

The Life of Henry the Fifth

by

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Based on the Folio Text of 1623



DjVu Editions E-books



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Shakespeare: First Folio

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The Life of Henry the Fifth

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1 Enter Prologue.
 2 *O For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend*
 3 *The brightest Heauen of Inuention:*
 4 *A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,*
 5 *And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.*
 6 *Then should the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,*
 7 *Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heeles*
 8 *(Leasht in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire*
 9 *Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:*
 10 *The flat vnrayned Spirits, that hath dar'd,*
 11 *On this vnworthy Scaffold, to bring forth*
 12 *So great an Obiect. Can this Cock- Pit hold*
 13 *The vastie fields of France? Or may we cramme*
 14 *Within this Wooden O, the very Caskes*
 15 *That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?*
 16 *O pardon: since a crooked Figure may*
 17 *Attest in little place a Million,*
 18 *And let vs, Cyphers to this great Accompt,*
 19 *On your imaginarie Forces worke.*
 20 *Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls*
 21 *Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,*
 22 *Whose high, vp- reared, and abutting Fronts,*
 23 *The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder.*
 24 *Peece out our imperfections with your thoughts:*
 25 *Into a thousand parts diuide one Man,*
 26 *And make imaginarie Puissance.*
 27 *Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see them*
 28 *Printing their prowde Hoofes i'th' receiuing Earth:*
 29 *For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,*
 30 *Carry them here and there: Iumping o're Times;*
 31 *Turning th' accomplishment of many yeeres*
 32 *Into an Howre- glasse: for the which supplie,*
 33 *Admit me Chorus to this Historie;*
 34 *Who Prologue- like, your humble patience pray,*
 35 *Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play. Exit.*

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

37 *Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.*
 38 *Bish. Cant.*
 39 *My Lord, Ile tell you, that selfe Bill is vrg'd,*

40 Which in th' eleue[n]th yere of y last Kings reign
 41 Was like, and had indeed against vs past,
 42 But that the scrambling and vnquiet time
 43 Did push it out of farther question.
 44 *Bish.Ely.* But how my Lord shall we resist it now?
 45 *Bish.Cant.* It must be thought on: if it passe against vs,
 46 We loose the better halfe of our Possession:
 47 For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout
 48 By Testament haue giuen to the Church,
 49 Would they strip from vs; being valu'd thus,
 50 As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
 51 Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,
 52 Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:
 53 And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
 54 Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyle,
 55 A hundred Almes- houses, right well supply'd:
 56 And to the Coffers of the King beside,
 57 A thousand pounds by th' yeere. Thus runs the Bill.
 58 *Bish.Ely.* This would drinke deepe.
 59 *Bish.Cant.* 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.
 60 *Bish.Ely.* But what preuention?
 61 *Bish.Cant.* The King is full of grace, and faire re-gard.
 62 *Bish.Ely.* And a true louer of the holy Church.
 63 *Bish.Cant.* The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
 64 The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
 65 But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,
 66 Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
 67 Consideration like an Angell came,
 68 And whipt th' offending *Adam* out of him;
 69 Leauing his body as a Paradise,
 70 T' inuelop and containe Celestiall Spirits.
 71 Neuer was such a sodaine Scholler made:
 72 Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,
 73 With such a heady currance scowring faults:
 74 Nor neuer *Hidra*- headed Wilfulnesse
 75 So soone did loose his Seat; and all at once;
 76 As in this King.
 77 *Bish.Ely.* We are blessed in the Change.
 78 *Bish.Cant.* Heare him but reason in Diuinitie;
 79 And all- admiring, with an inward wish
 80 You would desire the King were made a Prelate:
 81 Heare him debate of Common- wealth Affaires;
 82 You would say, it hath been all in all his study:
 83 List his discourse of Warre; and you shall heare
 84 A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Musique. [h1v
 85 Turne him to any Cause of Pollicy,
 86

87 The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloose,
 88 Familiar as his Garter: that when he speakes,
 89 The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
 90 And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
 91 To steale his sweet and honyed Sentences:
 92 So that the Art and Practique part of Life,
 93 Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique.
 94 Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
 95 Since his addiction was to Courses vaine,
 96 His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,
 97 His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
 98 And neuer noted in him any studie,
 99 Any retyrement, any sequestration,
 100 From open Haunts and Popularitie.
 101 *B.Ely.* The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,
 102 And holesome Berryes thriue and ripen best,
 103 Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie:
 104 And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation
 105 Vnder the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt)
 106 Grew like the Summer Grasse, fastest by Night,
 107 Vnseene, yet cressiue in his facultie.
 108 *B.Cant.* It must be so; for Miracles are ceast:
 109 And therefore we must needes admit the meanes,
 110 How things are perfected.
 111 *B.Ely.* But my good Lord:
 112 How now for mittigation of this Bill,
 113 Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maiestie
 114 Incline to it, or no?
 115 *B.Cant.* He seemes indifferent:
 116 Or rather swaying more vpon our part,
 117 Then cherishing th' exhibitors against vs:
 118 For I haue made an offer to his Maiestie,
 119 Vpon our Spirituall Conuocation,
 120 And in regard of Causes now in hand,
 121 Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,
 122 As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,
 123 Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
 124 Did to his Predecessors part withall.
 125 *B.Ely.* How did this offer seeme receiu'd, my Lord?
 126 *B.Cant.* With good acceptance of his Maiestie:
 127 Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
 128 As I perceiu'd his Grace would faine haue done,
 129 The seueralls and vnhidden passages
 130 Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
 131 And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
 132 Deriu'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

133 *B.Ely.* What was th' impediment that broke this off?
 134 *B.Cant.* The French Ambassador vpon that instant
 135 Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
 136 To giue him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?
 137 *B.Ely.* It is.
 138 *B.Cant.* Then goe we in, to know his Embassie:
 139 Which I could with a ready guesse declare,
 140 Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.
 141 *B.Ely.* Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.
 142 *Exeunt.*
 143 *Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence,*
 144 *Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter.*
 145 *King.* Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
 146 *Exeter.* Not here in presence.
 147 *King.* Send for him, good Vnckle.
 148 *Westm.* Shall we call in th' Ambassador, my Liege?
 149 *King.* Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolu'd,
 150 Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
 151 That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.
 152 *Enter two Bishops.*
 153 *B.Cant.* God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
 154 And make you long become it.
 155 *King.* Sure we thanke you.
 156 My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
 157 And iustly and religiously vnfold,
 158 Why the Law *Salike*, that they haue in France,
 159 Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme:
 160 And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
 161 That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
 162 Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule,
 163 With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
 164 Sutes not in natiue colours with the truth:
 165 For God doth know, how many now in health,
 166 Shall drop their blood, in approbation
 167 Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to.
 168 Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person,
 169 How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;
 170 We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
 171 For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,
 172 Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops
 173 Are euery one, a Woe, a sore Complaint,
 174 'Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
 175 That makes such waste in briefe mortalitie.
 176 Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord:
 177 For we will heare, note, and beleeuue in heart,
 178 That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt,

179 As pure as sinne with Baptisme.
 180 *B.Can.* Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,
 181 That owe your selues, your liues, and seruices,
 182 To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
 183 To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,
 184 But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
 185 *In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant*,
 186 No Woman shall succeed in *Salike* Land:
 187 Which *Salike* Land, the French vniustly gloze
 188 To be the Realme of France, and *Pharamond*
 189 The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.
 190 Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
 191 That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,
 192 Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue:
 193 Where *Charles* the Great hauing subdu'd the Saxons,
 194 There left behind and settled certaine French:
 195 Who holding in disdain the German Women,
 196 For some dishonest manners of their life,
 197 Establisht then this Law; to wit, No Female
 198 Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land:
 199 Which *Salike* (as I said) 'twixt Elue and Sala,
 200 Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meisen*.
 201 Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law
 202 Was not deuised for the Realme of France:
 203 Nor did the French possesse the *Salike* Land,
 204 Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres
 205 After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
 206 Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,
 207 Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
 208 Foure hundred twentie six: and *Charles* the Great
 209 Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
 210 Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere
 211 Eight hundred fiue. Besides, their Writers say,
 212 King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerike*,
 213 Did as Heire Generall, being descended
 214 Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,
 215 Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
 216 *Hugh Capet* also, who vsurpt the Crowne [h2
 217 Of *Charles* the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male
 218 Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great:
 219 To find his Title with some shewes of truth,
 220 Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
 221 Conuey'd himsele as th' Heire to th' Lady *Lingare*,
 222 Daughter to *Charlemaine*, who was the Sonne
 223 To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne
 224 Of *Charles* the Great: also King *Lewes* the Tenth,

225 Who was sole Heire to the Vsurper *Capet*,
 226 Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,
 227 Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till satisfied,
 228 That faire Queene *Isabel*, his Grandmother,
 229 Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,
 230 Daughter to *Charles* the foresaid Duke of Loraine:
 231 By the which Marriage, the Lyne of *Charles* the Great
 232 Was re- vnited to the Crowne of France.
 233 So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
 234 King *Pepins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* Clayme,
 235 King *Lewes* his satisfaction, all appeare
 236 To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
 237 So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.
 238 Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,
 239 To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,
 240 And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
 241 Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
 242 Vsurpt from you and your Progenitors.
 243 *King*. May I with right and conscience make this claim?
 244 *Bish. Cant.* The sinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne:
 245 For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,
 246 When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
 247 Descend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
 248 Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,
 249 Looke back into your mightie Ancestors:
 250 Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandsires Tombe,
 251 From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,
 252 And your Great Vnckles, *Edward* the Black Prince,
 253 Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
 254 Making defeat on the full Power of France:
 255 Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill
 256 Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe
 257 Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
 258 O Noble English, that could entertaine
 259 With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
 260 And let another halfe stand laughing by,
 261 All out of worke, and cold for action.
 262 *Bish.* Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
 263 And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats;
 264 You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne:
 265 The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
 266 Runs in your Veines: and my thrice- puissant Liege
 267 Is in the very May- Morne of his Youth,
 268 Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises.
 269 *Exe.* Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
 270 Doe all expect, that you should rowse your selfe,

