I haue sworne to strike him.

So...
of Henry the fift.

[IV. 7] So hath he sworne the like to me.

K. How think you Flewelen, is it lawfull he keep his oath?

Fle. And it please your maiestie, tis lawful he keep his vow.

104 If he be perjur'd once, he is as arrant a beggerly knaue,

As treads upon too blacke thues.

K. His enemy may be a gentleman of worth.

Flew. And if he be as good a gentleman as Lucifer

108 And Belzebub, and the diuell himselfe,

Tis meete he keepe his vowe.

K. Well sirrha keep your word.

Vnder what Captain feruest thou?

112 Soul. Vnder Captaine Gower.

Flew. Captaine Gower is a good Captaine:

And hath good luttature in the warres.

K. Go call him hither.

116 Soul. I will my Lord.

Exit fouldier.

K. Captain Flewelen, when Alonfon and I was

Downe together, I tooke this gloue off from his helmet,

Here Flewelen, weare it. If any do challenge it,

120 He is a friend of Alonfon,

And an enemy to mee.

Fle. Your maiestie doth me as great a favour

As can be defired in the harts of his subjectts.

124 I would see that man now that should challenge this gloue:

And it please God of his grace, I would but see him,

That is all.

K. Flewelen knowst thou Captaine Gower?

128 Fle. Captaine Gower is my friend.

And if it like your maiestie, I know him very well.

K. Go call him hither.

Flew. I will and it shall please your maiestie.

132 K. Follow Flewelen cloesely at the healles,

The gloue he weares, it was the fouldiers:

F 2
The Chronicle Historie

It may be there will be harme betweene them, [IV. 7]
For I do know Frewelten valiant,
And being toucht, as hot as gunpowder:
And quickly will returne an injury.
Go see there be no harme betweene them.

Enter Gower, Frewelten, and the Souldier. [IV. 8]

Flour. Captain Gower, in the name of Iefu,
Come to his Maiestie, there is more good toward you,
Then you can dreame off.

Soul. Do you heare you sir? do you know this gloue?
Flour. I know the he gloue is a gloue.
Soul. Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.

He strikes him.

Flour. Gode plit, and his. Captain Gower stand away:
Ile give treason his due presently.

Enter the King, Warwicke, Clarence, and Exeter.

Kin. How now, what is the matter?

Flour. And it shal please your Maiestie,
Here is the notablest piece of treason come to light,
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day.
Here is a raicall, beggerly raicall, is strike the gloue,
Which your Maiestie tooke out of the helmet of Alonson:
And your Maiestie will beare me witnes, and testimony,
And avouchments, that this is the gloue.

Soul. And it pleaze your Maiestie, that was my gloue.
He that I gave it too in the night,
Promised me to weare it in his hat:
I promised to strike him if he did.
I met that Gentleman, with my gloue in his hat,
And I thynke I haue bene as good as my word.

Flour. Your Maiestie heares, under your Maiesties
Manhood, what a beggerly lowlie knaue it is.

Kin. Let me see thy gloue. Looke you,
This is the fellow of it.
It was I indeed you promised to strike.

And
of Henry the fift.

[IV. 8] And thou hast given me most bitter words.
  How canst thou make vs amends?
  Flew. Let his necke answer it,
  If there be any marshals lawe in the worrell.
  Soul. My Liege, all offences come from the heart :
  Neuer came any from mine to offend your Maiestie.
  You appeard to me as a common man :
  Witnesse the night, your garments, your lowliness,
  And whatsoever you receiued vnder that habit,
  I beseech your Maiestie impute it to your owne fault
  And not mine. For your selfe came not like your selfe:
  Had you bene as you seemed, I had made no offence.
  Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me.
  Kin. Vnckle, fill the glowe with crownes,
  And give it to the fouldier. Weare it fellow,
  As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.
  Gue him the crownes. Come Captaine Flewollen,
  I must needs have you friends.
  Flew. By Iefus, the fellow hatn metall enough
  In his belly. Harke you fouldier, there is a shilling for you,
  And keep your selfe out of brawles & brables, & dillentios,
  And looke you, it shal be the better for you.
  Soul. Ile none of your money sir, not I.
  Flew. Why tis a good shilling man.
  Why should you be queamith? Your shoes are not so good:
  It will ferue you to mend your shoes.
  Kin. What men of fort are taken vnckle ?
  Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, Nephew to the King.
  John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bowchquall.
  Of other Lords and Barrons, Knights and Squiers,
  Full fiftene hundred, besides common men.
  This note doth tell me of ten thousand
  French, that in the field lyes slaine.
  Of Nobles bearing banners in the field,
The Chronicle Historie

Charles de le Brute, hie Constable of France.                         [IV. 8]

Iagues of Chatililian, Admirall of France.

The Maitier of the crosbows, John Duke Alfon.

Lord Rantieres, hie Maitier of France.

The braue fir Guigzard, Dolphin. Of Nobelle Charillas,

Gran Prie, and Raffe, Fauconbridge and Foy.

Gerard and Verton. Vandemant and Leftra.

Here was a royall fellowship of death.

Where is the number of our English dead?

Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,

Sir Richard Ketly, Duuy Gam Esquier:

And of all other, but five and twentie.

O God thy arme was here,

And unto thee alone, ascribe we praise.

When without stratagem,

And in euyn shock of battle, was euery heard

So great, and little losse, on one part and an other.

Take it God, for it is onely thine.

Exe. Tis wonderfull.

King. Come let vs go on proceffion through the camp:

Let it be death proclaimed to any man,

To boast thereof, or take the praise from God,

Which is his due.

Flew. Is it lawful, and it please your Maiestie.

To tell how many is kild?

King. Yes Flewelen, but with this acknowledgement,

That God fought for vs.

Flew. Yes in my conscience, he did vs great good.

King. Let there be sung, Nououes and te Deum.

The dead with charitie entered in clay:

Weele then to Calice, and to England then,

Where nere from France, arriude more happier men.

Exit omnes.

Enter Gower, and Flewelen.

Gower. But why do you weare your Leeke to day?

Saint
[V. 1] Saint Davies day is past?

Flew. There is occasion Captaine Gower,

4 Looke you why, and wherefore,
The other day looke you, Pistolles
Which you know is a man of no merites
In the worrell, is come where I was the other day,
8 And brings bread and fault, and bids me
Eate my Leeke : twas in a place, looke you,
Where I could moue no discentions :
But if I can see him, I shall tell him,
12 A little of my defires.

Gowe. Here a comes, dwelling like a Turke cocke.

Enter Pistoll.

Flew. Tis no matter for his dwelling, and his turke cocks,
God pleffe you Antient Pistoll, you scall,
16 Beggerly, lowlie knaue, God pleffe you.
Pistoll. Ha, art thou bedlem ?
Doft thou thurft bafe Troian,
To haue me folde vp Parcas fatall web?
20 Hence, I am qualmish at the sinell of Leecke.

Flew. Antient Pistoll. I would defire you because
It doth not agree with your stomacke, and your appetite,
And your digestions, to eate this Leeke.

24 Pistoll. Not for Cadwallader and all his goates.

Flew. There is one goate for you Antient Pistoll.

He strikes him.

Pistoll. Bace Troian, thou shall dye.
Flew. I, I know I shall dye, meane time, I would
28 Defire you to live and eate this Leeke.

Gower. Inough Captaine, you haue assoniht him.
Flew. Assoniht him, by Iefu, Ile beate his head
Foure dayes, and foure nights, but Ile
32 Make him eate some part of my Leeke.

Pistoll. Well must I byte?

Flew. I
The Chronicle Historie

Flew. I out of question or doubt, or ambiguities [V. 1]
You must byte.

Pist. Good good.

Flew. I Leekes are good, Antient Pistoll.
There is a shilling for you to heale your bloody cokkome.

Pist. Me a shilling.

Flew. If you will not take it, 40
I haue an other Leeke for you.

Pist. I take thy shilling in earnest of reconing.

Flew. If I owe you any thing, ile pay you in cudgels,
You shalbe a woomonger,
And by cudgels, God bwy you,
Antient Pistoll, God blesse you,
And heale your broken pate.
Antient Pistoll, if you see Leekes an other time,
Mocke at them, that is all : God bwy you.

Exit Flewllen.

Pist. All hell shal fir for this.
Doth Fortune play the huswyte with me now?
Is honour cudgeld from my warlike lines?
Well France farwell, newes haue I certeinly
That Doll is sicke. One mallydie of France,
The warres affordeth nought, home will I trug.
Bawd will I turne, and vie the flyte of hand:
To England will I steale,
And there Ile steale.
And patches will I get vnto these skarres,
And sweare I gat them in the Gallia warres.

Exit Pistoll.

Enter at one doore, the King of England and his Lords. And at [V. 3]
the other doore, the King of France, Queene Katherine, the
Duke of Burbon, and others.

Harry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.

And
of Henry the fift.

[V. 2] And to our brocher France, Faire time of day.
Faire health vnto our louely cousin Katherine.
4 And as a branch, and member of this stock:
We do salute you Duke of Burgondie.
Fran. Brother of England, right joyous are we to behold
Your face, so are we Princes English everie one.
8 Duk. With pardon vnto both your mightines.
Let it not displease you, if I demand
What rub or bar hath thus far hindred you,
To keepe you from the gentle speech of peace?
12 Har. If Duke of Burgundy, you wold haue peace,
You must buy that peace,
According as we haue drawne our articles.
Fran. We haue but with a curfeynary eye,
16 Oreviewd them pleaseth your Grace,
To let some of your Counsell fit with vs,
We shall returne our peremptory anfwer.
Har. Go Lords, and fit with them,
20 And bring vs anfwer backe.
Yet leaue our cousin Katherine here behind.
France. Withall our hearts.

Exit King and the Lords. Manet, Hry, Katheryne, and the Gentlewoman.

Hate. Now Kate, you haue a blunt wooer here
24 Left with you.
If I could win thee at leapfrog,
Or with vawting with my armour on my backe,
Into my saddle,
28 Without brag be it spoken,
Ide make compare with any
But leauing that Kate,
If thou takest me now,
32 Thou shalt haue me at the worft:

G
And
The Chronicle Historie

And in weareing, thoes that have me better and better.

Thou shalt have a face that is not worth fan-burning.

But d00f thou thinke, that thou and I,

Betweene saie: Dennis,

And Saint George, shall get a boy,

That shall go to Constantinople,

And take the great Turke by the beard, ha Kate:

Kate. Is it possible dat me fall

Laxue de enemie de France.

Harry. No Kate, tis impossiblo

You should love the enemie de France:

For Kate, I love France so well,

That Ile not leave a Village,

He have it all mine: then Kate,

When France is mine,

And I am yours,

Then France is yours,

And you are mine.

Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.

Harry. No Kate,

Why Ile tell it, you in French,

Which will hang upon my tongue, like a bride

On her new married Husband.

Let me see, Saint Dennis be my speed.

Quan France et mon.

Kate. Dat is, when France is yours.

Harry. Et vous ettes amoy.

Kate. And I am to you.

Harry. Douck France ettes a vous:

Kate. Den France fall be mine.

Harry. Et le suyues a vous.

Kate. And you will to me.

Har. Wilt believe me Kate? tis easier for me

To conquer the kingdome, the to speake so much

More French.
of Henry the fift.

[V. 3] Kate. A your Maiesty has false France enough
To deceiue de best Lady in France.
    Harry. No faith Kate not I. But Kate,
        In plaine termes, do you loue me?
72 Kate. I cannot tell.
        Harry. No, can any of your neighbours tell?
          Ile ask them.
          Come Kate, I know you loue me.
76 And soone when you are in your closet,
        Youle question this Lady of me.
        But I pray thee sweete Kate, vie me mercifully,
          Because I loue thee cruelly.
80 That I shall dye Kate, is fure:
          But for thy loue, by the Lord neuer.
          What Wench,
          A straught backe will growe crooked.
84 A round eye will growe hollowe.
          A great leg will waxe small,
          A curld pate proue balde:
          But a good heart Kate, is the sun and the moone,
88 And rather the Sun and not the Moone:
          And therefore Kate take me,
          Take a fouldier: take a fouldier,
          Take a King.
92 Therefore tell me Kate, wilt thou haue me?
          Kate. Dat is as please the King my father.
           Harry. Nay it will please him:
              Nay it shall please him Kate.
96 And vpon that condition Kate Ile kisse you.
          Ka. O mon du Ie ne voudroy faire quelke choffe
              Pour toute le monde,
              Ce ne poynt voree fashion en fouor.
100 Harry. What faies the Lady?
           Lady. Dat it is not de fasion en France,
               For de maides, before da be married to
G 3 Ma

a—q. 4
The Chronicle Historie

May foye ye oblye, what is to baffe?

Har. To kis, to kis. O that tis not the
Fashion in France, for the maydes to kis
Before they are married.

Lady. Owyse see vostre grace.

Har. Well, weele broke that custome.

Therefore Kate patience perforce and yeeld.
Before God Kate, you haue witchcraft
In your kifles:
And may persuade with me more,
Then all the French Councell.
Your father is returned.

Enter the King of France, and
the Lorde.

How now my Lords?

France. Brother of England,
We haue orered the Articles,
And haue agreed to all that we in sedule had.

Ere. Only he hath not subcribed this,
Where your maieftie demaunds,
That the king of France haung any occasion
To write for matter of graunt,
Shall name your highness, in this forme:
And with this addition in French.

Nostre trescher fils, Henry Roy D’anglaterre,
Et heare de France. And thus in Latin:

Preqlarissimus filius nostre Henricus Rex Anglie,
Et heres Francie.

Fran. Nor this haue we so nicely stod vpon,
But you faire brother may intreat the fame.

Har. Why then let this among the refl,
Haue his full courte: And withall,
Your daughter Katherine in mariage.

France.
of Henry the fift.

[V. 2]  Fran. This and what else,
Your maiestie shall crave.
136 God that disposeth all, give you much joy.
   Har. Why then faire Katherine,
Come give me thy hand:
   Our marriage will we present solemnise,
140 And end our hatred by a bond of love.
   Then will I sweare to Kate, and Kate to mee:
   And may our vowes once made, vnbroken bee.

FINIS
The
Life of Henry the Fifth.

Reprinted from the First Folio, 1623.
The

Life of Henry the Fifth.

Reprinted from the First Folio, 1623.

Published for
The New Shakspere Society
By N. Trübner & Co., 57, 59, Ludgate Hill,
London, 1875.
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Enter Prologue.

[COL. 1] O For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heaven of Invention:
A Kingdom for a Stage, Princes to Act,
And Monarchs to behold the working Scene.
Then should the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heeles
(Leapt in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat unroyed Spirits, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Object. Can this Cock-Fit hold
The vaflle fields of France? Or may we cramme
Within this Wooden O, the very Caskes
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
O pardon: since a crooked Figure may
Attest in little place a Million.

[COL. 2] And let us, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
On your Imaginative Forces works,
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,
Whose high, up-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perilous narrow Ocean parts afiender.
Place out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puissance.
Thynke athen we talke of Horseth, that you see them,
Prattling their proud Horseth 5'th receiving Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: I mean my thee Times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many yeares
Into an Horsoe-glass: for the which supplie,
Admit me Chorus to this Historie;
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to judge our Play.

Exit.
[The Life of Henry the Fift.]

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely. [col. 1]

Bijh. Cant. [I. 1]
Y Lord, Ile tell you, that fylfe Bill is vrg'd,
Which in th'eleueth yere of § last Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed against vs past,
But that the scrambling and vnquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.
Bijh. Ely. But how my Lord shall we resift it now?
Bijh. Cant. It must be thought on: if it passe against vs,
We loofe the better halfe of our Possession:
For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout
By Testament haue giuen to the Church,
Would they ftrip from vs; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:
[I. 1] And to relieve of Lazars, and weake age
Of indigent faint Soules, paft corporall toyle,
A hundred Almes-houfes, right well supply'd:
And to the Coffers of the King beseide,
A thoufand pounds by th'yeere. Thus runs the Bill.
20 Bijh. Ely. This would drinke deepe.
Bijh. Cant. Twould drinke the Cup and all.
Bijh. Ely. But what preuention?

[col. 2] Bijh. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.
24 Bijh. Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.
Bijh Cant. The courfes of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildeffe, mortify'd in him,
28 Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an Angell came,
And whipt th'offending Adam out of him;
Leauing his body as a Paradife,
32 Tinuelop and containe Celeftiall Spirits.
Neuer was fuch a fudaine Scholler made:
Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,
With fuch a heady currance scouring faults:
36 Nor neuer Hidra-headed Wilfulneffe
So foone did loofe his Seat; and all at once;
As in this King.
Bijh. Ely. We are blefled in the Change.
40 Bijh. Cant. Heare him but reafon in Diuinitie;
And all-admiring, with an inward with
You would defire the King were made a Prelate:
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affairs;
44 You would fay, it hath been all in all his study:
Lift his diuidence of Warre; and you shall heare
A fearefull Batalla rendred you in Mufique.
Turne him to any Cause of Pollicy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloose,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he speakes,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
To steale his sweet and honyled Sentences:
So that the Art and Praéctique part of Life,
Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
Since his addiction was to Courfes vaine,
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shalow,
His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
And never noted in him any studie,
Any retyrment, any sequestration,
From open Haunts and Popularitie.

B. Ely. The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,
And holesome Berryes thriue and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of bafer qualifie:
And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Graffe, fastest by Night,
Vndeene, yet creffiue in his facultie.

B. Cant. It must be so; for Miracles are ceast:
And therefore we must needs admit the meanes,
How things are perfected.

B. Ely. But my good Lord:
How now for mittigation of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maiestie
Incline to it, or no?

B. Cant. He seems indifferent:
Or rather swaying more upon our part,
Then cherishing th'exhibitors against vs:
For I have made an offer to his Maiestie,
Upon our Spirituall Convoocation,
And in regard of Causes now in hand,
Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,

Then ever at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall.

B. Ely. How did this offer seem receiued, my Lord?
B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Maiestie:

Save that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiued his Grace would faire haue done,
The feueralls and vnhidden passages
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,

And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deriu'd from Edward, his great Grandfather.

B. Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?
B. Cant. The French Embassador vpon that infant

Cau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
To giue him hearing: I it foure a Clock?

B. Ely. It is.
B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embassie:

Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.

B. Ely. Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Humphrey, Bedford, Clarence,
Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
Exeter. Not here in prefence.
King. Send for him, good Vackle.

Westm. Shall we call in th'Ambassador, my liege?
King. Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolu'd,
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
That take our thoughts, concerning vs and France.
Enter two Bishops.

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thanke you.
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And iustly and religiously unfold,
Why the Law Salique, that they haue in France,
Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you should fashion, wret, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding Soule,
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Sutes not in natuue colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite vs to.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops
Are every one, a Woe, a fore Complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs glueth edge vnto the Swords,
That makes such wafte in briefe mortality.
Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord:
For we will heare, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you speake, is in your Conscience waftet,
As pure as finne with Baptisme.

B. Cant. Then heare me gracious Soueraigne, & you Peers,
That owe your selues, your lies, and services,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make against your Highefis Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from Pharamond,

In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant,
No Woman shall succeed in Saliko Land:
Which Salike Land, the French vnusufuly gloze
To be the Realme of France, and Pharamond

The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.
Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
That the Land Salike is in Germanie,
Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue:

Where Charles the Great hauing subdu’d the Saxons,
There left behind and setteld certaine French:
Who holding in dislaine the German Women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,

Establishd then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrix in Saliko Land:
Which Salike (as I said) ’twixt Elue and Sala,
Is at this day in Germanie, call’d Meifen.

Then doth it well appeare, the Saliko Law
Was not deuided for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French posseffe the Saliko Land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres

After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly suppos’d the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
Foure hundred twentie fix: and Charles the Great

Subdu’d the Saxons, and did feat the French
Beyond the Riuuer Sala, in the yeere
Eight hundred five. Besides, their Writers say,
King Pepin, which depoysed Childerike,

Did as Heire Generall, being descended
Of Blithild, which was Daughter to King Clothair,
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
Hugh Capet also, who vfurpt the Crowne

Of
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Of Charles the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male
Of the true Line and Stock of Charles the Great:
To find his Title with some frowes of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Conuey'd himselfe as th'Heire to th' Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemaine, who was the Sonne
To Lewes the Emperour, and Lewes the Sonne
Of Charles the Great: also King Lewes the Tenth,
Who was sole Heire to the Vfurper Capet,
Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till satisfied,
That faire Queene Isabel, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the forefaid Duke of Loraine:
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of Charles the Great
Was re-vnitd to the Crowne of France.
So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
King Pepins Title, and Hugh Capets Clayme,
King Lewes his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.
Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,
To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,
And rather chufe to hide them in a Net,
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Vfurpt from you and your Progenitors.

King. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Bijh. Cant. The finne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne:

For in the Booke of Numbers it is writ,
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
Defend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne, vnswind your bloody Flagge,
Looke back into your mightie Ancestors:
[I. 2] Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfirs Tombe,
From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vnckles, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France:
Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill
Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpes
Forrige in blood of French Nobilitie,
O Noble English, that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.

Riagh. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats;
You are their Heire, you fit vpon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puissant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises.

Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Doe all expect, that you should rowse your selfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood. (might;
Wghf. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and
So hath your Highness: neuer King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,
Whose hearts have left their bodyes here in England,
And lye paullion'd in the fields of France.

Riagh. Can. O let their bodyes follow my deare Liege
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualie
Will rayfe your Highness such a mightie Summe,
As neuer did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Anceftors.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

King. We must not onely arme t'innade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
With all advantages.

Bish. Can. They of those Marches, gracious Soueraign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

King. We do not meane the coursing snatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to vs:
For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather
Neuer went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vnfunniht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Assayes,
Girding with grievous siefe, Castles and Townes:
That England being emptie of defence,
Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.

B. Can. She hath bin thē more fear'd thē harm'd, my Liege:
For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom shee did send to France,
To fell King Edwards fame with prifoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayse,
As is the Owle and bottome of the Sea
With sunken Wrack, and sun-leaffe Treasuries.

Bish. Ely. But there's a saying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
[I. 2] To her vanguarded Neff, the Weazell (Scot)
Comes sneaking, and so fucks her Princely Egges,
Playing the Moufe in abfence of the Cat,
To tame and haucck more then the can eate.

Eret. It followes theu, the Cat must stay at home,

Yet that is but a cruft'd neceffity,
Since we haue lockes to safegard neceffaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theuees.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,

Th'aduised head defends it selfe at home:
For Gournement, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one conflent,
Congreeing in a full and natural clofe,

Like Musick.
Cant. Therefore doth heauen diuide
The state of man in diuers functions,
Setting endeavouur in continual motion:

To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
Obedience: for so worke the Honie Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kindlome.

They haue a King, and Officers of forts,
Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:
Others, like Soldiers armed in their ftings,

Make boote vpon the Summers Velnet buddes:
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
To the Tent-royal of their Emperor:
Who bufed in his Majefties furueyes

The singing Mafons building rooffes of Gold,
The civil Citizens kneading vp the honie;
The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate:

The
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

The fast-ey'd Jutice with his surly humme,
Delivering ore to Executors pale
The laze yawning Drone: I this inferre,
That many things having full reference
To one consent, may worke contrariously,
As many Arrowes loosed suerall wayes
Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne,
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many Lynes close in the Dials center:
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
And in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Divide your happy England into foure,
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.
If we with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
Let vs be worried, and our Nation lose
The name of hardinesse and policie.

King. Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin.
Now are we well resolu'd, and by Gods helpe
And yours, the noble fineues of our power,
France being ours, wee'll bend it to our Awe,
Or brake it all to peeces. Or there wee'll fit,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
Or lay these bones in an unworthy Vrne,
Tomblese, with no remembrance ouer them:
Either our History shall with full mouth
Speake freely of our Acts, or else our grave
Like Turkish mute, shall haue a tonguelesse mouth,
Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

[1. 2] Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our faire Cofin Dolphin: for we heare,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Maieflie to giue vs leane

240 Freely to render what we haue in charge:
Or thall we sparingly thow you farre off
The Dolphins meaning, and our Embafzie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Chriftian King,

244 Vnto whole grace our paffion is as fubieft
As is our wretches fettred in our prifons,
Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainnefe,
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

248 Amb. Thus than in few:
Your Highneffe lately fending into France,
Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third.

252 In anfwer of which claime, the Prince our Mafter
Sayes, that you favour too much of your youth,
And bids you be aduis'd: There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:

256 You cannot renell into Dukedomes there.
He therefore fends you meete for your fpirit
This Tun of Trefure; and in lieu of this,
Defires you let the dukedomes that you claime

260 Heare no more of you. This the Dolphin fpake.

King. What Trefure Vnkle?

Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.

Kin. We are glad the Dolphin is fo pleafant with vs,

264 His Present, and your paines we thank you for:
When we haue matcht our Rackets to thefe Balles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a fet,
Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.

268 Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,
That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
With Chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
Not measuring what vs we made of them.
We neuer valew'd this poore feaste of England,
And therefore liuing hence, did giue our selve
To barbarous licenfe; As 'tis euer common,
That men are merrieft, when they are from home.
But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe my State,
Be like a King, and shew my fayle of Greatneffe,
When I do rowe me in my Throne of France.
For that I haue layd by my Majestie,
And plodded like a man for working dayes:
But I will rife there with so full a glorye,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs,
And tell the pleafant Prince, this Mocke of his
Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-ffones, and his foule
Shall stand fore charged, for the waftefull vengeance
That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbunds;
Mocke mothers from their fones, mocke Caffles downe:
And some are yet vnotten and vnborne,
That shal haue caufe to curfe the Dolphins scorne.
But this lyes all within the wil of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whose name
Tell you the Dolphin, I am comming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd caufe.
So get you hence in peace: And tell the Dolphin,
His Ieft will fauour but of shallow wit,
When thousands wepe more then did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exit Ambaffadors.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

[I. 3] Exe. This was a merry Message.

King. We hope to make the Sender blufh at it:

304 Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
That may give furth'rance to our Expedition:
For we have now no thought in vs but France,
Saeue thofe to God, that runne before our businesse.

308 Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
Be foone collect'd, and all things thought vpon,
That may with reasonable swifthesse adde
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,

312 We'e chide this Dolphin at his fathers doore.
Therefore let every man now taske his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought. Exeunt.

[II.]

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And silken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
Now thrue the Armorers, and Honors thought

4 Reignes solely in the breast of every man.
They fell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse;
Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
With winged heeles, as English Mercaries.

8 For now fits Expecation in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from Hills vnto the Point,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.

12 The French aduis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadfull preparation,
Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
Seeke to divert the English purposes.

16 O England: Modell to thy inwards Greatnede,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart:

What
73  The Life of Henry the Fift.  [COL. I.

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kinde and naturall:
But fee, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A nest of hollow bofomes, which he filleth
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
One, Richard Earle of Cambridge, and the second
Henry Lord Scroope of Majham, and the third
Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,
Haued for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conspiration with fearefull France,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye.
If Hell and Treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and wee'll digest
Th'abuse of distance; force a play:
The summe is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is set from London, and the Scene
Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton,
There is the Play-houfe now, there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we convoy you safe,
And bring you backe: Charming the narrow seas
To giue you gentle Passe: for if we may,
Wee'll not offend one stomacke with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene.

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.  [11. 1]

Bar.  Well met Corporall Nym.
Nym.  Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolfe.
Bar.  What, are Ancient Piffold and you friends yet?
Nym.  For my part, I care not: I say little: but when 4
time shall serve, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as
it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out
[II. 1] mine yron: it is a simple one, but what though? It will 8 toffe Cheefe, and it will endure cold, as another mans sword will: and there's an end.

Bar. I will beflow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll bee all three sworne brothers to France: Let't 12 be so good Corporall Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certaine of it: and when I cannot live any longer, I will doe as I may: That is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

16 Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to Nell Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell, Things must be as they may: men 20 may flleepe, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say, knives have edges: It must be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot 24 tell.

Enter Piffoll, & Quickly.

Bar. Heere comes Ancient Piffoll and his wife: good Corporall be patient here. How now mine Hoaste Piffoll?

28 Piff. Base Tyke, cal't thou mee Hoaste, now by this hand I swerae I scorne the terme: nor shal my Nel keep Lodgers.

Hoaste. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge 32 and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that live honestely by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee thought we keepe a Bawdy-houfe straight. O welliday Lady, if he be not Hewne now, we shall bee wilful adulter-36 ry and murther committed.

The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Pift. Pish for thee, Island dogge: thou prickeard cur [II. i] of Island.

Hoif. Good Corporall Nym shew thy valor, and put vp your sword.

Nym. Will you shogge off? I would haue you solus.

Pift. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The solus in thy most meruailous face, the solus in thy teeth, and in thy throte, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worst, within thy nauseous mouth. I do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and Pif. sols cocke is vp, and flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbajon, you cannot conjure mee: I haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you grow fowle with me Pittoll, I will scoure you with my Rapier, as I may, in faire tearmes. If you would walke off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as I may, and that's the humor of it.

Pift. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight, The Graue doth gape, and doting death is neere, Therefore exhale.

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I say: Hee that strikes the first stroke, He run him vp to the hilt, as I am a sol. dier.

Pift. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Give me thy siff, thy fore-foote to me giue: Thy spirites are moff tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throte one time or other in faire termes, that is the humor of it.

Pitfoll. Couple a gorge, that is the word. I defie thee again. O bound of Creet, think't thou my spouse to get? No, to the spittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of in-famy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of Creffits kinde, Doll Teare-heet, the by name, and her espoufe. I haue, and I
will hold the Quondam Quickely for the onely shee : and 
Pauce, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoart Pijfl, you must come to my May-
ster, and your Hoffelte: He is very sicke, & would to bed.
76 Good Bardolfe, put thy face betweene his sheets, and do 
the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away you Rogue.

Hoft. By my troth he'll yeeld the Crow a pudding one 
of these days: the King has kild his heart. Good Huf-
band come home presently.

Exit Bar. Come, shall I make you two friends. Wee must 
to France together: why the diuel should we keep kniues 
84 to cut one anothers throats?

Pijfl. Let floods ore-fwell, and fiends for food howle 
on.

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you 
at Betting?

Pijfl. Base is the Slaine that payes.

Nym. That now I wil haue: that's the humor of it.

Pijfl. As manhood shal compound: puhi home. Draw

92 Bard. By this sword, hee that makes the first thrust, 
Ie kill him: By this sword, I wil.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must haue their courfe 
Bar. Coporall Nym, & thou wilt be friends be frends, 
96 and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to: pre-
thee put vp.

Pijfl. A Noble shalt thou haue, and present pay, and 
Liquor likewise will I giue to thee, and friendshippe 
100 shall combyne, and brotherhood. Ie liue by Nymme, & 
Nymme shall liue by me, is not this iuift? For I shal Sut-
ler be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Giue mee 
thy hand.

Nym.

h 3
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Nym. I shall haue my Noble!
Pift. In cahf, most iustly payd.
Nym. Well, then that the humor of't.

Enter Hofteffé.

Hoft. As euer you come of women, come in quickly to sir John: A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning IosTorian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold.
Sweet men, come to him.
Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the euen of it.
Pift. Nym, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is frasted and corroborate.
Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may: he paffes some humors, and careerees.
Pift. Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we will liue.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland.

Bed. Fore God his Grace is bold to truft thefe traitors
Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.
West. How smooth and euen they do bear themselves,
As if allegiance in their bofomes fate
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.
Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dreame not of.
Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and clow'd with gracious favours;
That he shoulde for a forraigne purfe, fo fell
His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now fits the winde faire, and we will aboord.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of Masham,
And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
[II. 2] Thynke you not that the powres we beare with vs
16 Will cut their passage through the force of France?
    Doing the execution, and the acte,
    For which we haue in head assembeld them.
    Sero. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his beft.
20 King. I doubte not that, since we are well perfwaded
    We carry not a heart with vs from hence,
    That grows not in a faire content with ours:
    Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not with
24 Successe and Conquest to attend on vs.
    Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear’d and lou’d,
    Then is your Maiestie; there’s not I thinke a subiect
    That fits in heart-greefe and vneasifie
28 Under the sweet shade of your government.
    Kn: True: those that were your Fathers enemies,
    Haue fleesp’d their gauls in hony, and do serve you
    With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.
32 King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulnes,
    And shall forget the office of our hand
    Sooner then quittance of fefert and merit,
    According to the weight and worthinesse.
36 Sero. So fervice shall with festeled finewes toyle,
    And labour shall refreh it felfe with hope
    To do your Grace incessant fervices.
    King. We Judge no leffe. Vnkle of Exeter,
40 Inlarge the man committed yester day,
    That rayl’d againft our perfon: We confider
    It was excessfe of Wine that fet him on,
    And on his more affide, We pardon him.
44 Sero. That’s mercy, but too much security:
    Let him be punifh’d Soueraigne, leaft example
    Breed (by his fufferance) more of fuch a kind.
    King. O let vs yet be mercifull.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Cam. So may your Highnesse, and yet punifh too.

Grey. Sir, you shew great mercy if you give him life,

After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas, your too much loue and care of me,

Are heavy Orifons' gainst this poore wretch:

If little faults proceeding on diftemper,

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye

When capittall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,

Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge that man,

Though Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray, in their deere care

And tender preferration of our person

Wold haue him punifh'd. And now to our French causes,

Who are the late Commissiioners?

Cam. I one my Lord,

Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

Scro. So did you me my Liege.

Grey. And I my Royall Soueraigne.

King. Then Richard Earle of Cambridge, there is yours:

There yours Lord Scroope of Malham, and Sir Knight:

Gray of Northumberland, this same is yours:

Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse.

My Lord of Westmerland, and Vnkle Exeter,

We will aboord to night. Why how now Gentlemen?

What fee you in those papers, that you loofe

So much complexiou? Looke ye how they change:

Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there,

That haue fo cowarded and chac'd your blood

Out of apperance.

Cam. I do confesse my fault,

And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.

Grey. Scro. To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,

By your owne counfaile is suppreamt and kill'd:
[II. 3] You must not dare (for shame) to talk of mercy,
    For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
    As dogs upon their masters, worrying you:
84 See you my Princes, and my Noble Peers,
    These English monsters: My Lord of Cambridge here.
    You know how apt our love was, to accord
    To furnish with all appertinents
88 Belonging to his Honour; and this man,
    Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir’d
    And sworn unto the practises of France
    To kill vs here in Hampton. To the which,
92 This Knight no leffe for bounty bound to Vs
    Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O,
    What shall I say to thee Lord Scroope, thou cruel,
    Ingratefull, fucage, and inhumane Creature?
96 Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsails,
    That knew’st the very bottome of my soule,
    That (almost) might’st have coyn’d me into Golde,
    Would’st thou have practis’d on me, for thy vfe?
100 May it be possible, that foraigne hyer
    Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill
    That might annoy my finger? ’Tis so strange,
    That though the truth of it stands off as groffe
104 As blacke and white, my eye will searfly see it.
    Treason, and murther, ever kept together,
    As two yoake diuels sworn to eythres purpofe,
    Working fo groffely in an naturall cause,
108 That admiration did not hoope at them.
    But thou (gaineft all proportion) didst bring in
    Wonder to waite on treason, and on murther:
    And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
112 That wrought vpon thee fo prepotteronfly,
    Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

And
And other diuels that suggeft by treafons,
Do botch and bungle vp damnation,
With patches, coloures, and with formes being fetcht
From gliff'ring femblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp,
Gawe thee no inftance why thou fhouldft do treafon,
Vnleffe to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that fame Daemon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
He might returne to vaftie Tartar backe,
And tell the Legions, I can neuer win
A foule fo eafe as that Englifhman.
Oh, how haft thou with jealoufie infected
The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull,
Why fo diidft thou: feeme they graue and learned?
Why fo diidft thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why fo diidft thou. Seeme they religious?
Why fo diidft thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from groffe paflion, or of mirth, or anger,
Conflant in Spirit, not fweruing with the blood,
Garnifh'd and deck'd in moftef complaement,
Not working with the eye, without the eare,
And but in purged judgement trusting neither,
Such and fo finely boulted diidft thou feeme:
And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,
To make thee full fraught man, and beft induced
With fome fufpifion, I will wepe for thee.
For this reuolt of thine, me thinkses is like
Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,
Arrefte them to the anfwer of the Law,
And God acquit them of their praftifes.

Exe. I arrefte thee of High Treafon, by the name of
Richard Earle of Cambridge.
The Life of Henry the Fift. 75

[I. 2] I arreft thee of High Treafon, by the name of Thomas
148 Lord Scroope of Maryfham.
I arreft thee of High Treafon, by the name of Thomas
Grey, Knight of Northumberland.
Sero. Our purpofes, God infily hath difcouer’d,
152 And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I befeech your Highneffe to forfue, 
Although my body pay the price of it.
Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not feduice,
156 Although I did admit it as a motiue,
The fooner to effeft what I intended:
But God be thanked for preuention,
Which in fufferance heartily will rejoyce,
160 Beffeeching God, and you, to pardon mee.
Gray. Neuer did faithfull fubieéft more rejoyce
At the difcouery of moft dangerous Treafon,
Then I do at this houre ioy ore my felfe,
164 Prevented from a damned enterprize;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.
King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your fentence
You haue conffir’d againft Our Royall perfon,
168 Ioynd with an enemy proclaim’d, and from his Coﬃrs,
Receynd the Golden Earneft of Our death:
Wherein you would haue fold your King to slaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to feruitude,
172 His Subieéfts to opprefsion, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into defolation:
Touching our perfons, feeke we no reuenge,
But we our Kingdomes safety unity fo tender,
176 Whofe ruine you fought, that to her Lawes
We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore misereable wretches) to your death:
The taffe whereof, God of his mercy giue
You patience to endure, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence.
Now Lords for France: the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you as vs,like glorious.
We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
But every Rubbe is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, deare Countreymen: Let vs deliuer
Our Puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance,
No King of England, if not King of France.

Enter Pifoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hofighe.

Hofighe. 'Prythee honey sweet Husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pifoll. No: for my manly heart doth erne. Bardolph,
be blythe: Nim, rowse thy vaunting Veines: Boy, bristle 4 thy Courage vp: for Fulfighe hee is dead, and wee must erne therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wherefore hee is,
either in Heauen, or in Hell.

Hofighe. Nay sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in Arthurs Bosome, if euer man went to Arthurs Bosome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had bene any Christome Child: a parted eu'n iuft betweene Twelue and One, eu'n 12 at the turning o'th'Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now 16 Sir John (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare: fo a cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I,
The Life of Henry the First

[II. 3] to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God; I
hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any
such thoughts yet: so a bad me lay more Clothes on his
feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they
were as cold as any stone: then I felt to his knees, and so
vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cryed out of Sack.

Hoffe. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

28 Hoffe. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and said they were Deules incarna-

tate.

Woman. A could never abide Carnation, 'twas a Co-

32 lour he never lik'd.

Boy. A said once, the Deule would have him about

Women.

Hoffe. A did in some sort (indeed) handle Women:

35 but then he was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of

Babylon.

Boy. Doe you not remember a saw a Flea sticke vp

Bardolphs Nose, and a said it was a blacke Soule burning

40 in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintaun'd that fire:

that's all the Riches I got in his seruice.

Nim. Shall wee shogg? the King will be gone from

44 Southampton.

Piff. Come, let's away. My Lone, give me thy Lippes:

Looke to my Chattels, and my Moeables: Let Sences

rule; The world is, Pitch and pay: truft none: for Oathes

48 are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-faç

is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore Caseto bee

thy Counsailor. Goe, cleare thy Chryftalls. Yoke-

fellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horie

leeches
The Life of Henry the Fift. [COL. 1.

leeches my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to [11. 3] sucke.

Boy. And that's but vnwholesome food, they say.

Pijt. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farwell Hofsede.

Nim. I cannot kisse, that is the humor of it: but adieu.

Pijt. Let Hufwiserie appeare: keepe close, I thee command.