271 As did the former Lyons of your Blood.
 272 *West.* They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and |(might;
 273 So hath your Highnesse: neuer King of England
 274 Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,
 275 Whose hearts haue left their bodyes here in England,
 276 And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France.
 277 *Bish.Can.* O let their bodyes follow my deare Liege
 278 With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
 279 In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualltie
 280 Will rayse your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,
 281 As neuer did the Clergie at one time
 282 Bring in to any of your Ancestors.
 283 *King.* We must not onely arme t' inuade the French,
 284 But lay downe our proportions, to defend
 285 Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
 286 With all aduantages.
 287 *Bish.Can.* They of those Marches, gracious Soueraign,
 288 Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
 289 Our in- land from the pilfering Borderers.
 290 *King.* We do not meane the coursing snatchers onely,
 291 But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
 292 Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to vs:
 293 For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather
 294 Neuer went with his forces into France,
 295 But that the Scot, on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,
 296 Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
 297 With ample and brim fulnesse of his force,
 298 Galling the gleaned Land with hot Assayes,
 299 Girding with grieuous siege, Castles and Townes:
 300 That England being emptie of defence,
 301 Hath shooke and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.
 302 *B.Can.* She hath bin the[n] more fear'd the[n] harm'd, my Liege:
 303 For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe,
 304 When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
 305 And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
 306 Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,
 307 But taken and impounded as a Stray,
 308 The King of Scots: whom shee did send to France,
 309 To fill King *Edwards* fame with prisoner Kings,
 310 And make their Chronicle as rich with prayse,
 311 As is the Owse and bottome of the Sea
 312 With sunken Wrack, and sum- lesse Treasuries.
 313 *Bish.Ely.* But there's a saying very old and true,
 314 *If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin.*
 315 For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
 316 To her vnguarded Nest, the Weazell (Scot)

317 Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Egges,
 318 Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
 319 To tame and hauocke more then she can eate.
 320 *Exet.* It followes then, the Cat must stay at home,
 321 Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
 322 Since we haue lockes to safegard necessaries,
 323 And pretty traps to catch the petty theeues.
 324 While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
 325 Th' aduised head defends it selfe at home:
 326 For Gouernment, though high, and low, and lower,
 327 Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent,
 328 Congreeing in a full and natural close,
 329 Like Musicke.
 330 *Cant.* Therefore doth heauen diuide
 331 The state of man in diuers functions,
 332 Setting endeuour in continual motion:
 333 To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
 334 Obedience: for so worke the Hony Bees,
 335 Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
 336 The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.
 337 They haue a King, and Officers of sorts,
 338 Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
 339 Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:
 340 Others, like Souldiers armed in their stings,
 341 Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet buddes:
 342 Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
 343 To the Tent- royale of their Emperour:
 344 Who busied in his Maiesties surueyes
 345 The singing Masons building roofes of Gold,
 346 The ciuil Citizens kneading vp the hony;
 347 The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
 348 Their heauy burthens at his narrow gate: [h2v
 349 The sad- ey'd Iustice with his surly humme,
 350 Deliuering ore to Executors pale
 351 The lazie yawning Drone: I this inferre,
 352 That many things hauing full reference
 353 To one consent, may worke contrariouly,
 354 As many Arrowes loosed seuerall wayes
 355 Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne,
 356 As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea;
 357 As many Lynes close in the Dials center:
 358 So may a thousand actions once a foote,
 359 And in one purpose, and be all well borne
 360 Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
 361 Diuide your happy England into foure,
 362 Whereof, take you one quarter into France,

363 And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.
 364 If we with thrice such powers left at home,
 365 Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
 366 Let vs be worried, and our Nation lose
 367 The name of hardinesse and policie.
 368 *King.* Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin.
 369 Now are we well resolu'd, and by Gods helpe
 370 And yours, the noble sinewes of our power,
 371 France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,
 372 Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l sit,
 373 (Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
 374 Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
 375 Or lay these bones in an vnworthy Vrne,
 376 Tomblesse, with no remembrance ouer them:
 377 Either our History shall with full mouth
 378 Speake freely of our Acts, or else our graue
 379 Like Turkish mute, shall haue a tonguelesse mouth,
 380 Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph.
 381 *Enter Ambassadors of France.*
 382 Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
 383 Of our faire Cosin Dolphin: for we heare,
 384 Your greeting is from him, not from the King.
 385 *Amb.* May't please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue
 386 Freely to render what we haue in charge:
 387 Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off
 388 The Dolphins meaning, and our Embassie.
 389 *King.* We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
 390 Vnto whose grace our passion is as subiect
 391 As is our wretches fettred in our prisons,
 392 Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainnesse,
 393 Tell vs the *Dolphins* minde.
 394 *Amb.* Thus than in few:
 395 Your Highnesse lately sending into France,
 396 Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
 397 Of your great Predecessor, King *Edward* the third.
 398 In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master
 399 Sayes, that you sauour too much of your youth,
 400 And bids you be aduis'd: There's nought in France,
 401 That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
 402 You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there.
 403 He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit
 404 This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
 405 Desires you let the dukedomes that you claime
 406 Heare no more of you. This the *Dolphin* speakes.
 407 *King.* What Treasure Vncle?
 408 *Exe.* Tennis balles, my Liege.

409 *Kin.* We are glad the *Dolphin* is so pleasant with vs,
 410 His Present, and your paines we thanke you for:
 411 When we haue matcht our Rackets to these Balles,
 412 We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set,
 413 Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
 414 Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,
 415 That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
 416 With Chaces. And we vnderstand him well,
 417 How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
 418 Not measuring what vse we made of them.
 419 We neuer valew'd this poore seate of England,
 420 And therefore liuing hence, did giue our selfe
 421 To barbarous license: As 'tis euer common,
 422 That men are merriest, when they are from home.
 423 But tell the *Dolphin*, I will keepe my State,
 424 Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatnesse,
 425 When I do rowse me in my Throne of France.
 426 For that I haue layd by my Maiestie,
 427 And plodded like a man for working dayes:
 428 But I will rise there with so full a glorie,
 429 That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
 430 Yea strike the *Dolphin* blinde to looke on vs,
 431 And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his
 432 Hath turn'd his balles to Gun- stones, and his soule
 433 Shall stand sore charged, for the wastefull vengeance
 434 That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widows
 435 Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbands;
 436 Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe:
 437 And some are yet vngotten and vnborne,
 438 That shal haue cause to curse the *Dolphins* scorene.
 439 But this lyes all within the wil of God,
 440 To whom I do appeale, and in whose name
 441 Tel you the *Dolphin*, I am comming on,
 442 To venge me as I may, and to put forth
 443 My rightfull hand in a wel- hallow'd cause.
 444 So get you hence in peace: And tell the *Dolphin*,
 445 His Iest will sauour but of shallow wit,
 446 When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it.
 447 Conuey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.
 448 *Exeunt Ambassadors.*
 449 *Exe.* This was a merry Message.
 450 *King.* We hope to make the Sender blush at it:
 451 Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
 452 That may giue furth'rance to our Expedition:
 453 For we haue now no thought in vs but France,
 454 Saue those to God, that runne before our businesse.

455 Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
456 Be soone collected, and all things thought vpon,
457 That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde
458 More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
459 Wee'le chide this *Dolphin* at his fathers doore.
460 Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
461 That this faire Action may on foot be brought. *Exeunt.*
462 *Flourish. Enter Chorus.*
463 Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
464 And silken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
465 Now thriue the Armorers, and Honors thought
466 Reignes solely in the breast of euery man.
467 They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse;
468 Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
469 With winged heeles, as English *Mercuries*.
470 For now sits Expectation in the Ayre,
471 And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point,
472 With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
473 Promis'd to *Harry*, and his followers.
474 The French aduis'd by good intelligence
475 Of this most dreadfull preparation,
476 Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
477 Seeke to diuert the English purposes.
478 O England: Modell to thy inward Greatnesse,
479 Like little Body with a mightie Heart: [h3
480 What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
481 Were all thy children kinde and naturall:
482 But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
483 A nest of hollow bosomes, which he filles
484 With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
485 One, *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, and the second
486 *Henry* Lord *Scroope* of *Masham*, and the third
487 Sir *Thomas Grey* Knight of Northumberland,
488 Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
489 Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France,
490 And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye.
491 If Hell and Treason hold their promises,
492 Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton.
493 Linger your patience on, and wee'l digest
494 Th' abuse of distance; force a play:
495 The summe is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
496 The King is set from London, and the Scene
497 Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton,
498 There is the Play- house now, there must you sit,
499 And thence to France shall we conuey you safe,
500 And bring you backe: Charming the narrow seas

501 To giue you gentle Passe: for if we may,
 502 Wee'l not offend one stomacke with our Play.
 503 But till the King come forth, and not till then,
 504 Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene. *Exit*
 505 *Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.*
 506 *Bar.* Well met Corporall *Nym*.
 507 *Nym.* Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe*.
 508 *Bar.* What, are Ancient *Pistoll* and you friends yet?
 509 *Nym.* For my part, I care not: I say little: but when
 510 time shall serue, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as
 511 it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out
 512 mine yron: it is a simple one, but what though? It will
 513 taste Cheese, and it will endure cold, as another mans
 514 sword will: and there's an end.
 515 *Bar.* I will bestow a breakfast to make you friendes,
 516 and wee'l bee all three sworne brothers to France: Let't
 517 be so good Corporall *Nym*.
 518 *Nym.* Faith, I will liue so long as I may, that's the cer-taine
 519 of it: and when I cannot liue any longer, I will doe
 520 as I may: That is my rest, that is the rendezous of it.
 521 *Bar.* It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to
 522 *Nell Quickly*, and certainly she did you wrong, for you
 523 were troth- plight to her.
 524 *Nym.* I cannot tell, Things must be as they may: men
 525 may sleepe, and they may haue their throats about them
 526 at that time, and some say, kniues haue edges: It must
 527 be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee
 528 will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot
 529 tell.
 530 *Enter Pistoll, & Quickly.*
 531 *Bar.* Heere comes Ancient *Pistoll* and his wife: good
 532 Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoaste *Pi-stoll*?
 533 *Pist.* Base Tyke, cal'st thou mee Hoste, now by this
 534 hand I sweare I scorne the terme: nor shall my *Nel* keep
 535 Lodgers.
 536 *Host.* No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge
 537 and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that liue
 538 honestly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee
 539 thought we keepe a Bawdy- house straight. O welliday
 540 Lady, if he be not hewne now, we shall see wilful adulte-ry
 541 and murther committed.
 542 *Bar.* Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing
 543 heere. *Nym.* Pish.
 544 *Pist.* Pish for thee, Island dogge: thou prickeard cur
 545 of Island.
 546 *Host.* Good Corporall *Nym* shew thy valor, and put
 547

548 vp your sword.

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

550 *Pist.* Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The solus
551 in thy most meruailous face, the solus in thy teeth, and
552 in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw
553 perdy; and which is worse, within thy nastie mouth. I
554 do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and *Pi-stols*
555 cocke is vp, and flashing fire will follow.

556 *Nym.* I am not *Barbason*, you cannot coniuere mee: I
557 haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you
558 grow fowle with me Pistoll, I will scoure you with my
559 Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke
560 off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as
561 I may, and that's the humor of it.

562 *Pist.* O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
563 The Graue doth gape, and doting death is neere,
564 Therefore exhale.

565 *Bar.* Heare me, heare me what I say: Hee that strikes
566 the first stroake, Ile run him vp to the hilts, as I am a sol-dier.

568 *Pist.* An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
569 Giue me thy fist, thy fore- foote to me giue: Thy spirites
570 are most tall.

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

573 *Pistoll.* *Couple a gorge*, that is the word. I defie thee a-gaine.
574 O hound of Creet, think'st thou my spouse to get?
575 No, to the spittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of in-famy,
576 fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Cressids* kinde, *Doll*
577 *Teare-sheete*, she by name, and her espouse. I haue, and I
578 will hold the *Quondam Quickly* for the onely shee: and
579 *Pauca*, there's enough to go to.

580 *Enter the Boy.*

581 *Boy.* Mine Hoast *Pistoll*, you must come to my May-ster,
582 and your Hostesse: He is very sicke, & would to bed.
583 Good *Bardolfe*, put thy face betweene his sheets, and do
584 the Office of a Warming- pan: Faith, he's very ill.

585 *Bard.* Away you Rogue.

586 *Host.* By my troth he'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one
587 of these dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good Hus-band
588 come home presently. *Exit*

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

592 *Pist.* Let floods ore- swell, and fiends for food howle
593 on.

594 *Nym.* You'l pay me the eight shillings I won of you

595 at Betting?
 596 *Pist.* Base is the Slaue that payes.
 597 *Nym.* That now I wil haue: that's the humor of it.
 598 *Pist.* As manhood shal compound: push home. *Draw*
 599 *Bard.* By this sword, hee that makes the first thrust,
 600 Ile kill him: By this sword, I wil.
 601 *Pi.* Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must haue their course
 602 *Bar.* Coporall *Nym*, & thou wilt be friends be frends,
 603 and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to: pre-thee
 604 put vp.
 605 *Pist.* A Noble shalt thou haue, and present pay, and
 606 Liquor likewise will I giue to thee, and friendshippe
 607 shall combyne, and brotherhood. Ile liue by *Nymme*, &
 608 *Nymme* shall liue by me, is not this iust? For I shal Sut-ler
 609 be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Giue mee
 610 thy hand. [h3v
 611 *Nym.* I shall haue my Noble?
 612 *Pist.* In cash, most iustly payd.
 613 *Nym.* Well, then that the humor of't.
 614 *Enter Hostesse.*
 615 *Host.* As euer you come of women, come in quickly
 616 to sir *Iohn*: A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning
 617 quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold.
 618 Sweet men, come to him.
 619 *Nym.* The King hath run bad humors on the Knight,
 620 that's the euen of it.
 621 *Pist.* *Nym*, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fra-cted
 622 and corroborate.
 623 *Nym.* The King is a good King, but it must bee as it
 624 may: he passes some humors, and carreeres.
 625 *Pist.* Let vs condole the Knight, for (*Lambekins*) we
 626 will liue.
 627 *Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland.*
 628 *Bed.* Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors
 629 *Exe.* They shall be apprehended by and by.
 630 *West.* How smooth and euen they do bear themselues,
 631 As if allegeance in their bosomes sate
 632 Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.
 633 *Bed.* The King hath note of all that they intend,
 634 By interception, which they dreame not of.
 635 *Exe.* Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
 636 Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours;
 637 That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell
 638 His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.
 639 *Sound Trumpets.*
 640 *Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.*

641 *King.* Now sits the winde faire, and we will aboard.
 642 My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kinde Lord of *Masham*,
 643 And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts:
 644 Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs
 645 Will cut their passage through the force of France?
 646 Doing the execution, and the acte,
 647 For which we haue in head assembled them.
 648 *Scro.* No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.
 649 *King.* I doubt not that, since we are well perswaded
 650 We carry not a heart with vs from hence,
 651 That growes not in a faire consent with ours:
 652 Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not wish
 653 Successe and Conquest to attend on vs.
 654 *Cam.* Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd,
 655 Then is your Maiesty; there's not I thinke a subiect
 656 That sits in heart- greefe and vneasinesse
 657 Vnder the sweet shade of your gouernment.
 658 *Kni.* True: those that were your Fathers enemies,
 659 Haue steep'd their gauls in hony, and do serue you
 660 With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.
 661 *King.* We therefore haue great cause of thankfulnes,
 662 And shall forget the office of our hand
 663 Sooner then quittance of desert and merit,
 664 According to the weight and worthinesse.
 665 *Scro.* So seruice shall with steeled sinewes toyle,
 666 And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
 667 To do your Grace incessant seruices.
 668 *King.* We Iudge no lesse. Vnkle of *Exeter*,
 669 Inlarge the man committed yesterday,
 670 That rayl'd against our person: We consider
 671 It was excesse of Wine that set him on,
 672 And on his more aduice, We pardon him.
 673 *Scro.* That's mercy, but too much security:
 674 Let him be punish'd Soueraigne, least example
 675 Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.
 676 *King.* O let vs yet be mercifull.
 677 *Cam.* So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too.
 678 *Grey.* Sir, you shew great mercy if you giue him life,
 679 After the taste of much correction.
 680 *King.* Alas, your too much loue and care of me,
 681 Are heauy Orisons 'gainst this poore wretch:
 682 If little faults proceeding on distemper,
 683 Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
 684 When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
 685 Appaere before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge that man,
 686 Though *Cambridge*, *Scroope*, and *Gray*, in their deere care

687 And tender preservation of our person
 688 Wold haue him punish'd. And now to our French causes,
 689 Who are the late Commissioners?
 690 *Cam.* I one my Lord,
 691 Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.
 692 *Scro.* So did you me my Liege.
 693 *Gray.* And I my Royall Soueraigne.
 694 *King.* Then *Richard Earle of Cambridge*, there is yours:
 695 There yours Lord *Scroope of Masham*, and Sir Knight:
 696 *Gray of Northumberland*, this same is yours:
 697 Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse.
 698 My Lord of *Westmerland*, and Vnkle *Exeter*,
 699 We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen?
 700 What see you in those papers, that you loose
 701 So much complexion? Looke ye how they change:
 702 Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there,
 703 That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood
 704 Out of apparance.
 705 *Cam.* I do confesse my fault,
 706 And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.
 707 *Gray. Scro.* To which we all appeale.
 708 *King.* The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,
 709 By your owne counsaile is supprest and kill'd:
 710 You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy,
 711 For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes,
 712 As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you:
 713 See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
 714 These English monsters: My Lord of *Cambridge* heere,
 715 You know how apt our loue was, to accord
 716 To furnish with all appertinents
 717 Belonging to his Honour; and this man,
 718 Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd
 719 And sworne vnto the practises of France
 720 To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,
 721 This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to Vs
 722 Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But O,
 723 What shall I say to thee Lord *Scroope*, thou cruell,
 724 Ingratefull, sauage, and inhumane Creature?
 725 Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsailes,
 726 That knew'st the very bottome of my soule,
 727 That (almost) might'st haue coyn'd me into Golde,
 728 Would'st thou haue practis'd on me, for thy vse?
 729 May it be possible, that forraigne hyer
 730 Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill
 731 That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,
 732 That though the truth of it stands off as grosse

733 As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 734 Treason, and murther, euer kept together,
 735 As two yoake diuels sworne to eythers purpose,
 736 Working so grossely in an naturall cause,
 737 That admiration did not hoope at them.
 738 But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in
 739 Wonder to waite on treason, and on murther:
 740 And whatsoeuer cunning fiend it was
 741 That wrought vpon thee so preposterously,
 742 Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence: [h4
 743 And other diuels that suggest by treasons,
 744 Do botch and bungle vp damnation,
 745 With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht
 746 From glist'ring semblances of piety:
 747 But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp,
 748 Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
 749 Vnlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
 750 If that same Daemon that hath gull'd thee thus,
 751 Should with his Lyon- gate walke the whole world,
 752 He might returne to vastie Tartar backe,
 753 And tell the Legions, I can neuer win
 754 A soule so easie as that Englishmans.
 755 Oh, how hast thou with iealousie infected
 756 The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull,
 757 Why so didst thou: seeme they graue and learned?
 758 Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family?
 759 Why so didst thou. Seeme they religious?
 760 Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
 761 Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger,
 762 Constant in spirit, not sweruing with the blood,
 763 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
 764 Not working with the eye, without the eare,
 765 And but in purged iudgement trusting neither,
 766 Such and so finely boulded didst thou seeme:
 767 And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,
 768 To make thee full fraught man, and best indued
 769 With some suspition, I will weepe for thee.
 770 For this reuolt of thine, me thinkes is like
 771 Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,
 772 Arrest them to the answer of the Law,
 773 And God acquit them of their practises.
 774 *Exe.* I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of
 775 *Richard Earle of Cambridge.*
 776 I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas*
 777 *Lord Scroope of Marsham.*
 778 I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas*

779 *Grey, Knight of Northumberland.*
 780 *Scro.* Our purposes, God iustly hath discover'd,
 781 And I repent my fault more then my death,
 782 Which I beseech your Highnesse to forgiue,
 783 Although my body pay the price of it.
 784 *Cam.* For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,
 785 Although I did admit it as a motiue,
 786 The sooner to effect what I intended:
 787 But God be thanked for preuention,
 788 Which in sufferance heartily will reioyce,
 789 Beseeching God, and you, to pardon mee.
 790 *Gray.* Neuer did faithfull subiect more reioyce
 791 At the discouery of most dangerous Treason,
 792 Then I do at this houre ioy ore my selfe,
 793 Preuented from a damned enterprize;
 794 My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.
 795 *King.* God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence
 796 You haue conspir'd against Our Royall person,
 797 Ioyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
 798 Receyu'd the Golden Earnest of Our death:
 799 Wherein you would haue sold your King to slaughter,
 800 His Princes, and his Peeres to seruitude,
 801 His Subiects to oppression, and contempt,
 802 And his whole Kingdome into desolation:
 803 Touching our person, seeke we no reuenge,
 804 But we our Kingdomes safety must so tender,
 805 Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes
 806 We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,
 807 (Poore miserable wretches) to your death:
 808 The taste whereof, God of his mercy giue [
 809 You patience to indure, and true Repentance
 810 Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence. *Exit.*
 811 Now Lords for France: the enterprise whereof
 812 Shall be to you as vs, like glorious.
 813 We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
 814 Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 815 This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way,
 816 To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
 817 But euery Rubbe is smoothed on our way.
 818 Then forth, deare Countreymen: Let vs deliuer
 819 Our Puissance into the hand of God,
 820 Putting it straight in expedition.
 821 Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance,
 822 No King of England, if not King of France. *Flourish.*
 823 *Enter Pistoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostesse.*
 824 *Hostesse.* 'Prythee honey sweet Husband, let me bring

825 thee to Staines.