Hofsede. Farwell: adieu. 56

Exeunt. 60

Flourish.

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine.

King. Thus comes the English with full power vpon vs,
And more then carefully it vs concerns,
To answer Royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch
To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe.
It fits vs then to be as prouident,
As fears may teach vs, out of late examples
Lost by the fatall and neglected English,
Upon our fields,

Dolphin. My most redoubted Father,
It is more meet we armes vs against the Foe:
For Peace it selfe should not so dulle a Kingdome,
(Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question)
But that Defens wer, Musters, Preparations,
Should be maintaied, assembled, and collected,
[II. 4] As were a Warre in expectation.
Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth,
To view the fick and feeble parts of France:
24 And let us doe it with no shew of feare,
No, with no more, then if we heard that England
Were bufied with a Whitton Morris-dance:
For, my good Liege, thee is so idly King'd,
28 Her Scepter so phantasically borne,
By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth,
That feare attends her not.

Const. O peace, Prince Dolphin,
32 You are too much mistaken in this King:
Question your Grace the late Embasfladors,
With what great State he heard their Embassie,
How well supply'd with Noble Councillors,
36 How modest in exception; and withall,
How terrible in constant resolution:
And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent,
Were but the out-side of the Roman Brutus,
40 Cowering Discretion with a Coat of Folly;
As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable.
44 But though we thinke it so, it is no matter:
In cafes of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The Enemie more mightie then he seemes,
So the proportions of defence are full'd:
48 Which of a weake and niggardly proiection,
Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with scanting
A little Cloth.

King. Thinke we King Harry strong:
52 And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him.
The Kindred of him hath beene flest upon vs:
The Life of Henry the Fift.

And he is bred out of that bloodie straine,
That hauntes vs in our familiar Pathes:
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Creffy Battell fatally was strucke,
And all our Princes captiue, by the hand
Of that black Name, Edward, black Prince of Wales:
Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing
Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne,
Saw his Heroicall Seed, and small'd to see him
Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface
The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers
Had twenty yeeres been made. This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare
The Natiue mightinesse and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Embassadors from Harry King of England,
Doe crave admittance to your Maiestie.

King. Weele give them present audience.
Goe, and bring them.
You see this Chafe is hotly followed, friends.

Dolphin. Turne head, and stop pursuitt: for coward Dogs
Most spend their mouths, who what they seem to threaten
Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraine
Take vp the English short, and let them know
Of what a Monarchie you are the Head:
Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not so vile a finne,
As selfe-negledging.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England?

Exe. From him, and thus he gretts your Maiestie:
He wills you in the Name of God Almightye,
That you deueet your selfe, and lay apart
The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen,
To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne,
And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine

88 By Cuftome, and the Ordinance of Times,
Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know
'Tis no finifter, nor no awk-ward Clayme,
Pickt from the worrne-holes of long-vanisht dayes,

92 Nor from the duft of old Obluition rakt,
He sends you this moft memorable Lyne,
In every Branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree:

96 And when you find him euenery deriv'd
From his moft fam'd, of famous Ancestors,
Edward the third; he bids you then resigne
Your Crowne and Kingdom, indirectly held

100 From him, the Natuie and true Challenger.
King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it.

104 Therefore in fierce Tempest is he coming,
In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a Jove:
That if requiring faile, he will compell.
And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,

108 Deluere vp the Crowne, and to take mercie
On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre
Opens his vaffie Iawes: and on your head
Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,

112 The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes,
For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers,
That shall be swalloved in this Controuerfie.
This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Meffage:

116 Vnlefe the Dolphin be in presence here;
To whom expresfely I bring greeting to.

King. For
King. For vs, we will consider of this further:
To morrow shall you beare our full intent
Back to our Brother of England.
Dolph. For the Dolphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorne and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus sayes my King: and if your Fathers Highnesse
Doe not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maiestie;
Hee'le call you to so hot an Answer of it,
That Caues and Wombe Vaultages of France
Shall chide your Trespas, and returne your Mock
In second Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Say: if my Father render faire returne,
It is against my will: for I defire
Nothing but Oddes with England.
To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,
I did present him with the Paris-Balls.

Exe. Hee'le make your Paris Louer shake for it,
Were it the Mitresse Court of mightie Europe:
And be assur'd, you'le find a difference,
As we his Subiefts haue in wonder found,
Betwene the promise of his greener dayes,
And these he masters now: now he weighs Time
Euen to the utmost Graine: that you shall reade
In your owne Losses, if he stay in France.

King. To morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Flourish.

Exe. Dispatch vs with all speed, leaft that our King
Come here himselfe to question our delay;
For he is footed in this Land already.

33
King. You shall be soon dispatcht, with faire conditions.
A Night is but small breath, and little powre,
To answer matters of this consequence.

[III.]

Actus Secundus.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.
Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flyes,
In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought.
Suppose, that you have seene
4 The well-appointed King at Douer Peer,
Embarke his Royaltie: and his braue Fleet,
With silken Streamers, the young Phelius payning;
Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,
8 Upon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
Heare the shrill Whittle, which doth order glue
To founds confus'd: behold the threaden Sayles,
Borne with th'invisible and creeping Wind,
12 Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
Brefting the lofty Surge. O, doe but thinke
You stand upon the Riuage, and behold
A Citie on th'inconstant Billowes dauncing:
16 For so appears this Fleet Majestical,
Holding due course to Harflue. Follow, follow
Grapple your minds to flernage of this Nauie,
And leave your England as dead Mid-night, still,
20 Guarded with Grandfires, Babyes, and old Women,
Eyther past, or not arriu'd to pyth and puissance:
For who is he, whose Chin is but enrich
The Life of Henry the Fift.

With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
Thefe cull’d and choyfe-drawne Cualiers to France?
Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege:
Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,
With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew.
Suppofe th’Embaffador from the French comes back:
Tells Harry, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes.
The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
With Lynflock now the diuellish Cannon touches,
Alarum, and Chambers goe off.
And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eech out our performance with your mind. Exit

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucefter.
Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.

King. Once more into the Breach,
Deare friends, once more;
Or close the Wall vp with our Englifh dead:
In Peace, there’s nothing fo becomes a man,
As modrift stillneffe, and humilitie:
But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
Stiffen the finewes, commune vp the blood,
Diguife faire Nature with hard-fauour’d Rage:
Then lend the Eye a terrible apsect:
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Braffe Canton: let the Brow o’rewhelme it,
As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke
O’re-hang and iuty his confounded Bafe,
Swill’d with the wild and waftfull Ocean.
Now fet the Teeth, and fretch the Nothrift wide,
[III. 1] Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp every Spirit
To his full height. On, on, you Nobliish Engliish,
Whose blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-proofe:
20 Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,
Haue in these parts from Morne till Euen fought,
And theath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.
Difhonour not your Mothers: now atteth,
24 That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
Be Coppys now to me of groffer blood,
And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,
Whose Lyms were made in England; shew us here
28 The mettell of your Paiture: let vs sweare,
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so meane and base,
That hath not Noble lufter in your eyes.
32 I see you stand like Grey-bounds in the slips,
Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot:
Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,
Cry, God for Harry, England, and S. George.

Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

[III. 2] Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pijfl, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too hot: and for mine owne part, I have not a Cafe of Limes:
4 the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song of it.

Pijfl. The plaine-Song is most iuit: for humors doe a-
bound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vaffals drop and
8 dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne immortall fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I
would give all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and safetie.

Pijfl. And
Pyf. And I: If withes would preuayle with me, my [III. 3] purpofe should not fayle with me; but thither would I high.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; auault you Cullions.


Nim. Thefe be good humors: your Honour wins bad humors.

Boy. As young as I am, I haue oberu'd thefe three Swashers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serue me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three fuch Antiques doe not amount to a man: 28 for Bardolph, hee is white-liuer'd, and red-fac'd; by the means whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for Pyffall, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the means whereof, a breakes Words, and keepe whole 32 Weapons: for Nim, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore hee scorues to say his Prayers, left a shoulde be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for 36 a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was against a Poft, when he was drunke. They will steale any thing, and call it Purchase. Bardolph flole a Lute-cafe, bore it twelve Leagues, and sold it for three halfe-pence. 40 Nim and Bardolph are sworne Brothers in filching: and in Callice they flole a fire-fhouell. I knew by that piece of Seruce, the men would carry Coales. They would

36
[III. 2] have me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues or their Hand-kerschers: which makes much against my Manhood, if I should take from another's Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plaine pocketing vp of Wrongs.

48 I must leave them, and seeke some better Service: their Villany goes against my weake flomacke, and therefore I must call it vp.

Euer Gower.

Gower. Captaine Fluellen, you must come presently to the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would speake with you.

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the concavities of it is not sufficient: for looke you, th'athuer-farie, you may discoufe vnto the Duke, looke you, is digt himselfe foure yard vnder the Countermines: by Chefhu,

50 I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better direcctions.

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order of the Siege is giuen, is altogether directed by an Irih man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

Welch. It is Captaine Makmorrice, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be.

Welch. By Chefhu he is an Asse, as, in the World, I will versifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more direcitions in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Euer Makmorrice, and Captaine Iamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine Iamy, with him.

Welch. Captaine Iamy is a maruellous falorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know-
ledge in th’aunchiant Warres, vpon my particular know-
ledge of his direcftions: by Che/ hu he will maintaine his 76
Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in
the disciplines of the Prifline Warres of the Romans.

Sco/t. I say gudday, Captaine Fluellen.

Welch. Godden to your Worship, good Captaine 80
Iames.

Gower. How now Captaine Mackmorrice, haue you
quit the Mynes? haue the Pioners giuen o’re?

Irifi. By Chri/ Law tifh ill done: the Worke ifh 84
gue ouer, the Trompet found the Retreat. By my Hand
I fweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ifh ill done:
it ifh gue ouer: I would haue blowed vp the Towne,
so Chri/ faue me law, in an houre. O tifh ill done, tifh ill 88
done: by my Hand tifh ill done.

Welch. Captaine Mackmorrice, I befeech you now,
will you voutsafe me, looke you, a few disputations with
you, as partly touching or concerniug the disciplines of 92
the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument,
looke you, and friendly communication: partly to fatisfie
my Opinion, and partly for the fatisfa&ion, looke you, of
my Mind: as touching the direcftion of the Militarie dif-96
cipline, that is the Point.

Sco/t. It fall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath,
and I fall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion:
that fall I mary.

Irifi. It is no time to discoure, so Chri/ faue me:
the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the
King, and the Dukes: it is no time to discoure, the Town
is befeech’d: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and 104
we talke, and be Chri/ do nothing, tis fha/me for vs all:
so God fa’me tis fha/me to stand ftil, it is fha/me by my
hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be
[III. 2] done, and there ih nothing done, so Christ sa'me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere theis eyes of mine take themselves to flomber, ayle de gud seurice, or Ile ligge i'ch' grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as valo-

Welch. Captaine Mackmorrie, I thinke, looke you,

Iris. Of my Nation? What ih my Nation? Ih a Villaine, and a Baetherd, and a Knaue, and a Rascall. What

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captaine Mackmorrie, peraduenture I shall thinke you doe not vfe me with that affabilitie, as in

discration you ought to vfe me, looke you, being as good a man as your selfe, both in the discipines of Warre, and in the deriviation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Irish. Ih doe not know you so good a man as my selfe: so Christ sa'me me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.


Gower. The Towne sounds a Parley.

Welch. Captaine Mackmorrie, when there is more better opportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the discipines of Warre:

and there is an end. Exit.

[III. 3] Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet resolues the Gouernour of the Towne? This is the latest Parle we will admit:

There-
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Therefore to our best mercy giue your selues,
Or like to men prowd of destrucution,
Defie vs to our worfit: for as I am a Souldier,
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;
If I begin the batt'rie once againe,
I will not leave the halfe-atchieued Harflew,
Till in her ashes the lye buryed.
The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp,
And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
In libertie of bloody hand, shall range
With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Graffe
Your freth faire Virgins, and your flowering Infants.
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
Doe with his snyrcht complexion all fell feats,
Enlyuct to waft and defolation?
What is't to me, when you your selues are cause,
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violation?
What Reyne can hold licentious Wickedness,
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?
We may as bootlesse spend our vaine Command
Vpon th'enrag'd Souldiers in their spoyle,
As send Precepts to the Leviathan, to come ather.
Therefore, you men of Harflew,
Take pitty of your Towne and of your People,
Whilest yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
Whilest yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.
If not: why in a moment looke to see
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand
Defire the Locks of your shrill-thriking Daughters:
The Life of Henry the Fift.

[III. 3] Your Fathers taken by the siluer Beards,
    And their most reverend Heads daft to the Walls:
    Your naked Infants spitted vpon Pykes,
    Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
40 Doe breake the Clouds, as did the Wives of Iewry,
    At Herods bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
    What say you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd
Or guiltie in defence, be thus defroy'd.

Enter Gouernour.

44 Gouer. Our expectacion hath this day an end:
    The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
    Returns vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,
    To rayfe so great a Siege: Therefore great King,
48 We yeeld our Towne and Lines to thy sovt Mercy:
    Enter our Gates, dispole of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defenifie.

King. Open your Gates: Come Vnckle Exeter,

52 Goe you and enter Harflew there remaine,
    And fortifie it strongely 'gainft the French:
    We mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle.
The Winter comming on, and Sickneffe growing
56 Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.
    To night in Harflew will we be your Gueft,
    To morrow for the Marche we are addreft.

Flourish, and enter the Towne.

[III. 4] Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kathe. Alice, tu as eije en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas
    le Language.
    Alice. En peu Madame.

4 Kath. Je te prie m'енsignez, il faut que ie appren a par-
    len: Comient appelle vous le main en Anglois?
    Alice. Le main il & appelle de Hand.
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Kath. De Hand.

Alice. E le doyts.

Kat. Le doyts, ma foy je oublie, e doyts mays, ie me souemeray le doyts ie pense qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres.

Alice. Le main de Hand, le doyts le Fingres, ie pense que ie suiis le bon efcholier.

Kath. T'ay gaynie diux mots d'Anglois viflement, comen appelle vous le ongles?

Alice. Le ongles, les appelions de Nayles.

Kath. De Nayles efcoute : dites moy, fi ie parle bien : de

Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.

Alice. C'est bien dié Madame, il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

Kath. E de coudée.

Alice. D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow : ie men fay le repiticio de tous les mots que vous manes, apprins des a prensent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile Madame, comme ie pense.

Kath. Excuse moy Alice efcoute, d'Hand, de Fingre, de

Nayles, d'Arme, de Bilbow.

Alice. D'Elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d'Elbow, comen ap-
pelle vous le col.

Alice. De Nick, Madame.

Kath. De Nick, e le menton.

Alice. De Chin.


Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verite vous pronon-
cies les mots au des droits, que le Natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par de grace de Dieu, e

en peu de temps.

Alice. N'auve vos y defia oublie ce que ie vous a enseigne.
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Fingre, de Maylees.
Alice. De Nayles, Madame.
Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbou.

44 Alice. Sans voctre honens d’Elbou.
Kath. Ainsï de ie d’Elbou, de Nick, & de Sin : coment ap-
pelle vous les pied & de roba.
Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.

48 Kath. Le Foot, & le Count: O Seigneur Dieu, il font le
mots de fon mauvais corruptible graffe & impudique, & non
pour le Dames de Honer d’ofer : Je ne voudray pronuncer ce
mots devant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, fo le
52 Foot & le Count, neant moys, le recitera en autrefois ma lecon
ensemble, d’Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d’Arme, d'Elbou, de
Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.
Alice. Excellent, Madame.

56 Kath. C’est affès pour une foyes, alors nous a diner.
   Exit.

[III. 5] Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the
Constable of France, and others.

King. ’Tis certaine he hath past the River Some.
Conf. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,

4 Let vs not liue in France : let vs quit all,
And give our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dolph. O Dieu vivant: Shall a few Sprayes of vs,
The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,
Our Syens, put in wilde and fausage Stock,

8 Spirit vp so suddenly into the Clouds,
And ouer-looke their Gafters ?

Brit. Normans, but baftard Normans, Norman baftards :
Mort du na vie, if they march along

12 Vnfought withall, but I will fell my Dukedome,
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

To buy a slobbery and a durtie Farne
In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion.

Confl. Dieu de Battailes, where haue they this mettell?
Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despite, the Sunne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can sodden Water,
A Drench for fur-reyn’d Iades, their Barly broth,
Decock their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,
Seeme frostie? O, for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping Ilyckles
Upon our Houies Thatch, whiles a more frostie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poore we call them, in their Natiue Lords.

Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainly say,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will suing
Their bodyes to the Luft of English Youth,
To new-fore France with Bastard Warriors.

Brit. They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schooles,
And teach Lauolts high, and Swift Carranto’s,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,
And that we are most loftie Run-awayes.

King. Where is Montiay the Herald? speed him hence,
Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,
More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
You Dukes of Orleance, Burbon, and of Berry,
Alanjon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgonie,
Jaques Chattillion, Rambures, Vandemont,
Beumont, Grand Pree, Royfi, and Faulconbridge,
Lous, Leftrale, Bouciquall, and Charaloyes,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings; 
For your great Seats, now quit you of great thames:
48 Barre Harry England, that sweeps through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:
Ruth on his Hoast, as doth the melted Snow
Vpon the Valleyes, whose low Vaffall Seat,
52 The Alpes doth spit, and void his rheume vpon.
Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,
And in a Captive Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Prifoner.
56 Const. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His Souldiers sick, and famisht in their March:
For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
60 Hee'le drop his heart into the fink of feare,
And for atchieuement, offer vs his Ranfome.
King. Therefore Lord Constable, haft on Montioy,
And let him say to England, that we send,
64 To know what willing Ransome he will give.
Prince Dolphin, you shall stay with vs in Roan.
Dolph. Not so, I doe beseech your Maiestie.
King. Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs.
68 Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. Exeunt.

Enter Captaines, English and Welsh, Gower
and Fluellen.
Gower. How now Captaine Fluellen, come you from
the Bridge?
Flu. I affure you, there is very excellent Servises com-
mittet at the Bridge.
Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?
Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agra-
memnon, and a man that I loue and honour with my soule, [III. 6]
and my heart, and my dutie, and my liue, and my liuing, 8
and my yttermost power. He is not, God be praysed and
blessed, any hurt in the World, but keepes the Bridge
mought valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aun-
chiet Lieutenant there at the Fridge, I thinke in my very 12
conscience hee is as valiant a man as Mare Anthony, and
hee is a man of no estimation in the World, but I did see
him doe as gallant servise.

**Gower.** What doe you call him ?

**Fiu.** Hee is call’d aunchieint **Piffoill**.

**Gower.** I know him not.

*Enter Piffoill.*

**Fiu.** Here is the man.

**Pifl.** Captaine, I thee befeech to doe me fauours : the 20
Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.

**Fiu.** I, I prayse God, and I haue merited some loue at
his hands.

**Pist. Bardolph,** a Souldier firme and sound of heart, 24
and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie
Fortunes furious stcheke Wheele, that Goddeffe blind, that
stands uppon the rolling reftlesse Stone.

**Fiu.** By your patience, aunchieint **Piffoill** : Fortune is 28
painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to signifie
to you, that Fortune is blinde; and thee is painted also
with a Wheele, to signifie to you, which is the Morall of
it, that thee is turning and inconstant, and mutabilitie, 32
and variation : and her foot, looke you, is fixt uppon a
Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles:
in good truth, the Poet makes a moft excellent decripti-
on of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

**Pifl.** Fortune is Bardolph’s foe, and frownes on him:
for he hath flolne a Pax, and hanged must a be: a dammed
[III. 6] death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let man goe free,
and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but *Exeter*
hath ginen the doome of death, for Pax of little price.
Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce;
and let not *Bardolphs* vitall thred bee cut with edge of
Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for
his Life, and I will thee requite.

*Flu.* Aunchient *Piffl.* I doe partly vnderstand your
meaning.

48  *Piffl.* Why then rejoicce therefore.

*Flu.* Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoicce
at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would desire
the Duke to vie his good pleasure, and put him to execu-
tion; for discipline ought to be vfed.

*Piffl.* Dye, and be dam'd, and *Figgy* for thy friendship.

*Flu.* It is well.

*Piffl.* The *Figge* of Spaine  

*Exit.*

56  *Flu.* Very good.

*Gower.* Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Raucall, I
remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purfe.

*Flu.* Ile affirre you, a vtt'red as prave words at the

60  Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very
well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you,
when time is ferue.

*Gower.* Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and
then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne
into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and such
fellowes are perfitt in the Great Commanders Names, and
they will learne you by rote where Servises were done;
at such and such a Sounce, at such a Breach, at such a Con-
voj: who came off bruely, who was shot, who dis-
grac'd, what termes the Enemy flood on: and this they
conne perfittly in the phrase of Warre; which they tricke
v?
The Life of Henry the Fift.  

vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Ge-[III. 6]neralls Cut, and a horrid Suite of the Campe, will doe a-mong soining Bottles, and Ale-waht Wits, is wonder-full to be thought on: but you must earne to know such flanders of the age, or else you may be manuellously mi-75 flooke.

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine Gower: I doe perceiue hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell 80 him my minde: hearke you, the King is comming, and I must speake with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poore Souldiers.

Flu. God pleafe your Maiestie.

King. How now Fluellen, cam’st thou from the Bridge? 84

Flu. I, fo plesse your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter ha’s very gallantly maintaine’d the Pridge; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most prauie passages: marry, th’athuerfarie was haue possession of 88 the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Maiestie, the Duke is a prauie man.

King. What men haue you loft, Fluellen? 93

Flu. The perdicion of th’athuerfarie hath beene very great, reaonnable great: marry for my part, I thinke the Duke hath loft neuer a man, but one that is like to be exe-cut for robbing a Church, one Bardolph, if your Mai-96 stie know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his nofe, and it is like a coole of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red, but his nofe is executed, and his fire’s100 out.
[III. 6] **King.** Wee would haue all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our Marches through the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French vpbrayed or abused in disdainful Language; for when Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler Gamester is the foonest winne.

**Tucket. Enter Mountjoy.**

**Mountjoy.** You know me by my habit.

**King.** Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

**Mountjoy.** My Masters mind.

**King.** Unfold it.

**Mountjoy.** Thus sayes my King: Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe: Aduantage is a better Souldier then rafneffe. Tell him, wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harlewe, but that wee thought not good to bruife an inuirie, till it were full ripe. Now wee speake vpon our Q. and our voyce is im-perial: England shall repent his folly, see his weake-ness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ranfome, which must proportion the loffes we haue borne, the subiefts we haue loft, the disgrace we haue digested; which in weight to re-answer, his petti-ness would bow under. For our loffes, his Exchequer is too poore; for th'effusion of our bloud, the Mufter of his Kingdome too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his owne perfon kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worth-leffe satisfaccion. To this adde defiance: and tell him for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is prounc'nt: So farre my King and Master; so much my Office.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.

Mount. Mountioy.

King. Thou dost thy Office fairly. Turne thee back,
And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now,
But could be willing to march on to Callice,
Without impeachment: for to say the foot,
Though 'tis no wisdome to confesse so much
Vnto an enemie of Craft and Vantage,
My people are with sicknesse much enfeebled,
My numbers leffen'd: and those few I haue,
Almost no better then so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,
I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgive me God,
That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France
Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent:
Goe therefore tell thy Mafter, heere I am;
My Ransome, is this frayle and worthlesse Trunke;
My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard:
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France hymselfe, and such another Neighbour
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour Mountioy.
Goe bid thy Mafter well aduise himselfe.
If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred,
We shall your tawneie ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so Mountioy, fare you well.
The summe of all our Answere is but this:
We would not seeke a Battale as we are,
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your Mafter.

Mount. I shall deliuer so: Thankes to your High-

Glouc. I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

50
[III. 6] King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs:
March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
Beyond the River we'll encamp our felues,
And on to morrow bid them march away

[III. 7] Enter the Confiable of France, the Lord Ramburs,
Orleance, Dolphin, with others.

Confi. Tut, I haue the best Armour of the World:
would it were day.
Orleance. You haue an excellent Armour: but let my
Horfe haue his due.
Confi. It is the best Horfe of Europ.e,
Orleance. Will it never be Morning?
Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord Con-
8 fable, you talke of Horfe and Armour?
Orleance. You are as well prouided of both, as any
Prince in the World.
Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change
12 my Horfe with any that treads but on foure postures:
ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were
hayres: le Cheval volante, the Pegasus, ches les narines de
feu. When I beatlyde him, I soare, I am a Hawke: he trots
16 the ayre: the Earth sings, when he touches it: the bafef
horse of his hoofe, is more Musickal then the Pipe of
Hermes.
Orleance. Here's of the colour of the Nutmeg.
20 Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beaft
for Perfeus: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Ele-
ments of Earth and Water never appeare in him, but on-
yly in patient stillness while his Rizer mounts him: hee
24 is indeede a Horfe, and all other Iades you may call
Beasfts.

Const. In-
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Confl. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like 28
the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orleance. No more Cousin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from 32
the rising of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe,
varie deferred prayse on my Palfray: it is a Theame as
fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues,
and my Horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subiect 36
for a Soueraigne to reaon on, and for a Soueraignes Sou-
eraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs,
and vknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions,
and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayse, 40
and began thus, Wonder of Nature.

Orleance. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mi-
streffe.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd 44
to my Courser, for my Horse is my Mistreffe.

Orleance. Your Mistreffe beares well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the prescript prayse and per-
fecction of a good and particular Mistreffe. 43

Confl. Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistreffe
shrewdy shooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Confl. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you
rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Horse off, and in
your frait Stroffers.

Confl. You have good judgement in Horfeeman- 56
ship.

Dolph. Be warne'd by me then: they that ride so, and
[III. 7] ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather have my Horse to my Mistresse.

Confil. I had as liue have my Mistresse a lade.

Dolph. I tell thee Confiable, my Mistresse weares his owne hayre.

64 Confil. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistresse.

Dolph. Le chien est retourné a sou propre venissement es la leuse laue au bourbier: thou makst vie of any thing.

68 Confil. Yet doe I not vie my Horse for my Mistresse, or any such Prouerbe, so little kin to the purpose.

Ramb. My Lord Confable, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to night, are those Starres or Sunnes upon it?

72 Confil. Starres my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Confil. And yet my Sky shall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many superfluously, and 'twere more honor some were away.

Confil. Eunus as your Horse beares your prayses, who would trot as well, were some of your braggis dismounted.

76 Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his desert. Will it never be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way shall be pasted with English Faces.

Confil. I will not say so, for feare I should be fact out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the eares of the English.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie Prisoners?

88 Confil. You must first goe your selfe to hazard, ere you have them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my selfe. Exit.

Orleans. The Dolphin longs for morning.
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Ramb. He longs to eate the English.
Confl. I thinke he will eate all he kills.
Orleance. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gal-
lant Prince.
Confl. Sweare by her Foot, that she may tread out the 96
Oath.
Orleance. He is simply the most actiue Gentleman of
France.
Confl. Doing is actiuitie, and he will still be doing.
Orleance. He neuer did harme, that I heard of.
Confl. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe
that good name still.
Orleance. I know him to be valiant.
Confl. I was told that, by one that knowes him better
then you.
Orleance. What's hee?
Confl. Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee 108
car'd not who knew it.
Orleance. Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in
him.
Const. By my faith Sir, but it is: neuer any body saw 112
it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hoosed volour, and when it
appeares, it will bate.
Orleance. Ill will neuer sayd well.
Confl. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie 116
in friendhip.
Orleance. And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill
his due.
Confl. Well plac't: there stands your friend for the 120
Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A
Pox of the Deuill.
Orleance. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much
a Fooles Bolt is soone shot.
Confl. You have shot over.
Orleance. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. My Lord high Constable, the English lie within 128 fifene hundred paces of your Tents.
Confl. Who hath mea'ur'd the ground?
Meff. The Lord Grandpree.
Confl. A valiant and moost expert Gentleman. Would 132 it were day? Alas poor Harry of England: hee longs not for the Dawning, as wee doe.
Orleance. What a wretched and penuif fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers 136 so farre out of his knowledge.
Confl. If the English had any apprehension, they 138 would runne away.
Orleance. That they lack: for if their heads had any intellecfual Armour, they could never weare such heavie Head-pieces.
Rambe. That Island of England breedes very valiant Creatures; their Maftiffes are of unmatchable col- 144 rage.
Orleance. Foolifh Curres, that runne winking into the mouth of a Ruffian Beare, and haue their heads cruft like rotten Apples: you may as well say, that's a valiant 148 Flea, that dare eate his breakefaft on the Lippe of a Lyon.
Confl. Luft, iuft: and the men doe sympathize with the Maftiffes, in robustious and rough comming on,
152 leauing their Wits with their Wines: and then gie them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deuils.

Orleane. I,
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Orleance. I, but these English are shrowdly out of [III. 7]
Beefe.

Const. Then shall we finde to morrow, they have only
shomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to
arme: come, shall we about it?

Orleance. It is now two a Clock: but let me see, by ten 160
Wee shall haue each a hundred English men. Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.

Now entertaine coniceture of a time,
When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Vessel of the Vniuerse.
From Camp to Camp, through the soule Womb of Night
The Humme of eyther Army shily sounds;
That the fixt Centinels almost receive
The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battaile sees the others vmbert'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boatfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the Tents,
The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
With busie Hammers closing Riuets vp,
Give dreadfull note of preparation.
The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:
And the third howre of drowzie Morning nam'd,
Prowd of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,
The confident and ouer-luttie French,
[IV.] Doe the low-rated English play at Dice;
20 And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night,
   Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
   So tedioufly away. The poore condemned English,
   Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
24 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
   The Mornings danger: and their gefulure sad,
   Inteasting lanke-leane Cheeke, and Warre-worne Coats,
   Prefented them vnto the gazing Moone
28 So many horride Ghosts. O now, who will behold
   The Royall Captaine of this ruin’d Band
   Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
   Let him cry, Prayfe and Glory on his head:
32 For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoaft,
   Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,
   And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.
   Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
36 How dread an Army hath erounded him;
   Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour
   Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night:
   But freefly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,
40 With chearefull semblance, and sweet Maiestie:
   That euery Wretch, pineing and pale before,
   Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
   A Largeffe vnuerfall, like the Sunne,
44 His liberall Eye doth glue to euery one,
   Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
   Behold, as may vnworthinesse define.
   A little touch of Harry in the Night,
48 And so our Scene must to the Bataille flye:
   Where, O for pitty, we shall much disgrace,
   With foure or five moft vile and raggedfoyles,
   (Right ill dispos’d, in brawl ridiculous)
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

The Name of Agincourt: Yet fit and fee,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.

Exit.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.
God morrow Brother Bedford: God Almighty,
There is some foule of goodness in things euill,
Would men obseruingly distill it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early stirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward Consciences,
And Preachers to vs all; admonishing,
That we should dreffe vs fairely for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Diuell himselfe.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churlish turfe of France.

Erping. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to loue their present paines,
Upon example, so the Spirit is eased:
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breake vp their drowsie Graue, and newly mowe
With cafted flough, and freshe legeritie.
Lend me thy Cloake Sir Thomas: Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe;
Doe my good morrow to them and anon.
[IV. 1] Defire them all to my Paullion.
28 Gloster. We shall, my Liege.
  Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?
  King. No, my good Knight:
  Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
32 I and my Boforme must debate a while,
  And then I would no other company.
  Erping. The Lord in Heauen bless thee, Noble
  Harry. Exeunt.
  King. God a mercy old Heart, thou soeak'rt cheare-
        fully.
  Enter Piffloll.
36 Piffl. Che vous la?
  King. A friend.
  Piffl. Discouer into me, art thou Officer, or art thou
        baile, common, and popular?
40 King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.
  Piffl. Trayl'ft thou the puifant Pyke?
  King. Euen so: what are you?
  Piffl. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.
44 King. Then you are a better then the King.
  Piffl. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a
        Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fift
        moft valiant: I kiffe his durtie shooe, and from heart-
48 firing I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name?
  King. Harry le Roy.
  Piffl. Le Roy? a Cornifh Name: art thou of Cornifh Crew?
  King. No, I am a Welchman.
52 Piffl. Know'ft thou Fluellen?
  King. Yes.
  Piffl. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon
4    S. Davies day.
56 King. Doe not you ware your Dagger in your Cappe
  that day, leaft he knock that about yours.
     'i 2    Pist. Art
59
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Piff. Art thou his friend?
King. And his Kinsman too.
Piff. The Figo for thee then.
King. I thanke you: God be with you.
Piff. My name is Piffloll call’d. Exit.
King. It sorts well with your fierceneffe.

Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captaine Fluellen.

Flu. So, in the Name of Iesu Christ, speake fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the vnierfall World, when the true and aunchient Prerogatives and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to 68 examine the Warres of Pompey the Great, you shall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble bable in Pompeyes Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and 72 the Formes of it, and the Sobrietic of it, and the Modeftie of it, to be otherwise.

Gower. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemie is an Asse and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee should also, looke you, be an Asse and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne confidence now?

Gow. I will speake lower.

Flu. I pray you, and befeech you, that you will. Exit.

King. Though it appeare a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter three Souldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court,
and Michael Williams.

60
[IV. 1] Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the Morning
which breakes yonder?

Bates. I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cause to
88 defire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee fee yonder the beginning of the day,
but I thinke wee shall neuer fee the end of it. Who goes
there?

92 King. A Friend.

Williams. Vnder what Captaine ferue you?

King. Vnder Sir John Erpingham.

Williams. A good old Commander, and a most kinde

96 Gentleman: I pray you, what thinkes he of our estate?

King. Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to
be waftt off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

100 King. No: nor it is not meet he shoulde: for though I
speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am:
the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element
shewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences haue but

104 humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Na-
kedness he appeares but a man; and though his affec-
tions are higher mounted then ours, yet when they froupe,
they froupe with the like wing: therefore, when he sees

108 reason of feares, as we doe: his feares, out of doubt, be of
the fame rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no man shoulde
poffesse him with any appearance of feare; leaft hee, by
shewing it, should dis-hearten his Army.

112 Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will:
but I beleue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could with him-
selues in Thames vp to the Neck: and so I would he were,
and I by him, at all aduentures, so we were quit here.

116 King. By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the
King: I thinke bee would not with himselfe any where, [IV. 1] but where bee is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ranfomed, and a many poore mens luyes saued. 120

King. I dare say, you loye him not so ill, to with him here alone: howsoever you speake this to feele other mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where so contented, as in the Kings company; his Caufe being iuft, and his Quarrell honorable. 124

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then wee should seeke after; for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subiects: 128 if his Caufe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Cryme of it out of vs.

Williams. But if the Caufe be not good, the King him-selfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all those 132 Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaille, shall lye ne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Surgeon; some upon their Wives, left poore behind them; 136 some upon the Debts they owe, some upon their Children rawly left: I am afeard, there are few dye well, that dye in a Battaille: for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if these men 140 doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; who to disobey, were against all proportion of subiection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about 144 Merchandize, doe sinfully miscarry vpon the Sea; the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be impos'd vpon his Father that sent him: or if a Seruant, under his Masters command, transporting a summe of Money, be affayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd
[IV, 1] Iniquities; you may call the businesse of the Master the
author of the Servants damnation: but this is not so:
152 The King is not bound to anwser the particular endings
of his Soul destroyers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master
of his Servant; for they purpose not their death, when
they purpose their services. Besides, there is no King, be
156 his Canfe never so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitrement
of Swords, can try it out with all vnointed Soul-
diers: some (peraduenture) have on them the guilt of
premeditated and contrived Murth; some, of begui-
160 ling Virgins with the broken Seales of Periurie; some,
making the Warres their Bulwarke, that have before go-
red the gentle Bofoome of Peace with Pillage and Robbe-
rie. Now, if these men have defeated the Law, and out-
164 runne Native punishment; though they can outstrip
men, they have no wings to flye from God. Warre is
his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: so that here men
are punished, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in
168 now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death,
they have borne life away; and where they would bee
safe, they perish. Then if they dye vnprouided, no more
is the King guiltie of their damnation, then he was be-
172 fore guiltie of those Impeties, for the which they are
now visited. Every Subjects Dutie is the Kings, but
every Subjects Soule is his owne. Therefore should
every Soul destroy in the Warres doe as every sicke man in
176 his Bed, wash every Moth out of his Conscience: and
dying so, Death is to him advantage; or not dying,
the time was blestedly lost, wherein such preparation was
gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not fine to
180 thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-
live that day, to see his Greatness, and to teach others
how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Will. 'Tis certaine, every man that dyes ill, the ill upon his owne head, the King is not to answer it.

Baker. I doe not defire bee should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King. I my selfe heard the King say he would not be ransom'd.

Will. I, bee said so, to make vs fight chearfully: but when our throats are cut, bee may be ransom'd, and wee ne're the wiser.

King. If I liue to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous shot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a private displeasure can doe against a Monarch: you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather: You'll never trust his word after; cause, tis a foolish saying.

King. Your reproofo is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell between vs, if you liue.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee againe?

King. Give me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my bonnet: Then if ever thou darst acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Here's my Gloue: Give mee another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I also weare in my Cap: if ever thou came in me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

King. If ever I liue to see it, I will challenge it.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

[IV. 1] Will. Thou dar’st as well be hang’d.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings companie.

Will. Keepe thy word: fare thee well.

220 Bates. Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reck-

kon. Exit Souleiers.

King. Indeede the French may lay twentie French

224 Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them on their shoulders: but it is no English Treason to cut French Crownes, and to Morrow the King himselfe will be a Clipper.

228 Upon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,

Our Debts, our carefull Wives,

Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:

We must beare all.

232 O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnisse,

Subiect to the breath of euery foole, whose fence

No more can feele, but his owne wringing.

What infinite hearts-eafe must Kings neglect,

236 That private men enjoy?

And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too,

Saue Ceremonie, saue generall Ceremonie?

And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie?

240 What kind of God art thou? that suffer’st more

Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.

What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in?

O Ceremonie, frow me but thy worth.

244 What? is thy Soule of Odoration?

Art thou ought els but Place, Degree, and Forme,

Creating awe and feare in other men?

Wherein thou art leffe happy, being fear’d,

2,8 Then they in fearing.

a—FOL. 5 65
[IV. 1] What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace;
Whose howres, the Peaunt best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

284 'Erp. My Lord, your Nobles iealous of your absence,
Seeke through your Campe to find you.
King. Good old Knight, collect them all together
At my Tent: Ile be before thee.
288 Erp. I shall doe't, my Lord. Erit.
King. O God of Battalies, fleele my Souldiers hearts,
Possesse them not with feare: Take from them now
The fence of reckonng of th'opposed numbers:
292 Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault
My Father made, in compassing the Crowne.
I Richards body haue interred new,
296 And on it haue bestowed more countrie teares,
Then from it issu'd forced drops of blood.
Flue hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp
300 Toward Heauen, to pardon blood:
And I haue built two Chaunturies,
Where the sad and solemn Priefts sing still
For Richards Soule. More will I doe:
Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;
304 Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother Gloucesters voyce? I:
308 I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:
The day, my friend, and all things stay for me.

Exit

1 3

Enter

67
[IV. 2] Who in vnnecessary action swarne
28 About our Squares of Batalla, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding Foe;
Though we vpon this Mountaines Basis by,
Tooke stand for idle speculation:
32 But that our Honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let vs doe,
And all is done: then let the Trumpets sound
The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount:
36 For our approach shal so much dare the field,
That England shal couch downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Grandpree.

Grandpree. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France?
Yond Iland Carrians, desperate of their bones,
40 Ill-fauoredly become the Morning field:
Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let loofe,
And our Ayre shakes them passing scornefully.
Bigge Mars seemes banqu'ront in their begger'd Hoaft,
44 And faintly through a ruffle Beuer peepes.
The Horfemen fit like fixed Candlessticks,
With Torch-faues in their hand: and their poore Iades
Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips:
48 The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt
Lyes foule with chaw'd-graffe, still and motionleffe.
And their executors, the knauish Crowes,
52 Fly o're them all, impatient for their howre.
Description cannot fute it selfe in words,
To demontrate the Life of such a Batalla,
In life so liueleffe, as it thews it selfe.
56 Conft. They have saied their prayers,
And they say for death.