826 *Pistoll.* No: for my manly heart doth erne. *Bardolph,*
827 be blythe: *Nim,* rowse thy vaunting Veines: Boy, brissle
828 thy Courage vp: for *Falstaffe* hee is dead, and wee must
829 erne therefore.

830 *Bard.* Would I were with him, wheresomere hee is,
831 eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.

832 *Hostesse.* Nay sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in *Arthurs*
833 Bosome, if euer man went to *Arthurs* Bosome: a made a
834 finer end, and went away and it had beene any Christome
835 Childe: a parted eu'n iust betweene Twelue and One, eu'n
836 at the turning o'th' Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with
837 the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his fin-gers
838 end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was
839 as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now
840 Sir *Iohn* (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare: so a
841 cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I,
842 to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God; I
843 hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any
844 such thoughts yet: so a bad me lay more Clothes on his
845 feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they
846 were as cold as any stone: then I felt to his knees, and so
847 vp- peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

848 *Nim.* They say he cryed out of Sack.

849 *Hostesse.* I, that a did.

850 *Bard.* And of Women.

851 *Hostesse.* Nay, that a did not.

852 *Boy.* Yes that a did, and said they were Deules incar-nate.

854 *Woman.* A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Co-lour
855 he neuer lik'd.

856 *Boy.* A said once, the Deule would haue him about
857 Women.

858 *Hostesse.* A did in some sort (indeed) handle Women:
859 but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of
860 Babylon.

861 *Boy.* Doe you not remember a saw a Flea sticke vpon
862 *Bardolphs* Nose, and a said it was a blacke Soule burning
863 in Hell.

864 *Bard.* Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire:
865 that's all the Riches I got in his seruice.

866 *Nim.* Shall wee shogg? the King will be gone from
867 Southampton.

868 *Pist.* Come, let's away. My Loue, giue me thy Lippes:
869 Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables: Let Sences
870 rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: trust none: for Oathes
871 are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer- Cakes, and hold- fast

872 is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore *Caueto* bee
 873 thy Counsaillor. Goe, cleare thy Chrystalls. Yoke-fellowes
 874 in Armes, let vs to France, like Horse-leeches [h4v
 875 my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to
 876 sucke.
 877 *Boy.* And that's but vnwholesome food, they say.
 878 *Pist.* Touch her soft mouth, and march.
 879 *Bard.* Farwell Hostesse.
 880 *Nim.* I cannot kisse, that is the humor of it: but
 881 adieu.
 882 *Pist.* Let Huswiferie appeare: keepe close, I thee
 883 command.
 884 *Hostesse.* Farwell: adieu. *Exeunt*
 885 *Flourish.*
 886 *Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes*
 887 *of Berry and Britaine.*
 888 *King.* Thus comes the English with full power vpon vs,
 889 And more then carefully it vs concernes,
 890 To answer Royally in our defences.
 891 Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,
 892 Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth,
 893 And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch
 894 To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre
 895 With men of courage, and with meanes defendant:
 896 For England his approaches makes as fierce,
 897 As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe.
 898 It fits vs then to be as prouident,
 899 As feare may teach vs, out of late examples
 900 Left by the fatall and neglected English,
 901 Vpon our fields.
 902 *Dolphin.* My most redoubted Father,
 903 It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe:
 904 For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome,
 905 (Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question)
 906 But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,
 907 Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
 908 As were a Warre in expectation.
 909 Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth,
 910 To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
 911 And let vs doe it with no shew of feare,
 912 No, with no more, then if we heard that England
 913 Were busied with a Whitson Morris- dance:
 914 For, my good Liege, shee is so idly King'd,
 915 Her Scepter so phantastically borne,
 916 By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth,
 917 That feare attends her not.

918 *Const.* O peace, Prince Dolphin,
 919 You are too much mistaken in this King:
 920 Question your Grace the late Embassadors,
 921 With what great State he heard their Embassie,
 922 How well supply'd with Noble Councillors,
 923 How modest in exception; and withall,
 924 How terrible in constant resolution:
 925 And you shall find, his Vanities fore- spent,
 926 Were but the out- side of the Roman *Brutus*,
 927 Couering Discretion with a Coat of Folly;
 928 As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots
 929 That shall first spring, and be most delicate.
 930 *Dolphin.* Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable.
 931 But though we thinke it so, it is no matter:
 932 In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
 933 The Enemie more mightie then he seemes,
 934 So the proportions of defence are fill'd:
 935 Which of a weake and niggardly proiection,
 936 Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with scanting
 937 A little Cloth.
 938 *King.* Thinke we King *Harry* strong:
 939 And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him.
 940 The Kindred of him hath beene flesht vpon vs:
 941 And he is bred out of that bloodie straine,
 942 That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes:
 943 Witnesse our too much memorable shame,
 944 When Cressy Battell fatally was strucke,
 945 And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand
 946 Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales:
 947 Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing
 948 Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne,
 949 Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him
 950 Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface
 951 The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers
 952 Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem
 953 Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare
 954 The Natiue mightinesse and fate of him.
 955 *Enter a Messenger.*
 956 *Mess.* Embassadors from *Harry* King of England,
 957 Doe craue admittance to your Maiestie.
 958 *King.* Weele giue them present audience.
 959 Goe, and bring them.
 960 You see this Chase is hotly followed, friends.
 961 *Dolphin.* Turne head, and stop pursuit: for coward Dogs
 962 Most spend their mouths, whe[n] what they seem to threaten
 963 Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne

964 Take vp the English short, and let them know
 965 Of what a Monarchie you are the Head:
 966 Selfe- loue, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne,
 967 As selfe- neglecting.
 968 *Enter Exeter.*
 969 *King.* From our Brother of England?
 970 *Exe.* From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie:
 971 He wills you in the Name of God Almightye,
 972 That you deuest your selfe, and lay apart
 973 The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen,
 974 By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs
 975 To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne,
 976 And all wide- stretched Honors, that pertaine
 977 By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times,
 978 Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know
 979 'Tis no sinister, nor no awk-ward Clayme,
 980 Pickt from the worme- holes of long- vanisht dayes,
 981 Nor from the dust of old Obliuion rakt,
 982 He sends you this most memorable Lyne,
 983 In euery Branch truly demonstratiue;
 984 Willing you ouer- looke this Pedigree:
 985 And when you find him euenly deriu'd
 986 From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors,
 987 *Edward* the third; he bids you then resigne
 988 Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held
 989 From him, the Natiue and true Challenger.
 990 *King.* Or else what followes?
 991 *Exe.* Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne
 992 Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
 993 Therefore in fierce Tempest is he comming,
 994 In Thunder and in Earth- quake, like a *Ioue*:
 995 That if requiring faile, he will compell.
 996 And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
 997 Deliuer vp the Crowne, and to take mercie
 998 On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre
 999 Opens his vastie Iawes: and on your head
 1000 Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,
 1001 The dead- mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes,
 1002 For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers,
 1003 That shall be swallowed in this Controuersie.
 1004 This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message:
 1005 Vnlesse the Dolphin be in presence here;
 1006 To whom expressely I bring greeting to. [h5
 1007 *King.* For vs, we will consider of this further:
 1008 To morrow shall you beare our full intent
 1009 Back to our Brother of England.

1010 *Dolph.* For the Dolphin,
 1011 I stand here for him: what to him from England?
 1012 *Exe.* Scorne and defiance, sleight regard, contempt,
 1013 And any thing that may not mis- become
 1014 The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.
 1015 Thus sayes my King: and if your Fathers Highnesse
 1016 Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,
 1017 Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maiestie;
 1018 Hee'le call you to so hot an Answer of it,
 1019 That Caues and Wombie Vaultages of France
 1020 Shall chide your Trespas, and returne your Mock
 1021 In second Accent of his Ordinance.
 1022 *Dolph.* Say: if my Father render faire returne,
 1023 It is against my will: for I desire
 1024 Nothing but Oddes with England.
 1025 To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,
 1026 I did present him with the Paris- Balls.
 1027 *Exe.* Hee'le make your Paris Louer shake for it,
 1028 Were it the Mistresse Court of mightie Europe:
 1029 And be assur'd, you'le find a diff'rence,
 1030 As we his Subiects haue in wonder found,
 1031 Betweene the promise of his greener dayes,
 1032 And these he masters now: now he weighes Time
 1033 Euen to the vtmost Graine: that you shall reade
 1034 In your owne Losses, if he stay in France.
 1035 *King.* To morrow shall you know our mind at full.
 1036 *Flourish.*
 1037 *Exe.* Dispatch vs with all speed, least that our King
 1038 Come here himselfe to question our delay;
 1039 For he is footed in this Land already.
 1040 *King.* You shalbe soone dispatcht, with faire conditions.
 1041 A Night is but small breathe, and little pawse,
 1042 To answer matters of this consequence. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

1044 *Flourish. Enter Chorus.*
 1045 Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flyes,
 1046 In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought.
 1047 Suppose, that you haue seene
 1048 The well- appointed King at Douer Peer,
 1049 Embarke his Royaltie: and his braue Fleet,
 1050 With silken Streamers, the young *Phebus* fayning;
 1051 Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,

1052 Vpon the Hempten Tackle, Ship- boyes climbing;
 1053 Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order giue
 1054 To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden Sayles,
 1055 Borne with th' inuisible and creeping Wind,
 1056 Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
 1057 Brestring the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke
 1058 You stand vpon the Riuge, and behold
 1059 A Citie on th' inconstant Billowes dauncing:
 1060 For so appeares this Fleet Maiesticall,
 1061 Holding due course to Harflew. Follow, follow:
 1062 Grapple your minds to sternage of this Nauie,
 1063 And leaue your England as dead Mid- night, still,
 1064 Guarded with Grandsires, Babyes, and old Women,
 1065 Eyther past, or not arriu'd to pyth and puissance:
 1066 For who is he, whose Chin is but enrich
 1067 With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
 1068 These cull'd and choyse- drawne Caualliers to France?
 1069 Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege:
 1070 Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,
 1071 With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew.
 1072 Suppose th' Ambassador from the French comes back:
 1073 Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
 1074 *Katherine* his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
 1075 Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes.
 1076 The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
 1077 With Lynstock now the diuellish Cannon touches,
 1078 *Alarum, and Chambers goe off.*
 1079 And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
 1080 And eech out our performance with your mind. *Exit.*
 1081 *Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester.*
 1082 *Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.*
 1083 *King.* Once more vnto the Breach,
 1084 Deare friends, once more;
 1085 Or close the Wall vp with our English dead:
 1086 In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
 1087 As modest stillnesse, and humilitie:
 1088 But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares,
 1089 Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
 1090 Stiffen the sinewes, commune vp the blood,
 1091 Disguise faire Nature with hard- fauour'd Rage:
 1092 Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect:
 1093 Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
 1094 Like the Brasse Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it,
 1095 As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke
 1096 O're- hang and iutty his confounded Base,
 1097 Swill'd with the wild and wastfull Ocean.