Dolph. Shall we goe send them Dinner, and freth Sutes,
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Amsl. give their fading Hories Prowender,
Amsl. after sight with them:
Com. I day but for my Guard: on
To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
Amsl. vie it for my haste. Come, come away,
The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day.

Exeunt. 64

Enter Gloucester, Beresford, Exeter, Eppingham
with all his Elong: Salisbury, and
Westmerland.

Glou. Where's the King?
Bere. The King humbled is rode to view their Battles.
West. Of sighting men they have full three score thousand.

Elon. There's hue to one, besides they all are fresh.
Salis. God. Arme strike with us, 'tis a scarcefull oddes.
God. Say, you Princes all: Ile to my Charge:
If we do more meet, till we meet in Heaven;
Then first, my Noble Lord of Beresford,
My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind Anima, Warriors all, aclen.
Bere. Farewell good Salisbury, & good back go with thee:
And yet I doe they wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art trust of the terme truth of valour.
Elon. Farewell kind Lord: right valiantly to day.
Bere. He is as full of Valour as of Kindneffe,
Prayly in both.

Enter the King.

God. (i) that we now had here
But one two thousand of those men in England,
That doe we move to day.
Amsl. What's he that wills so?

70
[IV. 3] My Cousin Westmerland. No, my faire Cousin:
    If we are markt to dye, we are enow
To doe our Countrey lofe: and if to line,
24 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
    Gods will, I pray thee with not one man more.
By lone, I am not couetous for Gold,
Nor care I who doth feed vpon my cost:
28 It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare;
    Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
But if it be a finne to conte Honor,
I am the most offending Soule alioe.
32 No faith, my Couze, with not a man from England:
    Gods peace, I would not loose fo great an Honor,
As one man more me thinkes would share from me,
For the beft hope I have. O, doe not with one more:
36 Rather proclaime it (Westmerland) through my Hoaf, That he which hath no ftomack to this fight,
    Let him depart, his Paftport shall be made,
And Crownes for Comuoy put into his Purle:
40 We would not dye in that mans companie,
    That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs.
This day is call’d the Feast of Cristian:
    He that out-lies this day, and comes safe home,
44 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named, And rowe him at the Name of Cristian.
    He that shall fee this day, and lye old age,
Will yeereely on the Vigil feast his neighbours,
48 And say, to morrow is Saint Cristian. Then will he strip his fleue, and fhw his skarres:
    Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot:
But hee’le remember, with advantages,
52 What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names, Familiar in his mouth as househould words,

Harry
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their glowing Cups freshely remembred.
This story shall the good man teach his sonne:
And Cristine Cristian shall ne’re goe by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it shall be remembred;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne’er so vile,
This day shall gentle his Condition.
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
Shall thinke themselves accurft they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speaks,
That fought with us vpon Saint Cristines day.

Enter Salisbury.
Sal. My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed:
The French are brauely in their batailles set,
And will with all expedience charge on vs.
King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
Wclft. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.
King. Thou do’st not wish more helpe from England,
Couze?
Wclft. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, could fight this Royall bataille.
King. Why now thou haft vnwifht fiue thousand men:
Which likes me better, then to with vs one.
You know your places: God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montiow.
Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King Harry,
If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured Ouerthrow:

72
[IV. 3] For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulle,
   Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy
   The Confable desires thee, thou wilt mind
   Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules
   May make a peacefull and a sweet retyrne
88 From off these fields: where(wretches)their poore bodies
   Must lye and fester.
   King. Who hath sent thee now?
   Mont. The Confable of France.
92 King. I pray thee beare my former Answere back:
   Bid them atchieue me, and then fell my bones.
   Good God, why should they mock poore fellowes thus?
   The man that once did fell the Lyons skin
96 While the beast liu’d, was kill’d with hunting him.
   A many of our bodyes shall no doubt
   Find Native Graines: vpon the which, I truft
   Shall witnessse liue in Braife of this dayes worke.
100 And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
   Dying like men, though buryed in your Dunghills,
   They shall be fam’d: for there the Sun shall greet them,
   And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen,
104 Leaing their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,
   The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
   Marke then abounding valour in our English:
   That being dead, like to the bullets crazing,
108 Break out into a second course of mischiefe,
   Killing in relapse of Mortalitie.
   Let me speake proudly: Tell the Confable,
   We are but Warriors for the working day:
112 Our Guyenne and our Gilt are all besmyrcht
   With raynie Marching in the painefull field.
   There’s not a piece of feather in our Hoaft:
   Good argument(I hope)we will not flye:
[IV. 4] pend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou doe giue to me egregious Ransome.

French. O prennes mieurecordie aye pitez de moy.

12 Pijft. Moy shall not ferne, I will haue fortie Moyes: for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of Crimfon blood.

French. Eft il impossiible d'eschapper le force de ton bras.

16 Pijft. Braife, Curre? thou damned and luxurious Mountaine Goat, offer me Braife?

French. O perdonne moy.

Pijft. Say'ft thou me fo? is that a Tonne of Moyes?

20 Come hither boy, aske me this flawe in French what is his Name.

Boy. Efcoute comment eftes vous appelle?

French. Mounfieur le Fer.

24 Boy. He sayes his Name is M. Fer.

Pijft. M. Fer: Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him: dufcuffe the same in French vnto him.

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and

28 firke.

Pijft. Bid him prepare,for I will cut his throat.

French. Que dit il Mounfieur?

Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous

32 pref, car ce soldat icy est dispoft to scouper voifre gorge.

Pijft. Owy, cuppele gorge pernafoy peffant, vnellef thou giue me Crownes, braze Crownes; or mangled shalt

36 thou be by this my Sword.

French. O le vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu: ma par-

donner, le fuis le Gentilhomen de ton maifon, garde ma vie, & Je vous donneray deus cent ecus.

40 Pijft. What are his words?

Boy. He
Con. O Diable.
Osr. O figure le iour et perdia, toute et perdie.
Dol. Mor Dieu ma vie, all is confounded all,
4 Reproach, and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our Plumes.  
A short Alarum.
O mechant Fortune, do not runne away.
Con. Why all our rankes are broke.
8 Dol. O perdurable shame, let's stab our sylues:
Be thefe the wretches that we plaid at dice for?
Osr. Is this the King we sent too, for his ransome?
Bur. Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame,
12 Let vs dye in once more backe againe,
And he that will not follow Burbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a bafe Pander hold the Chamber doore,
16 Whilfe a bafe slyae, no gentler then my dogge,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.
Con. Disorder that hath spoyle'd vs, friend vs now,
Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues.
20 Osr. We are enow yet liuing in the Field,
To smother vp the English in our throngs,
If any ord'n might be thought vpon.
Bur. The diuell take Order now, Ile to the throng;
24 Let life be short, else shame will be too long.  
Ext.

Alarum. Enter the King and his trayne, 
with Prifoners

King. Well haue we done, thrice-valiant Countrimen,
But all's not done, yet kepe the French the field.
Ext. The D. of York commendes him to your Maiesty
The Life of Henry the Fift.

King. Lues he good Vuckle: thrice within this houre
I saw him downe: thrice vp againe, and fighting,
From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was.

Ere. In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lye,
Larding the plaine: and by his bloody side,
(Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)
The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes.
Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all hagled ouer
Comes to him, where in gore he lay instepe,
And takes him by the Beard, kites the gashes
That bloodily did yawne vpnon his face.

He cyses a loud: Tarry my Cofin Suffolke,
My soule shall thine keepe company to heauen:
Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then flye a-brest:
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our Chivialrie.

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp,
He finill'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, fayes: Deere my Lord,
Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne,
So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke.

He threw his wounded arme, and kift his lippes,
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A Testament of Noble-ending-love:
The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd
Thusse waters from me, which I would haue stop'd,
But I had not so much of man in mee,
And all my mother came into mine eyes.
And guse me vp to teares.

King. I blame you not,
For hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mixtfull eyes, or they will iffe to.

But heark ye, what new alarum is this same?

78
[IV. 6] The French haue re-enforc'd their scatter'd men:
Then every fouldiour kill his Prisoners,
Ginie the word through.

[IV. 7]

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expressely against the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a pece of knaelry marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conscience
4 now, is it not?

Gow. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left alike, and the Cowardly Rafcalls that ranne from the battale ha' done this slaughter: besides they have burned and carried a-
8 way all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King moft worthy hath caus'd every foldiour to cut his prifoners throat. O 'tis a gallant King,

Flu. I, hee was borne at Monmouth Captaine Gower;
12 What call you the Townes name where Alexander the pig was borne?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or
16 the grear, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnan-
mous, are all one reckonings, faue the phrase is a little va-
riations.

Gower. I thinke Alexander the Great was borne in
20 Macedon, his Father was called Phillip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in Macedon where Alexander is
porne,
[IV. 7]  King. I was not angry since I came to France,
Vntill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald,
Ride thou vnto the Horsemen on yond hill:
56 If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
Or voyde the field: they do offend our fight.
If they‘ll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them sker away, as swift as flones
60 Enforced from the old Aflyrion slings:
Befides, wee‘ll cut the throats of those we haue,
And not a man of them that we shall take,
Shall taife our mercy. Go and tell them fo.

Enter Montjoy.

64 Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege
Glou. His eyes are humbler then they vs‘d to be.
King. How now, what means this Herald? Knock‘st
thou not,
That I haue fin‘d these bones of mine for ranfome?
68 Com‘st thou againe for ranfome?

Her. No great King:
I come to thee for charitable Licence,
That we may wander ore this bloody field,
72 To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
To sort our Nobles from our common men.
For many of our Princes (woe the while)
Lye drown‘d and soak‘d in mercenary blood:
76 So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbes
In blood of Princes, and with wounded feeds
Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage
Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead mafters
80 Killing them twice. O glie vs leaue great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispoze
Of their dead bodies.
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

King. I tell thee truly Herald, I know not if the day be ours or no, For yet a many of your horsemens peere, And gallop oer the field.

Her. The day is yours.

King. Praised be God, and not our strength for it: What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by.

Her. They call it Agincourt.

King. Then call we this the field of Agincourt, Fought on the day of Cripin Cripianus.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please your Maiesty) and your great Uncle Edward the Placke Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought a most prauie battell here in France.

King. They did Fluellen.

Flu. Your Maiesties sayes very true: If your Maiesties is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good service in a Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leeke's in their Monmouth caps, which your Maiestie know to this houre is an honourable badge of the service: And I do beleue your Maiestie takes no scorne to weare the Leeke upon S. Tauies day.

King. I weare it for a memorable honor: For I am Welch you know good Countriman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Maiesties Welsh plood out of your body, I can tell you that: God plesse it, and preferre it, as long as it plesaes his Grace, and his Maiesty too.

King. Thankes good my Countrmen.

Flu. By Ieshu, I am your Maiesties Countreyman, I care not who know it: I will confeffe it to all the Orld, I need not to be ahamed of your Maiesty, praied be God so long as your Maiesty is an honest man.
The Life of Henry the Fifth

[IV. 7] King. Good keepe me so.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me iust notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Ere. Souldier, you must come to the King.

Kin. Souldier, why wear'st thou that Gloue in thy Cappe?

Will. And't please your Maiestie, tis the gage of one

that I shou'd fight withall, if he be alieue.

Kin. An Englishman?

Wil. And't please your Maiestie, a Rascal that swag-
ger'd with me last night: who if alieue, and ene dare to

challenge this Gloue, I haue sworne to take him a boxe

a' the ere: or if I can see my Gloue in his cappe, which he

swore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if alieue) I wil

strike it out foundly.

Kin. What thinke you Captaine Fluellen, is it fit this

souldier keepe his oath.

Flu. Hee is a Cruauen and a Villaine else, and't please
your Maiestie in my conscience.

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great

fort quite from the anwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Gentleman as the diuel is,
as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is necessa'ry (looke

your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee

bee peirur'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a

villaine and a Jacke fawce, as euer his blacke shoo trodd

upon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law

King. Then keepe thy vow firrah, when thou meet'lt
the fellow.

Wil. So, I wil my Liege, as I liue.

King. Who seru'lt thou vnder?

Wil.
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Will. Vnder Captaine Gower, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literatur'd in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege. Exit.

King. Here Fluellen, weare thou this fauour for me, and sticke it in thy Cappe: when Alanfon and my selfe were downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme: If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to Alanfon, and an enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'ft me loue.

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be desir'd in the hearts of his Subiects: I would faine see the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agreed at this Gloue; that is all: but I would faine see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

King. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my deare friend, and please you.

King. Pray thee goe seek him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. Exit.

King. My Lord of Warwick, and my Brother Gloster, follow Fluellen closely at the heeles. The Gloue which I have giuen him for a fauour, may haply purchaze him a box a'th'eare.

It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine should weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin Warwick:

If that the Souldier strike him, as I judge By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word;

Some sodaine mischief may arise of it:

For I doe know Fluellen valiant, And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder, And quickly will returne an injurie.
Follow, and see there be no harme betwene them.
Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter. "Exeunt."

Enter Gower and Williams.
Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.
Enter Fluellen.
Flu. Gods will, and his pleasse, Captaine, I beseech
you now, come apace to the King: there is more good
toward you peraduenture, then is in your knowledge to
dreame of.
Will. Sir, know you this Gloue?
Flu. Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.
Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuersal
World, or in France, or in England.

Will. Doe you thinke Ile be forworne?
Flu. Stand away Captaine Gower, I will giue Treason
his payment into plowes, I warrant you.
Will. I am no Traytor.

Flu. That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his
Maiefties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke
Alanfons.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.
Warw. How now, how now, what's the matter?
Flu. My Lord of Warwick, heere is, pray'd be God
for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke
you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his
Maieftie. "Enter King and Exeter."

King. How now, what's the matter?
Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor,
that looke your Grace, ha's froke the Gloue which
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

your Maiestie is take out of the Helmet of Alan. [IV. 8]

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow of it: and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to weare it in his Cappe: I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue been as 32 good as my word.

 Flu. Your Maiestie heare now, sauing your Maiesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowlie Knaue it is: I hope your Maiestie is peare me teftimonie 36 and witneffe, and will auouchment, that this is the Gloue of Alanfon, that your Maiestie is give me, in your Con-

ience now.

King. Giue me thy Gloue Souldier;

Looke, heere is the fellow of it:
'Twas I indeed thou promis'd it to strike,
And thou haft giuen me moft bitter termes.

 Flu. And pleaue your Maiestie, let his Neck answere 44 for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: ne-
uer came any from mine, that might offend your Ma-

iesie.

King. It was our selfe thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Maiestie came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witnesse the 52 Night, your Garments, your Lowlineffe: and what your Highneffe suffer'd under that shape, I befeeche you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you bee as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I 56 befeeche your Highneffe pardon me.

King. Here Vnckle Exeter, fil this Gloue with Crownes, And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,
And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,  
Till I doe challenge it. Give him the Crownes:  
And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's me-
tell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-pence for 
you, and I pray you to serue God, and keepe you out of 
prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and diffentions, and I 
warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will serue 
you to mend your shooes: come, wherefore shou'd you 
be so pathfull, your shooes is not so good: 'tis a good 
filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herould.

King. Now Heraldo, are the dead numbred?

Herald. Heere is the number of the slaught'red French.

King. What Prisoners of good fort are taken, 
Vuckle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King, 
John Duke of Burbon, and Lord Bouchiquald:

Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires, 
Full fiftene hundred, besides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French 
That in the field lye slaine: of Princes in this number,

And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead  
One hundred twentie fix: added to thefe, 
Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen,  
Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which, 
Fiue hundred were but yesterayd dubb'd Knights. 
So that in thefe ten thousand they have loft, 
There are but fixteene hundred Mercenaries:

The reft are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

And
And Gentlemen of bloud and qualitie. [IV. 8]
The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
Jaques of Chatillon, Admirall of France,
The Master of the Crossbowes, Lord Rambures,
Great Master of France, the braue Sir Guichard Dolphin,
John Duke of Alanson, Anthonie Duke of Brabant,
The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
And Edward Duke of Barre: of lustie Earles,
Grandpree and Rouffe, Fauconbridge and Foyes,
Beaumont and Marle, Vandemont and Leftrale.
Here was a Royall fellowship of death.
Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir Richard Ketly, Daue Gam Esquire;
None else of name: and of all other men,
But five and twentieth.
O God, thy Arme was heere:
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
Ascribe we all: when, without stratagem,
But in plaine shock, and euem play of Battle,
Was euer knowne so great and little losse?
On one part and on th'other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.

*Exeunt.* 'Tis wonderfull.

*King.* Come, goe me in proceesion to the Village:
And be it death proclaymed through our Hoaft,
To boaste of this, or take that prayse from God,
Which is his onely.

*Flu.* Is it not lawfull and pleaue your Maiestie, to tell
how many is kill'd?

*King.* Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.
[IV. 8]  Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good.
    King. Doe we all holy Rights:
    Let there be sung Non nobis, and Te Deum,
128 The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay:
    And then to Callice, and to England then,
    Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men.
    Exeunt.

[V.]

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.
Vouchsafe to those that have not read the Story,
    That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse
4 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
    Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here presented. Now we bear the King
    Toward Callice: Graunt him there; there see ne,
8 Heue him away upon your winged thoughts,
    Athwart the Sea: Behold the English beach
    Pales in the flood; with Men, Wives, and Boys,
Who's shouts & claps out-royce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
12 Which like a mighty Whiffle y'ore the King,
    Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
    So swift a pace hath Thought, that even now
16 You may imagine him upon Black-Heath:
    Where, that his Lords desire him, to have borne
    His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,
[V. 1] in all things: I will tell you alle my friend, Captaine Gower; the raçally, scauld, beggerly, loswie, bragging Knaue Pifoll, which you and your selfe, and all the World, know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now, of no 8 merits: hee is come to me, and prings me prad and fault yerestday, looke you, and bid me eate my Lecke: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little piece of my deferes.

Enter Pifoll.

Gower. Why heere hee comes, swelling like a Turky-cock.

Flu. 'Ts no matter for his swellings, nor his Turky-cocks. God pleffe you aunchient Pistoell:you scruue lowtie Knaue, God pleffe you.

Pif. Ha, art thou bedlam? does thou thirst, base 20 Trojan, to have me fold vp Parcas fatall Web? Hence; I am qualmish at the finell of Lecke.

Flu. I preech you heartily, scrue lowtie Knaue, at my deferes, and my requets, and my petitions, to eate, 24 looke you, this Lecke; because, looke you, you doe not love it, nor your affection, and your appetites and your digestions doo's not agree with it, I would defire you to eate it.

Pif. Not for Cadwallader and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. Strikes him.

Will you be so good, scauld Knaue, as eate it?

Pif. Base Trojan, thou shalt dye.

Flu. You saie very true, scauld Knaue, when Gods will is: I will defire you to liue in the meane time, and eate your Viectuals: come, there is fawce for it. You call'd me yerestday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make you
you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall too; if you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke.

Gowr. Enough Captaine, you haue astoniht him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eate some part of my leeke, or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is 40 good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxcombe.

Pift. Must I bite.

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pift. By this Leeke, I will most horribly reuenge I eate and eate I sweare.

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you haue some more sauce to your Leeke: there is not enough Leeke to sweare by.

Pift. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou doft fee I eate.

Flu. Much good do you scald knaue, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxcombe; when you take occaftions to see Leekees hereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Pift. Good.

Flu. I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to 56 heale your pate.

Pift. Me a gro at?

Flu. Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I haue another Leeke in my pocket, which you shall eate.

Pift. I take thy groat in earnest of reuenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels: God bu'y you, and keepe you, & heale 64 your pate.

Erit

Pift. All hell shall stirre for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vpon an 68
honorable respect, and worse as a memorable Trophee
of predeceased valor, and dare not anouch in your deeds
any of your words. I haue seen you gleeking & gallng
72 at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because
he could not speake English in the native garb, he could
not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it o-
therwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach
76 you a good English condition, fare ye well. Exit

Pift. Doeth fortune play the huswife with me now?
Newes haue I that my Doll is dead i'th Spittle of a mal-
dy of France, and there my ressurens is quite cut off:
80 Old I do waxe, and from my weary limbes honour is
Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and something leane to
Cut-purse of quicke hand: To England will I fleale, and
there Ile fleale:
84 And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres,
And fware I got them in the Gallia warres. Exit.

[V. 2] Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Beford, Warwicke,
and other Lords. At another, Queene Iisabel,
the King, the Duke of Bourgongne, and
other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met;
6 Vnto our brother France, and to our Sister
Health and faire time of day: Joy and good wilhes
4 To our most faire and Princely Coyne Katherine:
And as a branch and member of this Royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contribu'd,
We do salute you Duke of Bourgogne,
8 And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Fra. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Moat worthy brother England, fairly met,
So are you Princes (English) euerie one.
Quee. So happy be the Issue brother Ireland
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
Your eyes which hitherto haue borne
In them against the French that met them in their bent,
The fatall Balls of murthering Basiliskes:
The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope
Haue loft their qualitie, and that this day
Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.
Quee. You English Princes all, I doe salute you.
Burg. My dutie to you both, on equall loue.

Great Kings of France and England: that I haue labour’d
With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeavors,
To bring your most Imperiall Majesties
Unto this Barre, and Royall entiewer;
Your Mightiness on both parts best can witnesse.
Since then my Office hath so farre preuy’d,
That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,
You haue congreeted: let it not disgrace me,
If I demand before this Royall view,
What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,
Deare Nourfe of Arts, Plentyes, and joyfull Births,
Should not in this best Garden of the World,
Our fertile France, put vp her lonely Vifage?
Alas, shee hath from France too long been chas’d,
And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,
Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.

Her Vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges even pleach’d,
Like Prisoners wildly ouer-grown with hayre,
Put forth disorder’d Twigs: her fallow Leas,
The Life of Henry the Fift.

[V. 2] The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary,  
Doth root vpon ; while that the Culter rufs,  
That shoulde deracinate such Sauagery :  
48 The even Meade, that erft brought sweetly forth  
The freckled Cowilip, Burnet, and greene Clouer,  
Wanting the Sythe, withall vncoected, ranke ;  
Conceiues by idlenesse, and nothing teemes,  
52 But hatefull Docks, rough Thistle, Kekýes, Burres,  
Loofing both beautie and vilitie ;  
And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges  
Defectue in their natures, grow to wildness.

56 Euen so our Housës, and our felines, and Children,  
Haue loft, or doe not learne, for want of time,  
The Sciences that shoulde become our Country ;  
But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,  
60 That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,  
To Swearing, and fierne Lookes, defu’sd Attyre,  
And every thing that seemes unnaturall.  
Which to reduce into our former favoure,

64 You are assembled : and my speech entreats,  
That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace  
Should not expell these incomenienes,  
And bleffe vs with her former qualities.

68 Eng. If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,  
Whoë want giues growth to th’imperfections  
Which you haue cited ; you must buy that Peace  
With full accord to all our iust demands,

72 Whole Tenures and particular effects  
You haue enchedul’d briefely in your hands.  
Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet  
There is no Answer made.

Eng. Well then : the Peace which you before so vrg’d,  
Lyes in his Answer :
France. I haue but with a curtelarie eye
O're-glance't the Articles: Pleafeth your Grace
To appoint some of your Counsell prefently
To fit with vs once more, with better heed
To re-furve them; we will suddenly
Paffe our accept and peremptorie Anfwer.

England. Brother we fhall. Goe Vnckle Exeter,
And Brother Clarence, and you Brother Gloucefler,
Warwick, and Huntington, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Widomes beft
Shall fee aduantageable for our Dignitie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And wee'le configne thereto. Will you,faire Sifter,
Goe with the Princes, or flay here with vs?

Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them:
Happily a Womans Voyce may doe some good,
When Articles too nicely vrg'd,be fpood on.

England. Yet leave our Cousin Katherine here with vs,
She is our capital Demand,compris'd
Within the for-e-ranke of our Articles.

Quee. She hath good leafe.

Manet King and Katherine.

King. Faire Katherine,and moft faire,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier tearmes,
Such as will enter at a Ladies eare,
And plead his Loue-fuit to her gentle heart.

Kath. Your Maiestie fhall mock at me, I cannot speake your England.

King. O faire Katherine, if you will loue me fondly
with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you con-
ffe$e it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you
[V. 2] like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardon me, I cannot tell what is like me.

King. An Angel is like you Kate, and you are like an

112 Angel.

Kath. Que dit il que te suis semblable a les Anges?

Lady. Oui verayment (sauf vosfrem Grace) ainsi dit il.

King. I said so, deare Katherine, and I must not blush

116 to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes font plein de
tromperies.

King. What sayes he, faire one? that the tongues of

120 men are full of deceits?

Lady. Oui, dat de tongeus of de mans is be full of de-
ceits: dat is de Princesse.

King. The Princesse is the better English-woman;

124 yfaith Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding, I am
glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou

could'st, thou wouldst finde me such a plaine King, that
thou wouldst thinke, I had fold my Farme to buy my

128 Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but di-
rectly to say, I love you; then if you urge me farther,
then to say, Do you in faith? I weare out my sute; Gie
me your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bar-

132 gaine: how say you, Lady?

Kath. Sauf vosfrem honuer, me vnderstand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verbes, or to

Dance for your sake, Kate, why you vndid me: for the one

136 I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I
have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in
strength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by

vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe;

140 vnder the correction of bragging be it spoken, I shoul
quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my
Lowe, or bound my Horse for her favours, I could lay on [V. 3] like a Butcher, and fit like a lack an Apes, neuer off. But before God Kate, I cannot looke greenely, nor gape out my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in protestation; onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer use till vrg'd, nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canst loue a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth Sunne-bur-148 ning? that neuer lookes in his Glafe, for loue of any thing he fees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canst loue me for this, take me? if not? to fay to thee that I shalldyse, is true; but 152 for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And while thou liu'st, deare Kate, take a fellow of plaine and vncoyned Constancie, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for 156 these fellowes of infinit tongue, that can ryme themselues into Ladies favours, they doe always reafon themselfes out againe. What? a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme is but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a strait Backe will 160 stoope, a blacke Beard will tuene white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow: but a good Heart, Kate, is the Sunne and the Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it 164 shines bright, and neuer changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would haue such a one, take me? and take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King. And what sa'ft thou then to my Lowe? speake my faire, 168 and fairely, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I soule loue de ennemie of Fraunce?

King. No, it is not possible you shoulde loue the Ene-172 mie of France, Kate; but in louing me, you shoulde loue the Friend of France: for I loue France so well, that I
will not part with a Village of it: I will have it all mine: and Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell what is that.

King. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sore will hang upon my tongue, like a new-married Wife about her Husband's Necke, hardly to be yooke off; le quand fur la possession de France, & quand vous aues le pos-
session de moy. (Let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed.) Donc vosfere est France, & vous efes miene.

It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the Kingdom, as to speake so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, vuleffe it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Saus vosfere honere, le Francois ques vous parleis, il est melieux que l'Anglais le quel je parle.

King. No faith is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my Tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But Kate, dous't thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love mee?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, Kate? Ile aske them. Come, I know thou lookest mee: and at night, when you come into your Closet, you'le question this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraye those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but good Kate, mocke me mercifully, the rather gentle Princesse, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a suauing Faith within me tells me thou shalt: I get thee with skambling, and thou must therefore needs prowe a good Soulland-breeder: Shall not thou and I, betwene Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English, k

99
that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by [V. 3]
the Beard. Shall wee not? what sayst thou, my faire
Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: doe but now promise Kate, you will endeavour for your
French part of such a Boy; and for my English moiety, take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer
you, La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & deuin 216
deijfe.

Kath. Your Maieftee ave fauue Frenche enough to
deceiue de moft fage Damoilee dat is en Fraunce.

King. Now yse vpon my fals Frenche: by mine Honor 220
in true English, I loove thee Kate; by which Honor, I dare
not sweare thou louest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou doeft; notwithstanding the poore and
vntempering effect of my Village. Now befhrew my 224
Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres
when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stub-
borne out-fide, with an affect of Iron, that when I come
to wooe Ladies, I fright them: but in faith Kate, the el- 228
der I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that
Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more
spoyle vpon my Face. Thou haft me, if thou haft me, at
the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me, 232
better and better: and therefore tell me, moft faire Ka-
therine, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Blushes,
auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of
an Emprefe, take me by the hand, and say, Harry of 236
England, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no sooner
bless mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, Eng-
land is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry
Plantaginet is thine; who, though I speake it before his 240
The Life of Henry the Fift.

[V. 2] Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt finde the best King of Good-fellowes. Come your Answere in broken Musick; for thy Voyce is Musick, and thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, Katherine, breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou haue me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de Roy mon pere.

248 King. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it fall alio content me.

King. Vpon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my Queene.

Kath. Laïffe mon Seigneur, laïffe, laïffe, maï fay; Je ne veus point que vous abbaïffe vosre grandeur, en baïfant le main d'une nostre Seigneur indignie serviteur excufe moy. Je vous suplïe mon tres-puiïfïant Seigneur.

King. Then I will kisse your Lippes, Kate.

Kath. Les Dames & Damaïfïes pour être baiïfée demant leur nopecfï èl net pas le coïlume de Fraunce.

256 King. Madame, my Interpreter, what fayes thee?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashon for le Ladies of Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buiïfe en Angliïf.

King. To kiffe.

264 Lady. Your Maiestee entendre bettre que moy.

King. It is not a fashon for the Maids in Fraunce to kisse before they are marryed, would the fay?

Lady. Ouy verayment.

268 King. O Kate, nice Cuftomes curfie to great Kings. Deare Kate, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyft of a Countrieys fashion: wee are the maïkers of Manners, Kate; and the libertin that follows 272 our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashion of your
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Countrey, in denying me a Kisse: therefore patiently, and yeielding. You have Witch-craft in your Lippes, Kate: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell; and they should sooner perwade Harry of England, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English
Lords.

Burg. God saue your Maiestie, my Royall Cousin, teach you our Princesse English?

King. I would have her learne, my faire Cousin, how perfectly I loue her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is shee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not smooth: so that hauing neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot so conjure vp the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true likenesse.

Burg. Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a Circle: if conjure vp Loue in her in his true likenesse, bee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet row'd ouer with the Virgin Crimfon of Modestie, if shee deny the appearance of a naked blinde Boy in her naked feeling selfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to consigne to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see
[V. 2] not what they doe.

304 King. Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to content winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to content, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well
308 Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tyde, blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

312 King. This Morall eyes me ouer to Time, and a hot Summer; and so I shall catch the Flye, your Cousin, in the latter end, and thee must be blinde to.

Burg. As Love is my Lord, before it loues.

316 King. It is so: and you may, some of you, thanke
Love for my blindnesse, who cannot see many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that stands in my way.

320 French King. Yes my Lord, you see them perspec-

tuely: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath en-
tred.

324 England. Shall Kate be my Wife?

France. So please you.

England. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you 
tale of, may wait on her: so the Maid that flood in
328 the way for my Wifh, shall shew me the way to my Will.

France. Wee haue contented to all tearmes of rea-

son.

332 England. Is't so, my Lords of England?

Woft. The King hath granted euery Article:
His Daughter first; and in sequelue, all,
According to their firme proposed natures.

Exeunt. Oney
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Esset. Onely he hath not yet subscribe this:

Where your Maiestie demands, That the King of France
hauing any occasion to write for matter of Graunt, shall
name your Highnesse in this forme, and with this additi-
on, in French: Nostre trescher filz Henry Roy d' Angleterre 340
Heretere de Fraunce: and thus in Latine; Praeclarissimus
Filius nostre Henricus Rex Angliae & Heres Francie.

France. Nor this I haue not Brother so deny'd,
But your request shall make me let it passe.

England. I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance,
Let that one Article ranke with the rest,
And thereupon Queue me your Daughter.

France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayse vp
Ishee to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whose very thoares looke pale,
With enuy of each others happinesse,
May cease their hatred; and this deare Coniunction
Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet Bosomes: that neuer Warre aduance
His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire Francie.

Lords. Amen.

King. Now welcome Kate: and beare me witnessse all,
That here I kisse her as my Soueraigne Queene.

Flourish.

Queene. God, the best maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one:
As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spoufall,
That neuer may ill Office, or fell Iealousie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
Through in betweene the Pation of these Kingdomes,
To make diuorce of their incorporate League:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
[V. 2] Receive each other. God speake this Amen.

All. Amen.

King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath
372 And all the Peeres, for suretie of our Leagues,
Then shall I sweare to Kate, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and prosp'rouz be.

Senet. Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Thus farre with rough, and all-ynable Pen,
Our bending Author hath purfu'd the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
Mangling by farts the full course of their glory.
Small time: but in that small, most greatly liued
This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds best Garden he atchieued:
8 And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.

Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bauds crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succeed:
Whose State so many had the managing,
12 That they loft France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath shoune; and for their fake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.

[Triangular tail-piece as generally inserted in original whenever sufficient space is left.]
NOTICE.

Henry the Fifth.

Folio 1623.

The following pages were set up from Booth's reprint of 1863, read with the Staunton Photo-lithograph fac-simile of 1866, and wherever doubt arose, compared with three out of the four originals in the British Museum,—644. m. 1. — C. 9. d. King's—Grenville, 11651.

In form they follow the folio line by line. The first three pages contain the first page or p. 69, where the prologue, like the rest of the text, is given in double columns. After these, every four pages represents one double-columned folio page,—each opening of two pages, one column,—and each page, half a column. The folio pagination is repeated in its usual place, and opposite it is COL. 1 or 2 within brackets. At the sides are the divisions into Acts and Scenes, as now universally adopted, and the numbering of the lines in each scene. In the lower margin are the catchwords and signatures of the original wherever these occur, and the signatures and pagination of the reprint.

The slight and infrequent curvatures and irregularities of the lines occurring chiefly at the top or bottom of the pages, the instances, between three and half-a-dozen, where one or more letters of a word have dropped slightly below the level, about the same number of imperfect letters, and the varied shapes of some of the italic capitals, have not been imitated. Of frequent irregularity in the spacing, or not spacing of the punctuation points—sometimes due to the length of the line, but far more commonly a mere irregularity—specimens only have been given, and a good exemplification of the commonest, the non-spacing after a comma, will be found on page 30. All other irregularities and errors have been followed, and from the care of the printer, it is believed, that the above exceptions and form of type excepted, and the greater spacing out of the prose required by the greater width of the reprint-page, this reprint will be found a faithful, and—for all working purposes—an exact reproduction of the original.

B. Nicholson.
KING HENRY V.

Parallel Texts of the First Quarto (1600) and First Folio (1623) Editions.
KING HENRY V.

PARALLEL TEXTS OF THE FIRST QUARTO (1600) AND FIRST FOLIO (1623) EDITIONS.

EDITED BY

DR B. NICHOLSON.

With an Introduction
by

P. A. DANIEL.

PUBLISHED FOR
The New Shakspere Society
BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, E.C., 1877.
INTRODUCTION.

In submitting this work to the members of the New Shakspere Society, it is desirable that I should state how I came to be engaged on it, and for what share in it I am responsible. It was commenced by Dr Brinsley Nicholson, under whose supervision the reprints of the 1st Q\textsuperscript{2} and 1st F\textsuperscript{2} editions of the play were issued to the Society in 1875. The present work was then taken in hand, the texts arranged, and elaborate collations of the several quarto and folio editions made. Proofs of the first few pages were actually prepared by the printer in January 1876, when illness compelled Dr Nicholson to suspend his labours.

In the mean time it will be understood that the type which had been set up for the simple reprints of the texts had still to remain in its forms awaiting re-arrangement for this edition, and was therefore unavailable for the general work of the printing-office.

In November last it became a question, in which both the economy of the Society and the convenience of the printer were concerned, whether the work on which so much loving care and labour had been expended was to be abandoned, or whether it could be carried to completion by another hand. In this emergency, and encouraged thereto by our Director, Mr Furnivall, I volunteered my services.

The whole body of the work and the marginal notings are distinctly the work of Dr Nicholson; but I must add that for any shortcomings in them, the responsibility must fall on my shoulders. In his hands the marginal notes would have been very much more minute than they now are.

Unfortunately, although he had accumulated materials, he had not completed their arrangement; and not feeling my ability to carry out his intentions to their full extent, I found myself compelled to sacrifice much that was already prepared. I believe, however, that everything essential to the study of the texts will be found in its place; but should it hereafter appear desirable to give additional fulness to the work, it is to be hoped that Dr Nicholson may himself supplement my deficiencies.

In this edition the text of the folio is printed, line for line, as in the original. Each page presents half a column of the folio—the number of the page and column being noted within brackets on the left hand of the text, at top. The Acts, Scenes, and lines are also numbered on the left hand.

In the Q\textsuperscript{2} page the Acts, Scenes, and lines are numbered on the right hand of the text. It must be borne in mind that the scenes of the Q\textsuperscript{2} are numbered to correspond with those of the F\textsuperscript{2}; thus the Q\textsuperscript{2} not having any scene corresponding with Sc. i. of
The Life of Henry the Fift. [INTRODUCTION.]

The first scene is numbered II. to agree with the F. and in one place—Act IV. Sc. iv. & v.—for the same reason, the order of the two scenes in the Q's has been reversed.

The lines of the Q's text are in the sequence of the original; but the text itself is necessarily much broken up in order to bring its several parts as nearly as possible in apposition with the corresponding passages of the F's text. The end of each page of the Q's is indicated by the printing within brackets of the signatures of the original edition; thus at page 14, [20. A 2.] signifies that line 20 of the text ends page A 2. of the Q's; and so throughout.

In some places the latter half of a line of the Q's text has been dropped in order to make it correspond with the F's: thus on page 14, line 6 has been printed,—

King. Shure we thank you. And good my Lord proceed.

K. to correspond with lines 10 & 11 of F's text.

Again, and for the same reason, two lines of the Q's are printed as one, the division being thus marked ||, as in page 18, lines 67-8,—

Noble Lord stand for your owne, || Vawinde your bloody flagge.

In the 3rd Q's, 1608, many of the lines of Q's I were re-arranged by its editor or printer; the Q's arrangement is marked in our text by the usual divisional sign /.

Thus, page 24, line 108 becomes two lines in Q's 3 ending egs, cat., and line 118 two lines, ending heaven functions. Sometimes in Q's 3 two lines of Q's I are printed as one, and in a few places some words were added to the text: these cases will be found noted in the margin.

Cross references to corresponding passages which it was not possible to place in apposition, are printed within the texts in brackets. Thus, page 36 [lines 83-4 fol.] refers the reader to those lines of the same scene in the folio text, page 41, which correspond with lines 16-17 of the Q's.

I regret to say that these cross references are not so complete as it was evidently the intention of Dr Nicholson to make them. Finding, in his MS., references of this kind throughout the work, I rashly concluded that all had been noted, and it was not till the whole body of the work had passed through the press, and I was enabled to take a more leisurely and comprehensive view of it for the purpose of this introduction, that I discovered the deficiencies. They are not many, however; and the additional inter-references that might have been given are nearly all within the corresponding scenes of Q's and F's, and frequently within the two opposite pages of our texts. The student will have no difficulty in discovering for himself the separated passages; and for the casual reader who requires to be knowledge-crammed, I confess I have but small sympathy.

With regard to the marginal notings: when there can be no doubt as to the word or words of the text to which the marginal variation refers, the text is not quoted in the margin. Thus, page 22, line 8, gainst of Q's 3 clearly refers to the against of the text. When, however, there is a radical difference in the variation, the text is quoted behind the bracket; thus in line 82 of the same page, for] against 2. signifies that Q's 2 in place of for of the text has against. The number of that edition only in which the
variation is found, follows the marginal note. When the marginal variation is found in all editions subsequent to the text, no number follows it: thus (same page) line 94, no number following the marginal note fear’d, it is understood that the two quartos subsequent to our text agree in this variation.