1098 Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nosthrill wide,
 1099 Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp euery Spirit
 1100 To his full height. On, on, you Noblish English,
 1101 Whose blood is fet from Fathers of Warre- prooffe:
 1102 Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*,
 1103 Haue in these parts from Morne till Euen fought,
 1104 And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.
 1105 Dishonour not your Mothers: now attest,
 1106 That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
 1107 Be Coppy now to men of grosser blood,
 1108 And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,
 1109 Whose Lymes were made in England; shew vs here
 1110 The mettell of your Pasture: let vs sweare,
 1111 That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
 1112 For there is none of you so meane and base,
 1113 That hath not Noble luster in your eyes.
 1114 I see you stand like Grey- hounds in the slips,
 1115 Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot:
 1116 Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,
 1117 Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and S[aint]. *George*.
 1118 *Alarum, and Chambers goe off.*
 1119 *Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistoll, and Boy.*
 1120 *Bard.* On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.
 1121 *Nim.* 'Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too
 1122 hot: and for mine owne part, I haue not a Case of Liues:
 1123 the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine- Song
 1124 of it.
 1125 *Pist.* The plaine- Song is most iust: for humors doe a-bound:
 1126 Knocks goe and come: Gods Vassals drop and
 1127 dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne
 1128 immortall fame.
 1129 *Boy.* Would I were in a Ale- house in London, I
 1130 would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and safetie. [h5v
 1131 *Pist.* And I: If wishes would preuayle with me, my
 1132 purpose should not fayle with me; but thither would I
 1133 high.
 1134 *Boy.* As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on
 1135 bough.
 1136 *Enter Fluellen.*
 1137 *Flu.* Vp to the breach, you Dogges; auaunt you
 1138 Cullions.
 1139 *Pist.* Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould: a-bate
 1140 thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage,
 1141 great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage: vse lenitie
 1142 sweet Chuck.
 1143 *Nim.* These be good humors: your Honor wins bad

1144 humors. *Exit.*

1145 *Boy.* As young as I am, I haue obseru'd these three
 1146 Swashers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three,
 1147 though they would serue me, could not be Man to me;
 1148 for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man:
 1149 for *Bardolph*, hee is white- liuer'd, and red- fac'd; by the
 1150 meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for *Pistoll*,
 1151 hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the
 1152 meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes whole
 1153 Weapons: for *Nim*, hee hath heard, that men of few
 1154 Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to say
 1155 his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward: but his
 1156 few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for
 1157 a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was
 1158 against a Post, when he was drunke. They will steale any
 1159 thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolph* stole a Lute- case,
 1160 bore it twelue Leagues, and sold it for three halpence.
 1161 *Nim* and *Bardolph* are sworne Brothers in filching: and
 1162 in Callice they stole a fire- shouell. I knew by that peece
 1163 of Seruice, the men would carry Coales. They would
 1164 haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues
 1165 or their Hand- kerchers: which makes much against my
 1166 Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put
 1167 into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of Wrongs.
 1168 I must leaue them, and seeke some better Seruice: their
 1169 Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore
 1170 I must cast it vp. *Exit.*

1171 *Enter Gower.*

1172 *Gower.* Captaine *Fluellen*, you must come presently to
 1173 the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would speake with
 1174 you.

1175 *Flu.* To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so
 1176 good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes
 1177 is not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the con-cauties
 1178 of it is not sufficient: for looke you, th' athuer-sarie,
 1179 you may discusse vnto the Duke, looke you, is digt
 1180 himselfe foure yard vnder the Countermines: by *Cheshu*,
 1181 I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better directi-ons.

1183 *Gower.* The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order
 1184 of the Siege is giuen, is altogether directed by an Irish
 1185 man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

1186 *Welch.* It is Captaine *Makmorrice*, is it not?

1187 *Gower.* I thinke it be.

1188 *Welch.* By *Cheshu* he is an Asse, as in the World, I will
 1189 verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions
 1190 in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the

1191 Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy- dog.
 1192 *Enter Mackmorrice, and Captaine Iamy.*
 1193 *Gower.* Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine
 1194 *Iamy*, with him.
 1195 *Welch.* Captaine *Iamy* is a maruellous falorous Gen-tleman,
 1196 that is certain, and of great expedition and know-ledge
 1197 in th' aunchiant Warres, vpon my particular know-ledge
 1198 of his directions: by *Cheshu* he will maintaine his
 1199 Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in
 1200 the disciplines of the Pristine Warres of the Romans.
 1201 *Scot.* I say gudday, Captaine *Fluellen*.
 1202 *Welch.* Godden to your Worship, good Captaine
 1203 *Iames*.
 1204 *Gower.* How now Captaine *Mackmorrice*, haue you
 1205 quit the Mynes? haue the Pioners giuen o're?
 1206 *Irish.* By Chrish Law tish ill done: the Worke ish
 1207 giue ouer, the Trompet sound the Retreat. By my Hand
 1208 I sweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ish ill done:
 1209 it ish giue ouer: I would haue blowed vp the Towne,
 1210 so Chrish saue me law, in an houre. O tish ill done, tish ill
 1211 done: by my Hand tish ill done.
 1212 *Welch.* Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I beseech you now,
 1213 will you voutsafe me, looke you, a few disputations with
 1214 you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of
 1215 the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument,
 1216 looke you, and friendly communication: partly to satisfie
 1217 my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of
 1218 my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie dis-cipline,
 1219 that is the Point.
 1220 *Scot.* It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath,
 1221 and I sall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion:
 1222 that sall I mary.
 1223 *Irish.* It is no time to discourse, so Chrish saue me:
 1224 the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the
 1225 King, and the Dukes: it is no time to discourse, the Town
 1226 is beseech'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and
 1227 we talke, and be Chrish do nothing, tis shame for vs all:
 1228 so God sa'me tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my
 1229 hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be
 1230 done, and there ish nothing done, so Christ sa'me law.
 1231 *Scot.* By the Mes, ere theise eyes of mine take them-selues
 1232 to slomber, ayle de gud seruice, or Ile ligge i'th'
 1233 grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as valo-rously
 1234 as I may, that sal I suerly do, that is the breff and
 1235 the long: mary, I wad full faine heard some question
 1236 tween you tway.

1237 *Welch.* Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I thinke, looke you,
 1238 vnder your correction, there is not many of your Na-tion.
 1240 *Irish.* Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a
 1241 Villaine, and a Basterd, and a Knaue, and a Rascall. What
 1242 ish my Nation? Who talkes of my Nation?
 1243 *Welch.* Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise
 1244 then is meant, Captaine *Mackmorrice*, peraduenture I
 1245 shall thinke you doe not vse me with that affabilitie, as in
 1246 discretion you ought to vse me, looke you, being as good
 1247 a man as your selfe, both in the disciplines of Warre, and
 1248 in the deriuation of my Birth, and in other particula-rities.
 1250 *Irish.* I doe not know you so good a man as my selfe:
 1251 so Chrish saue me, I will cut off your Head.
 1252 *Gower.* Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.
 1253 *Scot.* A, that's a foule fault. *A Parley.*
 1254 *Gower.* The Towne sounds a Parley.
 1255 *Welch.* Captaine *Mackmorrice*, when there is more
 1256 better oportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be
 1257 so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre:
 1258 and there is an end. *Exit.*
 1259 *Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.*
 1260 *King.* How yet resolves the Gouvernour of the Towne?
 1261 This is the latest Parle we will admit: [h6
 1262 Therefore to our best mercy giue your selues,
 1263 Or like to men proud of destruction,
 1264 Defie vs to our worst: for as I am a Souldier,
 1265 A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;
 1266 If I begin the batt'rie once againe,
 1267 I will not leaue the halfe- atchieued Harflew,
 1268 Till in her ashes she lye buried.
 1269 The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp,
 1270 And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
 1271 In libertie of bloody hand, shall raunge
 1272 With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grasse
 1273 Your fresh faire Virgins, and your flowring Infants.
 1274 What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
 1275 Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
 1276 Doe with his smyrcht complexion all fell feats,
 1277 Enlynckt to wast and desolation?
 1278 What is't to me, when you your selues are cause,
 1279 If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
 1280 Of hot and forcing Violation?
 1281 What Reyne can hold licentious Wickednesse,
 1282 When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?
 1283 We may as bootlesse spend our vaine Command
 1284 Vpon th' enraged Souldiers in their spoyle,

1285 As send Precepts to the *Leuiathan*, to come ashore.
 1286 Therefore, you men of Harflew,
 1287 Take pittie of your Towne and of your People,
 1288 Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
 1289 Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
 1290 O're- blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
 1291 Of heady Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.
 1292 If not: why in a moment looke to see
 1293 The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand
 1294 Desire the Locks of your shrill- shrieking Daughters:
 1295 Your Fathers taken by the siluer Beards,
 1296 And their most reuerend Heads dasht to the Walls:
 1297 Your naked Infants spitted vpon Pykes,
 1298 Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
 1299 Doe breake the Clouds; as did the Wiues of Iewry,
 1300 At *Herods* bloody- hunting slaughter- men.
 1301 What say you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd?
 1302 Or guiltie in defence, be thus destroy'd.
 1303 *Enter Governour.*
 1304 *Gouer.* Our expectation hath this day an end:
 1305 The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
 1306 Returnes vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,
 1307 To rayse so great a Siege: Therefore great King,
 1308 We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy soft Mercy:
 1309 Enter our Gates, dispose of vs and ours,
 1310 For we no longer are defensible.
 1311 *King.* Open your Gates: Come Vnckle *Exeter*,
 1312 Goe you and enter Harflew; there remaine,
 1313 And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French:
 1314 Vse mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle.
 1315 The Winter comming on, and Sicknesse growing
 1316 Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.
 1317 To night in Harflew will we be your Guest,
 1318 To morrow for the March are we adrest.
 1319 *Flourish, and enter the Towne.*
 1320 *Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.*
 1321 *Kathe.* *Alice, tu as este en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas*
 1322 *le Language.*
 1323 *Alice.* *En peu Madame.*
 1324 *Kath.* *Je te prie m' enseigniez, il faut que ie apprend a par-len:*
 1325 *Comient appelle vous le main en Anglois?*
 1326 *Alice.* *Le main il & appelle de Hand.*
 1327 *Kath.* *De Hand.*
 1328 *Alice.* *E le doysts.*
 1329 *Kat.* *Le doysts, ma foy Je oublie, e doyt mays, ie me souemeray*
 1330 *le doysts ie pense qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres.*

- 1331 *Alice. Le main de Hand, le doys le Fingres, ie pense que ie*
 1332 *suis le bon escholier.*
- 1333 *Kath. I'ay gaynie diux mots d' Anglois vistement, coment*
 1334 *appelle vous le ongles?*
- 1335 *Alice. Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.*
- 1336 *Kath. De Nayles escoute: dites moy, si ie parle bien: de*
 1337 *Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.*
- 1338 *Alice. C'est bien dict Madame, il & fort bon Anglois.*
- 1339 *Kath. Dites moy l' Anglois pour le bras.*
- 1340 *Alice. De Arme, Madame.*
- 1341 *Kath. E de coudee.*
- 1342 *Alice. D' Elbow.*
- 1343 *Kath. D' Elbow: Ie men fay le repiticio de tous les mots*
 1344 *que vous maves, apprins des a present.*
- 1345 *Alice. Il & trop difficile Madame, comme Ie pense.*
- 1346 *Kath. Excuse moy Alice escoute, d' Hand, de Fingre, de*
 1347 *Nayles, d' Arma, de Bilbow.*
- 1348 *Alice. D' Elbow, Madame.*
- 1349 *Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d' Elbow, coment ap-pelle*
 1350 *vous le col.*
- 1351 *Alice. De Nick, Madame.*
- 1352 *Kath. De Nick, e le menton.*
- 1353 *Alice. De Chin.*
- 1354 *Kath. De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton de Sin.*
- 1355 *Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verite vous pronoun-cies*
 1356 *les mots ausi droict, que le Natifs d' Angleterre.*
- 1357 *Kath. Ie ne doute point d' apprendre par de grace de Dieu,*
 1358 *& en peu de temps.*
- 1359 *Alice. N' aue vos y desia oublie ce que ie vous a ensignie.*
- 1360 *Kath. Nome ie recitera a vous promptement, d' Hand, de*
 1361 *Fingre, de Maylees.*
- 1362 *Alice. De Nayles, Madame.*
- 1363 *Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.*
- 1364 *Alice. Sans vostre honeus d' Elbow.*
- 1365 *Kath. Ainsi de ie d' Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin: coment ap-pelle*
 1366 *vous les pied & de roba.*
- 1367 *Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.*
- 1368 *Kath. Le Foot, & le Count: O Seigneur Dieu, il sont le*
 1369 *mots de son mauvais corruptible grosse & impudique, & non*
 1370 *pour le Dames de Honeur d' vser: Ie ne voudray pronouncer ce*
 1371 *mots deuant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, fo le*
 1372 *Foot & le Count, neant moys, Ie recitera vn autrefoys ma lecon*
 1373 *ensemble, d' Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d' Arme, d' Elbow, de*
 1374 *Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.*
- 1375 *Alice. Excellent, Madame.*
- 1376 *Kath. C'est asses pour vne foyes, alons nous a diner.*

1377 *Exit.*
 1378 *Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the*
 1379 *Constable of France, and others.*
 1380 *King.* 'Tis certaine he hath past the Riuier Some.
 1381 *Const.* And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,
 1382 Let vs not liue in France: let vs quit all,
 1383 And giue our Vineyards to a barbarous People.
 1384 *Dolph. O Dieu viuant:* Shall a few Sprayes of vs,
 1385 The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,
 1386 Our Syens, put in wilde and sauage Stock,
 1387 Spirt vp so suddenly into the Clouds,
 1388 And ouer- looke their Grafters?
 1389 *Brit.* Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards:
 1390 *Mort du ma vie,* if they march along
 1391 Vnfought withall, but I will sell my Dukedome, [h6v
 1392 To buy a slobbry and a durtie Farme
 1393 In that nooke- shotten Ile of Albion.
 1394 *Const. Dieu de Battailes,* where haue they this mettell?
 1395 Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?
 1396 On whom, as in despight, the Sunne lookes pale,
 1397 Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can sodden Water,
 1398 A Drench for sur- reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,
 1399 Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
 1400 And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,
 1401 Seeme frostie? O, for honor of our Land,
 1402 Let vs not hang like roping Isyckles
 1403 Vpon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frostie People
 1404 Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
 1405 Poore we call them, in their Natiue Lords.
 1406 *Dolphin.* By Faith and Honor,
 1407 Our Madames mock at vs, and plainely say,
 1408 Our Mettell is bred out, and they will giue
 1409 Their bodyes to the Lust of English Youth,
 1410 To new- store France with Bastard Warriors.
 1411 *Brit.* They bid vs to the English Dancing- Schooles,
 1412 And teach *Lauolta's* high, and swift *Carranto's,*
 1413 Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,
 1414 And that we are most loftie Run- awayes.
 1415 *King.* Where is *Montioy* the Herald? speed him hence,
 1416 Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance.
 1417 Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,
 1418 More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:
 1419 *Charles Delabreth,* High Constable of France,
 1420 You Dukes of *Orleance, Bourbon,* and of *Berry,*
 1421 *Alanson, Brabant, Bar,* and *Burgonie,*
 1422 *Iaques Chattillion, Rambures, Vandemont,*

1423 *Beumont, Grand Pree, Roussi, and Faulconbridge,*
 1424 *Loys, Lestrals, Bouciquall, and Charaloyes,*
 1425 High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
 1426 For your great Seats, now quit you of great shames:
 1427 Barre *Harry* England, that sweepes through our Land
 1428 With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:
 1429 Rush on his Hoast, as doth the melted Snow
 1430 Vpon the Valleyes, whose low Vassall Seat,
 1431 The Alpes doth spit, and void his rhowme vpon.
 1432 Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,
 1433 And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan
 1434 Bring him our Prisoner.
 1435 *Const.* This becomes the Great.
 1436 Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
 1437 His Souldiers sick, and famisht in their March:
 1438 For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
 1439 Hee'le drop his heart into the sinck of feare,
 1440 And for atchieuement, offer vs his Ransome.
 1441 *King.* Therefore Lord Constable, hast on *Montioy,*
 1442 And let him say to England, that we send,
 1443 To know what willing Ransome he will giue.
 1444 Prince *Dolphin,* you shall stay with vs in Roan.
 1445 *Dolph.* Not so, I doe beseech your Maiestie.
 1446 *King.* Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs.
 1447 Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,
 1448 And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.*
 1449 *Enter Captaines, English and Welch, Gower*
 1450 *and Fluellen.*
 1451 *Gower.* How now Captaine *Fluellen,* come you from
 1452 the Bridge?
 1453 *Flu.* I assure you, there is very excellent Seruices com-mitted
 1454 at the Bridge.
 1455 *Gower.* Is the Duke of Exeter safe?
 1456 *Flu.* The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Aga-memnon,*
 1457 and a man that I loue and honour with my soule,
 1458 and my heart, and my dutie, and my liue, and my liuing,
 1459 and my vttermost power. He is not, God be prayed and
 1460 blessed, any hurt in the World, but keepes the Bridge
 1461 most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aun-chient
 1462 Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very
 1463 conscience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Anthony,* and
 1464 hee is a man of no estimation in the World, but I did see
 1465 him doe as gallant seruice.
 1466 *Gower.* What doe you call him?
 1467 *Flu.* Hee is call'd aun-chient *Pistoll.*
 1468 *Gower.* I know him not.

1469 *Enter Pistoll.*

1470 *Flu.* Here is the man.

1471 *Pist.* Captaine, I thee beseech to doe me fauours: the
1472 Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.

1473 *Flu.* I, I prayse God, and I haue merited some loue at
1474 his hands.

1475 *Pist.* *Bardolph*, a Souldier firme and sound of heart,
1476 and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie
1477 Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddess blind, that
1478 stands vpon the rolling restlesse Stone.

1479 *Flu.* By your patience, aunchient *Pistoll*: Fortune is
1480 painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to signifie
1481 to you, that Fortune is blinde; and shee is painted also
1482 with a Wheele, to signifie to you, which is the Morall of
1483 it, that shee is turning and inconstant, and mutabilitie,
1484 and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a
1485 Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles:
1486 in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent descripti-on
1487 of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

1488 *Pist.* Fortune is *Bardolphs* foe, and frownes on him:
1489 for he hath stolne a Pax, and hanged must a be: a damned
1490 death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let Man goe free,
1491 and let not Hempe his Wind- pipe suffocate: but *Exeter*
1492 hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little price.
1493 Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce;
1494 and let not *Bardolphs* vitall thred bee cut with edge of
1495 Penny- Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for
1496 his Life, and I will thee requite.

1497 *Flu.* Aunchient *Pistoll*, I doe partly vnderstand your
1498 meaning.

1499 *Pist.* Why then reioyce therefore.

1500 *Flu.* Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce
1501 at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would desire
1502 the Duke to vse his good pleasure, and put him to execu-tion;
1503 for discipline ought to be vsed.

1504 *Pist.* Dye, and be dam'd, and *Figo* for thy friendship.

1505 *Flu.* It is well.

1506 *Pist.* The Figge of Spaine. *Exit.*

1507 *Flu.* Very good.

1508 *Gower.* Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I
1509 remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut- purse.

1510 *Flu.* Ile assure you, a vtt'red as prauie words at the
1511 Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very
1512 well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you,
1513 when time is serue.