The same principle which regulates the marginal notings of the Q² text applies also to that of the F².

The Title-page of Q² I is of course given in full, page 2 of our text. The only noticeable variations in the title-pages of the two subsequent quartos are in the imprint.

Q² 2 has,— | London | Printed by Thomas Creede, for Thomas Pauier, and are to be sold at his shop in Cornhill, at the sign of the Cat and Parrets neare | the Exchange, 1602. |

Q² 3 has only,— | Printed for T. P. 1603. |

The author’s name is not given on any of these title-pages.

The 2nd and 3rd Q²⁰ were both printed from the 1st; their variations from that edition, as Dr Nicholson has remarked in his notice to the reprint of Q² I, neither aid in determining its character nor in the correction of the folio text.

The Q² text has 1525 lines, printed throughout as verse, but with little regard to the proper division of the verse lines, and of course none at all as regards the prose.

For the F² text I take the lines as metrically numbered in the Globe edition; for the play itself 3265 lines, add for Choruses 223 lines = total 3479 lines. Very nearly one-third of the dialogue, or 1060 lines, is placed in the mouth of King Henry.

The two principal points which this parallel-texts edition may assist in determining are,—

1. The value of the Q² as regards the revision of the text. Three lines from it (iii. 1, 79, iv. 3, 43, & iv. 5, 16) have been received into many modern editions. It enables us also to correct, with something like certainty, a few words in the folio text which had been blundered by the printer; and here and there it affords some support to what, at the best, can only be considered as conjectural emendations of that text. This, I think, is the utmost that can be said for it. It does not, as is the case with other ‘imperfect’ quartos, enable us to restore any passage of importance which there is reason to think may have been accidentally omitted in the folio. In what it does give of the fuller text, its variations are generally for the worse.

2. The question whether the Q² is to be accepted as the author’s first sketch of the play; or to be rejected as a mere imperfect and corrupted version of the play as it appears in the folio edition.

This question is of great interest to many students, for its determination in the affirmative would, they believe, afford some reasonable starting-point from which to trace the development of Shakespeare’s method of composition from its first conception to its perfect growth.

Some enquiry as to the date of production of the play is here necessary.

In the Chorus at the beginning of Act V, the following passage occurs:—

*Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
The Life of Henry the Fift. [INTRODUCTION.

Introducing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him!"

This is universally received as an allusion to the expedition of the Earl of Essex, and if so, must have been written between the date of his departure for Ireland, 15th April, 1599, and his return to London, 18th Sept. in the same year. This being granted, it is scarcely possible to imagine that any portion of the play could have been written after that date. Nor can we suppose that any portion of it was written long before that date. It was certainly written after the second part of Henry IV, as the promise of it in the epilogue of that play sufficiently proves:—

"If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France: where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a 'be killed with your hard opinions,' etc.

The earliest date assigned to this second part of Henry IV, is 1596; but the latest, 1598, is more probably the right one. Meres, who in his 'Wits Treasury,' 1598, mentions 'Henry the 4th,' is silent as regards Henry V; and it is by no means certain that in his mention of Henry IV he included both parts of that play.

On the whole, then, we may reasonably conclude that 1599 is the date to be assigned to Henry V, and that when in 1600 the 1st Quarto edition was published, the whole play, as we now have it in the Folio, was in existence, and had been produced on the stage.

It does not, however, necessarily follow that because the Q2 was not printed till 1600, it therefore could not be an earlier version than that of 1599; though in any case its previous existence must have been very brief: few plays got to the press until some time after their presentation on the stage; and it might be fairly argued that the appearance of the 1599 play was the cause of the disinterment and hasty printing of the "first sketch;" that being the only version the unscrupulous stationer could lay his hands on. The internal evidence therefore that the Q2 itself affords is all that we have to rely on in forming our judgment as to its character.

Nearly all editors have expressed a more or less definite opinion as to the relation of the two versions of the play to each other; but few have deemed it necessary to adduce other than general arguments in support of their decision: special proof either for or against the "first sketch" theory seems yet a thing to be desired.

Pope, who in one note instances the Essex allusion as a proof that the play was writ in 1599, in another asserts that in the folio the speeches are generally enlarged and raised, and that several whole scenes and all the choruses were added, since the edition of 1608 [Q3].

Capell says of the quarto's that they 'are all equally defective in a most high degree, and vicious in what they do give us: notwithstanding which, great use was to be made of them, and has been, in mending and completing the folio, the basis of the text of this play. The whole play as it lyes in that folio, must have been written in the year '99, and in the spring of that year. The reverse of the Earl of Essex's fortunes, upon whom

so handsome a compliment is made in the fifth Chorus, follow'd its composition so quickly, a presentation became improper; and the suppression of this Chorus, it is probable drew on that of the others: From this lame representation, in which the play might be otherwise managed by the persons presenting it, the quarto of 1600 was certainly pirated, by some scribe of profound ignorance, set to work by the printer.

Johnson apparently believed the Q² to be a first sketch: in a note on Act II. sc. ii., he remarks, 'This whole scene was much enlarged and improved after the first edition;' and in a note on Act IV. sc. vii., he speaks of the play [the folio version] as a 'second draught.'

Steevens thought that the difference between the two copies might be accounted for by the elder (the Q²) having been taken down during the representation, or collected from the repetitions of actors: the second and more ample edition (the F⁴) being that which regularly belonged to the play-house.

Malone says,—'The fair inference to be drawn from the imperfect and mutilated copies of this play, published in 1600, 1602, and 1608, is, not that the whole play, as we now have it, did not then exist, but that those copies were surreptitious; and that the editor in 1600, not being able to publish the whole, published what he could.' (Chronological order, etc.) Elsewhere, in a note on Act IV. sc. vii., he says, 'The quarto copy of this play is manifestly an imperfect transcript procured by some fraud, and not a first draught or hasty sketch of Shakspeare's.'

Boswell considers that 'the earliest editions are evidently corrupted and imperfect, and bear no marks of being the author's first conceptions.'

Other editors speak vaguely of 'additions' in the folio, thereby leaving it to be inferred that in their opinion the Q² represents an earlier and independent version of the play.

Knight holds the Q² edition, though surreptitiously obtained, and not printed till after the appearance of the fuller folio version, to be a genuine copy of an earlier and shorter play, written perhaps hastily for a temporary purpose. He considers that the fuller version is manifestly and beyond question, from beginning to end, the result of the author's elaboration of this first sketch; and, in proof of this, in his Introductory Notice, and in his notes to the play, he specially directs attention to the following passages:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Sweden</th>
<th>Folio</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I. sc. ii.</td>
<td>Q² ll. 4-20—F⁴ ll. 8-34.</td>
<td>Instances of careful elaboration in folio.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. sc. i.</td>
<td>Q² ll. 150-57—F⁴ ll. 233-35.</td>
<td>The whole scene exhibits the greatest care in remodelling the text of the quarto.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. sc. ii.</td>
<td>F⁴ ll. 105-142.</td>
<td>'Treason...fall of man.' Exhibits the hand of the master elaborating his original sketch.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. sc. ii.</td>
<td>The whole scene greatly changed and enlarged. Completely remodelled.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. sc. vii.</td>
<td>Greatly extended in the folio—greatly improved by the extension.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. sc. v.</td>
<td>A curious example of the mode in which the text of the folio was expanded and amended.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. sc. i.</td>
<td>The whole scene remodelled.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Mr Collier's theory differs somewhat from all others: he supposes Shakespeare to have written a first play with the Choruses as we now have them: that the Q², omitting these Choruses, gives but a very imperfect representation of that play: and that the enlarged drama as found in the folio was not put into the complete shape in which it has there come down to us, until shortly before 1605, the date when it was played at Court.

Note that this date, 1605, is founded on Mr P. Cunningham's 'Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels', page 204—

On 7 January was played the play of Henry the Fift.'

I fear, however, that the Shakespeare entries in Mr Cunningham's 'Extracts,' etc.—which have been declared by Sir T. Duffus Hardy, and the best judges in England, to be forgeries—can hardly now be considered a sufficiently solid foundation for any theory.

As a specimen of the abridgment and corruption of the Q² Mr Collier cites lines 150-157, Act I. sc. ii. of Q², from lines specially relied on by Knight in support of his theory of elaboration—and as an instance of the way in which lines were misheard and misreported, he refers to lines 84-5 Q² — 142-4 F² of the same scene: England in the Q² being misreported for in-land of F² text.

Halliwell regards the quartos as mutilated copies only of Shakespeare's drama, and he considers it in the highest degree improbable that they represent an author's imperfect sketch. He thinks it most likely that they were compiled from short-hand notes taken at the theatre.

The Cambridge Editors incline 'to agree with Mr Collier and others in the supposition that the Quarto text was "hastily made up from notes taken at the theatre during the performance, subsequently patched together."'

Mr Grant White says of the Q², 'it is manifest that that edition was published in great haste, from manuscript obtained in the most surreptitious and inefficient manner.' Of its text he remarks that it is 'so mutilated, as well as so incomplete, that it is quite impossible to decide by internal evidence whether the manuscript from which it was printed represents, even imperfectly, an early form of the play, or still more imperfectly the completed work as it appears in the folio.'

Without the aid afforded us by comparison with the folio edition, it would, I admit, be a matter of extreme difficulty to determine the position of the Q²; with it, however, a reasonably certain decision may, I think, be arrived at.

The opinion I have formed from a careful examination, line for line, of both texts is, that the play of 1599 (the F²) was shortened for stage representation; the abridgment done with little care, and printed in the Q² edition with less: probably from an imperfect manuscript surreptitiously obtained and vamped up from notes taken during the performance, as we know was frequently done. Indeed it is quite possible that the whole of the quarto edition was obtained in this manner; and the fact that it is printed from beginning to end as verse, would seem to lend some support to this conjecture. The fact, also, that the publishers of the Q² were Millington and Busbie, and their successor Pavier, may of itself be taken as evidence that these editions are of doubtful authenticity. [See Mr Fleay's Table of Q² editions, pages 44-5, Trans. N. Sh. Soc. 1874, Part I.]
With regard to the more stately scenes of the play, the chief difference between the F° and Q° versions is, that long passages are not found in the latter; these passages are, in my opinion, in nearly all cases precisely such as would have been cut out for the purpose of a shortened stage representation. The variations between those parts which are common to both editions are, after making allowance for error and corruption in both, but trifling.

The scenes in which the French king and his lords appear, seem, if my theory is correct, especially to have suffered in the abridgment.

The comic scenes are perhaps those on which it is most difficult to form a decided opinion. In so far as they are common to both versions, there are very few speeches in the F° that have not their counterpart in the Q°; but they are strangely disordered and incoherent in that edition. In some places quite perfect, in others they break down into what, on comparison with the F°, would seem to be a mere jumble of disintegrated fragments. There, if anywhere, believers in the 'first sketch' theory might find some ground for their faith; but to me, bearing in mind the general condition of the Q° text, however difficult it may be to prove the point, the most reasonable verdict must be—imperfect representation on the part of Q°; not, after elaboration in F°.

It would be an endless, and I venture to think a needless labour, now that the texts themselves are here in evidence, to attempt to weigh the pros and cons on every point liable to discussion throughout the play, and I shall therefore only adduce two instances in support of my opinion. These being, I think, indisputable, will also, I presume, be considered sufficient; for if in a single case it can be clearly proved, not that the Q° is merely deficient in, but that it actually omits any portion of the F° version, judgment may be allowed to pass on other places where the evidence is not of so convincing a character.

And here I must be allowed to observe that the mere fact of the Q° being so much shorter than the F°, is by no means a point in its favour; for we know that from the earliest times down to the present day the constant practice of the stage has been, and is, the shortening of the author's original work.

I must now ask the reader to turn to Act I. sc. ii. and compare lines 47—55 of Q° with lines 67—71 of F°.

'Hugh Capet also,'—says the Q°. Why also? There is nothing in the Q° to account for this adverb. We turn to the F° and find that it is the case of King Pepin to which the Q° refers, but which it omits. But this is not all; in the F° after the case of Hugh Capet, there is next cited the case of King Lewes, who justified his possession of the crown as being descended from

'The daughter to Charles, the forseaid Duke of Lorraine.'

The Q°, which also has this line, makes no previous mention of this 'forseaid Duke of Lorraine.' Again here is proof of omission. But still this is not all: the Q° further by its injudicious omissions actually makes Hugh Capet, who deposed and murdered Charles of Lorraine, fortify his title to the throne with the plea that he was descended from the daughter of this very Charles, confounding at the same time this daughter of Charles of Lorraine with the daughter of Charlemain; and then, rejoining the current
of the P, with it, it sums up all the three cases of kings who claimed in 'right and title of the female' of two of which it has no previous mention. I have not overlooked the fact that, in this summarising up, the Q turns King Lear into King Charles, but this I look upon as a mere blunder, of no significance either for or against my argument; it might be noticed as an instance of corruption on the part of the Q, but has nothing to do with the question of omission with which I am principally concerned.

The other instance of omission on the part of the Q, which I shall notice, is that of an entire scene, Act IV. sc. ii. in the French Camp, commencing—'The Sunne doth gild our Armour'—and ending—

"Come, come away
The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day."

It will be observed that the Q side of our book is here an absolute blank from the beginning to end of the scene. At first sight this absolute blank might seem to have destroyed all evidence; but if we turn back to the first scene in the French Camp, Act III. sc. vii., we shall find that scene in the Q tagged, most inappropriately, with the complet quoted above.

Here surely is a case from which we may infer that, at its best, Q merely represents a version of the play shortened for the stage. The two scenes in the French Camp were to be cut down to one; and the person who did the job, without perceiving the blunder he was committing, wanti a tag to finish off with, brought in the sun at midnight!

Proof of omission is perhaps all that is needed for determining the position of the Q; but there is one other consideration which, I think, may have some weight in deciding the order of precedence of the Q or P.

The play, as is well known, is founded, for its historical part at least, on the Chronicles; probably exclusively on Holinshed's compilation. Now in the P version are certain historical errors not found in the Q edition. We must therefore either believe that these errors were the result of the elaboration of the 'first sketch' (the Q), or we must conclude that they were corrected in the 'shortened play' (the Q). The latter hypothesis seems to me the only tenable one.

This point—a new one I believe; at any rate I am not aware that it has been advanced before—suggested itself to me when making out a table showing the distribution of parts in the two versions. The table will be found at the end of this Introduction: from it it appears that, as far as they have any share in the dialogue of the play, Ely, Westmoreland, Bedford, Brittany, Rambures, Erpingham, Grandpré, Macmorris, Jamy, Messenger ii. 4, & iv. 2, and the French Queen, disappear from the Q version; their parts, or what is given of their parts in the text, being distributed among other actors, and themselves, when their presence is required on the stage, represented by mute supernumeraries.

One speech by Ely (P ii. 2. 168–174), which the Chronicles assign to Westmoreland, is given in the Q to Lord. I believe it was intended in the shortened play to jump it with Exeter's following speech; Westmoreland's part being cut out.

Westmoreland is not mentioned in the Chronicles as present at Agincourt—he had
INTRODUCTION.]

The Life of Henry the Fift.

charge to defend England against the inroads of the Scotch,—and he disappears from the
Q². What remains of his part is divided between Warwick and Exeter; and in one place
where in the folio he is mentioned in the dialogue (iv. 3. 21), in the Q² Warwick's
name is substituted.

Bedford also was not present at the battle, and though he is once mentioned in the
text of the Q² (iv. 3. 32),—an oversight of the corrector, I suppose,—what remains of his
part is taken by Gloucester, with the exception of one speech (iv. 3. 7—9 Q²), which is
given to Clarence.

Clarence is not mentioned in the F⁰ till Act V. sc. ii., after the King's return to
France; but according to the Chronicles he was present at the battle, and he appears in
the Q². I am aware that the Chronicles say he had leave to return to England from
Harfleur, but they nevertheless make him present at the battle.

For Brittany, Act III. sc. v. F⁰, the Q² has Bourbon, and I believe all editors from
Theobald downwards (including Mr. Knight) have accepted this change of personages
as a correction.

The most remarkable correction—such I suppose it to be—in the Q², is the sub-
stitution of Bourbon for the Dauphin in Act III. sc. vii., and Act IV. sc. v. The Dauphin
was certainly not present at the battle, and even in the F⁰, Act III. sc. v., we find that
he was to stay with his father at Rouen. On this point Mr. Johnes has the following
note to his translation of Monstrelet's Chronicle, Cap. cxlvii. 'The name of Sir
Guichard Dauphin [See his name in the list of slain, Act IV. sc. vii. l. 107] appears to
have betrayed Shakespeare into the error of making the Dauphin of France present at
the battle of Agincourt, which he was not,—unless we suppose the error to lie with the
editors, in confounding two persons meant by Shakespeare to be distinct. In the camp
scenes before the battle, his Dauphin does not hold such a rank in the debate and con-
versation as is suitable to the heir of the French Monarchy, but precisely that which the
master of the household might hold with propriety. In one scene, he is thus mentioned,
"Enter Rambures, Châtillon, Dauphin, and others."

I have given this note in full because it does not appear to have attracted the atten-
tion of any of Shakespeare's editors. Johnes, I presume, quoted the 'Entrance' with
which he concludes his note from memory, and is of course wrong; there is none such in
either Q² or F⁰, though it is true that 'Dolphin' is not placed in his due rank in the
'Entrances' to sc. vi. Act III., and sc. v. Act IV. In the entry to sc. ii. Act IV.—
omitted in Q²—he ranks first as 'the Dolphin;' and in those scenes in the F⁰, though
he certainly is addressed with great familiarity, he is yet spoken of as 'the Dolphin, and
a prince.'

There is one other peculiarity in the Q² which I should here mention,—though
whether it tells either for or against my notion that this re-distribution of parts in the
Q² indicates correction of F⁰ errors, I am unable to determine. In these French Camp
scenes (iii. 6, & iv. 5), a personality named Gebon is introduced. In the first he has a
speech which the F⁰ assigns to Orleans, and in the second an oath which the F⁰ gives
to Constable. I cannot find in the Chronicles, in the list of the French Lords present
at the battle, any name bearing any resemblance to Gebon; possibly it may have been
the name of the actor who played one of the personages of these scenes, though
I do not find any name of that kind in the lists of actors of the Shakespearian period.

To sum up all, it may then be with confidence asserted—

1. That the Q\textsuperscript{2} was certainly not printed from an authentic manuscript.
2. That when it was printed, the fuller version had already been in existence some time.
3. That in itself it contains evidence of omission of passages found in the fuller version.
4. That this circumstance, and the absence from it of certain historical errors found in the fuller version, are strong presumptive evidence of its later date; and, therefore, that instead of regarding it as the author's first sketch, we can only look on it as an imperfect copy of his work.

The following table is made out, not from the 'Entances' with which each scene is headed, and which are exceedingly inaccurate and defective in both Q\textsuperscript{2} and F\textsuperscript{2}, but from the prefixes to the speeches.

The order in which the personages are arranged is that of the first scene, either of Q\textsuperscript{2} or F\textsuperscript{2}, in which they have a speech.

The long dash in the dotted line shows the scenes in which they speak in the F\textsuperscript{2}; the short dash below the dotted line, the scenes in the Q\textsuperscript{2}. 
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ACT I</th>
<th>ACT II</th>
<th>ACT III</th>
<th>ACT IV</th>
<th>ACT V</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

March 27, 1877.

P. A. Daniel.
ERRATA IN THE REPRINT OF THE QUARTO 1600.

I. ii. Enter, etc., Bishops should be Bishops,
I. ii. line 160, law should be lease
II. ii. 104, death, should be (death,

IV. vii. line 61, no should be not
IV. viii. 85, Maiestie should be Maiestie,
V. ii. 29, any should be any.

ERRATA IN THE REPRINT OF THE FOLIO 1623.

Page 1, Prol., line 33, like, should be like,
,, 5, line 97, I should be Is
,, 15, 10, Coronets, should be Coronets,
,, 16, 37, safe, should be safe,
,, 23, 85, here, should be here,
,, 29, 24, us should be vs
,, 30, 70, present should be present
,, 33, 17, follow should be follow:
,, 36, 23, Honour should be Honor
,, 36, 30, means should be means
,, 41, 42, away should be away?
,, 49, 108, winne should be winner.
,, 51, 168, away should be away.
,, 51, 7, Lord Con- should be Lord
,, 53, 61, have should be have
,, 55, 125, have should be have
,, 55, 140, tellectual should be tellectual
,, 56, 6, almost should be almost
,, 58, 26, them should be them,

Page 60, line 62, Pifoll should be Pifol
,, 61, 85, Bates, should be Bates,
,, 64, 202, between should be betwene
,, 66, 278, Days should be Days
,, 67, the numbers of lines 304 and 308 to be raised one line.
,, 68, 13, tears should be tears
,, 69, 52, Fly should be Flye
,, 69, 55, shewes should be shewes
,, 81, 79, masters should be masters
,, 90, 41, again should be again
,, 93, 73, native should be natine
,, 93, 9, face, should be face,
,, 95, 54, Hodges should be Hodges,
,, 98, 145, protestation should be pro-
taxation:
,, 99, 175, of it, should be of it;
,, 100, 236, hand should be Hand
,, 105, 372, Leagues, should be Leagues.
KING HENRY V.

Parallel Texts of the First Quarto and First Folio Editions, (Q1) 1600, (F1) 1623,

ARRANGED SO AS TO SHEW THEIR DIFFERENCES,

AND WITH

COLLATIONS OF THE OTHER QUARTOS AND FOLIOS.

EDITED BY

DR B. NICHOLSON.
THE CRONICLE

History of Henry the fift,
With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Auntient Pistoll.

As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants.

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington, and Iohn Busby. And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle head. 1600.
Mr. William
Shakespeare's
Histor[y

of

The Life of Henry the Fift.]

Published according to the True Originall Cop[y]

London
Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.
The Chronicle Historie of Henry the fift. Quarto 1600.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

O For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heaven of Invention:
A Kingdom for a Stage, Princes in All,
And Monarchs to behold the dwelling Scene
Then should the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heele
(Leaft in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sward, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat unreg'rd Spirits, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
6. his] his.
So great an Object. Can this Cock-Pit hold
12. all], 4.
The waft'ling Falls of France? O may we cramm
Within this Wooden O, the very Catches
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
16. field
O pardon since a crooked Figure may
Attend in little place a Million,
And let us, Cyphers to this great Acount,
On your imaginarie Forces worke.
Scapegoate within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin'd two mighty Monarchies,
Whose high, up-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perilous narrow Ocean parts ainder.
Pace out our imperfections with your thoughts:
24. up-reward 3. 4.
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginarie Paissance.
Thinks when we talk of Horses, that you see them,
Printing their proud Horses i'th' receiving Earth:
For'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and thence: Jumpring o're Times;
Turning th' accomplishment of many yeares
Into an Hour-glass: for the which supple;
32. Poissance 2.
Admit me Chorus to this Historie
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to judge our Play.
Exit.
The Chronicle Historie of Henry the fift. Quarto 1600.
[The Life of Henry the Fift.]

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

Bish. Cant. Y Lord, Ile tell you, that felle Bill is vrg'd,
Which in th'eleueth yere of § last Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed against vs past,
But that the scambling and vnquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

Bish. Ely. But how my Lord shall we refist it now?
Bish. Cant. It must be thought on: if it passe against vs,
We loose the better halfe of our Possession:
For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout
By Testament haue given to the Church,
Would they stripe from vs; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:
And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyle,
A hundred Almes-houses, right well supply'd:
And to the Coffers of the King beside,
A thousand pounds by th'yeere. Thus runs the Bill.

Bijh. Ely. This would drinke deepe.
Bijh. Cant. 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.
Bijh. Ely. But what preuation?

Bijh. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.

Bijh. Ely. And a true louver of the holy Church.
Bijh Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an Angell came,
And whipt th'offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a Paradisæ,
T'inuelop and containe Celestiall Spirits.
Neuer was such a sodaine Scholler made:
Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,
With such a heady currance crowning faults:
Nor neuer Hadra-headed Wilfulnesse
So soone did looke his Seat; and all at once;
As in this King.
Bijh. Ely. We are blested in the Change.
Bijh. Cant. Heare him but reaon in Diunitie;
And all-admiring, with an inward with
You would defire the King were made a Prelate:
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires;
You would say, it hath been all in all his study:
Lift his discourse of Warre; and you shall heare
A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Musique.
Turne him to any Cause of Pollicy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloose,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he speakes,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,

To steale his sweet and honied Sentences:
So that the Art and Praiecte part of Life,
Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique
Which is a wonder how his Grace shoulde gleane it,

Since his addicion was to Courses vaine,
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
And neuer noted in him any studie,

Any retyrment, any sequestration,
From open Haunts and Popularitie.

B. Ely. The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,
And holesome Berryes thrieue and ripen best,

Neighbour'd by Fruit of baier qualitie:
And to the Prince obffur'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Yeyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Graffe, faiste by Night,

Vnfeene, yet creffue in his facultie.

B. Cant. It must be so; for Miracles are cæst:
And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

B. Ely. But my good Lord:
How now for mittigation of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maiestie
Incline to it, or no?

B. Cant. He feemes indifferent:
Or rather swaysing more vpon our part,
Then cherishing th'exhibiters against vs:
For I haue made an offer to his Maiestie,
The Chronicle Historie

of Henry the fift: with his battel fought
at Agin Court in France. Together with
Auncient Pistoll.

*Enter King Henry, Exeter, 2. Bishops, Clarence, and other
Attendants.*

Exeter.

*Shall I call in Thambassadors my Liege?*

King. Not yet my Cousin, til we be resolute
Of some ferious matters touching vs and France.*
Vpon our Spirituall Convocation,
And in regard of Causes now in hand,
Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater Summe,
Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall.

B. Ely. How did this offer seeme receiu'd, my Lord?
B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Maiestie:

Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiued his Grace would faine haue done,
The severalls and vnhidden passages
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deriu'd from Edward, his great Grandfather.

B. Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?
B. Cant. The French Embassador vpon that instant

Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
To giue him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?
B. Ely. It is.
B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embassie:

Which I could with a ready gueffe declare,
Before the Frenchman spake a word of it.
B. Ely. Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Enter the King, Humphrey, Bedford, Clarence,
Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
Exeter. Not here in presence.
King. Send for him, good Vnkle.

Wesm. Shall we call in th'Ambassador, my Liege?
King. Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolu'd,
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.
Bi. God and his Angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Shure we thank you.
And good my Lord proceed

Why the Lawe Salicke which they have in France,
Or should or should not, stop vs in our clayne :  
And God forbid my wife and learned Lord,
That you should fashion, frame, or wreft the name.

For God doth know how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation,
Of what your reverence shall incite vs too.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of warre :
We charge you in the name of God take heed.

After this conjuration, speake my Lord :
And we will judge, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you speake, is wafht as pure
As fin in baptisme.

Then heare me gracious fouernagne, and you peeres,
Which owe your liues, your faith and services
To this imperiall throne.
There is no bar to stay your highneffe claime to France
Enter two Bishops.

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thank you.

My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And iustly and religiously unfold,
Why the Law Salute, that they have in France,
Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you should fashion, wretch, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding Soule,
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Sutes not in native colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite vs to.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person,
How you awake our slepeing Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For nouer two fuch Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltiee drops
Are every one, a Woe, a fore Complaint,
‘Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
That makes such waffe in briefe mortalitie.
Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord:
For we will heare, note, and beleuee in heart,
That what you speake, is in your Conscience wafft,
As pure as finne with Baptisme,
B. Can. Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,
That owe your felues, your liues, and seruices,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,
But one, which they produce from Faramount,

No female shall succeed in female land,
Which female land the French violate gloze
To be the realm of France:
And Faramont the founder of this law and female barre:
Yet their own writers faithfully affirm:
That the land female lies in Germany,
Betweene the foulds of Sabeck and of Elme,
Where Charles the fift having subdued the Saxons
There left behind, and fettered certaine French,
Who holding in disdain the German women,
For some dishonest manners of their lives,
Etablith there this lawe. To wit,
No female shall succeed in female land:
Which female land as I said before,
Is at this time in Germany called Meffene:
Thus doth it well appeare the female lawe
Was not devised for the realm of France,
Nor did the French possesse the female land,
Vntill 400. one and twenty yeares
After the function of king Faramont,
Godly supposed the founder of this lawe:

Hugh Capet also that usurp the crowne,
But this which they produce from Pharamond,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedaul,
No Woman shall succeed in Salike Land:
Which Salike Land, the French vniuflly gloze
To be the Realme of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.
Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
That the Land Salike is in Germanie,
Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue:
Where Charles the Great haung subdu’d the Saxons,
There left behind and settelde certaine French:
Who holding in dislaine the German Women,
For some dishoneste manners of their life,
Etablisht then this Law, to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrix in Salike Land:
Which Salike (as I said) ’twixt Elue and Sala,
Is at this day in Germanie, call’d Meißen.
Then doth it well appeare, the Salike Law
Was not deuised for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French poisse the Salike Land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twenty yeeres
After defunctio of King Pharamond,
Idly suppos’d the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
Foure hundred twenty fix: and Charles the Great
Subdu’d the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the Riuier Sala, in the yeere
Eight hundred fiue. Besides, their Writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childerike,
Did as Heire Generall, being descended
Of Blithild, which was Daughter to King Clothair,
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
Hugh Capet also, who vfurpt the Crowne

Of
To fine his title with some shewe of truth,
When in pure truth it was corrupt and naught:
Connaisd himselfe as heire to the Lady Inger,

Daughter to Charles, the foresaid Duke of Lorain,

So that as cleare as is the sommers Sun,
King Pippins title and Hugh Capets claime,
King Charles his satisfaction all appeare,
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the Lords of France vntil this day,
Howbeit they would hold vp this fallick lawe
To bar your highnesse claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net,

Then amply to imbrace their crooked causes,
Vsurpt from you and your progenitors. (claime?)
K. May we with right & conscience make this
Bi. The fin vp on my head dread soueraigne.

For in the booke of Numbers is it writ,
When the sonne dies, let the inheritance
Defend vnto the daughter.
Noble Lord stand for your owne, || Vuwinde your bloody flagge,
Of Charles the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male
Of the true Line and Stock of Charles the Great:
To find his Title with some shewes of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Conuey’d himselfe as th’Heire to th’ Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemaine, who was the Sonne
To Lewes the Emperour, and Lewes the Sonne
Of Charles the Great: also King Lewes the Tenth,
Who was sole Heire to the Vfurper Capet,
Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the Crowne of France, ’till satisfied,
That faire Queene Jabel, his Grandmother,

Was Lineall of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the forefaid Duke of Loraine:
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of Charles the Great
Was re-visitied to the Crowne of France.

So, that as cleare as is the Sunnes Sunne,
King Pepian Title, and Hugh Capets Clayme,
King Lewes his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:

So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.
Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,
To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,
And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,

Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Vfurpt from you and your Progenitors.

King. May I with right and conscience make this claim?
Bifh. Cant. The finne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne:

For in the Booke of Numbers is it wrt,
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
Descend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,

Looke back into your mightie Ancestors:
| 69.] grandisires 3. | Go my dread Lord to your great graunsirs graue,  
|                | From whom you clayme:  
|                | And your great Vncle Edward the blacke Prince,  
| 74.] Whilst 3. | Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy  
|        | Making defeat on the full power of France,  
| 76.] the blood 3. | Whilst his moft mighty father on a hill,  
|         | Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelpe,  
|         | Foraging blood of French Nobilitie.  
|         | O Noble Englith that could entertaine  
|         | With halfe their Forces the full power of France:  
|         | And let an other halfe stand laughing by,  
|         | All out of worke, and cold for action. |
ACT 1. SC. 2.]  THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFT.  FOLIO 1623.

[p. 71]
[Col. 1]

Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandifires Tombe,
From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vackles, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France:
Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill
Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe
108
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English, that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe stand laughing by,

112
All out of worke, and cold for action.

Bijh. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats;
You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne:

116
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puissant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprizes.

120
Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Doe all expect, that you should rowle your selfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood.

Wycl. They know your Grace hath caufe, and means, and

124
So hath your Highnesse: neuer King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,
Whole hearts haue left their bodyes here in England,
And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France.

128
Bijh. Can. O let their bodyes follow my deare Liege
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In aye whereof, we of the Spiritualitie
Will rayfe your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,

132
As neuer did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Ancestors.
King. We must not onely arme vs against the French,
But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,
Who will make rode vpon vs
with all advantages.

Bi. The Marches gracious soueraigne,
shalbe sufficient
To guardyour England from the pilfering borderers.
King. We do not meane the coursing sneakers onely,
But feare the mayne entendement of the Scot,

For you shall read, neuer my great grandfather
Vnmaskt his power for France,
But that the Scot on his vnfurnilt Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tide into a breach,

That England being empty of defences,
Hath shooke and trembled at the brute hereof.

Bi. She hath bin then more feared then hurt my Lord:
For heare her but examplified by her selfe,
When all her chivalry hath bene in France
And she a mourning widow of her Nobles,
She hath her selfe not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a stray, the king of Scots,
Whom like a caytiffe she did leade to France,

Filling your Chronicles as rich with prais
As is the owife and bottome of the sea
With funken wrack and thistlese treasurie.

Lord. There is a sayng very old and true,
If you will France win, || Then with Scotland first begin :
For once the Eagle, England being in pray,
King. We must not onely arme t'innade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
140 Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
With all avantages.

Bish. Can. They of those Marches, gracious Soueraigne,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
144 Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

King. We do not meane the coursing snatchers onely.
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to vs:
148 For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather
Neuer went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vnfruitfuld Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
152 With ample and brim fulnesse of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Affayes,
Girding with grieuous seige, Castles and Townes:
That England being emptie of defence,
156 Hath shooke and trembled at th'lll neighbourhood.

B. Can. She hath bin thë more fear'd thë harm'd, my Liege:
For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
160 And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom shee did send to France,
164 To fill King Edwards fame with prisoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayfe,
As is the Owse and bottome of the Sea
With sunken Wrack, and sun-leffe Treasures.
168

Bish. Ely. But there's a saying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To his vnfrunfth neft the weazel Scot
Would suck her egg, /
playing the mouse in absence of the
To spoyle and hauock more then she can eat. (cat:/
Ere. It followes then, the cat must stay at home,
Yet that is but a curft neceffitie,

Since we have trappes to catch the petty theewes:
Whilft the armed hand doth fight abroad
The aduised head controles at home:
For government though high or lowe,

Congrueth with a mutuall content
like musicke.

Bi. True: therefore doth heauen / diuide the fate of man
in diuers functions. /

Where to is added as an ayme or but, obedience:
For so liue the honey Bees,
creatures that by awe

Ordaine an act of order to a peopled Kingdome:
They have a King and officers of fort,
Where some like Magiftrates correct at home:
Others like Marchants venture trade abroad:
Others like fouldiers armed in their fightes,
Make boote vpon the fommers velvet bud:
Which pillage they with mery march bring home
To the tent royall of their Emperour,
Who buffed in his maiestie, behold
The finging mafons building roofes of gold:

The ciuell citizens lading vp the honey,
To her vanguard'd Neft, the Westzell (Scot)
Comes sneaking, and so suck's her Princely Egges,
Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
To tame and hauocke more then she can eate.

Eret. It followes theu, the Cat must flay at home,
Yet that 'tis but a cruft'd neccessity,
Since we haue lockes to safegard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theuees.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'aduised head defends it selfe at home:
For Gouvernement, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like Musick.

Cant. Therefore doth heauen diuide
The state of man in diuers functions,
Setting endeoure in continual motion:
To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
Obedience: for so worke the Honey Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.

They haue a King, and Officers of forts,
Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:
Others, like Souldiers armed in their flings,

Make boote vpon the Summers Velvet buddes:
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
To the Tent-royal of their Emperor:
Who busied in his Maiesties furueyes

The singing Majons building roothes of Gold,
The civil Citizens kneading vp the hony;
The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
Their heauy burthenes at his narrow gate:
The sad eyde Iustice with his furly humme,
Deluering vp to executors pale,
the lazy caning Drone.

This I infer, that 20. actions once a foote,
May all end in one moment.
As many Arrows losed feuerall wayes, flye to one marke:
As many feuerall wayes meete in one towne:
As many fresh streames run in one selfe sea:
As many lines close in the dyall center:
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
End in one moment, and be all well borne without defect.
Therefore my Liege to France,
Divide your happy England into four,
Of which take you one quarter into France,
And you withall, shall make all Gallia shake.
If we with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,
Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth lofe
The name of pollicy and hardinesse.

Ki. Call in the messenger sent fro the Dolphin,
And by your ayde, the noble finewes of our land,
France being ours, weele bring it to our awe,
Or breake it all in pieces:

Eyth'er our Chronicles shal with full mouth speake
Freely of our acts,
Or else like toonglesse mutes
Not worshipt with a paper Epitaph:

Enter Thambassadours from France.
ACT I. SC. 2.]

The Life of Henry the Fift.  Folio 1623.

[p. 72]
[col. 1]

The sad-ey'd Iustice with his furly humme,
Delivering ore to Executors pale
The lazie yawning Drone: I this inferre,
That many things hauing full reference
To one content, may worke contrariously,
As many Arrows loosed feuerall wayes
Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne,
As many freth streams meet in one salth sea;
As many Lynes close in the Dials center:
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
And in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Divide your happy England into foure,
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.
If we with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
Let vs be worried, and our Nation lose
The name of hardineffe and policie.

King. Call in the Mefengers sent from the Dolphin.

Now are we well resolu'd, and by Gods helpe
And yours, the noble finewes of our power,
France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,
Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l fit,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
Ore France, and all her (almoft) Kingly Dukedomes)
Or lay thefe bones in an vnworthy Vrne,
Tombleffe, with no remembrance ouer them:
Either our History shall with full mouth
Speake freely of our Atils, or els our graue
Like Turkih mute, shall haue a tongueleffe mouth,
Not worhipt with a waxon Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.
Now are we well prepared to know the Dolphins pleasure,
For we heare your comming is from him.

Ambaffa. Pleaseth your Maiestie to give vs leave
Freely to render what we haue in charge:
Or shall I sparingly shew a farre off,
The Dolphins pleasure and our Embassage?
King. We are no tyrant, but a Chriftian King,
To whom our spirit is as subieft,
As are our wretches fettered in our prisons.
Therefore freely and with vncurbed boldnesse
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

Ambaf. Then this in fine the Dolphin faith,

Whereas you clayme certaine Townes in France,
From your predeceffor king Edward the third,
This he returns.

He faith, theres nought in France /
that can be with a nimble
Galliard wonne: / you cannot reuel into Dukedomes there: /
Therefore he fendeath meeter for your study,
This tunne of treafeure: and in lieu of this,
Defires to let the Dukedomes that you craue
Heare no more from you: This the Dolphin faith.

King. What treafeure Vncle?
Ere. Tennis balles my Liege.

King. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleafant with vs,
Your message and his preffent we accept:
When we haue matched our rackets to these balles,
We will by Gods grace play such a fet,
Shall strike his fathers crowne into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our faire Cosin Dolphin: for we heare,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

_Amb._ May't please your Maiestie to give vs leave

_Freely to render what we have in charge:
Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off
The Dolphins meaning, and our Embasie.

_King._ We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,

_Vnto whose grace our passion is as subject
As is our wretches fettered in our prisons,
Therefore with franke and with uncured plainesse,
Tell us the Dolphins minde.

_Amb._ Thus than in few:
Your Highness lately sending into France,
Did claim some certaine Duke-domes, in the right
Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third.

_In answer of which claim, the Prince our Master
Says, that you favour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd: There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:

_You cannot renew into Duke-domes there.
He therefore sends you meetter for your spirit
This Tun of Treasure, and in lieu of this,
Defires you let the dukedomes that you claim;

_Hear no more of you. This the Dolphin speakes._

_King._ What Treasure Vncline?
_Ere._ Tennis balles, my Liege.

_Kin._ We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasent with vs,

_His Prefent, and your paines we thanke you for:
When we haue matcht our Rackets to these Balles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a fet,
Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.

_Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,
That all the Courts of France shall be disturb'd with chases.
And we understand him well, how he comes ore vs
With our wilder dayses, / not measuring what vs we made
of them. /
We never valued this poor seate of England.
And therefore gave our felues to barbarous licence:
As tis common seene / that men are merrie when they are
from home. /
But tell the Dolphin we will keepe our state,
Be like a King, mightie and command,
When we do rowse vs in throne of France:
For this haue we laid by our Maiestie
And plodded lide a man for working dayes.
But we will rise there with so full of glory,
That we will dazell all the eyes of France,
I strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs, /
And tell him this, / his mock hath turned his baines to gun
[201. A 4. v.]
And his soule shall fit fore charged for the waftfull /
(vengeance
That shall flye from them. / For this his mocke /
Shall mocks many a wife out of their deare husbands.
Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mocke Castles downe,
I some are yet vngotten and vnborne,
That shall haue cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.
But this lyes all within the will of God, / to whom we doo
(appeale,
And in whose name / tel you the Dolphin we are comming on /
To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand
In a rightfull cause: so get you hence, and tell your Prince,
His left will favour but of shalow wit,
When thousands weepe, more then did laugh at it.
Conuey them with safe conduct: see them hence.
That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
With Chaces. And we vnderstand him well,
How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
Not measuring what vfe we made of them.
We never valew'd this poore state of England,
And therefore living hence, did give our selfe
To barbarous license: As 'tis euer common,

That men are merrie, when they are from home.
But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe my State,
Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatneffe,
When I do rowe: me in my Throne of France.

For that I haue layd by my Maieftie,
And plodded like a man for working dayes:
But I will rife there with fo full a glorie,
That I will dazle all the eyes of France,

Yea strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs,
And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his
Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-flones, and his foule
Shall stand for charg'd, for the wastefull vengeance

That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbands;
Mocke mothers from their fonnes, mock Castles downe:
And some are yet vn gotten and vnborne,

That shal haue caufe to curse the Dolphins scorne.
But this lies all within the wil of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whose name
Tel you the Dolphin, I am comming on,

To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd caufe.
So get you hence in peace: And tell the Dolphin,
His lef will favour but of shallow wit,

When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambassadors.
Exe. This was a merry meffage.
King. We hope to make the fender bluff at it:

Therfore let our colleció for the wars be foone prouided:

For God before, weell check the Dolphin at his fathers /
(door.
Therefore let every man now taske his thought, /
That this faire aotion may on foote be brought.

Exeunt omnes.
Ere. This was a merry Meetinge.

King. We hope to make the Sender blufl at it:

Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
That may give furth’rance to our Expedition:
For we have now no thought in vs but France,
Sawe those to God, that runne before our business.

Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
Be foome collected, and all things thought vpon,
That may with reaonable swiftnesse addde
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,

Wee’le chide this Dolphin at his fathers doore.
Therefore let every man now taske his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought. Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And filken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
Now thrue the Armorers, and Honors thought
Reignes soley in the breast of every man.
They fell the Pasture now, to buy the Horfe;
Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
With winged heeleas, as English Mercuries.

For now fis Expectation in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
Promis’d to Harry, and his followers.

The French aduis’d by good intelligence
Of this most dreadfull preparation,
Shake in their seare, and with pale Pollicy
Seeke to diuert the English purpofes.

O England: Modell to thy inward Greatnesse,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart:

What
Enter Nim and Bardolfe.

Bar. Godmorrow Corporall Nim.

Nim. Godmorrow Lieutenent Bardolfe.

Bar. What is antient Pistoll and thee friends yet?

Nim. I cannot tell, things must be as they may:
I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron:
[p. 73] [col. 1]

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kinde and naturall:
20 But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A nest of hollow bosomes, which he silles
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
One, Richard Earle of Cambridg, and the seconde
24 Henry Lord Scroope of Masham, and the third
Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,
Hau for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conspircacy with fearfull France,
28 And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye.
If Hell and Treason hold their promiles,
Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and wee'll digest.
32 Th'abuse of distance; force a play:
The summe is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is set from London, and the Scene
Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton,
36 There is the Play-houfe now, there must you fit,
And thence to France shall we connue you safe,
And bring you backe: Charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle Passe: for if we may,
30 Wee'll not offend one fromacke with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene. Exit.

[II. 1]

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. Well met Corporall Nym.

Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. What, are Ancient Pijoll and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little: but when
time shall ferue, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out
6.] 'Tis . . . . 'twil 3.
   It is a simple one, but what tho; it will serue to toaste cheeze,
   And it will endure cold as an other mans sword will,
   And there's the humour of it.

9.] Quickly
10.] troth-plight 3.
    Bar. Yfaith mistresse quickly did thee great wrong,
    For thou weart troth plight to her. [10. B.]
    Nim. I must do as I may, tho patience be a tyred mare,
    Yet shee plod, and some say kniues have edges,
    And men may sleepe and haue their throats about them
    At that time, and there is the humour of it.

14.] there's 3.

20. my] the 2.
    Nim. Yfaith Ile liue as long as I may, thats the certaine of it.
    And when I cannot liue anonger, Ile do as I may,
    And ther's my rest, and the randeuos of it.

---

Enter Pistoll and Hoftes Quickly, his wife.

Bar. Goodmorrow ancient Pistoll.
Here comes ancient Pistoll, I prithee Nim be quiet.

Nim. How do you my Hoste?

Pist. Base flower, calleth thou me hoste?
Now by gads lugges I sweare, I corne the title,
Nor shal my Nell keepe lodging.

Hof. No by my troath not I,

For we cannot bed nor boord half a score honest gentlemene
That liue honestly by the prick of their needle,
But it is thought straigh we keepe a bawdy-house.

Nim.
O Lord hearers Corporall Nim, now shal
We haue wilful adultry and murther committed:

[ Fol. ii. 41-2 p. 39]

Good Corporall Nim sw the valour of a man,
And put vp your sword. || Nim. Pufh.
mine yron: it is a simple one, but what though? It will toste Cheefe, and it will endure cold, as another mans sword will: and there's an end.

*Bar. * I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and wee'll bee all three sweorne brothers to France: Let't be so good Corporall *Nym.*

*Nym.* Faith, I will liue so long as I may, that's the certaine of it: and when I cannot liue any longer, I will doe as I may: That is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

*Bar. * It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to *Nell Quickly,* and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

*Nym.* I cannot tell, Things must be as they may: men may sleepe, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say, kniues have edges: It must be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot tell.

*Enter Piffloll, & Quickly.*

*Bar. * Heere comes Ancient Piffloll and his wife: good Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoaft Piffloll?

*Piffloll.* Baife Tyke, calft thou mee Hofte, now by this hand I sware I sorne the terme: nor shall my *Nel* keep Lodgers.

*Hoft.* No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that liue honestly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee thought we keepe a Bawdy-house straight. O welliday Lady, if he be not heuene now, we shall see wilful adulter-ry and murder committed.

*Bar. * Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing heere.

*Nym. * Piffloll.
Pist. What dost thou pufh, thou prickcard cur
     of Irelond? 36

Nim. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.
Pist. Solus egregius dog,
     that solus in thy throte,
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within
Thy mefull mouth, I do retort that solus / in thy
Bowels, and in thy Iaw, perdie: for I can talk, / And Pistoll's flashing fry cock is vp.
Nim. I am not Barbafom, you cannot conjure me:
I haue an humour Pistoll to knock you indifferently well,
And you fall soule with me Pistoll, / Ile scoure you with my
Rapier in faire termes. / If you will walke off a little, / [45 B. v.]
Ile prick your guts a little in good termes,
And theres the humour of it.
Pist. O bragard vile, and damned furious wight,
    / The Graue doth gape, and groaning
Death is neare, / therefore exall. / They drawe.
Bar. Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him, as I am a souldier.
Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.

Nim. Ile cut your throat at one time or an other / in faire
And theres the humor of it. / (termes, 56
Pist. Couple gorge is the word, I thee deffe aghen:
A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get?
No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
Fetch forth the lazare kite of Cresides kinde,
Doll Tear-fheet, she by name, and her epowse
Pi'd. Pith for thee, Island dogge: thou prickeard cur of Island.

Hofl. Good Corporall Nym shew thy valor, and put vp your sword. [Qe ll. 33-4 p. 36.]

Nym. Will you shogge off? I would haue you solus.

Pi'd. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The solus in thy most meruailous face, the solus in thy teeth, and in thy throat, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worfe, within thy naffle mouth. I do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and Pi'sols cocke is vp, and flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbacon, you cannot conjure mee: I haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you grow fowle with me Pistoll, I will scource you with my Rapier, as I may, in hayre tearmes. If you would walke off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as I may, and that's the humor of it.

Pi'd. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight, The Graue doth gape, and doting death is neere, Therefore exhale.

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I say: Hee that strikes the first stroake, Ile run him vp to the hiltts, as I am a soldier.

Pi'd. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate. Give me thy fitt, thy foere-foote to me glie: Thy spirites are moft tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire termes, that is the humor of it.

Pi'soll. Couple a gorge, that is the word. I defie thee againe. O hound of Creet, think'th thou my spouse to get? No, to the spittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of in-famy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of Crefids kinde, Doll Teare-sheete, the by name, and her espouse. I haue, and I
I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,  
For the onely the and Paco, there it is inough.  

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Hosts you must come strait to my maister,  
And you Host Pistoll. / Good Bardolfe  
Put thy nose betwixt the shektes, / and do the office of a  
(warming pan. /)

Host. By my troath heele yeeld the crow a pudding one  
(of these dayes.

Ile go to him, husband youle come?
Bar. Come Pistoll be friends.  
Nim prithee be friends, and if thou wilt not / be  
Enemies with me too. /  

Ni. I shal haue my eight shillinges I woon of you  
(at beating?)

Pifl. Bafe is the flau that payes.  
Nim. That now I will haue, and theres the humor of it.  
Pifl. As manhood shall compound. They draw.
Bar. He that strikes the first blow,  
Ile kill him by this sword.  
Pifl. Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course.  

79.) betting 3.

Nim. I shall haue my eight shillinges I wonne of you at  
beating?

Pifl. A noble shal thou haue, and readie pay,  
And liquor likewise will I giue to thee,  
And friendship shall combine and brotherhood:  
Ile liue by Nim as Nim shall liue by me:  
Is not this iuft? for I shall Sutler be  
Vnto the Campe, and profit will occrue.
will hold the *Quondam Quickely* for the onely thee: and
*Pauca*, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoast *Piffloll*, you must come to my May-
ster, and your Holleffe: He is very fiche, & would to bed.

Good *Bardolfe*, put thy face betwene his sheets, and do
the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away you Rogue.

Hoist. By my troth he'll yeeld the Crow a pudding one
of these daies: the King has kild his heart. Good Huf-
band come home prentely.

Exit

Bar. Come, shall I make you two friends. Wee must
to France together: why the diuel shoulle we keep kniues
to cut one anothers throats? [ll. 16-17 Quarto.]

*Piffl*. Let floods ore-swell, and fiends for food howle
on.

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you
at Betting?

Piffl. Base is the Slaue that payes.

Nym. That now I wil haue: that's the humor of it.

Piffl. As manhood shal compound: pufh home. *Draw

Bard. By this sword, hee that makes the first thruf,
Ile kill him: By this sword, I wil.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must haue their course
Bar. Coporall Nym, & thou wilt be friends be frends,
and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to: pre-
thee put vp.

Piffl. A Noble shalt thou haue, and present pay, and
Liquor likewise will I giue to thee, and friendshipe
shall combye, and brotherhood. Ile liue by *Nymme*, &
*Nymme* shall liue by me, is not this iuft? For I shal Sut-
lers be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Giue mee
thy hand.

h 3 Nym.
Nim. I shall have my noble?  
Pist. In caghe moost truly paid.  
Nim. Why theres the humour of it.  

Enter Hofles.  

Hofles. As ever you came of men come in,  
Sir John poore soule is so troubled  
With a burning tafian contigian feuer, tis wonderfull.  

Pist. Let us condoll the knight: for lamkins we will liue.  

Exeunt omnes.  

Enter Exeter and Gloster.  

Gloft. Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to trust  
these traytors.  

Exe. They shallbe apprehended by and by.  

Glost. I but the man that was his bedfellow  
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with princely favours  
That he should for a forraine purfe, to fell  
His Soueraigne life to death and trechery.  

Exe. O the Lord of Masham.  

Enter the King and three Lords.  

King. Now firs the windes faire, and we wil aboord;  
My Lord of Cambridge, and my Lord of Masham,  
And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts,
ACT II. SC. 2. | The Life of Henry the Fift. Folio 1623.

[p. 74] [col. 1]

Nym. I shall have my Noble?
Pifl. In cath, most suitly payd.
Nym. Well, then that the humor of t.
      Enter Hotheff.

Hofl. As ever you come of women, come in quickly
to Sir John: A poore heart, hee is so flak'd of a burning
quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold.
Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight,
that's the euen of it.
Pifl. Nym, thou haft spoke the right, his heart is fra-
sted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it
may: he paffes some humors, and carreeees.
Pifl. Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekius) we
will liue.

[II. 2]

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westminster.

Bed. Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors
Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

Well. How smooth and even they do bear themselues,

As if allegiance in their bofomes fate
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dreame not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours;
That he shou'd for a forraigne purfe, so fell
His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now fits the winde faire, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of Maffam,
And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Do you not think the power we bear with vs,
Will make vs conquerors in the field of France?

Maj/ha. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

Cam. Never was Monarch better feared and loved then
is your majesty.

Gray. Even those that were your fathers enemies
Haue steeped their galles in honey for your sake.

King. We therefore have great cause of thankfulnesse,
And shall forget the office of our hands:
Sooner then reward and merit,
According to their cauie and worthinesse.

Maj/ha. So service shall with steeld finewes shine,
And labour shall refresh it selve with hope
To do your Grace incessant service.

King. Uncle of Exeter,
enlarge the man
Committed yesterday, that rayled against our perfon,
We consider it was the heats of wine that set him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Maj/ha. That is mercie, but too much securitie:
Let him bee punisht Soueraigne, / leaft the example of
Breed more of such a kinde. /

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.
Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs
Will cut their passaige through the force of France?
Doing the execution, and the aetè,
For which we haue in head assembled them.

_Scro._ No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

_King._ I doubt not that, since we are well perfwaded
We carry not a heart with vs from hence,
That growes not in a faire concert with ours:
Nor leave not one behinde, that doth not with

_Succeffe_ and _Conqueeft_ to attend on vs.

_Cam._ Neuer was Monarch better fear’d and lou’d,
Then is your Maiesty; there’s not I thinke a subiect
That fits in heart-greefe and vneaſineffe

_Vnder_ the sweet shade of your governement.

_Kni._ True: those that were your Fathers enemies,
Haue steep’d their gauls in hony, and do ferue you
With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.

_King._ We therefore haue great cause of thankfulnes,
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner then quittance of defert and merit,
According to the weight and worthineffe.

_Scro._ So feruice shall with fteeled finewes toyle,
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your Grace inceliant feruices.

_King._ We Iudge no leſſe. _Vnkle of Exeter,_

_Inlarge the man committed yeaterday,
That rayl’d againft our perfon: We confider
It was exceffe of Wine that fet him on,
And on his more aduice, We pardon him.

_Scro._ That’s mercy, but too much security:
Let him be puniſh’d Soueraigne, leaſt example
Breed (by his sufherence) more of such a kind.

_King._ O let vs yet be mercifull.
Cam. So may your highness, and punish too.

Gray. You shew great mercie if you giue him life,
After the taffe of his correction.

King. Alas your too much care and loue of me
Are heavy orifons gainft the poore wretch,
If little faults proceeding on diftemper / shoud not bee
(winked at, /)

How shoulde we strecch our eye, when capitall crimes,
Chewed, swallowed and digesst, appeare before vs :
Well yet celarge the man, tho Cambricte and the refct
In their deare loues, and tender precuration of our state,
Would have him punifht. // Now to our French caues.
Who are the late Commiffioners ?

/ Cam. Me one my Lord, / your highnesse bad me aske for it to day. /

Maj. So did you me my Soueraigne.

Gray. And me my Lord.

King. Then Richard Earle of Cambricte there is yours.

There is yours my Lord of Majham.

And fir Thomas Gray knight of Northumberlond, / this fame is Read them, and know we know your worthinesse. (yours : /
Vncke Exeter I will aboord to night.
Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?
What see you in those papers

That hath so chafed your blood

out of apparrance?

Cam. I do confesse my fault, and do submit me
To your highnesse mercie.

Maj. To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy which was quit in vs but late,
By your owne reaons is foerfald and done:
Cam. So may your Highness, and yet punisb too.
Grey. Sir, you shew great mercy if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.
King. Alas, your too much loue and care of me,
Are heavy Offions 'gainst this poor wretch:
If little faults proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroope, and Grey, in their deere care
And tender preferuation of our person
Wold haue him punisb'd. And now to our French cause,
Who are the late Commissioners?
Cam. I one my Lord,
Your Highness bad me aske for it to day.
Scro. So did you me my Liege.
Grey. And I my Royall Soueraigne.
King. Then Richard Earle of Cambridge, there is yours:
There yours Lord Scroope of Malmh, and Sir Knight:
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse.
My Lord of Wiltmerland, and Vnkle Exeter,
We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen?
What see you in these papers, that you loose
So much complexion? Looke ye how they change:
Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there,
That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood
Out of apperance.
Cam. I do confess my fault,
And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.
Grey. Scro. To which we all appeale.
King. The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,
By your owne counsaile is supprest and kill'd:
You must not dare for shame to ask for mercy,
For your owne conscience turne vp on your bosomes,
As dogs upon their masters worrying them,
See you my Princes, and my noble Peeres,
Their English monsters:
My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt we were to grace him,
In all things belonging to his honour:
And this vile man hath for a fewe light crownes,
Lighly conspir'd and sworne vnto the practises of France:
To kill vs here in Hampton. To the which,
This knight no lette in bountie bound to vs
Then Cambridge is, haah likewise sworne.
But oh what shall I say to thee falfe man,
Thou cruell ingratefull and inhumane creature,
Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,
That knewst the very secrets of my heart,
That almost mightest a coyned me into gold,
Wouldest thou a practise on me for thy vie:
Can it be possible that out of thee
Should proceed one sparde that might annoy my finger?

Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth shewe as grofe
As black from white, mine eye wil scarcely see it.
You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy,
For your owne reafons turne into your bolomes,
As dogs vpun their maifters, worrying you:
See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
These English monsters: My Lord of Cambridge heere,
You know how apt our love was, to accord
to furnish with all appertainings

Belonging to his Honour; and this man,
Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly confpir’d
And swarene unto the præstifes of France
To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,
This Knight no leffe for bounty bound to Vs
Then Cambridge is, hath likewise swarene. But O,
What shall I say to thee Lord Scroope, thou cruel,
Ingratefull, fauage, and inhumane Creature?
Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsails,
That knew’st the very bottome of my foule,
That (almost) might’st haue coy’d me into Golde,
Would’st thou haue practis’d on me, for thy vfe?
May it be poifible, that foraigne hyer
Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill
That might annoy my finger? ’Tis fo strane,
That though the truth of it stands off as groffe
As blacke and white, my eye will hardly fee it.
Treafon, and murther, euer kept together,
As two yoake diuels swarene to eythers purpofe,
Working fo groffely in an naturall caufe,
That admiration did not hoope at them.
But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in
Wonder to waite on treaфон, and on muther:
And whaftsoeuer cunning fiend it was
That wrought vpon thee fo preposterously,
Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

And
Their faults are open, / arret them to the answer of the lawe, /
And God acquit them of their prachies.
Etc. I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of Richard, Earle of Cambridge.
And other dukes that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle vp damnation,
With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht
From glif't ring semblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Vnleff to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that same Daemon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
He might returne to vaffie Tartar backe,
And tell the Legions, I can never win
A soule so easie as that Englishman.
Oh, how haft thou with jeolousie infected
The sweetnesse of affiance! Shew men dutifull,
Why so didst thou: seeme they graue and learned?
Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why so didst thou. Seeme they religious?
Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from grossie passion, or of mirth, or anger,
Constaint in spirit, not sweruing with the blood,
Garnisht and decked in modest complement,
Not working with the eye, without the eare,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither,
Such and so finelie boulted didst thou seeme:
And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,
To make thee full fraught man, and best indued
With some suspicion, I will weep for thee.
For this resolt of thine, me thinke's is like
Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of the Law,
And God acquit then of their practises.

Exe. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Richard Earle of Cambridge.
I arest thee of high treason,  
By the name of Henry, Lord of Mqham.  
I arest thee of high treason,  
/ By the name of Thomas Gray, / knight of Northumberland. /
MQ/H. Our purpoale God iuiftly hath discovered,  
And I repente my fault more then my death,  
Which I besiech your maiestie forgiue,  
Altho my body pay the price of it.

King. God quit you in his mercy. / Heare your sentence. /  
You haue conspired against our royall person,  
Ioyned with an enemy proclaime and fixed.  
And fro his coffers receiued the golden earnest of our death  

Touching our person we seeke no redresse.  
But we our kingdomes safetie must so tender  
Whose ruine you haue sought,  
That to our lawes we do deliuer you.  
Get ye therefore hence: poore miferable creatures to your  
/ The taffe whereof, God in his mercy giue you
I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Thomas
Lord Scroope of Masham.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Thomas
Grey, Knight of Northumberland.

Scro. Our purposes, God justly hath discouer'd,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I befeech your Highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motiue,
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which in sufferance heartily will rejoyce,
Befeeching God, and you, to pardon mee.

Gray. Neuer did faithfull subiect more rejoyce
At the discouery of most dangerous Treason,
Then I do at this houre joy ore my selfe,
Prevented from a damned enterprize;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.

King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence
You haue conspir'd against Our Royall person,
Joyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Recy'd the Golden Earnest of Our death:
Wherein you would haue fold your King to slaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to seruitude,

His Subiects to oppresion, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdom into desolation:
Touching our person, seeke we no reuenge,
But we our Kingdomes safety unfruit fo tender,

Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes
We do deliever you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore miserable wretches) to your death:
The taffe whereof, God of his mercy give
(smiles: / 

Patience / to endure, and true repentance of all your deeds
Bear them hence. Exit three Lords.
Now Lords to France. The enterprise whereof,
Shall be to you as vs, sucesfullly.

Since God cut off
this dangerous treason lurking in our way

Cheerly to sea, the sigues of war advance:
No King of England, if not King of France. Exit omnes. [112. B 3]

Enter Nim, Piffoll, Bardolfe, Hoftes and a Boy.

Hoft. I prettie sweete heart, / let me bring thee so farre as

(Piff. No fur, no fur.

Bar. Well sir John is gone. God be with him.

Hoft. I, he is in Arthurs bolom, if euer any were:
He went away as if it were a crysombd childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Luft at turning of the tide:
His nose was as sharpe as a pen:
For when I saw him fumble with the sheetes,
And talk of floures, and smile vpô his fingers ends
I knew there was no way but one.
How now sir John quoth I?
And he cryed three times, God, God, God,
ACT II. SC. 2.]

You patience to indure, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence.  Exit.
Now Lords for France: the enterpris whereof
Shall be to you as vs, like glorious.

We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
But every Rubbe is smoothened on our way.
Then forth, deare Countraeymen: Let vs deliver
Our Puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Chearly to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance,
No King of England, if not King of France.  Flourish.

Enter Piffell, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hobbe.

Piffell.  'Prythee honey sweet Husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Nim.  No: for my mannely heart doth erne.  Bardolph,
be blythe: Nim, rowse thy vaunting Veines: Boy, bristle thy Courage vp: for Falstaffe bee is dead, and wee must erne therefore.

Bard.  Would I were with him, wherefore he is, eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.

Hobbe.  Nay sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in Arthurs Bosome, if euer man went to Arthurs Bosome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had beene any Chriftome Child: a parted eu'n iuft betweene Twelue and One, eu'n at the turning o'th Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir John (quoth I ?) what man? be a good cheare: so a cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I,
Now I to comfort him, bad him not think of God,
I hope there was no such need.
Then he bad me put more cloathes at his feete:
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone.
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone.
And fo vpward, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.
Nim. They fay he eride out on Sack.
Hoij. I that he did.
Boy. And of women.
Hoij. No that he did not.
Boy. Yes that he did: and he fcd they were diuels incarnat.

Hoij. Indeed carnation was a colour he never loued.
Nim. Well he did cry out on women.

Hoij. Indeed he did in some fort handle women,
But then he was rumarick, \( / \) and talkt of the whoare of
(Babylon. /
Boy. Hostes do you remember he saw a Flea fland
Vpon Bardolfe Noiz, and fed it was a black soule
Burning in hell fire?
Bar. Well, God be with him,
That was all the wealth I got in his service.
Nim. Shall we shog off?
The king wil be gone from Southampton.
Pfif. Cleare vp thy criptalles,
Looke to my chattels and my mueables.
Truf truf: the word is pitch and pay:
Mens words are wafer cakes,
And holdfast is the only dog my deare.
Therefore cophetua be thy counfellor,
to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God; I hop’d there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any such thoughts yet: so a bad me lay more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any flone: then I felt to his knees, and fo vp-pecr’d, and vpward, and all was as cold as any flone.

Nim. They say he cryed out of Sack.
Hofllefe. I, that a did.
Bard. And of Women.
Hofllefe. Nay, that a did not.
Boy. Yes that a did, and said they were Deules incarnate.
Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, ’twas a Co.
lour he neuer lik’d.
Boy. A said once, the Deule would haue him about Women.
Hofllefe. A did in some sort (indeed) handle Women: but then hee was rumatique, and talk’d of the Whore of Babylon.
Boy. Doe you not remember a saw a Flea sticke vpon Bardolphs Nose, and a said it was a blacke Soule burning in Hell.
Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain’d that fire: that’s all the Riches I got in his feruice.
Nim. Shall wee shogg? the King will be gone from Southampton.
Pifl. Come, let’s away. My Loue, guide me thy Lippes: Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables: Let Sences rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: truift none: for Oathes are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-falit is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore Cauet be thy Counsailor. Go, cleare thy Chrystalls. Yoke-fellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horfe leeches
Touch her soft lips and part.

_Bar._ Farewell hostes.

_Nim._ I cannot kis: and theres the humor of it.

But adieu.

_Pist._ Keepe fast thy buggle boe.

_Esus omnes._

_Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin, and others._

_King._ Now you Lords of _Orleance_,
Of _Bourbon_, and of _Berry_,
You see the King of England is not slack,
For he is footed on this land alreadie.  

_Dolphin._ My gracious Lord, / tis meet we all goe
And arme vs against the foe: 

(foorth, /
[p. 76]

leeches my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to sucke.

**Boy.** And that's but vnwholesome food, they say.

**Pijt.** Touch her soft mouth, and march.

**Bard.** Farwell Hoftesse.

**Nim.** I cannot kisfe, that is the humor of it: but adieu.

**Pijt.** Let Hufwiferie appeare: kepe close, I thee command.

**Hoftesse.** Farwell: adieu.

___ Exeunt. 

---

[II. 4]

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine.

King. Thus comes the English with full power upon vs,
And more then carefully it vs concerns,
To answer Royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berry and Britaine,
Of Brabant and of Orlance, shall make forth,
And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch
To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre
With men of courage, and with meanes defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe.
It fits vs then to be as prudent,

**Dolphin.** My moft redoubted Father,

As feare may teach vs, out of late examples
Left by the fallat and neglected English,
Vpon our fields.

It is moft meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe:
For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome,
(Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question)
But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,

Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
And view the weak & furious pangs of France:
But let us, in a spirit of low device,
Nor will we more, nor will we less
England were burdened with a Merrie dance.
For my good Lord, she is such long
Her deeper & fantastically ports.
So guided by a shallow inconstant youth.
That scarce attends her now.

Com. O peace Prince Edward, you dooth your selfe.

Question your grace the late Embassador,
With what regard he heard in Embassage.
How well supplied with aged Connexion.

And how his resolution enhangered him,
You then would say that Harry was not wise.

King. Well thinke we Harry strong:
And strongly arme vs to prevent the foe.
[p. 76]

[Col. 1]

As were a Warre in expectation.
Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let vs doe it with no shew of feare,
No, with no more, then if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitton Morris-dance:
For, my good Liege, flue is so idly King'd,
Her Scepter so phantastically borne,
By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth,
That feare attends her not.

Const. O peace, Prince Dolphin,

You are too much mistaken in this King:
Question your Grace the late Embassadors,
With what great State he heard their Embassie,
How well supply'd with Noble Counsellors,
How modest in exception; and withall,
How terrible in constant resolution:
And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent,
Were but the out-side of the Roman Brutus,
Covering Discretion with a Coat of Folly;
As Gardener doe with Ordure hide those Roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable.

But though we thinke it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The Enemye more mightie then he seemes,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd:
Which of a weake and niggardly provision,
Doth like a Mifer spoyle his Coat, with scanting
A little Cloth.

King. Thinke we King Harry strong:

And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him.
The Kindred of him hath beene flehsht vpon vs:
Con. My Lord here is an Embaassador
From the King of England.

Kin. Bid him come in.
You see this chace is hotly followed Lords.

Dol. My gracious father, cut vp this English short,
Selfeloue my Liege is not so vile a thing,
As selfe neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our brother England?
Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maieftie:
He wils you in the name of God Almighty,
That you deueft your selfe and lay apart
That borrowed tytle, which by gift of heauen,
And he is bred out of that bloodie straine,
That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes:
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Creffy Battell fatally was strucke,
And all our Princes captiu’d,by the hand
Of that black Name,Edward,black Prince of Wales:
Whiles that his Mountaine Sire,on Mountaine standing
Vp in the Ayre,crown’d with the Golden Sunne,
Saw his Heroicall Seed,and fmil’d to see him
Mangle the Worke of Nature,and deface
The Patternes,that by God and by French Fathers
Had twentie yeeres beene made. This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock : and let vs feare
The Natuie mightinesse and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. Embassadors from Harry King of England,
Doe craue admittance to your Maieftie.

King. Weele giue them prefent audience.
Goe,ande bring them.

You see this Chafe is hotly followed, friends.

Dolphin. Turne head,and stop purfuit:for coward Dogs
Moff spend their mouths,whē what they seem to threaten
Runs farre before them. Good my Souaigne

Take vp the Enlish short,and let them know
Of what a Monarchie you are the Head :
Selfe-loue,my Liege,is not so vile a sinne,
As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England ?

Exe. From him,and thus he greets your Maieftie :
He wills you in the Name of God Almightye,
That you deueet your selfe,and lay apart

The borrowed Glories,that by gift of Heauen,
| 35] law, 3. | Of lawe of nature, and of nations, longs  
To him and to his heires, namely the crowne  
And all wide streched titles that belongs  

Vnto the Crowne of France, that you may know  
Tis no finisser, nor no awkeward claime,  
Pickt from the wormeholes of old vanisht dayes,  
Nor from the duf of old obliuion rackte,  
He sents you these most memorables lynes,  
In every branch truly demonstratet :  
Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree,  
And when you finde him euenly derived  
From his most famed and famous ancesflors,  
Edward the third, he bids you then resigne  
Your crowne and kingdome, indirecly held  
From him, the native and true challenger.  

King. If not, what followes?  

Exc. Bloody constraint, for if you hide the crown  
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it:  
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,  
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a loue,  
That if requiring faile, he will compell it:  

57.] Orphantes 3. bowens 2.  
58.] grotes. 3.  

61. is his] is the 2.  

And on your heads turnes he the widowes teares,  
The Orphantes cries, the dead mens bones,  
The pining maydens grotes.  
For husbands, fathers, and distrested louers,  
Which shall be swallowed in this controuerse.  
This is his claime, his threatning, and my message.  
Vnles the Dolphin be in presence here,  
To whom expressly we bring greeting too.
By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs
To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne,
And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine

By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times,
Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know
'Tis no finifter, nor no awk-ward Clayme,
Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vanisht dayes,

Nor from the dust of old Obluion rakt,
He sends you this moft memorable Lyne,
In euery Branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree:

And when you find him euely deriu'd,
From his moft fam'd, of famous Ancestors,
Edward the third; he bids you then refigne
Your Crowne and Kingdom, indireétly held
From him, the Natiue and true Challenger.

King. Or else what followes?

Exe. Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it.

Therefore in fierce Tempeft is he comming,
In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a loue:
That if requiring faile, he will compell.
And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
Deliever vp the Crowne, and to take mercie
On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre
Opens his vaffie Iawes: and on your head
Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,

The dead-mens Blood, the priuay Maidens Groanes,
For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers,
That shall be swallowed in this Controuerzie.
This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message:

Vnlesse the Dolphin be in presence here;
To whom exprefely I bring greeting to.

King. For
Dol. For the *Dolphin*? I stand here for him, What to hear from England.

*Exe.* Scorn & defiance, slight regard, contempt, And any thing that may not misbecome The mightie fender, doth he prize you at:

Thus faith my king. Vnles your fathers highneffe

Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maiestie, Heele call you to so loud an answere for it, That causes and wormsely vaultes of France Shall chide your trespasse, and return your mock, In secondd accent of his ordenance.

Dol. Say that my father render faire reply, It is against my will:

For I desire nothing so much, || As oddes with England. And for that cause according to his youth I did present him with thofe Paris balles.

*Exe.* Heele make your Paris Louer shake for it, Were it the mistrefle Court of mightie Europe. And be assured, youle finde a difference As we his subiects have in wonder found: [84. C 2] Betweene his yonger dayes and thefe he musters now, Now he wayes time euens to the lastest graine, Which you shall finde in your owne losses If he stay in France.

King. Well for vs, you shall returne our answere backe To our brother England.

Exit omnes.
King. For vs, we will consider of this further:
To morrow shal you bare our full intent
Back to our Brother of England.

Dolph. For the Dolphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?
Ere. Scorne and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus sayes my King: and if your Fathers Highness
Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maiestie;
Hee'll call you to so hot an Answer of it,
That Caues and Wombie Vaultages of France
Shall chide your Trespass, and returne your Mock
In second Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Say: if my Father render faire returne,
It is against my will: for I desire
Nothing but Oodes with England.

To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,
I did present him with the Paris-Balls.
Ere. Hee'll make your Paris Louer shake for it,
Were it the Mistresse Court of mightie Europe:

And be assur'd, you'll finde a difference,
As we his Subiects haue in wonder found,
Betweene the promise of his greener dayes,
And these he matters now: now he weighs Time
Even to the vtillest Graine: that you shall reade
In your owne Loffes, if he stay in France.

King. To morrow shal you know our mind at full.

Ere. Dispatch vs with all speed, leaft that our King
Come here himselfe to question our delay;
For he is footed in this Land already. [Q° l. 4, p. 58]
King. You shalbe soone dispatcht, with faire conditions.
A Night is but smal breathe, and little pawse,
To answer matters of this consequence.  

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.
Thus with imagin’d wing our swift Scene flyes,
In motion of no lefe celeritie then that of Thought.
Suppose, that you haue scene

The well-appointed King at Douer Peer,
Embarke his Royaltie: and his braue Fleet,
With filken Streamers, the young Phelus fayning;
Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,

Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
Hear the shrill Whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus’d: behold the threaden Sayles,
Borne with th’inuible and creeping Wind,

Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
Bretting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke
You stand vpon the Ruilage, and behold

A Citie on th’inconstant Billowes dauncing:

For so appeares this Fleet Maiestical,
Holding due course to Harflew. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sternage of this Nauie,
And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, still,

Guarded with Grandfires, Babyes, and old Women,
Eyther paft, or not arriu’d to pyth and puissance:
For who is he, whose Chin is but enricht

Flourish] om.
ACT III. SC. 1.  The Life of Henry the Fift. Folio 1623.  71

[p. 77]
[col. 2]

With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
These cull'd and choyfe-drawne Cauliers to France?
Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege:
Behold the Ordinance on their Carriages,
With fatal mouthes gaping on girded Harflew.
Suppofe th'Embellador from the French comes back:
Tells Harry, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes.

The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
With Lynfock now the diuellish Cannon touches,
Alarum, and Chambers goe off;
And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eech out our performance with your mind.  Exit

[III. 1]

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucefter.
Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.

King. Once more vnto the Breach,
Deare friends, once more;
Or close the Wall vp with our English dead:
In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillnes, and humiliie:
But when the blast of Warre blows in our eares,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger:

Stiffen the finewes, commune vp the blood,
Disguife faire Nature with hard-favour'd Rage;
Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect:
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Braffe Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it,
As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke
O're-hang and cuttie his confounded Base,
Swill'd with the wild and watfull Ocean.

Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nothrill wide,
and Boy. 3.

Enter Nim, Bardolf, Pistol, Boy. [III. 2]

1.] Here are 3.

Nim. Before God here is hot servile.

Pist. Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
Gods vassals drop and die.

Nim. Tis honor, and there is the humor of it.

Boy. Would I were in London:
Ide giue all my honor for a pot of Ale.
[p. 77]

**ACT III. SC. I.]**  
*The Life of Henry the Fifth.* Folio 1623.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp every Spirit</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To his full height. On, on, you Noblish English,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whose blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-proofe:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haue in these parts from Morne till Euen fought,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dishonour not your Mothers: now attest,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be Coppy now to me of groffier blood,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whose Lymns were made in England; shew vs here</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The mettell of your Pasture: let vs sware,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For there is none of you so meane and base,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That hath not Noble lufter in your eyes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cry, God for Harry, England, and S. George.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alarum, and Chambers goe off.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Enter Nim, Bardolph, Piffloll, and Boy.**

**Bard.** On, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

**Nim.** 'Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too hot: and for mine owne part, I haue not a Cafe of Limes: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song of it.

**Piffl.** The plaine-Song is most iuft: for humors doe a-bound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vassals drop and dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne immortall fame.

**Boy.** Would I were in an Ale-houfe in London, I would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and safetie.
And I, if 3.

Pil. And I. If whys should preuaile,
I would not stay, but thither would I hie.

Enter Flewellen and beates them in.

Flew. Godes plud vp to the breaches
You rascals, will you not vp to the breaches?

Nim. Abate thy rage sweete knight,
Abate thy rage.

Boy. Well I would I were once from them:
They would haue me as familiar
With mens pockets, as their gloues, and their
Handkerchers, they will steale any thing.

Bardolfe stole a Lute cafe, carried it three mile,
And fold it for three hapence.

Nim stole a fier shoupell.
I knew by that, they meant to carry coales:
[p. 78]
[COL. 1]

Pifl. And I: If winches would preuaule with me, my purpose shoulde not faule with me; but thither would I high.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; auaunt you Cullions.


Nim. These be good humors: your Honor wins bad humors.

Exit.

Boy. As young as I am, I haue oberu'd these three Swathers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serue me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man: for Bardolph, hee is white-liuer'd, and red-fac'd; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for Pifloll, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keapes whole Weapons: for Nim, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to say his Prayers, lest a shoulde be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was against a Poet, when he was drunke. They will steale any thing, and call it Purchafe. Bardolph stoole a Lute-cafe, boere it twelue Leagues, and fold it for three hallespence. Nim and Bardolph are sworne Brothers in filching: and in Callice they stoole a fire-houell. I knew by that pece of Seruice, the men would carry Coales. They would
Well, if they will not leaue me,
I meane to leaue them.

Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Piftoll, and the Boy.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captain Flewellen, you must come strait
To the Mines, to the Duke of Glofler.

Flew. Looke you, tell the Duke it is not so good
To come to the mines:

the concuaueties is otherwise.