1514 *Gower.* Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and

1515 then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne
 1516 into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and such
 1517 fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and
 1518 they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done;
 1519 at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Con-uoy:
 1520 who came off brauely, who was shot, who dis-grac'd,
 1521 what termes the Enemy stood on: and this they
 1522 conne perfitly in the phrase of Warre; which they tricke [il
 1523 vp with new- tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Ge-neralls
 1524 Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe, will doe a-mong
 1525 foming Bottles, and Ale- washt Wits, is wonder-full
 1526 to be thought on: but you must learne to know such
 1527 slanders of the age, or else you may be maruellously mi-stooke.

1529 *Flu.* I tell you what, Captaine *Gower*: I doe perceiue
 1530 hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to
 1531 the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell
 1532 him my minde: hearke you, the King is comming, and I
 1533 must speake with him from the Pridge.

1534 *Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his
 1535 poore Souldiers.*

1536 *Flu.* God plesse your Maiestie.

1537 *King.* How now *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the Bridge?

1538 *Flu.* I, so please your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter
 1539 ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is
 1540 gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most praue
 1541 passages: marry, th' athuersarie was haue possession of
 1542 the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of
 1543 Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Maiestie,
 1544 the Duke is a praue man.

1545 *King.* What men haue you lost, *Fluellen*?

1546 *Flu.* The perdition of th' athuersarie hath beene very
 1547 great, reasonable great: marry for my part, I thinke the
 1548 Duke hath lost neuer a man, but one that is like to be exe-cuted
 1549 for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Maie-stie
 1550 know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes,
 1551 and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his
 1552 nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and
 1553 sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's
 1554 out.

1555 *King.* Wee would haue all such offenders so cut off:
 1556 and we giue expresse charge, that in our Marches through
 1557 the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Vil-lages;
 1558 nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French
 1559 vpbrayded or abused in disdainefull Language; for when
 1560 Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler
 1561 Gamester is the soonest winner.

1562 *Tucket. Enter Mountioy.*

1563 *Mountioy.* You know me by my habit.

1564 *King.* Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of
1565 thee?

1566 *Mountioy.* My Masters mind.

1567 *King.* Vnfold it.

1568 *Mountioy.* Thus sayes my King: Say thou to *Harry*
1569 of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe:
1570 Aduantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse. Tell him,
1571 wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee
1572 thought not good to bruise an iniurie, till it were full
1573 ripe. Now wee speake vpon our Q. and our voyce is im-periall:
1574 England shall repent his folly, see his weake-nesse,
1575 and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore con-sider
1576 of his ransome, which must proportion the losses we
1577 haue borne, the subiects we haue lost, the disgrace we
1578 haue digested; which in weight to re- answer, his petti-nesse
1579 would bow vnder. For our losses, his Exchequer is
1580 too poore; for th' effusion of our bloud, the Muster of his
1581 Kingdome too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his
1582 owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worth-lesse
1583 satisfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for
1584 conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose con-demnation
1585 is pronounc't: So farre my King and Master;
1586 so much my Office.

1587 *King.* What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.

1588 *Mount. Mountioy.*

1589 *King.* Thou doo'st thy Office fairely. Turne thee backe,
1590 And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now,
1591 But could be willing to march on to Callice,
1592 Without impeachment: for to say the sooth,
1593 Though 'tis no wisdome to confesse so much
1594 Vnto an enemie of Craft and Vantage,
1595 My people are with sicknesse much enfeebled,
1596 My numbers lessen'd: and those few I haue,
1597 Almost no better then so many French;
1598 Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,
1599 I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges
1600 Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgiue me God,
1601 That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France
1602 Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent:
1603 Goe therefore tell thy Master, heere I am;
1604 My Ransome, is this frayle and worthless Trunke;
1605 My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard:
1606 Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
1607 Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor

1608 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountioy*.
 1609 Goe bid thy Master well aduise himselfe.
 1610 If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred,
 1611 We shall your tawnie ground with your red blood
 1612 Discolour: and so *Mountioy*, fare you well.
 1613 The summe of all our Answer is but this:
 1614 We would not seeke a Battaile as we are,
 1615 Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it:
 1616 So tell your Master.
 1617 *Mount*. I shall deliuer so: Thankes to your High-nesse.
 1619 *Glouc*. I hope they will not come vpon vs now.
 1620 *King*. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs:
 1621 March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
 1622 Beyond the Riuier wee'le encampe our selues,
 1623 And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt*.
 1624 *Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs,*
 1625 *Orleance, Dolphin, with others*.
 1626 *Const*. Tut, I haue the best Armour of the World:
 1627 would it were day.
 1628 *Orleance*. You haue an excellent Armour: but let my
 1629 Horse haue his due.
 1630 *Const*. It is the best Horse of Europe.
 1631 *Orleance*. Will it neuer be Morning?
 1632 *Dolph*. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Con-stable,
 1633 you talke of Horse and Armour?
 1634 *Orleance*. You are as well prouided of both, as any
 1635 Prince in the World.
 1636 *Dolph*. What a long Night is this? I will not change
 1637 my Horse with any that treades but on foure postures:
 1638 ch' ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were
 1639 hayres: *le Cheual volante*, the Pegasus, *ches les narines de*
 1640 *feu*. When I bestryde him, I soare, I am a Hawke: he trots
 1641 the ayre: the Earth sings, when he touches it: the basest
 1642 horne of his hoofe, is more Musically then the Pipe of
 1643 *Hermes*.
 1644 *Orleance*. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.
 1645 *Dolph*. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast
 1646 for *Perseus*: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Ele-ments
 1647 of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but on-ly
 1648 in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts him: hee
 1649 is indeede a Horse, and all other Iades you may call
 1650 Beasts. [i1v
 1651 *Const*. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and ex-cellent
 1652 Horse.
 1653 *Dolph*. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like
 1654 the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces

1655 Homage.
 1656 *Orleance.* No more Cousin.
 1657 *Dolph.* Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from
 1658 the rising of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe,
 1659 varie deserued prayse on my Palfray: it is a Theame as
 1660 fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues,
 1661 and my Horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subiect
 1662 for a Soueraigne to reason on, and for a Soueraignes So-ueraigne
 1663 to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs,
 1664 and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions,
 1665 and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayse,
 1666 and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.*
 1667 *Orleance.* I haue heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mi-stresse.
 1669 *Dolph.* Then did they imitate that which I compos'd
 1670 to my Courser, for my Horse is my Mistresse.
 1671 *Orleance.* Your Mistresse beares well.
 1672 *Dolph.* Me well, which is the prescript prayse and per-fectiō
 1673 of a good and particular Mistresse.
 1674 *Const.* Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistresse
 1675 shrewdly shooke your back.
 1676 *Dolph.* So perhaps did yours.
 1677 *Const.* Mine was not bridled.
 1678 *Dolph.* O then belike she was old and gentle, and you
 1679 rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Hose off, and in
 1680 your strait Strossers.
 1681 *Const.* You haue good iudgement in Horseman-ship.
 1683 *Dolph.* Be warn'd by me then: they that ride so, and
 1684 ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather haue
 1685 my Horse to my Mistresse.
 1686 *Const.* I had as liue haue my Mistresse a Iade.
 1687 *Dolph.* I tell thee Constable, my Mistresse weares his
 1688 owne hayre.
 1689 *Const.* I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a
 1690 Sow to my Mistresse.
 1691 *Dolph.* *Le chien est retourne a son propre vemissement est*
 1692 *la leuye lauee au bourbier:* thou mak'st vse of any thing.
 1693 *Const.* Yet doe I not vse my Horse for my Mistresse,
 1694 or any such Prouerbe, so little kin to the purpose.
 1695 *Ramb.* My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in
 1696 your Tent to night, are those Starres or Sunnes vpon it?
 1697 *Const.* Starres my Lord.
 1698 *Dolph.* Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.
 1699 *Const.* And yet my Sky shall not want.
 1700 *Dolph.* That may be, for you beare a many superflu-ously,
 1701 and 'twere more honor some were away.
 1702 *Const.* Eu'n as your Horse beares your prayses, who

1703 would trot as well, were some of your bragges dismount-ed.
 1705 *Dolph.* Would I were able to loade him with his de-sert.
 1706 Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile,
 1707 and my way shall be pauer with English Faces.
 1708 *Const.* I will not say so, for feare I should be fac't out
 1709 of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would
 1710 faine be about the eares of the English.
 1711 *Ramb.* Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie
 1712 Prisoners?
 1713 *Const.* You must first goe your selfe to hazard, ere you
 1714 haue them.
 1715 *Dolph.* 'Tis Mid- night, Ile goe arme my selfe. *Exit.*
 1716 *Orleance.* The Dolphin longs for morning.
 1717 *Ramb.* He longs to eate the English.
 1718 *Const.* I thinke he will eate all he kills.
 1719 *Orleance.* By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gal-lant
 1720 Prince.
 1721 *Const.* Swear by her Foot, that she may tread out the
 1722 Oath.
 1723 *Orleance.* He is simply the most actiue Gentleman of
 1724 France.
 1725 *Const.* Doing is actiuitie, and he will still be doing.
 1726 *Orleance.* He neuer did harme, that I heard of.
 1727 *Const.* Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe
 1728 that good name still.
 1729 *Orleance.* I know him to be valiant.
 1730 *Const.* I was told that, by one that knowes him better
 1731 then you.
 1732 *Orleance.* What's hee?
 1733 *Const.* Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee
 1734 car'd not who knew it.
 1735 *Orleance.* Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in
 1736 him.
 1737 *Const.* By my faith Sir, but it is: neuer any body saw
 1738 it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it
 1739 appeares, it will bate.
 1740 *Orleance.* Ill will neuer sayd well.
 1741 *Const.* I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie
 1742 in friendship.
 1743 *Orleance.* And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill
 1744 his due.
 1745 *Const.* Well plac't: there stands your friend for the
 1746 Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A
 1747 Pox of the Deuill.
 1748 *Orleance.* You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much
 1749 a Fooles Bolt is soone shot.