You may discuffe to the Duke, the enemy is digd
Himselfe fiue yardest vnder the countermines:
By Jesus I thinke heele blowe vp all
If there be no better direcdton.
haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of Wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better Service: their Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore I must cast it vp.

Exit.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine Fluellen, you must come presently to the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would speake with you.

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the concauties of it is not sufficient: for looke you, th’athuer-farie, you may difcuft into the Duke, looke you, is digt himselfe foure yard vnder the Countermines: by Chefh, I think a will plowe vp all, if there is not better direcctions.

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order of the Siege is gien, is altogether directed by an Irifh man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

Welch. It is Captaine Makmorrice, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be.

Welch. By Chefh he is an Astre, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Beard: he ha’s no more direcions in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the Roman disciplies, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Makmorrice, and Captaine Iamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine Iamy, with him.

Welch. Captaine Iamy is a maruellous falorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know-

56.] are not . . . of Warre

59.] yards 4.

73.] merveillous 2.
valorous 4.
ledge in th'auochiant Warres, vpon my particular know-
ledge of his directions: by Chethu he will maintaine his
Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in
the disciplines of the Priftine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I say gudday, Captaine Fluellon.

Welch. Godden to your Worship, good Captaine
James.

Gower. How now Captaine Mackmorrice, haue you
quit the Mynes? haue the Pioners giuen o're?

Irish. By Chrith Law tifh ill done: the Worke ifh
giue ouer, the Trompet found the Retreat. By my Hand
I sweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ifh ill done:
it ifh giue ouer: I would haue blowed vp the Towne,
so Chrith faue me law, in an houre. O tifh ill done, tifh ill
done: by my Hand tifh ill done.

Welch. Captaine Mackmorrice, I befeech you now,
will you voutsafe me, looke you, a few disputations with
you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of
the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument,
looke you, and friendly communication: partly to satisfie
my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of
my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie dis-
cipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It fall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath,
and I fall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion:
that fall I mary.

Irish. It is no time to dircourfe, so Chrith faue me:
the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the
King, and the Dukes: it is no time to dircourfe, the Town
is befeech'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and
we talke, and be Chrith do nothing, tis shame for vs all:
so God sa'me tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my
hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be
Enter the King and his Lords alarum.

King. How yet resolves the Governour of the Towne?
This is the latest parley weele admit:
done, and there ifh nothing done, so Chrift fa'me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere theſe eyes of mine take themselues to flomber, ayle de gud servuce, or Ile ligge i'fh' grund for it; ay, or goe to deſth: and Ile pay't as val‐rouſly as I may, that fal I fuery do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full faine heard fome queſtion tween you tway.

Welch. Captaine Mackmorric, I thinke, looke you, vnder your correction, there is not many of your Na‐tion.


Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwife then is meant, Captaine Mackmorric, peraduenture I fhall thinke you doe not vfe me with that affabilitie, as in diſcretion you ought to vfe me, looke you, being as good a man as your felle, both in the diſciplines of Warre, and in the deriuation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Irifh. I doe not know you fo good a man as my felle: fo Chrifh faue me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.


Gower. The Towne founds a Parley.

Welch. Captaine Mackmorric, when there is more better oportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be fo bold as to tell you, I know the diſciplines of Warre: and there is an end.

Exit.

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet refolues the Gouernour of the Towne?
This is the lateſt Parle we will admit:

There‐
Therefore to our best mercie give your selues,
Or like to men proud of destruction,

For as I am a foulldier, a name that in my thoughts
Becomes me best, if we begin the battery once againe
I will not leaue the halfe atchieued Harlow,
Till in her ashes she be buried,
The gates of mercie are all shut vp.
Therefore to our best mercy glue your selues,
Or like to men proud of destruccion,
Defie vs to our worst: for as I am a Souldier,
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;
If I begin the batt'rie once againe,
I will not leave the halfe-achieved Harleian,
Till in her ashes the Iye buryed.
The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp,
And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
In libertie of bloody hand, shall rauenge
With Conscience wide as Hell, making like Gratia
Your fresh faire Virgins, and your flowering Infants.
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
Doe with his myrcht complexion all fell seats,
Enlynckt to waft and defolation?
What is't to me, when you your selyes are cause,
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violation?
What Reyne can hold licentious Wickednesse,
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?
We may as bootle vice spend our vaine Command
Vpon then enraged Souldiers in their spoyle,
As send Precepts to the Leviathan, to come ashore.
Therefore, ye men of Harold,
Take pitty of your Towne and of your People,
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
O're blows the filthy and contagious Clouds
Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.
If not: why in a moment looke to see
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand
Defire the Locks of your shrill-shrinking Daughters:
What say you, will you yeeld and this auoysd,
Or guiltie in defence be thus destroyed?

Enter Gouernour.

Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin whom of fueour we entreated,
Returns vs word, his powers are not yet ready,
To raie so great a siege: therefore dread King,
We yeeld our towne and luyes to thy sof mercie:
Enter our gates, dispoise of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defensuue now.

and Alice.

Enter Katherine, Alice.

Kate. Alice venecia, vous aues cates en,
Vou parte fort bon Angloyz englatara,

Comen fæ pallory la main en francoy.

Alice. La main madam de han.
Your Fathers taken by the siluer Beards,  
And their most reuerend Heads daft to the Walls:  
Your naked Infants spitted vpon Pykes,  
Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,  
Doe breake the Clouds; as did the Wiuses of Iewry,  
At Herods bloody-hunting slaughter-men.  
What say you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd?  
Or guiltie in defence, be thus destroy'd.  

Enter Gouernour.  

Gouer. Our expeception hath this day an end:  
The Dolphin, whom of Successe we entreated,  
Returns vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,  
To rayse so great a Siege: Therefore great King,  
We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy soft Mercy:  
Enter our Gates, dispose of vs and ours,  
For we no longer are defensible.  

King. Open your Gates: Come Vuckle Exeter,  
Goe you and enter Harfwle; there remaine,  
And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French:  
Vfe mercy to them all for vs, deare Vuckle.  
The Winter comming on, and Sicknise growing  
Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.  
To night in Harfwle will we be your Guest,  
To morrow for the March are we addref.  

Flourish, and enter the Towne.  

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.  

Kathe. Alice, tu as esté en Angletarre, & tu bien parles  
le Language.  

Alice. En peu Madame  

Kath. Je te prie m'ensorfiez, il faut que ie apprend a par-  
len: Comment appelle vous le main en Anglois?  
Alice. Le main il est appelle de Hand.
Kate. E da bras.
Allice. De arma madam.
Kate. Le main da han la bras de arma.
Allice. Owy e madam.
Kate. E Coman fä pella vow la menton a la coll.
Allice. De neck, e de cin, madam.

Kate. E de neck, e de cin, e de code.
Allice. De cudie ma foy Ie oblye, mais Ie remembre,
Le tude, o de elbo madam.
Kate. Ecowte Ie reherfera, towt cella que Iac apoandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.
Allice. De elbo madam.
Kate. O Iefu, Iea obloye ma foy,
ecoute Ie recontera
De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.
Allice. Ma foy madam, vow parla au fe bon Angloys
Asie vous aues ettue en Enlatara.
Kate. Par la grace de deu an pettie tanes,
Ie parle meilleur
ACT III. SC. 4.  The Life of Henry the Fift. Folio 1623. 87

| Kath. De Hand. | 8. doyt. |
| Alice. E le doyts. | 9. 10. Le doyt ... le doyt, moit ... souviendroy le doyt ... appelé de [des 4] Angres (anger 2) ... |
| Kath. Le doyts, ma foy je oublie, e doyts mays, ie me souemeray le doyts ie pense qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres. Alice. Le main de Hand, le doyts le Fingres, ie pense que ie fuis le bon efcholier. | 11. La main ... le doyt ... |
| Kath. Iay gaynir dieux mots d' Anglois villement, coment appelle vous le angles? Alice. Le angles, les appelions de Nayles. | 13. guizé deux ... com- ment |

80-90.] comment appellé
91. Neck (so throughout).
32. & le manton. ([?] 3. 4.)
34. manton
35. prononcias 3. 3. cits
36. aussi. Natifs 3. 4.
37. par la a. 4. par le 3.
39. N'ace vos pas ... ay enseigné (oublié 4).
Cuman se pella vou le peid e le robe.

Allice. Le loot, e le con.

Kate. Le loot, e le con, o lefu! Ie ne vew pointe parle,
She plus devant le cheveulires de frana,

Pur one million ma foy.

Allice, Madam, de foote, e le con.

Kate. O et ill ausie, econtre Allice, de han, de arma,
De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.

Allice. Cet fort bon madam.

Kate. Aloues a diner.

Exit omnes.

Enter King of France Lord Coniable, the Dolphin,

and Burbon.

King. Tis certaine he is pait the Riuere Some.

Con. Mordus ma via: Shall a few sfranes of vs, [2. C 3. v.]
The emptying of our fathers luxerie,

Outgrow their grafters.

Bur. Normanes, bafterd Normanes, mor du
And if they palle vnfoughtwithall,
Ile fell my Dukedome
Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the
Constable of France, and others.

King. 'Tis certaine he hath past the Riuier Some.

Confi. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,
Let vs not liue in France: let vs quit all,
And giue our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dolph. O Dieu vivant: Shall a few Sprays of vs,
The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,
Our Syens, put in wilde and fauage Stock,

Vnfought withall, but I will sell my Dukedome,
for a foggy farme

In that short nooke Ile of England.

Conf. Why whence haue they this mettall?
Is not their clymeate raw, foggy and colde.
On whom as in diddaine, the Sunne lookes pale?
Can barley broath, a drench for twolue Iades

Their foddon water decockt such liuely blood?
And shal our quick blood spirited with wine
Seeme frosty? O for honour of our names,
Let vs not hang like frozen Icesickles
Vpon our houeses tops, while they a more frosty clymeate
Sweate drops of youthfull blood.
To buy a slobbery and a durtie Farne
In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion.

*Confl. Dieu de Battailes, where haue they this mettell?*

16
Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in defpight, the Sunne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can sudden Water,
A Drench for fur-reyn’d Iades, their Barly broth,
Decoët their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,
Seeme frostie? O, for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping Ifyckles

24
Vpon our Houes Thatch, whiles a more frostie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poore we call them, in their Native Lords.

*Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,*

28
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainely say,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will gieue
Their bodyes to the Luft of English Youth,
To new-shore France with Baffard Warriors.

*Brit. They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schooles,*

32
And teach Lanollia’s high, and swift Carranto’s,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heele,
And that we are most lustie Run-awayes.

*King. Where is Montioy the Herald? speed him hence,*

35
Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,
More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:

*Charles Delakreth, High Constafole of France,*

40
You Dukes of Orleance, Burkon, and of Berry,
*Alanfon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgonie,*
Iaques Chattillon, Rambures, Vandemont,
Beumont, Grand Pree, Rouff, and Faulconbridge,
Loys, Lefrale, Bouciquall, and Charaloyes,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of great thames:
Barre Harry England, that sweeps through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harlew:
Ruth on his Hoof, as doth the melted Snow
Vpon the Valleys, whose low Vatifall Seat,
The Alpes doth spit, and void his rheumne vpon.
Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,
And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Prifoner.

Const. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His Soulildiers sick, and famifht in their March:
For I am sere, when he shall see our Army,
Hee’le drop his heart into the finck of feare,
And for atchieuement, offer vs his Ransome.
King. Therefore Lord Constable, haft on Montjoy,
And let him say to England, that we send,
To know what willing Ransome he will giue.
Prince Dolphin, you shall stay with vs in Roan.
Dolph. Not so, I doe beseach your Maiestie.
King. Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs.
Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. Exeunt.

Enter Captaines, English and Welch, Gower and Fluellen.

Gower. How now Captaine Fluellen, come you from the Bridge?

Flu. I affure you, there is very excellent Scruiices committed at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Aga-
And I worship, with my soule, / and my heart, and my life, / And my lands and my liuings, And my vtermost powers. | The Duke is looke you, / God be praised and pleased for it, / no harne in the worrell. / He is maintain the bridge very gallently: / there is an Ensigne There, / I do not know how you call him, / but by letus I think He is as valent a man as Marke Anthonie, / he doth maintain the bridge most gallantly: / yet he is a man of no reckoning: But I did see him do gallant seruice. | [10. C 4]

**Guer.** How do you call him?

**Flew.** His name is ancient *Pistoll*.

**Guer.** I know him not.

**Enter Ancient Pistoll.**

**Flew.** Do you not know him, here comes the man.

**Pist.** Captaine, I thee befeech to do me favour, The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well. (his hands. 20)

**Flew.** I, and I praiie God I haue merried some love at

**Pist. Bardolfe** a fouldier, one of buxfome valour,

Hath by furious fate [] And giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,

That Godes blinde that flands vpon the rowling refleffe stome. 23-4

**Flew.** By your patience ancient *Pistoll*,

/ Fortune, looke you is painted, Plung / with a muffer before her eyes, /

To signifie to you, that Fortune is plund:

And she is moreover painted with a wheele, Which is the morall that Fortune is turning, And inconstant, and variation; and mutabilities:

And her fate is fixed at a sphericall stome Which roules, and roules, and roules:

Surely the Poet is make an excellent descriptio of Fortune. Fortune looke you is and excellent morall. 37

**Pist.** Fortune is *Bardolfe* foe, and frownes on him, For he hath stolne a packs, and hanged must he be:
memnon, and a man that I loue and honour with my soule, and my heart, and my dutie, and my liewe, and my liuing, and my vtermost power. He is not, God be pryfet and blessed, any hurt in the World, but keepes the Bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aun-
chient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very conscience hee is as valiant a man as Marke Anthony, and hee is a man of no estimation in the World, but I did see him doe as gallant seruice.

Gower. What doe you call him?
Flu. Hee is call'd auncheint Pijfol.
Gower. I know him not.
Enter Pijfol.

Flu. Here is the man.
Pijf. Captaine, I thee beseech to doe me fauours: the Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.
Flu. I, I prayse God, and I haue merited some loue at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a Souldier firme and found of heart, and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddiffe blind, that standes vpon the rolling reflleffe Stone.

Flu. By your patience, auncheint Pijfol: Fortune is painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to signifie to you, that Fortune is blinde; and shee is painted also with a Wheele, to signifie to you, which is the Morall of it, that shee is turning and inconstant, and mutabilitie, and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles: in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent descripti-
on of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

Pijf. Fortune is Bardolphs foe, and frownes on him: for he hath stolne a Pax, and hanged must a be: a damned

38. a damned om. a
A damned death, let gallows gape for d. q.s.
Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe stop.
But Esset hath given the doome of death,
For packs of petty price:
Therefore go speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce,
And let not Bardolph smell threeed be cut,
With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.
Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee require.
Flew. Captain Pidd, I partly understand your meaning.
Pist. Why then rejoice therefore.
Flew. Certainly Ancient Pidd, it's not a thing to rejoice at.
For if he were my owne brother, I would with the Duke
To do his pleasure, and put him to executions: for look you,
Discipless ought to be kept, they ought to be kept.
Pist. Die and be damned, and figa for thy friendship.
Flew. That is good.
Pist. The figge of S instant within thy lawe.
Flew. That is very well.
Pist. I say the fig within thy bowels and thy dutty maw.
Flew. Captain G. cannot you hear it lighten & thuder?
Goes. Why is this the Ancient you told me of?
I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cutpurie.
Flew. By letis heeds utter as prime words upon the bridge.
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day, but its all one,
What he hath lied to me, looke you, is all one. 
(To. Why this is a guilt, a fiende, a rogue, that goes to the wars
Onely to gracie himselfe & his returne to London:
And such fellowes as he,
Are perfect in great Commanders names.
They will leare by note where services were done,
At such and such a lond, at such a breach,

At such a county: who came off bruely, who was shot,
Who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on.
And this they can perfectly in phrase of warre,
death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let man goe free, 
and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but Exeter 
hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little price. 
Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce; 
and let not Bardolphs vitall thred bee cut with edge of 
Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for 
his Life, and I will thee requisite.

_Flu_ Aunchient _Pijfall_, I doe partly vnderstand your 
meaning.

_Pijt._ Why then reioyce therefore.

_Flu._ Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce 
at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would deire 
the Duke to vfe his good pleasure, and put him to execu-
tion; for discipline ought to be vied.

_Pijt._ Dye, and be dam'd, and _Figo_ for thy friendship.

_Flu._ It is well.

_Pijt._ The Figge of Spaine. _Exit._

_Flu._ Very good.

_Gower._ Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I 
remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purse.

_Flu._ Ile assure you, a vtt'red as prauce words at the 
Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very 
well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you, 
when time is serue.

_Gower._ Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and 
then goes to the Warres, to grace himselves at his returne 
into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and such 
fellowes are perfitt in the Great Commanders Names, and 
they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done; 
at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Con-
voy: who came off brauely, who was shot, who dif- 
grac'd, what termes the Enemy stood on: and this they 
conne perfittly in the phrase of Warre; which they tricke
Which they trick vp with new tuned oathes, / & what a berd
Of the Generalls cut, / and a horid shout of the campe / [74. D]
Will do among the foming bottles and alewaft wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne
To know such flaunders of this age,
Or els you may maruellously be misfooke.

_Flew._ Certain captain _Gower_, it is not the man, / looke you,
That I did take him to be: / but when time shall serue,
I shall tell him a little / of my desires: here comes his Maiestie.


_Enter King, Clarence, Gloster and others._

_King._ How now _Flewellen_, come you from the bridge?

_Flew._ I and it shall please your Maiestie,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.


_King._ What men haue you loft _Flewellen_?

_Flew._ And it shall please your Maiestie,
The partition of the aduerfarie hath bene great,
Very reasonably great: but for our own parts, like you now,
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a church, one _Bardolf_, if your Maiestie
Know the man, his face is full of whelkes and knubs,
And pumple, and his breath blowes at his nofe
Like a cole, sometimes red, some times plew:
But god be praisd, now his nofe is executed, / & his fire out./
vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horrid Sute of the Campe, will doe among fomling Bottles, and Ale-waftht Wits, is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne to know suche flanders of the age, or else you may be maruellously misflooke.

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine Gower: I doe perceiue hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my minde: hearde you, the King is comming, and I must speake with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poore Souldiers.

Flu. God pleffe your Maiestie.

King. How now Fluellen, cam’ft thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, so pleffe your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintaine’d the Pridge; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most proue passages: marry, th’athuerfarie was have possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Maiestie, the Duke is a proue man.

King. What men haue you loft, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th’athuerfarie hath beene very great, reasonable great: marry for my part, I thinke the Duke hath loft never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one Bardolph, if your Maiestie know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his nofe, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red, but his nofe is executed, and his fire’s out.
King. We would have all offenders so cut off,
And we here give express commandment,
That there be nothing taken from the villages but paid for,
None of the French abused,
Or abased with diabolical language:
For when cruelty and lenity play for a Kingdome,
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

Edward French Heral. 
Heral. You know me by my habit.
Ki. Well the, we know thee, what shoulde we know of thee? /

Heral. My masters minde.
King. Untold it.
Heral. Go thee vnto Harry of England, and tell him,
Advantage is a better soldier then rashness:
[107. D. v.]
Altho we did seeme dead, we did but thumber.

Now we speake vpon our kue, and our voyce is imperiall,
England shall repent her folly: see her rashness,
And admire our sufferance. Which to raunsome,

His pettiness would bow vnder:
For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake:
/ For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe
Kneeling / at our feete, a weake and worthlesse satisfacon. /
To this, adde defance. /

/ So much from the king my maister. /
King. Wee would haue all such offenders so cut off:
and we geue express charge, that in our Marches through
the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Vil-
lages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French
vpbrayed or abused in disdained Language; for when
Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler
Gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Mountjoy.

Mountjoy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of
thee?

Mountjoy. My Masters mind.

King. Unfold it.

Mountjoy. Thus fayes my King: Say thou to Harry
of England, Though we feem'd dead, we did but sleepe:
Aduantage is a better Souldier then rafhness. Tell him,
wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee
thought not good to bruife an injurie, till it were full
ripe. Now wee speake vpon our Q. and our voyce is im-
periall: England shall repent his folly, see his weake-
ness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore con-
sider of his ranfome, which must proportion the loffes we
haue borne, the subiects we haue loft, the disgrace we
haue digested; which in weight to re-answer, his petti-
ness wold bow vnder. For our loffes, his Exchequer is
too poore; for th' effusion of our bloud, the Mufter of his
Kingdome too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his
owne perfon kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worth-
less satisfacon. To this adde defiance: and tell him for
conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose con-
demnation is pronounc’t: So farre my King and Master;
so much my Office.
King. What is thy name: we know thy qualitie.

Heral. Mozart.

King. To 19. bid thy office live, returne thee backe,
And tell thy King, I do not seeke him now:
But could be well content without impeach,
T. march in to Gauls: for to try the tooth,

Though as no welcome to confesse so much
Vunto an enemy of craft and vantage.
My Soldiers are with eye-neere more infeebled,
My Armye finished, and those fewe I have,
Almost no better then so many French:
Whoe when they were in heart, I tell thee Herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legges,
Did march three French mens.

Yet forgive me God, that I do brag thus:
This your heire of France hath blowne this vice in me.
I must repent, go tell thy maister here I am,
My raunnome is this frayle and worthlesse body,
My Army but a weake and sickely guarde.
Yet God before, we will come on,
If France and such an other neighbour
flood in our way:
If we may passe, we will: if we be hindered,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood discouler.
So Montay get you gone, there is for your paines:
The sum of all your anwer is but this,
We would not seeke a battle as we are:

Herald. I shall deliver so: thanks to your Maiestie.

Gib. My Liege, I hope they will not come upon vs now.
King. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mount. Mountjoy.

King. Thou dost thy Office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy King, I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Callice,
Without impeachment: for to say the truth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much

Unto an enemy of Craft and Vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd: and those few I have,
Almost no better then so many French;

Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,
I thought, upon one payre of English Legges
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgive me God,
That I do bragge thus; this your ayre of France

Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent:
Goe therefore tell thy Master, here I am;
My Ransome, is this frayle and worthlesse Trunke;
My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard:

Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour Mountjoy.
Goe bid thy Master well advise himselfe.

If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred,
We shall your tawnie ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so Mountjoy, fare you well.
The summe of all our Answer is but this:

We would not seeke a Battaille as we are,
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliver so: Thankes to your High

Glouce. I hope they will not come upon vs now.
King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs:

To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away.

Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleance, Gebon.

Const. Tut I haue the best armour in the world.

Orleance. You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horse haue his due.

Burton. Now you talke of a horse, / I haue a steed like the
Palfrey of the sun, / nothing but pure ayre and fire, /
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

Orleance. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.
Bur. And of the heate, a the Ginger.

[See lines 5-6 above.]
King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs:
March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
Beyond the Rier we're encampe our felues,
And on to morrow bid them march away.     Exeunt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs,
Orleance, Dolphin, with others.

Conf. Tut, I haue the best Armour of the World:
would it were day.

Orleance. You have an excellent Armour: but let my
Horfe haue his due.

Conf. It is the best Horfe of Europe.

Orleance. Will it neuer be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Con-
stable, you talke of Horfe and Armour?

Orleance. You are as well prouided of both, as any
Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change
my Horfe with any that treads but on foure postures:
ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were
hayres: le Cheual volante, the Pegasus, ches les narines de
feu. When I beefryde him, I soare, I am a Hawke: he trots
the ayre: the Earth fings, when he touches it: the bafeft
horne of his hoofe, is more Muscall then the Pipe of
Hermes.

Orleance. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast
for Perseus: hee is pure Ayre and Fire: and the dull Ele-
ments of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but only
in patient fitilneffe while his Rider mounts him: hee
is indeede a Horfe, and all other Iades you may call
Beafts.
Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues,
And my horse is argument for them all:

I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,
And began thus. Wonder of nature.

Con. I have heard a Sonnet begin so,
In the praise of ones Mistrel.

Burk. Why then did they imitate / that
Which I writ in praise of my horse, /
For my horse is my mistrelle.

Con. Ma for the other day, me thought
Your mistrelle theoke you threedly.
Conf. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orleance. No more Cousin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie deuered prayse on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horfe is argument for them all: 'tis a subieft for a Soueraigne to reason on, and for a Soueraignes Soueraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once wrot a Sonnet in his prayse, and began thus, Wonder of Nature.

Orleance. I have heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mi-
fresse.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courser, for my Horfe is my Miftresse.

Orleance. Your Miftresse beares well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the precept of prayse and per-
fection of a good and particular Miftresse.

Conf. Nay, for me thought yeefday your Miftresse threwdly shooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Conf. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Horse off, and in your strait Stroffer.

Conf. You have good judgement in Horseman-
ship.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride so, and
Bar. I hearing me. I tell thee Lord Constable.
My mistresse weares her owne haire.

Con. I could make as good a boond of that,
If I had had a bowe to my mistresse.

Bar. Tut thou wilt make vitie of anything.

Con. Yet do I not vitie my bowe for my mistresse.

Bar. Will it never be morning?
Noe troo norrow a mile,
And my way thasse passed with English faces.

Con. So my oath it will not I,
For shere I be excused of my way.

[For s. lines 22-23, see Q. lines 24-25.]
ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather haue my Horfe to my Mistref[e].

Conff. I had as liue haue my Mistref[e] a Iade.

Dolph. I tell thee Confable, my Mistref[e] weares his owne hayre.

Conff. I could make as true a boas[t as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistref[e].

Dolph. Le chien eit retourne a fon propre vemissement eit la leuye laue au bourkier: thou mak'it vse of any thing.

Conff. Yet doe I not vse my Horfe for my Mistref[e], or any such Proverbe, so little kin to the purpose.

Ramk. My Lord Confable, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to night, are those Starres or Sunnes vpon it?

Conff. Starres my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Conff. And yet my Sky shall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many superfluously, and 'twere more honor some were away.

Conff. Eu'n as your Horfe beares your prayses, who would trot as well, were some of your bragges dismoun-
ted.

Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his des-

t. Will it never be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way shall be paued with English Faces.

Conff. I will not say so, for feare I should be fact out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the eares of the English.

Ramk. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie Prisoners?

Conff. You must first goe your selfe to hazard, ere you haue them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my selfe. Exit.

Orleance. The Dolphin longs for morning.
Or. I he longs to eate the English.

Con. I thinke heele eate all he kille.

Orde. O peace, ill will neuer fail well.

Con. He cap that prowerbe,

With there is flattery in friendship.

Or. O sir, I can answere that,

With gie the diuel his due.

Con. Hauce at the eye of that prowerbe,

With a logge of the diuel.

Or. Well the Duke of Burbon, is simply,
The most actiue Gentleman of France.

Con. Doing his actiuitie, and heele still be doing.

Or. He neuer did hurt as I heard off.

Con. No I warrant you, nor neuer will.

Or. I hold him to be exceeding valiant.

Con. I was told so by one that knows him better thē you.

Or. Whoē that?

Con. Why he told me so himselfe:

And said he cared not who knew it.

Or. Well who will go with me to hazard, [fol. II. 86]

For a hundred English prisoners?

Con. You must go to hazard your selfe,

Before you have them.

[For fol. 120-1, see Qto 49-1.]
Ramb. He longs to eate the English.
Confl. I thinke he will eate all he kills.
Orlance. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gallant Prince.

96 Confl. Sweare by her Foot, that she may tread out the Oath.
Orlance. He is simpilly the most actiue Gentleman of France.

100 Confl. Doing is actuittie, and he will still be doing.
Orlance. He neuer did harme, that I heard of.
Confl. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will kepe that good name still.

104 Orlance. I know him to be valiant.
Confl. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.
Orlance. What's hee?

108 Confl. Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee car'd not who knew it.
Orlance. Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in him.

112 Const. By my faith Sir, but it is: neuer any body saw it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will bate.
Orlance. Ill will neuer sayd well.

116 Confl. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie in friendship.
Orlance. And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill his due.

120 Confl. Well plac't: there stands your friend for the Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A Fox of the Deuill.
Orlance. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much a Fooles Bolt is soone shot.
Enter a Messenger.

Meff. My Lords, the English lye within a hundred
Paces of your Tent.
Con. Who hath measured the ground?
Meff. The Lord Granperre.
Con. A valiant man, a. an expert Gentleman.
Come, come away: The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. Exit omnes.

[62. D.]
ACT III. SC. 7.] The Life of Henry the Fifth. Folio 1623.

Const. You have shot over.

Orleance. 'Tis not the first time you were ouer-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. My Lord high Constable, the English lie within
fifteen hundred paces of your Tents.

Const. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Meff. The Lord Grandpree.

Const. A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would it were day? Alas poor Harry of England: hee longs not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

Orleance. What a wretched and pewiif fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so farre out of his knowledge.

Const. If the English had any apprehension, they would runne away.

Orleance. That they lack: for if their heads had any intellecual Armour, they could never weare such beauie Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breedes very valiant Creatures; their Mastiffes are of unmatchable courage.

Orleance. Foolish Curres, that runne winking into the mouth of a Russian Bear, and haue their heads cruft like rotten Apples: you may as well say, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eate his breakefast on the Lippe of a Lyon.

Const. lust, lust: and the men doe sympathize with the Mastiffes, in roublousious and rough comming on, leaving their Wits with their Wius: and then give them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deuils.

Orleance. I,
ACT III. SC. 7.  The Life of Henry the Fift.  Folio 1623.

Orleance. I, but these English are shrowdly out of Beef.

Const. Then shall we finde to morrow, they have only stomaches to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to arme: come, shall we about it?

Orleance. It is now two a Clock: but let me see, by ten Wee shall haue each a hundred English men.  Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.

Now entertaine coniecutre of a time,
When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Vesfall of the Vnuierfe.

From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night
The Hamme of eyther Army filly founds;
That the first Centinels almoft receive
The secret Whispers of each others Watch.

Fire anwers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battaile sees the others vmbra’d face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boatfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the Tents,

The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,

With bufe Hammers closing Riuets vp,
Giue dreadfull note of preparation.
The Countrie Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:

And the third howre of drowsie Morning nam’d,
Proud of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,
The confident and ouer-lustie French,
Doe the low-rated English play at Dice;
And chide the creeply-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
So tediously away. The poore condemned English,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires

Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The Mornings danger: and their gesture fad,
Inueting lanke-leane Cheekes, and warre-worne Coats,
Presented them vnto the gazing Moone

So many horride Ghosts. O now, who will behold
The Royall Captain of this ruin'd Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
Let him cry, Praye and Glory on his head:

For forth he goes, and vists all his Hoast,
Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.
Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,

How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour
Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night:
But frehly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,

With chearefull semblance, and sweet Maieftie:
That euery Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
A Largeffe vnuerfall, like the Sunne,

His liberall Eye doth glie to euery one,
Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
Behold, as may vnworthineffe define.
A little touch of Harry in the Night,

And so our Scene must to the Battaille flye:
Where, O for pity, we shall much disgrace,
With foure or fiew moft vile and ragged Foyles,
(Right ill dispos'd, in brawle ridiculous)
The Name of Agincourt: Yet fit and fee,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.

Exit.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.
God morrow Brother Bedford: God Almighty,
There is some soule of goodnesse in things euill,
Would men obseruingly distill it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early stirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward Consciencs,
And Preachers to vs all; admonishing,
That we should dresse vs fairely for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Diuell himselfe.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churlish turfe of France.

Erping. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to loue their present paines,
Upon example, so the Spirit is eafed:

And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breake vp their drowse Graue, and newly move
With cafted slough, and freth legeritie.

Lend me thy Cloake Sir Thomas: Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe;
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
Enter the King disguised, to him Piffall.

Pist. Ke ve la?
King. A friend.

Piff. Dificus ynto me, art thou Gentleman?

Or art thou common, base, and popeler?

King. No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trailes thou the puissant pike?
King. Euen so sir. What are you?

Piff. As good a gentleman as the Emperour.

King. O then thou art better then the King?

Piff. The kings a bago, and a hart of gold.

Piff. A lad of life, an impe of fame:

Of parents good, of siit moft valiant:
I kis his durtie thoe: and from my hart stringes
I loue the lonely bully. What is thy name?

King. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy, a Cornish man:

Art thou of Cornish crew?

King. No sir, I am a Welshman.

Piff. A Welshman: knowest thou Fowellen?

King. I sir, he is my kineman.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>121</td>
<td><strong>ACT IV. SC. 1.</strong> The Life of Henry the Fifth. Folio 1623.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Define them all to my Pauillion.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Glosfer. We shall, my Liege.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>King. No, my good Knight:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>I and my Bosome must debate a while,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>And then I would no other company.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speak'ft chearefully. Enter Pijfloll.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Pijfl. Che vous la?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>King. A friend.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Pijfl. Dicussé vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou base, common, and popular?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Pijfl. Trayl'ft thou the puissant Pyke?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>King. Euen so: what are you?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>Pijfl. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>King. Then you are a better then the King.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Pijfl. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fift moft valiant: I kisfe his durtie shoe, and from heart-firing I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td>King. Harry le Roy.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Pijfl. Le Roy? a Cornith Name: art thou of Cornith Crew?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>King. No, I am a Welchman.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>Pijfl. Know'ft thou Fluellen?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>King. Yes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Pijfl. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon S. Dauiies day.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe that day, leaft he knock that abouts yours.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>i 2 Pist. Art</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Pifi. Art thou his friend?
Kin. I sir.
Pifi. Figa for thee then: my name is Pifioll.
Kin. It forts well with your fierceness.
Pifi. Pifioll is my name.

Exit Pifioll.

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gour. Captaine Flewellen.

Flew. In the name of Iefu speake lewer.
It is the greatest folly in the worrell, when the auncient
Prerogatives of the warres be not kept.
I warrant you, if you looke into the warres of the Romanes,
You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bible bable there:
But you shall finde the cares, and the feares,
And the ceremonies, to be otherwife.

Gour. Why the enemy is loud: you heard him all night.

Flew. Godes follud, if the enemy be an Asse & a Foose,
And a prating cocks-come, is it meet that we be also / a foose.
And a prating cocks-come, / in your confidence now? /

Gour. Ille speake lower.

Flew. I beseech you do, good Captaine Gower.

Exit Gower, and Flewellen.

Kin. Tho it appeare a litle out of fashion,
Yet theres much care in this.

Enter three Souoldiers.
Pist. Art thou his friend?
King. And his kinsman too.
60
Pist. The Figo for thee then.
King. I thank you: God be with you.
Pist. My name is Pifstol call’d. Exit.
King. It forst well with your fierceness.

Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captaine Fluellen.

Flu. 'So, in the Name of Iesu Christ, speake fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the universeall World, when the true and aunchient Prerogatives and Lawes of the

Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of Pompey the Great, you shall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble bable in Pompeyes Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, and the Modeftie of it, to be otherwise.

Gower. Why the Enemye is lowd, you heare him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemye is an Asse and a Foose, and a pra
ting Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee shoul
also, looke you, be an Asse and a Foose, and a prating Cox
come, in your owne conscience now?

Gow. I will speake lower.

Flu. I pray you, and befeech you, that you will. Exit.

King. Though it appeare a little out of fashion,

There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter three Souldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th><strong>The Chronicle Historie of Henry the fift. Quarto 1600.</strong></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td><em>Soul.</em> Is not that the morning yonder?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td><em>Soul.</em> I we see the beginning.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td><em>Soul.</em> Well I thinke the king could with himselfe</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>And so I would he were, at all adventures, and I with him.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Kin.</em> Now matter god morrow, what cheare?</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>*S. I faith small cheer some of vs is like to hane,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ere this day ende.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Kin.</em> Why fear nothing man, the king is frolike.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>*S. I be may be, for he hath no such cause as we</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Kin.</em> Nay say not so, he is a man as we are.</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>The Violet fnels to him as to vs:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Therefore if he see reaons, he feares as we do.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the Morning which breakes yonder?

Bates. I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cause to desiere the approach of day.

Williams. Wee see yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A Friend.

Williams. Vnder what Captaine serue you?

King. Vnder Sir John Erpingham.

Williams. A good old Commander, and a most kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinkest he of our estate?

King. Euen as men wrackt upon a Sand, that looke to be wash'd off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

King. No: nor it is not meet he shoulde: for though I speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element shewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences haue but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakednesse he appeares but a man; and though his affecti ons are higher mounted then ours, yet when they stoupe, they stoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he sees reaon of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet in reaon, no man should pollicifie him with any appearance of feare; leaft hee, by shewinge it, shoulde dis-hearten his Army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will: but I beleue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could with himselfe in Thames vp to the Neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will speake my confience of the
2. *Sal.* But the king hath a heavy reckoning to make,
If his cause be not good: when all those soules
Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here,
Shall be re-united at the latter day,
And they dyed at such a place. Some swearing:
Some their wives rawly left:
Some loosing their children poore behind them.

[62. D 4]

Now if his cause be bad, I think it will be a greenous matter
(to him.)

[Fol. 144-5. see Quarto 69. 70. 71.]

Ae. Why do you say, if a man send his servant
As I have done, my Lord Country,
And he by any means return.
King: I thinke hee would not with himselfe any where, but where hee is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so shoulde he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poore mens liues saued.

King. I dare say, you loue him not so ill, to with him here alone: howsoever you speake this to feele other mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where so contented, as in the Kings company; his Cause being iuft, and his Quarrell honorable.

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then wee shoulde seeke after; for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subiects: if his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Cryme of it out of vs.

Williams. But if the Cause be not good, the King himself hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all those Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Bataille, shall ioyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at such a place, some fwoering, some crying for a Surgeon; some vpon their Wives, left poore behind them; some vpon their Debits they owed, some vpon their Children rawly left: I am afear'd, there are few dye well, that dye in a Bataille: for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if these men doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; who to difobey, were against all proportion of subiection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about Merchandise, doe sinfully miscarry vpon the Sea; the imputation of his wickednesse, by your rule, shoulde be imposed vpon his Father that sent him: or if a Servant, under his Masters command, transporting a summe of Money, be aflagled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd
You may lay the buñettes of the maifter,  
Was the author of his ferraunts misfortune.  
Or if a fonne be imploied by his father,  
And he fall into any leaued action, you may fay the father  
Was the author of his fonne damnation.  
But the maifter is not to anfwere for his ferraunts,  
The father for his fonne, nor the king for his fubieets:  
For they purpoe not their deaths, / whè they craue their fer-  
Some there are that haue the gift / of premeditated (nices: /  
Murder on them: /  
Others the broken fcale of Forgery, in beguiling maydens.

Now it thefe outflirp the lawe,

Yet they cannot ecape Gods punifhment.  
War is Gods Beadel. War is Gods vengeance:

Evry mans service is the kings:  
But evry mans foule is his owne.  
Therfore I would haue every fouldier examine himfelfe,  
And waft evry mouth out of his confcienece:  
That in fo doing, he may be the reafier for death:  
Or not dying, why the time was well fpent,  
Wherein fuch preparation was made.
[p. 84]
[Col. 2]

Iniquities; you may call the buineesse of the Master the author of the Seruants damnation: but this is not so:

The King is not bound to answere the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master of his Seruant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their seruices. Besides, there is no King, be his Cause neuer so spotleffe, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can trye it out with all vnspotted Souldiers: some (peraduenture) haue on them the guilt of premeditated and continu'd Murther; some, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seales of Periurie; some, making the Warres their Bulwarke, that haue before gored the gentle Bofome of Peace with Pillage and Robbie.

Now, if these men haue defeated the Law, and outrunne Nature punishment; though they can out-strip men, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: so that here men are punisht, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they haue borne life away; and where they would bee safe, they perih. Then if they dye vnprouided, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are now visited. Everie Sibiecs Dutie is the Kings, but everie Sibiecs Soule is his owne. Therefore shoulel every Souldier in the Warres doe as everie sicke man in his Bed, wath every Moth out of his Conscience: and dying so, Death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not finne to thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him outliue that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis
3. Lord. Y'faith he saies true:
Every mans fault on his owne head,
I would not haue the king answere for me.
Yet I intend to fight lustily for him.

**King.** Well, I heard the king, he wold not be ransomde.

2. **L.** I he fayd fo, to make vs fight:
But when our throates be cut, he may be ransomde,
And we neuer the wifer.

**King.** If I line to fee that, Ile neuer trufl his word againe.

[96. D. 4. v.]

2. **Sol.** Mas youle pay him then, / tis a great displeasure
That an elder / gun, can do against a cannon, /
Or a subiect against a monarke.

Youle nere take his word again, your a naife goe.

**King.** Your reprooue is somewhat too bitter:
Were it not at this time I could be angry.

2. **Sol.** Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.

**King.** How shal I know thee?

2. **Sol.** Here is my gloue, which if euer I see in thy hat,
Ile challenge thee, and strike thee.

**Kin.** Here is likewise another of mine,

And affure thee ile weare it.
Will. 'Tis certaine, euery man that dyes ill, the ill vpon his owne head, the King is not to anfwer it.

Bates. I doe not defire hee should anfwer for me, and yet I determine to fight luftily for him.

King. I my felfe heard the King fay he would not be ranfom'd.

Will. I, hee faid fo, to make vs fight chearfully: but when our throats are cut, hee may be ranfom'd, and wee ne're the wifer.

King. If I liue to fee it, I will neuer truft his word af-ter.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous fhot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate difpleafure can doe againft a Monarch: you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather: You'le neuer truft his word after; come, 'tis a foolifh faying.

King. Your reprofe is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were conuenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell betweene vs, if you liue.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How fhall I know thee againe?

King. Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet: Then if euer thou dar'ft acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Heere's my Gloue: Giue mee another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I also weare in my Cap: if euer thou come to me, and fay, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

King. If euer I liue to fee it, I will challenge it.
2. Sol. Thou dar’t it as well be hang’d.

3. Sol. Be friends you fooles,
We have French quarrels anon in hand:
We have no need of English broyles.

Kin. ’Tis no treason to cut French crownes,
For to morrow the king himselfe wil be a clipper.

_Exit the fouldiers._
Will. Thou darst as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings companie.

Will. Keepe thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends you English fooles, be friends, we have French Quarrels now, if you could tell how to reckon.

Exit Soldiery.

King. Indeede the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them on their shoulders: but it is no English Treaon to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himselfe will be a Clipper.

Upon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules, Our Debts, our carefull Wives, Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King: We must beare all.

O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse, Subject to the breath of euery foole, whose fench and No more can feele, but his owne wringing.

What infinite hearts-eafe must Kings negleft,

That priuate men enjoy?

And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too,

Sawe Ceremonie, faue generall Ceremonie?

And what art thou, thou Idol Ceremonie?

What kind of God art thou? that suffer'st more

Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.

What are thy Rents? what are thy Connings in?

O Ceremonie, frowe me but thy worth.

What? is thy Soule of Odoration?

Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme,

Creating awe and feare in other men?

Wherein thou art leefe happy, being fear'd,

Then they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, in stead of Homage sweet,
But poyson'd flatterie? O, be sick, great Greatnessse,
And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure.

Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out
With Titles blowne from Adulation?
Will it giue place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud Dreame,
That play'st so lubbilly with a Kings Repose.
I am a King that find thee: and I know,
'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,
The Sword, the Mafe, the Crowne Imperiall,
The enter-tisued Robe of Gold and Pearle,
The faried Title running 'fore the King,
The Throne he sits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,
That beats upon the high shore of this World:
No, not all thefe, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie;
Not all thefe, lay'd in Bed Maiefticall,
Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slaue:
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cram'd with diffreste/full bread,
Neuer sees horrid Night, the Child of Hell:
But like a Lacquey, from the Rife to Set,
Sweates in the eye of Phæbus; and all Night
Sleepes in Elizium: next day after dawne,
Doth rife and helpe Hiperic to his Horfe,
And followes fo the euer-running yeere

With profitable labour to his Graue:
And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,
Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with sleepe,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.
The Slaue, a Member of the Countreyes peace,
Enioyes it; but in grosse braine little wots,
Enter the King, Glycer, Epingam, and Attendants.

A. O God of battels fleche my sowldiers harts,
Take from them now the fene of rekeoning,
That the appoied multitudes which stand before them,
May not appall their courage.
O not to day, not to day ã God,
Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compaulling the crowne.
I richards bodie have interred new,
And on it hath bellowd more contrite teares,
Then from it influed forced drops of blood:
A hundred men have I in yearly pay,
Which every day their withered hands hold vp
To heaven to pardon blood,
And I have built two chanceries,
more wil I do:
Tho all that I can do, is all too little.

Enter Gloster.

Gloster. My Lord.
King. My brother Gloster voyce.
Gloster. My Lord, the Army playes upon your presence.
King. Stay Gloster play, and I will go with thee,
The day my friends, and all things playes for me.
What watch the King keepe, to maintaine the peace;
Whose howres, the Peasant bell avantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles jealous of your absence,
Seeke through your Campe to find you.
King. Good old Knight, collect them all together
At my Tent: He be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my Lord. Exit.
King. O God of Battalles, steale my Souldiers hearts,
Poffeze them not with feare: Take from them now
The fence of reckning of th'opposed numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, thynke not upon the fault
My Father made, in compassing the Crowne.
I Richards body haue inerred new,
And on it haue beftowed more contrite teares,
Then from it illued forced drops of blood.
Fiee hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp
Toward Heauen, to pardon blood:
And I haue built two Chauntrellies,
Where the sad and solemne Priests sing still
For Richards Soule. More will I doe:

Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother Gloucesters voyce? I:
I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:
The day, my friend, and all things stay for me.

Exeunt.
Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Ramburs, and Beaumont.

Orleance. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.

Dolph. Monte Cheual: My Horfe, Verlot Lacquay:

Ha.

Orleance. Oh braue Spirit.

Dolph. Vra les eues & terre.

Orleance. Rien puis le air & feu.

Dolph. Cein, Cousin Orleance. Enter Conftable.

Now my Lord Conftable?

Confl. Hearke how our Steedes, for present Seruice neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And doubt them with superfluous courage: ha.

Ram. What, wil you haue them weep our Horfes blood?
How shall we then behold their naturall teares?

Enter Mesfenger.

Mesfeng. The English are embattail'd, you French Peere.

Confl. To Horfe you gallant Princes, straight to Horfe.

Doe but behold yond poore and starued Band,
And your faire shew shall suck away their Soules,
Leauing them but the hailes and huskes of men.
There is not worke enough for all our hands,

Scarce blood enough in all their sickly Veines,
To giue each naked Curtleax a flayne,
That our French Gallants shall to day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on them,

The vapour of our Valour will o're-turne them.

'Tis posiue against all exceptions, Lords,
That our superfluous Lacques, and our Pefants,
Who in vnneceffarie action swarme
About our Squares of Battail, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding Poe;
Though we vpon this Mountaines Basis by,
Tooke stand for idle speculation:
But that our Honours muft not. What's to lay?
A very little little let vs doe,
And all is done: then let the Trumpets found
The Tucket Sonance, and the Note to mount:
For our approach shall fo much dare the field,
That England shall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Granndpree.

Grandepee. Why do you lay fo long, my Lords of France?
Yond Iland Carrians, desperat of their bones,
Ill-fauoredly become the Morning field:
Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let loose,
And our Ayre shakes them passing scornfully.
Bigge Mars feemes banqu'rount in their begger'd Hoaft,
And faintly through a ruftie Beuer peepes.
The Horfemen fit like fixed Candlesticks,
With Torch-flaues in their hand: and their poore Iades
Lob downe their heads, drooping the hides and hips:
The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt
Lyce foule with chaw'd-grasse, still and motionleffe.
And their executors, the knauith Crowes,
Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre.
Description cannot fute it felfe in words,
To demonftrate the Life of fuch a Battaille,
In life fo liueleffe, as it thewes it felfe.

Conf. They have laid their prayers,
And they flay for death.

Dolph. Shall we goe fende them Dinners, and frefh Sutes,
Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, and Salisbury.

War. My Lords the French are very strong.
Exit. There is nine to one, and yet they all are fresh.
War. Of fighting men they have full forty thousand.
Sal. The odds is all too great.

Farewell kind Lords:

Brave Clarence, and my Lord of Gloster,
My Lord of Warwick, and to all farewell.
Clar. Farewell kind Lord, fight valiantly to day,
And yet in truth, I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the true sparkes of honour.

Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thousand men
Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England.

King. Who's that, that wishes so, my cousin Warwick?
And give their setting Horatius Prounder,  
And after fight with them?  

Conf. I stay but for my Guard: on  
To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,  
And v/e it for my haste. Come, come away,  
The Sunne is high, and we out-ware the day.  

Exeunt.

Enter Gloucefer, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham  
with all his Hoafl : Salisbury, and  
Wulfmerland.

Glouc. Where is the King?  
Bedf. The King himselfe is rode to view their Battail.

Wulf. Of fighting men they haue full threescore thousand.  

Exc. There's five to one, besides they all are fresh.  
Salisb. Gods Arme strike with vs, 'tis a fearefull oddes.  

God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge:  
If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen;  

Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,  
My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,  
And my kind Kinifanu, Warriors all, adieu.  

Bedf. Farewell good Salisbury, & good luck go with thee:  

And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,  
For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.  

Exc. Farewell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.  

Bedf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse,  

Princely in both.

Enter the King.

Wulf. O that we now had here  
But one thouand of those men in England,  
That doe no worke to day.  

King. What's he that withes so?
Gods will, I would not lose the honour
One man would shane from me, || Not for my Kingdom.
No faith my Cousin, with not one man more,
Rather proclaim it presently through our campe,
That he that burn no flamacke to this feast,
Let him depart, his part shall bee drawne,
And crowne for comon put into his purse,
We would not die in that mans company,
That feares his fellowship to die with vs.
This day is called the day of Crypin,
He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
Shall stand a tiptoe when this day is named,
And rowse him at the name of Crypin.
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Shall yearcly on the veggill feast his friends,
And say, to morrow is S. Crypines day:
Then shall we in their flowing bowles
Be newly remembred. 
*Hurry the King,
Bedford and Exeter, Clarence and Gloster,
Warwick and Yorke.*
Familiar in their mouthes as houshold words.
My Cousin Westmerland. No, my faire Cousin:
If we are markt to dye, we are enow
To doe our Countrey losse: and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
Gods will, I pray thee with not one man more.
By love, I am not couetous for Gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost:
It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
But if it be a finne to couet Honor,
I am the most offending Soule alive.

No 'faith, my Couze, with not a man from England:
Gods peace, I would not loose so great an Honor,
As one man more me thinkes would share from me,
For the best hope I haue. O, doe not with one more:
Rather proclaime it (Westmerland) through my Heart,
That he which hath no stomack to this fight,
Let him depart, his Pasport shall be made,
And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purse:
We would not dye in that mans companie,
That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs.
This day is call'd the Feast of Cristian:
He that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rowse him at the Name of Cristian.
He that shall see this day, and live old age,
Will yeerely on the Vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, to morrow is Saint Cristian.
Then will he strip his fleue, and fiew his skarres:
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot:
But hee'le remember, with advantages,
What feasts he did that day. Then shall our Names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
This story shall the good man tell his sonne,
And from this day, into the generall doome:
But we in it shall be remembered.
We fewe, we happie fewe, we bond of brothers,
For he to day that sheeds his blood by mine,
Shalbe my brother: be he nere so base,
This day shall gentle his condition.
Then shall he strip his sheues, and shew his skars
And say, these wounds I had on Crispines day:
And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
Shall thinke themselves accrue,
And hold their manhood cheape,
While any speake / that fought with vs
Upon Saint Crispines day. /

Glost. My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.

Kin. Why all things are ready, if our minds be so.

War. Perieth the man whose mind is backward now.

King. Thou dost not with more help fro England confen?

War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battle out.

Why well said. That doth please me better,
Then to with me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

Enter the Herald from the French.

Herald. Once more I come to know of thee king Henry,
What thou wilt give for raumome?
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing Cups fresily remembred.
This story shall the good man teach his fonne:
And Cripine Cripian shall ne’re goe by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it shall be remembred;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne’re so vile,
This day shall gentle his Condition.
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
Shall thinke themsclues accurrft they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speakes,
That fought with vs upon Saint Cripines day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed:
The French are branely in their battailes fet,
And will with all expedience charge on vs.

King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

Wes. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.

King. Thou do’t not with more helpe from England,

Couze?

Wes. Gods will, my Liege, woulde you and I alone,
Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile.

King. Why now thou haft vnwiht fute thoufand men:
Which likes me better, then to wiht vs one.
You know your places: God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King Harry,
If for thy Ranfome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy moft assured Ouerthrow:
King. Who hast sent thee now?

Her. The Constable of France.

King. I protest I bear my former answer back:
Bid them attend me, and then fell my bones.
Good God, why should they mock good fellows
The man that once did fell the Lion's skin, (thus?)
While the beast lived, was kild with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt

Find graues within your realm of France:

Tho buried in your dunghills, we shalbe famed,
For there the Sun shall greete them,
And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clyme:
The finel wherof, shall breed a plague in France:
Marke then abundant valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullets crazing,
Breakes forth into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relaps of mortaltie:
Let me speake proudly,

There's not a piece of feather in our camp,
Good argument I hope we shal not flye:
ACT IV. SC. 3.]  The Life of Henry the Fifth.  Folio 1623.  149

| [p. 87] [col. 1] | For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe, |
|                 | Thou needs must be englutted.  Befides, in mercy |
|                 | The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind |
|                 | Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules |
|                 | May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre |
| 84             | From off these fields: where(wretches)their poore bodies |
|                | Must lye and felter. |
|                |  
|                |  
|                |  
| 88             | King.  Who hath sent thee now? |
|                | Mont.  The Constable of France. |
| 92             | King.  I pray thee beare my former Answer back: |
|                | Bid them atchieue me, and then fell my bones. |
|                | Good God, why should they mock poore fellowes thus? |
|                | The man that once did fell the Lyons skin |
| 96             | While the beast liu’d, was kill’d with hunting him. |
| 100            | A many of our bodyes shall no doubt |
|                | Find Natiue Graues: vpon the which, I truft |
|                | Shall witnesse lye in Braffe of this dayes worke. |
| 104            | And those that leave their valiant bones in France, |
|                | Dying like men, though buryed in your Dunghills, |
|                | They shall be fam’d: for there the Sun shall greet them, |
|                | And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen, |
|                | Leauing their earthly parts to choake your Clyme, |
|                | The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France. |
|                | Marke then abounding valour in our English: |
| 108            | That being dead, like to the bullets crasing, |
|                | Breake out into a second course of mischief, |
|                | Killing in relapse of Mortalitie. |
|                | Let me speake proudly: Tell the Constable, |
|                | We are but Warriors for the working day: |
| 112            | Our Gayness and our Gilt are all be Smyrcht |
|                | With raynie Marching in the painefull field. |
|                | There’s not a piece of feather in our Hoast: |
|                | Good argument(I hope)we will not flye: |

---
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>82.</td>
<td>And time hath worn vs into fiouendry.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>83.</td>
<td>But by the vs, our hearts are in the trim.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>84.</td>
<td>And my poore foulandiers tel me, yet ere night.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>85.</td>
<td>Thayle be in frether robess, or they will plucke.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>86.</td>
<td>The gay new cloathes ore your French foulandiers eares,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>87.</td>
<td>And turne them out of seruice. If they do this,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>88.</td>
<td>As if it pleaseth God they shall,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>89.</td>
<td>Then shall our ransome soone be leuied.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90.</td>
<td>89. E 2. v.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>91.</td>
<td>Saue thou thy labour Haurald:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>92.</td>
<td>Come thou no more for ransome, gentle Haurald.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>93.</td>
<td>They shall haue nought I sweare, but thefe my bones:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>94.</td>
<td>Which if they haue, as I wil leuue am them,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>95.</td>
<td>Will yeeld them litte, tell the Constable.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>96.</td>
<td>Her. I shall deliuer so.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Exit Haurald.

Yorke. My gracious Lord, vpon my knee I craue, The leading of the vaward.

Kiu. Take it braue Yorke. / Come foullandiers lets away: / And as thou pleasest God, dispose the day. Exit.

[In the Q, the following scene is preceded by next, "Enter the foure French Lords.", and begins page E. 3 v.]

Enter Pijfoll, the French man, and the Boy.
Pijf. Eyld cur, eyld cur.
And time hath worn us into slovenrie.
But by the Maffe, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'll be in frether Robes, or they will pluck

The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
And turne them out of service. If they doe this,
As if God pleafe, they shall; my Ranfome then
Will soone be leuyed.

Herauld, saue thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for Ranfome, gentle Herauld,
They shall haue none, I sware, but these my ioynts:
Which if they haue, as I will leue them,
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Conftable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt heare Herauld any more. Exit.
King. I fuee thou wilt once more come againe for a
Ranfome.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Waward.
King. Take it, braue Yorke.
Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day. Exeunt.

Alarum. Excursions.

Enter Pijfl, French Souldier, Boy.
Pijfl. Yeeld Cure.
French. Je pense que vous etes le Gentilhomme de ton qua-
lite.
Pijfl. Qualitie calmie cuture me. Art thou a Gentle-
man? What is thy Name? difcuffe.
French. O Seigneur Dieu.
Pijfl. O Signeur Dewe should be a Gentleman: per-
French. O Monfire, ie vous en pree aus petite de moy.

Pijl. Moy thall not serue. I will haue fortie moys.

Boy aske him his name.

Boy. Comant ettes vous apelles?

French. Monfier Fer.

Boy. He faius his name is Master Fer.

Pijl. Le Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him:

Boy discus the fame in French.

Boy. Sir I do not know, what French

For fer, ferit and fearkt.

Pijl. Bid him prepare, for I wil cut his throate.

Boy. Feate, vou preat, ill voules coupele votre gage.

Pist. Ony e ma fuy Coupele la gorge.

Vnleffe thou glue to me egregious raunsome, dye.

One poyn of a foxe.

French. Qui dit ill monfier.

Ill ditye fi vou ny vouly pa domy luy.

Boy. La gran raunsome, ill vou tueres.

French. O Iee vou en pri petit gentelhome, parle

A cee, gran capataine, pour auez mercie

A moy, ey Iee doneerees pour mon raunsome

Cinquante ocios. Ie fuyes vngentelhome de France.

Pist. What fayes he boy?
ACT IV. SC. 4.]  The Life of Henry the Fift. Folio 1623.

pend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou doe give to me egregious Ranfome.

    French. O prennes misericordie aye piz de moy.
12  Pijf. Moy shall not sere, I will haue forte Moyes: for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in dropses of Crimson blood.

    French. Est il impossible d'eschapper le force de ton bras.
16  Pijf. Braffe, Curre? thou damned and luxurious Mountaine Goat, offer't me Braffe?

    French. O perdonne moy.

20  Pijf. Say'th thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes?
Come hither boy, ask me this flawe in French what is his Name.

    Boy. Ecoute comment esles vous appelle?
24  French. Mounfieur le Fer.

    Boy. He sayes his Name is M. Fer.


    Boy. I doe not know the French fer, and ferret, and firke.

36  Pijf. Bid him prepare,for I will cut his throat.

    French. Que dit il Mounfieur?

38  Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous prefl, car ce foldat icy est dispofee tout aflure de couppes vostre gorge.

    Pijf. Ow, cuppele gorge permafay pefant, vnlesse thou give me Crownes, braue Crownes; or mangled shalt thou be by this my Sword.

    French. O le vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu: ma par- donner, Je suis le Gentilhome de bon maison, garde ma vie, & Je vous donneray deux cent ecus.

40  Pijf. What are his words?

    Boy. He
Boy. Marry sir he sayes, he is a Gentleman of a great
House, of France: and for his ransom,
He will give you 500. crownes.

Pist. My fury shall abate,
And I the Crownes will take.

And as I suck blood, I will some mercie shew.
Follow me cur.

Exit omnes.

[In Qq. the following scene precedes the last above.]

Enter the foure French Lords.

[IV. 5]
ACT IV. SC. 4.]  The Life of Henry the Fift.  Folio 1623.  .  155

Boy. He prays you to sue his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred Crownes.

Pil. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes will take.

Fren. Petit Monseur que dit il?

Boy. Encore qu'il et contra fon lurement, de par donner aucune prisonner: neant-mons pour les esces que vous layt a promets, il est content a vous donnes leliberte le franchissement.

Fre. Sur mes genoux fe vous donnes milles remercious, et je me efime heureux que le intombe, entre les main. d'un Chevalier, je peffe le plus braue valiant et tres dijlinie signeur d'Angleterre.

Pil. Expound vnto me boy.

Boy. He gives you vpon his knees a thousand thanks, and he esteemes himselfe happy, that he hath faile into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most braue, valorous and thrice-worthy signeur of England.

Pil. As I sucke blood, I will some mercy shew. Follow mee.

Boy. Saaue vous le grant Capitaine?

I did neuer know fo full a voyce iffue from fo emptie a heart: but the sayeng is true, The empty vessell makes the greatest sound, Bardolfe and Nym had tenne times more valour, then this roaring diuell i'th olde play, that evere one may payre his nayles with a woodden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if hee durft feale any thing aduenturously. I must stay with the Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes.

Exit.

Enter Constable, Orlance, Burbon, Dolphin, and Ramburs.


1.56  The Chronicle Historie of Henry the fift.  Quarto 1600.  [ACT IV. SC. 5.

... King with his ... and ... King.  his Nobles, and 3.

2.  als not done, the  French keepes still 3.

Con.  We are inough yet living in the field,
To ftother vp the English,
If any order might be thought vpon.

Hur.  A plague of order, once more to the field,
And he that will not follow Huron now,
Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base lento hold the chamber doore,
Why leat by a flame no gentler then my dog,
His fairest daughter is contamaracke.

Con.  Disorder that hath ipeyld vs, right vs now,
Come we in heapes, weele offer vp our luyes
Unto thes English, or else die with fame.

Come, come along,

Lets dye with honour, our shame doth last too long.

Exit omnes.  [E 3]

Enter the King and his Nobles, Pittoll.  [IV. 6]

King.  What the French retire?

Yet all is not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exe.  The Duke of Yorke commends him to your Grace.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Con.</th>
<th>O Diable.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Orl.</td>
<td>O signeur le iour et perdia, toute et perdie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dol.</td>
<td>Mor Dieu ma vie, all is confounded all,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Reproach, and everlasting shame</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Sits mocking in our Plumes. A short Alarum.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>O mache Fortune, do not runne away.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Con.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Dol.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Be the the wretches that we plaied at dice for?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Orl.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Bur.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Let vs dye in once more backe againe,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>And he that will not follow Burdon now,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Whilst a base flame, no gentler than my dogge,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>His fairest daughter is contaminated.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Con.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Orl.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>To smother vp the English in our throngs,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>If any order might be thought vp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Bur.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Let life be short, else flame will be too long.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Exit.**

**Alarum. Enter the King and his trayne, with Prisoners.**

**King.** Well haue we done, thrice-valiant Countrimen,
But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field.

**Exit.** The D. of York commendeth him to your Majesty.
King. Lues he good Vncke : thrice within this houre
I saw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting,
From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lye,
8  Larding the plaine: and by his bloody side,
(Youke-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)
The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes.
Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all bagled ouer
12  Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
And takes him by the Beard, kisst the gashes
That bloodily did yawne vpon his face.
He cries aloud; Tarry my Cofin Suffolke,
16  My soule shall thine kepe company to heauen:
Tarry (weet soule) for mine, then flye a-breft:
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our Chialrie.
20  Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp,
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, fayes: Deere my Lord,
Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne,
24  So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke
He threw his wounded arme, and kist his lippes,
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A Testament of Noble-ending-loue:
The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd
28  Those waters from me, which I would haue stop'd,
But I had not so much of man in mee,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gaue me vp to teares.
32  King. I blame you not,
For hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mixt full eyes, or they will issue to.
36  But heare, what new alarum is this fame?
Bid every fooldier kill his prisioner.

*Piff. Couple gorge.*  
*Exit omnes.*

[35 E. 4]

---

*Enter Flewellyn, and Captaine Gower.*

---

_Flew._ Godes plud kil the boyes and the luyge,  
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be defired,  
In the wocell now, in your conscience now.

*Gour._ Tis certayne, there is not a Boy left alioe,  
And the cowerdly rascals that ran from the battell,  
Themselfes haue done this slaughter:

_Beside, they haue carried away and burnt,  
All that was in the kings Tent:

Wherupon the king causeth every prisioners

Throat to be cut. O he is a worthy king.

_Flew._ I he was born at Monmouth.

_Captain Gower_, what call you the place where

*Alexander the big was borne?*

*Gour._ Alexander the great.

_Flew._ Why I pray, is not big great?

As if I say, big or great, or magnanimois,

I hope it is all one reconing,

Sau the frafe is a little varation.

*Gour._ I thinke *Alexander* the great

Was borne at Macedon.

His father was called *Philip of Macedon,* || As I take it.

_Flew._ I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed / where *Alexander*
ACT IV. SC. 6.  

The French have re-enforc'd their scatter'd men:
Then every foolish kill his Prisoners,
Give the word through.  

Exit

Actus Quartus.

[IV. 7]

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the popes and the luggage, 'Tis expressely against the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knaevry marke you now, as can bee offer'd in your Conscience now, is it not?

Gow. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left alive, and the Cowardly Rascals that ranne from the battle ha' done this slaughter: besides they haue burned and carried a-way all that was in the Kings Tent, wherfore the King most worthily hath caus'd every foolish to cut his prisoners throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, hee was borne at Monmouth Captaine Gower:
What call you the Townes name where Alexander the pig was borne?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the grcar, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, faue the phrase is a little variations.

Gower. I thinke Alexander the Great was borne in Macedon, his Father was called Phillip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in Macedon where Alexander is borne.
porne: I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you fall finde in the comparisons betweene Macedon & Monmouth, that the situations looke you, is both alike. There is a Riuere in Macedon, & there is also moreouer a Riuere at Monmouth, it is call’d Wye at Monmouth: but it is out of my praiues, what is the name of the other Riuere: but ’tis all one, tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you marke Alexander’s life well, Harry of Monmouthes life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. Alexander God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wrathes, and his chollers, and his moodes, and his displeaures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his best friend Clytus.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he nuer kill’d any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finishted. I speake but in the figures, and comparisons of it: as Alexander kild his friend Clytus, being in his Ales and his Cuppes; so also Harry Monmouth being in his right wittes, and his good judgements, turn’d away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet: he was full of iests, and gypes, and knaueries, and mockes, I haue forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaffe.

Flu. That is he: Ile tell you, there is good men porne at Monmouth.

Gow. Heere comes his Maiestie.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burton
with prisoners. Flourish.
Our army was not agast since I came into France,

when the king

asked Harold,

We see not the Norwegians on yon hill;

They shall know our men, and them come downe,

where the king stood and led our fight:

We will come to them,

We will come to them, that do the last

We owe to you, great and Addition things.

In this we have our power to make we haue,

We owe nothing unto them, but our mercy.

They know not that well than not

Have we seen them with the news of ours for ransom?

We say, we speak with the charitable favour,

We see not the common men.

We must have home to bury all our dead,

Which in the field we spitted and trunche on.
King. I was not angry since I came to France,
Vntill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald,
Ride thou unto the Horfemen on yond hill:
If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
Or voyde the field: they do offend our fight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them sker away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian flings:
Befides, wee'll cut the throats of thofe we haue,
And not a man of them that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Ere. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege
G lou. His eyes are humbler then they vs’d to be.
King. How now, what meanes this Herald? Know’st thou not,
That I haue fin’d thofe bones of mine for ranfome?

Com’st thou againe for ranfome?

Her. No great King:
I come to thee for charitable License,
That we may wander ore this bloody field,
To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
To fort our Nobles from our common men.
For many of our Princes (woe the while)
Lye drown’d and soak’d in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peafant limbs
In blood of Princes, and with wounded feeds
Fret fet-locke deep in gore, and with wilde rage
Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead mafters,
Killing them twice. O giue vs leaue great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispoze
Of their dead bodies.
Kin. I tell thee truly Herald, / I do not know whether
The day be ours or no: /
For yet a many of your French do keep the field.

Herald. The day is yours.
Kin. Praised be God therefore.
What Cattle call you that?
Herald. We call it Agincourt.
Kin. Then call we this the field of Agincourt.
Fought on the day of Cryspin, Cryspin.
Flew. Your grandfather of famous memorie,
If your grace be remembred,
Is do good seruice in France.

Kin. Tis true Frewellon.
Flew. Your Maiestie sayes verie true.
And it please your Maiestie,
The Welchmen there was do good seruice,
In a garden where Leeke did grow.
And I thinke your Maiestie will take no scorne,
To weare a Leake in your cap vpon S. Davies day.

Kin. No Frewellon, for I am wealch as well as you.

Flew. All the water in ITye wil not wash your wealch
Blood out of you, God keep it, and preferue it,
To his graces will and pleasure.

Kin. Thankes good countryman.
Flew. By letus I am your Maiesties countryman:
I care not who know it, so long as your maiestie is an honest

(man.)
Kin. I tell thee truly Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horsemens peere,
And gallop ore the field.

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praised be God, and not our strengte for it:
What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by.

Her. They call it Agincourt.

King. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Criepin Cripi anus.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please
your Maiestye) and your great VnCLE Edward the Placke
Prince of Wales, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought
a moost prauue pattle here in France.

Kin. They did Fluellen.

Flu. Your Maiestye sayes very true: If your Maiesties
is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good seruice in a
Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their
Monmouth caps, which your Maiestye know to this houre
is an honourable badge of the seruice: And I do beleue
your Maiestye takes no scorne to weare the Lekee vpon
S. Tauies day.

King. I weare it for a memorable honor:
For I am Welch you know good Countriman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Maiesties
Welsh plou'd out of your body, I can tell you that:
God pleffe it, and preferre it, as long as it pleases his
Grace, and his Maiestye too.

Kin. Thankes good my Counrymen.

Flu. By Iefhu, I am your Maiesties Countryman, I
care not who know it: I will confesse it to all the OIrd, I
need not to be ashamed of your Maiestye, praised be God
so long as your Maiestye is an honest man.
King. Good keepe me so.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me iuft notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Sir. Soildier, you must come to the King.

Kin. Soildier, why wear'ft thou that Gloue in thy Cappe?

Will. And't please your Maiesty, tis the gage of one that I should fight withall, if he be alive.

Kin. An Englishman?

Will. And't please your Maiesty, a Raftcall that swagger'd with me laft night: who if alive, and ever dare to challenge this Gloue, I haue sworn to take him a boxe a'th ere: or if I can fee my Gloue in his cappe, which he swore as he was a Soildier he would weare (if alive)/I wil strike it out soundly.

Kin. What thinke you Captaine Fluellen, is it fit this soildier keepe his oath.

Flu. Hee is a Cruen and a Villaine else, and't please your Maiesty in my conscience.

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great fort quite from the anfwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Gentlemen as the diuel is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is neceffary (looke your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee bee periu'd (fee you now) his reputation is as arrant a villaine and a Lacke fawce, as euer his blacke floo trodd vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law.

King. Then keepe thy vow firrah, when thou meet'ft the fellow.

Wil. So, I wil my Liege, as I lieue.

King. Who seru'ft thou vnder?
[p. 96]
[col. 1]

Will. Vnder Captaine Gower, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literatured in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege. Exit.

King. Here Fluellement, weare thou this fauour for me, and sticke it in thy Cappe: when Alanfon and my selfe were downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme: If any man challenge this, bee is a friend to Alanfon, and an enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'lt me louse.

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be desir'd in the hearts of his Subiects: I would faine see the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agree'd at this Gloue; that is all: but I would faine see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

King. Know'lt thou Gower?

Flu. He is my deare friend, and please you.

King. Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. Exit.

King. My Lord of Warwick, and my Brother Gloster,

Follow Fluellen cloesely at the heeles.

The Gloue which I haue giuen him for a fauour,

May haply purchase him a box a' th'eare.

It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine should

Weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin Warwick:

If that the Souldier strike him, as I judge

By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word;

Some sodaine mishiefe may ariue of it:

For I doe know Fluellen valiant,

And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,

And quickly will returne an injurie.
ACT IV. SC. 7.] The Life of Henry the Fift. Folio 1623.

Follow, and see there be no harme betwene them.
Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter.  

Exeunt.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleafure, Captaine, I befeech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peraduenture, then is in your knowledge to dreame of.

Will. Sir, know you this Gloue?

Flu. Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuer-

fall World, or in France, or in England.


Will. Doe you thinke Ile be forsworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine Gower, I will giue Treafon his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.


Enter Warwick and Gloucefter.

Warw. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, heere is, prayed be God for it, a moft contagious Treafon come to light, looke you, as you shall defire in a Summers day. Heere is his Maieftie. Enter King and Exeter.

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, ha's stroke the Gloue which
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>14.</td>
<td>Which your Maiestie /tooke out of the helmet of Alonson : / And your Maiestie will beare me wittes, / and teftimony, And auouchments, / that this is the gloue. /</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15.</td>
<td>Sou. And it pleafeth your Maiestie, / that was my gloue. /</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18.</td>
<td>He that I gau e it too in the night, Promifed me to weare it in his hat : I promifed to strike him if he did.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21.</td>
<td>I met that Gentleman, with my gloue in his hat, And I thinke I haue bene as good as my word, Flew. Your Maiestie heares, / vnder your Maiesties Manhood, / what a beggerly lowlie knaue it is. /</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24.</td>
<td>Kin. Let me fee thy gloue. / Looke you, This is the fellow of it. / It was I indeed you promifed to strike. And thou thou haft gieuen me moft bitter words. How canft thou make vs amends? Flew. Let his necke anfwere it, If there be any marfhal's lawe in the worrell. Sou. My Liege, / all offenfes come from the heart : / Neuer came any from mine / to offend your Maiestie. /</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34.</td>
<td>You appeard to me as a common man : / Witneffe the night, your garments, / your lowlineffe, And whatfocuer / you receiued vnder that habitt, / I befeech your Maiestie impute it / to your owne fault And not mine. / For your felfe came not like your felfe : / Had you bene as ye feemed, / I had made no offenfe. / Therefore I befeech your grace to pardon me. Kin. Vnckle, fill the gloue with crownes, And gie it to the fouldier. / Weare it fellow, /</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
your Maiestie is take out of the Helmet of Alan-
son.

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow
of it: and he that I gaue it to in change, promis’d to weare
it in his Cappe: I promis’d to strike him, if he did: I met
this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue been as
good as my word.

Flu. Your Maiestie heare now, sauing your Maiesties
Manhood, what an arrant rafully, beggerly, lowtie
Knaue it is: I hope your Maiestie is peare me testimonie
and witnesse, and will auouchment, that this is the Gloue
of Alanfson, that your Maiestie is giue me, in your Con-
sience now.

King. Giue me thy Gloue Souldier;
Looke, heere is the fellow of it:
'Twas I indeed thou promis’d it to strike,
And thou haft giuen me most bitter termes.

Flu. And please your Maiestie, let his Neck answere
for it, if there is any Marshell Law in the World.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: ne-
uer came any from mine, that might offend your Ma-
iestie.

King. It was our selfe thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Maiestie came not like your selfe: you
appear’d to me but as a common man; witnesse the
Night, your Garments, your Lowlineffe: and what
your Highlineffe suffer’d vnder that shape, I befeech you
take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you
beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I
befeech your Highlineffe pardon me.

King. Here Vnckle Exeter, fill this Gloue with Crownes,
And giue it to this fellow. Kepe it fellow,
As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.
Give him the crownes. Come Captaine Flewellen,
I must needs haue you friends.

Flew. By Iefus, the fellow hath mettall enough
In his belly. Harke you solldier, there is a shilling for you,

And keep your selle out of brawles & brables, & distentiōs,
And looke you, it shall be the better for you.
Soul. Ie none of your money sir, not I.

Flew. Why tis a good shilling man.
Why shoulde you be queamish? / Your shoes are not so good:
It will serue you to mend your shoes.

Kin. What men of sort are taken vnkle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King.
John Duke of Burlon, and Lord Bouchquall.
Of other Lords and Brouns, Knights and Squiers,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.
This note doth tell me of ten thousand
French, that in the field lyes slaine.
Of Nobles bearing banners in the field,
And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,
Till I doe challenge it. Give him the Crownes:
And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

_ Flu._ By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha’s met-
tell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-pence for
you, and I pray you to serue God, and keepe you out of
prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and diffentions, and I
warrant you it is the better for you.

_ Will._ I will none of your Money.

_ Flu._ It is with a good will: I can tell you it will serue
you to mend your fhooes: come, wherefore should you
be so pathfull, your fhooes is not so good: ’tis a good
filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

_Enter Herald._

_ King._ Now Herald, are the dead numbred?

_ Herald._ Heere is the number of the slaught’red
French.

_ King._ What Prifoners of good sort are taken
Vuckle?

_ Exe._ Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
John Duke of Burbon, and Lord Bouchiquald:

Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.

_ King._ This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lye slaine: of Princes in this number,

And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead
One hundred twenty six: added to these,
Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which,

Fiue hundred were but yesterday dubb’d Knights.
So that in these ten thousand they haue loft,
There are but fifteene hundred Mercenaries:
The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,
62.] Constable 3.
Charles de le Brute, his Constable of France.
Iaques of Cintillian, Admirall of France.
64.] Cross-Knower, 3.
The Maitre of the crossbows, John Duke Albyn.
65.] Ramsiers, 3.
Lord Raziers, his Maitre of France.
66.] Charillet, 2.
The brane sir Guigard, Dolphin. Of Nobelle Charillas.

67.] Prie 3.
Gran Prie, and Rysie, Furconridge and Fay.
Gerard and Ferton, Tandemant and Lefra.
68.] King. prefixed.
Here was a royall fellowship of death.
69.] Hieres 3. death.
Where is the number of our English dead?
71.] Exec. prefixed.
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolk,
72.] line dropped out 2.
Sir Richard Keyly, Dauy Gam Equier.
73.] all the other. 3.
And of all other,
but fine and twentie.
74.] King. prologue 1.
O God thy arm was here.
And vnto thee alone, acribe we praife.
76.] even in 3.
When without stratagem,
And in even thock of battle, was euere heard
78.] another 3.
So great, and little loot,
on one part and an other.
79.] if O God 3.
Take it God, for it is onely thine.

Err. Tis wonderfull.

80.] proclaim'd 3.
King. Come let vs go on proceffion through the camp:
Let it be death proclaimed to any man,
To boast hereof, or take the praife from God,
Which is his due.

Flow. Is it lawful, and it plesse your Maiestie,
To tell how many is kild?

King. Yes Flowellen, / but with this acknowlegement, /
That God fought for vs.
And Gentlemen of bloud and qualitie.
The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead:
*Charles Delabreth*, High Constable of France,
*Jaques of Châtillon*, Admiral of France,
96 The Master of the Crossbowes, *Lord Rambures,*
Great Master of France, the braue *Sir Guichard Dolphin,*
*John Duke of Alanfon, Anthonie Duke of Brabant,*
The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
100 And *Edward Duke of Barr:* of lustie Earles,
*Grandpree* and *Rouffe, Fauconbridge* and *Foyes,*
*Beaumont and Marle, Vauclan* and *Lofrale.*
Here was a Royall fellowship of death.
Where is the number of our English dead?
*Edward* the Duke of Yorke, the Earl of Suffolke,
*Sir Richard Ketly, Dauy Gam Esquire;*
None else of name: and of all other men,
104 But fiue and twentie.
   O God, thy Arme was heere:
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
Ascribe we all: when, without fratagem,
112 But in plaine shock, and even play of Battaile,
Was euer knowne fo great and little losse?
On one part and on th'other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.
116    *Erret.* 'Tis wonderfull.
    *King.* Come, goe me in procession to the Village:
And be it death proclaymed through our Hoaft,
    To boaste of this, or take that prayse from God,
Which is his onely.
120    *Flu.* Is it not lawful and pleafe your Maieftie, to tell
how many is kill'd?
    *King.* Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,
    That God fought for vs.
Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good.

King. Doe we all holy Rights:

Let there be fung Non nobis, and Te Deum,

The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay:

And then to Callice, and to England then,

Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men.

Exit.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchsafe to those that haue not read the Story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as haue,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse

Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their large and proper life,

Be here presented. Now we beare the King
Toward Callice: Graunt him there; there feene,

Heauie him away vpon your winged thoughts,

Athur the Sea: Behold the English beach

Pales in the flood; with Men, Wives, and Boyes,

Whose shoutes & claps out-voysce the deep-mouth'd Sea,

Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King,

Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,

And solemnly see him set on to London.

So swift a pace hath Thought, that even now

You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath:

Where, that his Lords desire him, to haue borne

His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword

Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,
Enter Gower, and Flewellen.

Gower. But why do you weare your Leeke to day? [1—F 3 v.]

Saint Daunies day is past?

Flew. There is occasion Captaine Gower, Looke you why, and wherefore,
Being free from vain-nestle, and selfe-glorious pride;
Giving full Trophee, Signall, and oftent,
Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-house of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Maior and all his Brethren in beft fort,
Like to the Senatorous of th'antique Rome,
With the Plebeians swarming at their heales,
Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring Ceasar in:
As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Emperste,
As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Inuites the King of Englands stay at home:
The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France,
To order peace betwenee them: and omit
All the occurrences, what euer chanc't,
Till Harryes backe returne againe to France:
There must we bring him; and my selfe haue play'd
The interim, by remembring you 'tis past.
Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,
After your thoughts, straighte backe againe to France.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's right: but why weare you your
Leeke to day? S. Daines day is past.
Flu. There is occasions and caufes why and wherefore
The other day looke you, Pistol.
Which you know is a man of no merittes.
In the woret, is come where I was the other day.
And brings bread and fault, and bids me
I see my Lecke: twas in a place, looke you,
Where I could move no discentions:
But if I can see him, I shall tell him,
A little of my desires.

Enter. Here a comes, swelling like a Turkecocke.

Enter Pi/toll.

To me. To no matter for his swelling, and his turkecocks,
Good pleffe you Antient Pi/toll, you scall,
In truth, lowe knaue, God pleffe you.

To me. Ha, art thou bedlem?

To me. Thou thou that hate Troyan,

To me. Thou that holde up Paroys fastall web?

To me. I on quomoth at the smell of Lecke.

To me. Antient Pi/toll. I would desire you because

To me. I shall not agree with your stomacke, and your appetite,
And your doge thons, to cate this Lecke.

F. Not for Cadwallader and all his goates.

F. There is one grate for you Antient Pi/toll.

He striketh him.

F. Oh Troyan, thou that dyl.

F. I, I know I shal dyl, if meane time, I would

F. No, you: to has and cate this Lecke.
in all things: I will tell you affe my friend, Captaine Gower; the rascally, scald, beggerly, lowrie, bragging Knaue Piffling, which you and your selfe, and all the World, know to be no better then a fellow, looke you now, of no merits: hee is come to me, and prings me pread and fault yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke: it was in a place where I could not brede no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Piffling.

Gower. Why heere hee comes, swelling like a Turky-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his Turky-cocks. God pleffe you aunchient Piffling:you scuruiie lowrie Knaue, God pleffe you.

Piffling. Ha, art thou bedlam? doest thou thirft, basfe Troian, to haue me fold vp Parcas fatall Web? Hence; I am qalmish at the smell of Leeke.

Flu. I pefeech you heartily, scuruiie lowrie Knaue, at my desires, and my requesfts, and my petitions, to eate, looke you, this Leeke; becaufe, looke you, you doe not loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your digefions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eate it.

Piffling. Not for Cadwalking and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. Striking him.

Will you be so good, scald Knaue, as eate it?

Piffling. Bafe Troian, thou shalt dye.

Flu. You say very true, scald Knaue, when Gods will is: I will desire you to live in the meane time, and eate your Victuals: come, there is fawce for it. You call'd me yeasterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make you
29.] him, it is enough. 3.

31.] nights too, but 3.

After 35.] He makes Ancient Pistol bite of the Leake; in one line, 3.

Gower. Inough Captaine, / you haue affonifht him. / 
Flew. Affonifht him, / by Jesu, Ile beate his head 
Fourie dayes, / and foure nights, but Ile 
Make him / eate some part of my Lecke. /

Pist. Well muft I byte? 
Flew. I out of queftion or doubt, or ambiguities 
You muft byte.

Pist. Good good. 
Flew. I Leckes are good, Antient Pistoll. / 
There is a shilling for you / to heale your bloody coxkome. 
Pist. Me a shilling. 
Flew. If you will not take it, 
I haue an other Lecke for you. 
Pist. I take thy shilling in earneft of reconing. 
Flew. If I owe you any thing, / ile pay you in cudgels, / 
You fhalbe a woodmonger, 
And by cudgels, God bwy you, 
Antient Pistoll, God bleife you, 
And heale your broken pate. 
Antient Pistoll, if you see Leckes an other time, 
Mocke at them, that is all: God bwy you. 
Exit Flewellen. 

Pfit. All hell fhal fir for this.
you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke.

Gover. Enough Captaine, you have astonifh't him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eate some part of my leeke, or I will peate his pate four dayes; bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxecombe.

Pijfl. Muft I bite.

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of queftion too, and ambiguities.

Pijfl. By this Leeke, I will moft horribly reuenge I eate and eate I fwear.

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you haue fome more fauce to your Leeke: there is not enough Leeke to fware by.

Pijfl. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou doft fee I eate.

Flu. Much good do you fcald knaue, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxcombe; when you take occasions to fee Leeckes hereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Pijfl. Good.

Flu. I, Leeke's is good: hold you, there is a groat to heale your pate.

Pijfl. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes verily, and in truth you fhall take it, or I haue another Leeke in my pocket, which you fhall eate.

Pijfl. I take thy groat in earneft of reuenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you fhall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels: God bu'y you, and keepe you, & heale your pate.

Exit

Pijfl. All hell fhall fhirre for this.

Gouv. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vp on an
Durst Fortune play the huswye with me now?
Is honour enddged from my warlike lines?
Well Fortune, twelwe, newes haue I certainly
Then Dull is take. One mallydie of France,
The warses aboutzeth noth home will I trug.
Foord will I trug, and flye the flyte of band:
Let God will I finde, And there Hee finde.
And purpose will I get unto these skarres,
And more as I gat them in the Gallia warres.

Exit Piffol.

The King of England and his Lords. And at
the King of France, Queene Katherine, the
Duke of Burgundy and others.

Come to this meeting, wherfore we are met. / And as we stand in France, faire time of day. [v. 1]

Here in hauing our haue, women Katherine.
And as we shew our names, of this flock:
We do shew you Duke of Burgundy.

This is herd of England, eight seyons are we to behold
Your Lordes.

more we Prayse English every one.
honourable respect, and worn as a memorable Trophee of predeceased valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds any of your words. I haue seene you gleeking & galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speake English in the natuirge garb, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it o- therwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach you a good English condition, fare ye well. Exit

Pij. Doeth fortune play the huswife with me now? Newes haue I that my Doll is dead i'th Spittle of a malady of France, and there my rendezous is quite cut off: Old I do waxe, and from my weare limbes honour is Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and something lean to Cut-purfe of quicke hand: To England will I steale, and there Ile steale:

And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres,
And fware I got them in the Gallia warres.

Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords. At another, Queene Isabel, the King, the Duke of Bourgongne, and other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met;
Vnto our brother France, and to our Sifter Health and faire time of day: Joy and good wishes To our most faire and Princely Cofine Katherine: And as a branch and member of this Royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriud,'d,
We do salute you Duke of Bourgogne,
And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Fra. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England, fairely met,
So are you Princes (English) every one.
Quee. So happy be the Iffue brother Ireland
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
Your eyes which bitherto haue borne
In them against the French that met them in their bent,
The fatall Balls of murthering Bafilikes:
The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope
Haue loft their qualitie, and that this day
Shall change all grieves and quarrels into loue.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.
Quee. You English Princes all, I doe salute you.
Burg. My dutie to you both, on equall loue.

Great Kings of France and England: that I haue labour'd
With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeuors,
To bring your most Imperiall Maiesties
Vnto this Barre, and Royall enterview;

Your Mightinesse on both parts best can witnesse.
Since then my Office hath so farre preuayl'd,
That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,
You haue congreeted: let it not disgrace me,

If I demand before this Royall view,

What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,
Deare Nourse of Arts, Plentyes, and joyfull Births,
Should not in this best Garden of the World,
Our fertile France, put vp her lovely Visage?
Alas, shee hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,

Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.
Her Vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges euuen pleach'd,
Like Prisoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre,
Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas,
ACT V. SC. 2.] The Life of Henry the Fift. Folio 1623.

48
The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary,
Doth root vpon; while that the Culter rafts,
That should deracinate such Sauagery:
The euen Meade, that erft brought sweetly forth
The freckled Cowflip, Burnet, and greene Clouer,
Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke;
Conceives by idleneffe, and nothing teemes,

But hatefull Docks, rough Thiftles, Kekfyes, Burres,
Loosing both beautie and vtilitie;
And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,
Defectiue in their natures, grow to wildneph.

Even so our Houses, and our selues, and Children,
Haue loft, or doe not learne, for want of time,
The Sciences that should become our Countrey;
But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,

That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,
To Swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Attyre,
And every thing that feemes vnnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favouir,

You are assembled: and my speech entreats,
That I may know the Let, why gentile Peace
Should not expell these inconveniences,
And bleffe us with her former qualities.

Eng. If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
Whose want giues growth to th'imperfections
Which you haue cited; you must buy that Peace
With full accord to all our iuft demands,

Whose Tenures and particular effects
You haue eschew'd briefly in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet
There is no Answr made.

Eng. Well then: the Peace which you before so vrg'd,
Lyes in his Answr:

France. I
Fran. We haue but with a curfenary eye,
Oreviewd them pleaseth your Grace,
To let some of your Counsell fit with vs,

We shall returne our peremptory answere.
Har. Go Lords, and fit with them,
And bring vs answere backe.

Yet leaue our cousin Katherine here behind.

France. Withall our hearts.

Exit King and the Lords. Manet, Hrry, Katherine, and the Gentlewoman.
France. I haue but with a curselarie eye
O're-glanc't the Articles: Pleaſeth your Grace
To appoint some of your Councell preſently
To fit with vs once more, with better heed
To re-furrey them; we will suddenny
Paffe our accept and peremptorie Answer.

England. Brother we shall. Goe Vnkle Exeter,
And Brother Clarence, and you Brother Glouceſter,
Warwick, and Huntingtion, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,

Augment, or alter, as your Wifdomes beft
Shall fee advantageable for our Dignitie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And wee le conſigne thereto. Will you, faire Sifter,

Goe with the Princes, or fay here with vs?

Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them:
Happily a Womans Voyce may doe some good,
When Articles too nicely vrg'd,be ftood on.

England. Yet leaue our Cousin Katherine here with vs
She is our capittall Demand,compris'd
Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.

Quee. She hath good leaue.  Exeunt omnes.

Manet King and Katherine.

King. Faire Katherine,and moft faire,
Will you vouchſafe to teach a Soul'dier tearmes,
Such as will enter at a Ladies ear,
And pleaʃe his Loue-fuit to her gentle heart.

Kath. Your Maietie shall mock at me, I cannot speake
your England.

King. O faire Katherine, if you will loue me foundly
with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you con-
feffe it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you
22. Hate.] Kate. 2. Har. 3.

   Hate. Now Kate, / you haue a blunt wooer here
   Left with you. /

25. Leap-frog. 3.

   If I could win thee at leapfrog,
   Or with vawting with my armour on my backe,
   Into my faddle,
   Without brag be it spoken,
   Ide make compare with any.
like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonne moy, I cannot tell what is like me.

King. An Angell is like you Kate, and you are like an Angell.

Kath. Que dit il que je suis semblable a les Anges?

Lady. Ouy verayment (sauf vosfere Grace) ainsì dit il.

King. I said so, deare Katherine, and I must not blufh to affirme it.

Kath. O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont plein de tromperies.

King. What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of men are full of deceit?

Lady. Ouy dat de tongueus de de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princeffe.

King. The Princeffe is the better English-woman:

yfaith Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding, I am glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou could'st, thou would'st finde me such a plaine King, that thou wouldst thynke, I had sold my Farne to buy my Crowne. I know no ways to mince it in loue, but direc'tly to say, I loue you; then if you vrge me farther, then to say, Doe you in faith? I weare out my fuite: Giue me your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bargain: how say you, Lady?

Kath. Sauf vosfere honneur, me vnderstand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verfes, or to Dance for your sake, Kate, why you vndid me: for the one I haue neither words nor measure; and for the other, I haue no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strengt. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe; vnder the correction of bragging be it spoken, I shoule quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my
But leaning that Kate.
If thou takest me now,
Thou shalt have me at the worst:
And in wearing, thou shalt have me better and better,
Thou shalt have a face that is not worth fun-burning.
But dost thou thinke, that thou and I,
'Betweene Saint Denis,
And Saint George, shall get a boy,
That shall go to Constantinople,
And take the great Turke by the beard, ha Kate? /

[See quarto
lines 82,
83, 84,
85, 86,
87, 88.]

Kate. Is it possible that me fall
Loue de enemie de France.
Harry. No Kate, tis vnpossible
You should loue the enemie of France:
For Kate, I loue France so well,
Loue, or bound my Horfe for her fauours, I could lay on
like a Butcher, and fit like a Jack an Apes, neuer off. But
before God Kate, I cannot looke greenely, nor gape out
my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in proteftation;
oney downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vfe till vrg'd,
nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canst loue a fellow
of this temper, Kate, whole face is not worth Sunne-burn-
ing? that neuer lookes in his Glaffe, for loue of any
ting he sees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake
to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canst loue me for this,
take me? if not? to say to thee that I shall dye, is true; but
for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And
while thou liu'ft, deare Kate, take a fellow of plaine and
vncouyned Confiancie, for he perforce must do thee right,
becauce he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for
these fellowes of infinit tongue, that can ryme themselues
into Ladies fauours, they doe always reafon themselues
out againe. What? a speake is but a prater, a Ryme is
but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a strait Backe will
floop, a blanke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will
grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax
hollow: but a good Heart, Kate, is the Sunne and the
Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it
shines bright, and neuer changes, but keepes his courfe
truly. If thou would haue such a one, take me? and
take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King.
And what say'ft thou then to my Loue? I speake my faire,
and fairely, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I foule loue de ennemie of
Frangce?

King. No, it is not possible you shoule loue the Ene-
mie of France, Kate; but in louing me, you shoule loue
the Friend of France: for I loue France so well, that I
That Ie not leaue a Village, || Ile haue it all mine: then Kate,
When France is mine, || And I am yours,
Then France is yours, || And you are mine.
Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.

Harry. No Kate, || Why Ile tell it you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married Husband.

Let me see, Saint Dennis be my speed.
Quan France et mon. || Kate. Dat is, when France is yours.
Harry. Et vous ettes amoy. || Kate. And I am to you.
Harry. Douck France ettes a vous:
Kate. Den France fall be mine.
Harry. Et Ie fuyues a vous.
Kate. And you will be to me.

Har. Wilt beleuee me Kate? tis easier for me
To conquer the kingdome, / thë to speak fo much
More French. / [67—G v]
Kate. A your Maiesty / has falfe France inough
To deceue / de beft Lady in France. /

Harry. No faith Kate not I. / But Kate,
In plaine termes, / do you loue me?
Kate. I cannot tell.

Harry. No, can any of your neighbours tell?
Ile askethem. || Come Kate, I know you loue me.
And soone when you are in your clothet,
Youle question this Lady of me.
But I pray thee sweete Kate, vie me mercifullly,
Because I loue thee cruelly.

[See quarto
ll. 35-6.]
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>ACT V. SC. 2.] The Life of Henry the Fift. Folio 1623.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>176</td>
<td>will not part with a Village of it; I will have it all mine: and Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours is France, and you are mine.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>180</td>
<td>Kath. I cannot tell what is dat. King. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue, like a new-married Wife about her Husband's Neck, hardly to be shook off; le quand fur le pofsefion de Fraunce, &amp; quand vous aues le possefion de moy. (Let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed) Donc votre est Fraunce, &amp; vous eftes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the Kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, vnleffe it be to laugh at me.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>188</td>
<td>Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le Francois gues vous parleis, il &amp; melieux que l’Anglois le quel je parle. King. No faith it's not, Kate: but thy speaking of my Tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But Kate, doo't thou understand thus much English? Canst thou loue mee?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>196</td>
<td>Kath. I cannot tell. King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, Kate? Ile ask them. Come, I know thou louest me: and at night, when you come into your Clozet, you're question this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraye those parts in me, that you loue with your heart: but good Kate, mocke me mercifully, the rather gentle Princesse, because I loue thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a fauing Faith within me tells me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou must therefore needs prowe a good Souldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe Englifh, that...</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by the Beard. Shall wee not? what say'st thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: doe but now promise Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a Boy; and for my English moytie, take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How anfwer you, La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher et devin deffe.

Kath. Your Maiestee sue fausse Frenche enough to deceive de moft sarge Damofeil dat is en Fraunce.

King. Now yee vpon my faulse French: by mine Honor in true English, I loue thee Kate; by which Honor, I dare not sweare thou louest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou doo'st; notwithstanding the poore and vntempering effect of my Vifage. Now besfrew my Fathers Ambition, he was thinking of Cuill Warres when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stubborne out-side, with an aspeckt of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladies, I fright them: but in faith Kate, the elder I was, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more spoyle vpon my Face. Thou haft me, if thou haft me, at the worft; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better: and therefore tell me, moft faire Katherine, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Blufhes, auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Empresse, take me by the Hand, and say, Harry of England, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no sooner bleffe mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantaginet is thine; who, though I speake it before his
Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt finde the best King of Good-fellowes. Come your Answer in broken Musick; for thy Voyce is Musick, and thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, Katherine, breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou haue me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de Roy mon pere.

King. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it fall also content me.

King. Upon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my Queene.

Kath. Laiffe mon Seigneur, laiffe, laiffe, may joy : Je ne veus point que vous abbeisse votre grandeus, en baissant le main d'une nostre Seigneur indignifie seruiteur excuse moy. Je vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur.

King. Then I will kisse your Lippes, Kate.

Kath. Les Dames & Damoifes pour estre baiffe denvant leur nopefe il net pas le coiffe de Fraunce.

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what fayes thee?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashion pour le Ladies of Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buiffe en Anglifh.

King. To kiffe.

Lady. Your Maistfee entendre bettre que moy.

King. It is not a fashion for the Maid in Fraunce to kiffe before they are marryed, would the fay?

Lady. Ouyer verayment.

King. O Kate, nice Cuftomes curfie to great Kings. Deare Kate, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyft of a Countreyes fashion: wee are the makers of Manners, Kate; and the libertie that follows our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashion of your
Therefore Kate patience perforce and yeeld.
Before God Kate, you haue witchcraft
In your kifles:
And may perfwade with me more,
Then all the French Councell.
Your father is returned.

Kings. 3.

Enter the King of France, and
the Lords.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>276</td>
<td>Country, in denying me a Kiss: therefore patiently, and yeelding. You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes, Kate: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell; and they should sooner perfwade Harry of England, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your Father.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>280</td>
<td>Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>284</td>
<td>Burg. God faue your Maiestie, my Royall Cousin, teach you our Princeesse English?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>285</td>
<td>King. I would haue her learne, my faire Cousin, how perfectly I loue her, and that is good English.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>288</td>
<td>Burg. Is shee not apt?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>292</td>
<td>King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not smooth: so that hauing neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot so conjure vp the Spirit of Loue in her, that shee will appeare in his true likenesse.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>296</td>
<td>Burg. Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a Circle: if conjure vp Loue in her in his true likenesse, shee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros’d ouer with the Virgin Crimfon of Modestie, if shee deny the appearance of a naked blinde Boy in her naked seeing selfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to configne to.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>300</td>
<td>King. Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind and enforces.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>304</td>
<td>Burg. They are then excus’d, my Lord, when they see</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
How now my Lords?

France. Brother of England,
We haue orered the Articles,
And haue agreed to all that we in sedule had.
not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to consent winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tyde, blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This Morall tyes me over to Time, and a hot Summer; and so I shall catch the Flye, your Cousin, in the latter end, and thee must be blinde to.

Burg. As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.

King. It is so: and you may, some of you, thanke Loue for my blindness, who cannot see many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that stands in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you see them perspectively: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entred.

England. Shall Kate be my Wife?

France. So please you.

England. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you talke of, may wait on her: so the Maid that stood in the way for my Wife, shall shew me the way to my Will.

France. Wee haue consented to all tearmes of reason.

England. Is't so, my Lords of England?

Wch. The King hath grunted euery Article: His Daughter first; and in sequele, all, According to their firme proposed natures.

Exet. Onely...
**The Chronicle Historie of Henry the fift. Quarto 1600. [ACT V. SC. 2.**

119. 'his] to this 2. Exe. Only he hath not subscribed this, Where your maiestie demandes, That the king of France haung any occasion To write for matter of graunt, Shall name your highnesse, in this forme: And with this addition in French.


Fran. Nor this haue we so nicely flood vpon, But you faire brother may intreat the same. Har. Why then let this among the rest, Haue his full course: And withall, Your daughter Katherine in mariage. [133—G 3 v] Fran. This and what else, Your maiestie shall craue. God that dispoeth all, giue you much ioy. [Fol. II. 359-60]

132.] recourse 2. Har. Why then faire Katherine, Come giue me thy hand:

139.] matrize 3. Our mariage will we prestent solemnite, And end our hatred by a bond of loue.
Exet. Onely he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your Maiestie demands, That the King of France
hauling any occasion to write for matter of Graunt, shall
name your Highnesse in this forme,'and with this additi-
on, in French: *Noitre trochier fils Henry Roy d'Angleterre
Heretere de Fraunce:* and thus in Latine; *Praclarissimus
Filus noitier Henricus Rex Angliæ & Heres Franciae.*

France. Nor this I haue not Brother fo deny'd,
But your request shall make me let it passe.

England. I pray you then, in lonce and deare allyance,
Let that one Article ranke with the rest,
And thereupon give me your Daughter.

France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayfe vp
Issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whose very schoares looke pale,
With enuy of each others happinesse,

May cease their hatred; and this deare Coniunctton
Plant Neighbour-hood and Christiant-like accord
In their sweet Bofomes: that neuer Warre aduance
His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.

Lords. Amen.

King. Now welcome Kate: and beare me witnesse all,
That here I kisse her as my Soueraigne Queene.

Flourish.

Quee. God, the best maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one:
As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spousfall,
That neuer may ill Office, or fell Jealousie,

Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
Thrust in betweene the Pacion of these Kingdomes,
To make diuorce of their incorporate League:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Then will I sware to Kate, and Kate to mee:
And may our vowes once made, vnbroken bee.

FINIS.
[p. 95]
[COL. 2]

Receiue each other. God speake this Amen.
All. Amen.

King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath
And all the Peeres, for suretie of our Leagues.
Then shal I sweare to Kate, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and prosperous be.
Senet. Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen,
Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time: but in that small, most greatly liued
This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds best Garden he atchieued:
And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.

Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succeed:
Whole State so many had the managing,
That they left France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath shown: and for their fake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.

[Triangular tail-piece as generally inserted in original whenever sufficient space is left.]
New Shakspere Society.
Series II.

Plays.

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY
of

Henry the Fifth.

REPRINT OF FIRST QUARTO, 1600.

EDITED BY

DR. B. NICHOLSON.

PUBLISHED FOR
The New Shakspere Society
BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, E.C., 1875.
The following Publications of the New Shakspere Society

H ave been Issued for 1874:

Series I. Transactions: The New Shakspere Society’s Transactions, Part I, containing four Papers by the Rev. F. G. Fleay, M.A., with Reports of the Discussions on them, a Table of the Quarto Editions of Shakspere’s Works, 1598-1630, and a print of the genuine Parts of Timon and Pericles; with an Appendix containing, 1. Mr James Speeding’s Paper on the several shares of SHAKSPERE and FLETCHER in Henry VIII, with the late Mr S. Hickson’s, Mr Fleay’s, and Mr Furnivall’s independent confirmations of Mr Speeding’s results. 2. The late Mr S. Hickson’s Paper on the several shares of SHAKSPERE and FLETCHER (when young) in the Two Noble Kinsmen, with Mr Fleay’s and Mr Furnivall’s Notes, and Tables of Metrical Tests, confirming Mr Hickson’s results.

Series II. Plays: 1. A Parallel-Text Edition of the first two Quartos of Romeo and Juliet, 1597 and 1599, arranged so as to show their Differences, and with Collations of all the Quartos and Folios, edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq.

This Edition is presented to the Society by H. R. H. Prince Leopold, one of its Vice-Presidents.


Series IV. Shakspere Allusion-Books. Part I. a. Greene’s Groatesworth of Wit [written in 1592], 1596; b. Henry Chettle’s ‘Kind-Harts Dreame’ [written in 1593]; c. ‘Englandes Mourning Garment’ [1603]; d. A Mournful Ditty, entitled Elizabets Losse, together with A Welcome for King James [1603]; e. extracts from ‘Willobie his Avisa; Or the true Picture of a Modest Maid, and of a Chast and constant wife,’ 1594; f. extracts from Marston, Carew, &c.; g. Gabriel Harvey’s Third Letter; from his ‘Fourre Letters and certaine Sonnets,’ 1592; h. five sections; — Poetrie; Poets; Comparative Discourse of our English Poets, with the Greeke, Latine, and Italian Poets; Painters; Musique; — from Francis Montana’s Palladia Tumia, 1598, &c. &c.; edited by C. Mansfield Ingleby, Esq., LL.D.

Dr Ingleby presented to every Member of the Society who had paid his Subscription by Nov. 7, 1874, a copy of his Skill Lion, an attempt to establish a Science of Criticism of Shakspere’s Text. Mr Furnivall also presented to every Member a copy of his Introduction to Gervinus’s Commentaries.

The following Publications have been issued for 1875:

Series II. Plays: 4. A revised Edition of the second, or 1699, Quarto of Romeo and Juliet, collated with the other Quartos and the Folios; edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq.

5. Henry V: a. Facsimile Reprints of the Quarto and First Folio, edited by Brinsley Nicholson, M.D.

Mr Halliwell has presented to every Member a copy of Mr A. H. Paget’s “Shakespeare’s Plays: a Chapter of Stage History.”

The following Publications of the New Shakspere Society are in the Press:

Series I. Transactions, 1874, Part II; 1875, Part I, Containing Papers by Messrs Hales, Fleay, Simpson, and Speeding, and Professors Ingram and Delius, with Reports of the Discussions on them.

Series II. Plays: 6, 7. Henry V: b. Parallel-Texts of the Quarto and First Folio, arranged so as to show their differences; c. a revised edition of the Play; the whole edited by Brinsley Nicholson, M.D.

8, 9. The Two Noble Kinsmen, by Shakspere and Fletcher; a. A Reprint of the Quarto of 1636; b. a revised Edition, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index of all the words, distinguishing Shakspere’s from Fletcher’s, by Harold Littledale, Esq., Trinity College, Dublin.


The following works have been suggested for publication:—

1. Parallel Texts of the imperfect sketches of b. Hamlet, and its Quarto 2 (with the Folio and a revised Text); c. Merry Wives of Windsor, and Folio 1; d. The Contention, and Henry VI, Part 2, in Fr; The True Tragedy, and Henry VI, Part 3, in Fr.

2. Parallel Texts of the following Quarto Plays and their versions in the First Folio, with collations: Richard III, Qt; 2 Henry IV, Qt; Troilus and Cressida, Qt; Lear, Qt: to show the relations of the Folio text to that of the previous editions. Of Othello, four Texts, Qt, Q2, Fr, and a revised Text.

3. Parallel Texts of the two earliest Quartos of Midsummer Night's Dream, and Merchant of Venice; to show which edition is the better basis for a revised text.

4. The First Quartos of Much Ado about Nothing; Loues Labour's Lost; Richard II; 1 Henry IV; from which the copies in the Folio were printed.

Reprints in Quarto of the remaining Folio Plays, with collations. When possible, the passages which Shakspere used from North's Plutarch, Holinshed's and Halle's Chronicles, &c., will be printed opposite the texts of his Roman and Historical Plays. Also the plots of the old plays of 'The Taming of a Shrew,' 'Romus and Cassandra,' 'The troublesome raigne of King John,' &c., will be printed parallel with the plots of Shakspere's Plays that were founded on them. In all Reprints of Quarto- and Folio editions of Shakspere's Plays, the numbers of act, scene, and line, will be given in the margin, so as to make the books handy to work with.

Series V. The Contemporary Drama. Works suggested by Mr Richard Simpson (see The Academy, Jan. 31, 1874, p. 120-1.)—

a. The Works of Robert Greene, Thomas Nash (with a selection from Gabriel Harvey's), Thomas Lodge, and Henry Chettle.

b. The Arraignment of Paris (Peel's); Arden of Faversham; George-a-Greene; Locrine; King Edward III (of which Act ii. is by a different hand, and that, almost certainly Shakspere's); Mucedorus; Sir John Oldcastle; Thomas Lord Cromwell; The Merry Devil of Edmonton; The London Prodigal; The Puritan; A Yorkshire Tragedy; Faire Em; The Birth of Merlin; The Siege of Antwerp; The Life and Death of Thomas Stuceley; A Warning to Fair Women. (Perhaps 'The Prodigal Son,' and 'Hester and Ahasuerus,' extant in German Translations.)

c. The Martinist and Anti-Martinist Plays of 1589-91; and the Plays relating to the quarrel between Dekker and Jonson in 1600.

d. Lists of all the Companies of Actors in Shakspere's time, their Directors, Players, Plays, and Poets.

e. Dr Wm. Gager's Meleager, a tragedy, printed Oct. 1592 (with the correspondence relating to it between Dr Gager of Christ Church, and Dr John Reynolds of Corpus (Univ. Coll. Oxf. MS. J. 18; and at Corpus). Also, Reynolds's rejoinder in 1593, 'The Overthrow of Stage Plays,' &c., with the letters between him and Gentils. Also, Gentils's 'Disputatio de Actoribus et Spectatoribus Fabularum non notandia.' Hannov. 1659. And 'Fucus sive Histrionitrix' (a play against Reynolds), Lambeth MS. 838.

f. Robert Chester's Love's Martyr—from which Shakspere's lines to the 'Phoenix and Turtle' were taken—with an Introduction showing who Salisbury was, to whom the Chorus Vatum dedicates the book; and showing the relation between Chester's poem and Shakspere's Cymbeline.

Richard II, and the other Plays in Egerton MS. 1994 (suggested by Mr J. O. Halliwell). The Returne from Pernassus, 1600; to be edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart.

Series VI. Edward Hake's Touchstone, 1574; William Stafford's Compendious or briefe Examination of certayne ordinary Complaints of divers of our Countrymen, in these our Days, 1581; and Thomas Powell's Tom of all Trades, 1631; edited by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A.


Series VIII. Miscellaneous. Autotypes of the parts of the Play of Sir Thomas More that may possibly be in young Shakspere's handwriting, from the Harlean MS. 7388. Thomas Rymer's 'Tragedies of the last Age considered and examined,' 1673, 1692; and his 'A short View of Tragedy of the last Age', 1693.
The New Shakspere Society.

"Society (call it the tranquillity of life) — Louis Lebrun's Life, iv. 2.

Meeting at University College, Gower St., London, W.C., on the 2nd Friday of every month (except at Christmas and during July, August, and September), at 8 p.m. Subscription, One Guineas a year, due on 1st January, and payable to the Rev. S. A. G. Suckling, Esq., London Hospital, London, E.

President:

[It is hoped that one of our chief living Poets will take the part.

Vice Presidents:

The Rev. Edwin A. Abbott, B.D.
C. R. Appleton, Esq., D.C.L.
The Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.
Professor T. Spencer Baynes, LL.D., St Albans.
William Black, Esq.
Professor E. J. Child, Ph.D., Harvard College, U.S.A.
Professor Dwight, Cornell Univ., Ithaca, N.Y.
The Right Hon. Wm. F. Copper-Temple, M.P.
The Hon. Mrs. Wm. F. Copper-Temple.
Sir John F. Davis, Bart.
Lord Drummer.
Professor N. Ellicott, Ph.D., Roano.
The Right Hon. The Earl of Derby.
The Duke of Devonshire.
Professor Dowden, LL.D., Trinity College, Dublin.
The Archbishop of Dublin.
The County of Donegal.
The Right Hon. The Earl of Dufferin and Clarendon, Governor-General of Canada.
The Earl of Ellesmere.
Alexandria J. Ellis, Esq., P.R.S.
Professor Karl Elze, Ph.D., Jena.
Horace Howard Furness, Esq., Philadelphia, U.S.A.
Mrs. Horace Howard Furness.
Madame Genevieve Reidelband.
Henry Hucks, Esq., M.A.
The Earl of Grosvenor.
Professor G. Guizot, College de France, Paris.
N. E. S. A. Hamilton, Esq.
Sir T. Duveen, Bart.
The Rev. H. H. Huxley, Cambridge, U.S.A.
Professor T. H. Huxley, F.R.S.

Lord Leconfield.
F. Leighton, Esq., R.A.
Professor Leo, Ph.D., Berlin.
H. R. H. Prince Leopold.
The Marquis of Lothian.
J. Baswell, Bax, Esq., D.C.L., Cambridge, U.S.A.
Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.A., F.R.S.
The Right Hon. Lord Lyttelton.
George MacDonald, Esq., LL.D.
The Duke of Manchester.
H. Maudsley, Esq., M.D.
Professor Henry Munkley, Univ. Coll., London.
The Rev. Richard Morris, LL.D.
Professor Max Muller, Ph.D., Oxford.
Professor C. W. Opekoener, Ph.D., Dusseldorf.
Professor C. H. Pears, M.A., Melbourne.
Sir Henry Rawlinson.
Henry Reeve, Esq., D.C.L.
The Right Hon. Lord Rimington.
Dante G. Rossetti, Esq.
Professor J. Ruskin, M.A., Oxford.
The 93 Bishop of St David.
Alexander Schippet, Ph.D., Berlin.
William Smith, Esq., D.C.L.
Sir Edward Stanford, Bart.
Tom Taylor, Esq., M.A.
Professor Bernhard Ten Brink, Ph.D., Strasbourg.
The Right Rev. Bishop Thewliss.
Professor Uchey, Ph.D., Halle.
Grant White, Esq., New York, U.S.A.

Committee:

R. J. Fumivall, Esq., M.A., Director; S. St. George's Square, Primrose Hill, London, N.W.
J. W. Hazen, Esq., M.A.
G. Mansfield Ingleby, Esq., LL.D.
George H. Kingsley, Esq., M.D.

Treasurer: William Payne, Esq., The Keep, Forest Hill, London, S.E.
Hon. Sec.: Arthur G. Snelgrove, Esq., London Hospital, London, E.

Bankers: The Alliance Bank, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C.
New Shakspere Society.
Series II.

Plays.

The Life of
Henry the Fifth.

Reprinted from the First Folio, 1623.

Edited by
Dr. B. Nicholson.

Published for
The New Shakspere Society
By N. Trübner & Co., 57, 59, Ludgate Hill,
List of Publications of the New Shakspere Society.


Series II. Plays. 1, 2, 3. The First two Quarto's of Romeo and Juliet, 1597 and 1599, in a simple Reprint; b. Parallel Texts, arranged so as to show their Differences, and with Collations of all the Quarto's and Folio; all edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq. [was presented to the Society by H.R.H. Prince Leopold, one of its Vice-President's.]


Copies of Dr. Ingleby's Stull Lion, and Mr. Furnivall's Introduction to Terence's Commentaries, were presented to every Member.

Series II. Plays. 4. Romeo and Juliet, c. a Revised Edition of the Quarto of 1599, collated with the other Quarto's and the Folio; edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq., with Notes and Introduction. [1875.


Mr. Furnivall presented to every Member a copy of Mr. H. Pape's "Shakspere's Plays: a Chapter of Stage History." [1875.


3. William Stafford's Compendious or briefe Examination of oertryme ordinary Complaints of diverse of our Countrymen, in these our Days, 1581; with an Introduction by F. D. Matthew, Ed.; edited by F. J. Furnivall, M.A. (Presented by the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby.) [1876.


Series II. Plays. 7, 8. The Two Noble Kinsmen, by Shakspere and Fletcher; a. A Reprint of the Quarto of 1634; b. a revised Edition, with Notes, by Harold Liddell, Esq., Trinity College, Dublin. (The latter presented by Richard Johnson, Esq.) [1876.


Series I. Transactions. 4. Part II. for 1875-6, containing Papers by Prof. Delius, Miss Jane Lee, Prof. S. B. Gardiner, &c.; extracts from Appian, &c. [1877.
List of Publications of the New Shakspere Society.

Series II. Plays. 9. Henry V. A Parallel Texts of the Quarto and Folio; prepared by Dr Brinley Nicholson; edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq. [1877.]

Publications of the New Shakspere Society now at Press:

Series I. &. Transactions, 1877-8, Part I, with Papers by Jas. Spedding, Esq., &c.

Preparing for Series III. Mysteries, &c. Three 16th-century Mysteries, with a Morality, re-edited from the unique Digby MS. 133 by F. J. Furnivall, M.A.
Preparing for Series VI. Shakspere's England. Wills of the Actors and Authors of Elizabeth's and James I's times, edited, with Notes, by Colonel J. Lemuel Chester.
Preparing for Series V. Contemporary Drama. Edward III, a. a Reprint of the first Quarto, 1596, with a collation of the 2nd Quarto, 1599; b. a revised edition, with Introduction and Notes; c. the Sources of the Play, from Froissart, and Painter's Palace of Pleasure; edited by Walter D. Stone, Esq., and F. J. Furnivall, M.A.

Robert Chester's Lot's Martyr—from which Shakspere's lines to the 'Phoenix and Turtle' were taken—edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart.


Publications Suggested.

2. Parallel Texts of the following Quarto Plays and their versions in the First Folio, with collations: Richard III, Q 1; 2 Henry IV, Q 1; Troilus and Cressida, Q 1; Lear, Q 1. Of Othello, four Texts: Q 1, Q 2, F 1, and a revised Text.
3. Parallel Texts of the two earliest Quartos of Midsummer Night's Dream (to be ed. by the Rev. J. W. Eheworth, M.A.), and The Merchant of Venice. 4. The First Quarto of Much Ado about Nothing; Loues Labour's Lost; Richard II; 1 Henry IV,—from which the copies in the Folio were printed. Reprints in Quarto of the remaining Folio Plays, with collations.

Series V. Contemporary Drama (suggested by the late Mr Richard Simpson).

1. The Works of Robert Greene, Thomas Nash (with a selection from Gabriel Harvey's), Thomas Lodge, and Henry Chettle.
2. The Martinist and Anti-Martinist Plays of 1589-91, and the Plays relating to the quarrel between Dekker and Jonson in 1600.
3. Lists of all the Companies of Actors in Shakspere's time, their Directors, Players, Plays, and Poets, &c.
4. Dr Wm. Gager's Meloager, a tragedy, printed October, 1592.
The Return from Perseus, 1606, to be ed. by the Rev. A. B. Grosart.
Stanford University Library
Stanford, California

In order that others may use this book, please return it as soon as possible, but not later than the date due.