1750 *Const.* You haue shot ouer.
 1751 *Orleance.* 'Tis not the first time you were ouer- shot.
 1752 *Enter a Messenger.*
 1753 *Mess.* My Lord high Constable, the English lye within
 1754 fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.
 1755 *Const.* Who hath measur'd the ground?
 1756 *Mess.* The Lord *Grandpree.*
 1757 *Const.* A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would
 1758 it were day? Alas poore *Harry* of England: hee longs
 1759 not for the Dawning, as wee doe.
 1760 *Orleance.* What a wretched and peeuish fellow is this
 1761 King of England, to mope with his fat- brain'd followers
 1762 so farre out of his knowledge.
 1763 *Const.* If the English had any apprehension, they
 1764 would runne away.
 1765 *Orleance.* That they lack: for if their heads had any in-tellectuall
 1766 Armour, they could neuer weare such heaueie
 1767 Head- pieces.
 1768 *Ramb.* That Iland of England breedes very valiant
 1769 Creatures; their Mastiffes are of vnmatchable cou-rage.
 1771 *Orleance.* Foolish Curre, that runne winking into
 1772 the mouth of a Russian Beare, and haue their heads crusht
 1773 like rotten Apples: you may as well say, that's a valiant
 1774 Flea, that dare eate his breakefast on the Lippe of a
 1775 Lyon.
 1776 *Const.* Iust, iust: and the men doe sympathize with
 1777 the Mastiffes, in robustious and rough comming on,
 1778 leauing their Wits with their Wiues: and then giue
 1779 them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they
 1780 will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deuils. [i2
 1781 *Orleance.* I, but these English are shrowdly out of
 1782 Beefe.
 1783 *Const.* Then shall we finde to morrow, they haue only
 1784 stomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to
 1785 arme: come, shall we about it?
 1786 *Orleance.* It is now two a Clock: but let me see, by ten
 1787 Wee shall haue each a hundred English men. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

1789 *Chorus.*
 1790 Now entertaine coniecture of a time,
 1791 When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke
 1792 Fills the wide Vessell of the Vniuerse.

1793 From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night
1794 The Humme of eyther Army stilly sounds;
1795 That the fixt Centinels almost receiue
1796 The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
1797 Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
1798 Each Battaile sees the others vंबर'd face.
1799 Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs
1800 Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the Tents,
1801 The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
1802 With busie Hammers closing Riuets vp,
1803 Giue dreadfull note of preparation.
1804 The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:
1805 And the third howre of drowsie Morning nam'd,
1806 Prowd of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,
1807 The confident and ouer- lustie French,
1808 Doe the low- rated English play at Dice;
1809 And chide the creeple- tardy- gated Night,
1810 Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
1811 So tediously away. The poore condemned English,
1812 Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
1813 Sit patiently, and inly ruminare
1814 The Mornings danger: and their gesture sad,
1815 Inuesting lanke- leane Cheekes, and Warre- worne Coats,
1816 Presented them vnto the gazing Moone
1817 So many horride Ghosts. O now, who will behold
1818 The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
1819 Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
1820 Let him cry, Prayse and Glory on his head:
1821 For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoast,
1822 Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,
1823 And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countrey-men.
1824 Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
1825 How dread an Army hath enrouned him;
1826 Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour
1827 Vnto the wearie and all- watched Night:
1828 But freshly lookes, and ouer- beares Attaint,
1829 With chearefull semblance, and sweet Maiestie:
1830 That euery Wretch, pining and pale before,
1831 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
1832 A Largesse vniuersall, like the Sunne,
1833 His liberall Eye doth giue to euery one,
1834 Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
1835 Behold, as may vnworthinesse define.
1836 A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,
1837 And so our Scene must to the Battaile flye:
1838 Where, O for pittie, we shall much disgrace,

1839 With foure or fiue most vile and ragged foyles,
 1840 (Right ill dispos'd, in brawle ridiculous)
 1841 The Name of Agincourt: Yet sit and see,
 1842 Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.
 1843 *Exit.*
 1844 *Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.*
 1845 *King. Gloster,* 'tis true that we are in great danger,
 1846 The greater therefore should our Courage be.
 1847 God morrow Brother *Bedford:* God Almightye,
 1848 There is some soule of goodnesse in things euill,
 1849 Would men obseruingly distill it out.
 1850 For our bad Neighbour makes vs early stirrers,
 1851 Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
 1852 Besides, they are our outward Consciences,
 1853 And Preachers to vs all; admonishing,
 1854 That we should dresse vs fairely for our end.
 1855 Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
 1856 And make a Morall of the Diuell himselfe.
 1857 *Enter Erpingham.*
 1858 Good morrow old Sir *Thomas Erpingham:*
 1859 A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
 1860 Were better then a churlish turfe of France.
 1861 *Erping.* Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
 1862 Since I may say, now lye I like a King.
 1863 *King.* 'Tis good for men to loue their present paines,
 1864 Vpon example, so the Spirit is eased:
 1865 And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
 1866 The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
 1867 Breake vp their drowsie Graue, and newly moue
 1868 With casted slough, and fresh legeritie.
 1869 Lend me thy Cloake Sir *Thomas:* Brothers both,
 1870 Commend me to the Princes in our Campe;
 1871 Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
 1872 Desire them all to my Pauillion.
 1873 *Gloster.* We shall, my Liege.
 1874 *Erping.* Shall I attend your Grace?
 1875 *King.* No, my good Knight:
 1876 Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
 1877 I and my Bosome must debate a while,
 1878 And then I would no other company.
 1879 *Erping.* The Lord in Heauen blesse thee, Noble
 1880 *Harry. Exeunt.*
 1881 *King.* God a mercy old Heart, thou speak'st cheare-fully.
 1882 *Enter Pistoll.*
 1883 *Pist. Che vous la?*
 1884 *King.* A friend.

1885 *Pist.* Discusse vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou
 1886 base, common, and popular?
 1887 *King.* I am a Gentleman of a Company.
 1888 *Pist.* Trayl'st thou the puissant Pyke?
 1889 *King.* Euen so: what are you?
 1890 *Pist.* As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.
 1891 *King.* Then you are a better then the King.
 1892 *Pist.* The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a
 1893 Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fist
 1894 most valiant: I kisse his durtie shooe, and from heart-string
 1895 I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name?
 1896 *King.* *Harry le Roy.*
 1897 *Pist.* *Le Roy?* a Cornish Name: art thou of Cornish Crew?
 1898 *King.* No, I am a Welchman.
 1899 *Pist.* Know'st thou *Fluellen?*
 1900 *King.* Yes.
 1901 *Pist.* Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon
 1902 S[aint]. *Dauies* day.
 1903 *King.* Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe
 1904 that day, least he knock that about yours. [i2v
 1905 *Pist.* Art thou his friend?
 1906 *King.* And his Kinsman too.
 1907 *Pist.* The *Figo* for thee then.
 1908 *King.* I thanke you: God be with you.
 1909 *Pist.* My name is *Pistol* call'd. *Exit.*
 1910 *King.* It sorts well with your fiercenesse.
 1911 *Manet King.*
 1912 *Enter Fluellen and Gower.*
 1913 *Gower.* Captaine *Fluellen.*
 1914 *Flu.* 'So, in the Name of Iesu Christ, speake fewer: it
 1915 is the greatest admiration in the vniuersall World, when
 1916 the true and aunchient Prerogatifes and Lawes of the
 1917 Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to
 1918 examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you shall finde,
 1919 I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble ba-ble
 1920 in *Pompeyes* Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde
 1921 the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and
 1922 the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, and the Modestie
 1923 of it, to be otherwise.
 1924 *Gower.* Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all
 1925 Night.
 1926 *Flu.* If the Enemie is an Asse and a Foole, and a pra-ting
 1927 Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee should
 1928 also, looke you, be an Asse and a Foole, and a prating Cox-combe,
 1929 in your owne conscience now?
 1930 *Gow.* I will speake lower.

1931 *Flu.* I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. *Exit.*
 1932 *King.* Though it appeare a little out of fashion,
 1933 There is much care and valour in this Welchman.
 1934 *Enter three Souldiers, Iohn Bates, Alexander Court,*
 1935 *and Michael Williams.*
 1936 *Court.* Brother *Iohn Bates*, is not that the Morning
 1937 which breakes yonder?
 1938 *Bates.* I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cause to
 1939 desire the approach of day.
 1940 *Williams.* Wee see yonder the beginning of the day,
 1941 but I thinke wee shall neuer see the end of it. Who goes
 1942 there?
 1943 *King.* A Friend.
 1944 *Williams.* Vnder what Captaine serue you?
 1945 *King.* Vnder Sir *Iohn Erpingham.*
 1946 *Williams.* A good old Commander, and a most kinde
 1947 Gentleman: I pray you, what thinkes he of our estate?
 1948 *King.* Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to
 1949 be washt off the next Tyde.
 1950 *Bates.* He hath not told his thought to the King?
 1951 *King.* No: nor it is not meet he should: for though I
 1952 speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am:
 1953 the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element
 1954 shewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences haue but
 1955 humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Na-kednesse
 1956 he appeares but a man; and though his affecti-ons
 1957 are higher mounted then ours, yet when they stoupe,
 1958 they stoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he sees
 1959 reason of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of
 1960 the same rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should
 1961 possesse him with any appearance of feare; least hee, by
 1962 shewing it, should dis- hearten his Army.
 1963 *Bates.* He may shew what outward courage he will:
 1964 but I beleue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could wish him-selfe
 1965 in Thames vp to the Neck; and so I would he were,
 1966 and I by him, at all aduentures, so we were quit here.
 1967 *King.* By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the
 1968 King: I thinke hee would not wish himselfe any where,
 1969 but where hee is.
 1970 *Bates.* Then I would he were here alone; so should he be
 1971 sure to be ransomed, and a many poore mens liues saued.
 1972 *King.* I dare say, you loue him not so ill, to wish him
 1973 here alone: howsoeuer you speake this to feele other
 1974 mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where so con-tented,
 1975 as in the Kings company; his Cause being iust, and
 1976 his Quarrell honorable.

1977 *Williams*. That's more then we know.
 1978 *Bates*. I, or more then wee should seeke after; for wee
 1979 know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subiects:
 1980 if his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes
 1981 the Cryme of it out of vs.
 1982 *Williams*. But if the Cause be not good, the King him-selfe
 1983 hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all those
 1984 Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaile,
 1985 shall ioyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dy-ed
 1986 at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Sur-gean;
 1987 some vpon their Wiues, left poore behind them;
 1988 some vpon the Debts they owe, some vpon their Children
 1989 rawly left: I am afear'd, there are few dye well, that dye
 1990 in a Battaile: for how can they charitably dispose of any
 1991 thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if these men
 1992 doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King,
 1993 that led them to it; who to disobey, were against all pro-portion
 1994 of subiection.
 1995 *King*. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about
 1996 Merchandize, doe sinfully miscarry vpon the Sea; the im-putation
 1997 of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be im-posed
 1998 vpon his Father that sent him: or if a Seruant, vn-der
 1999 his Masters command, transporting a summe of Mo-ney,
 2000 be assayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd
 2001 Iniquities; you may call the businesse of the Master the
 2002 author of the Seruants damnation: but this is not so:
 2003 The King is not bound to answer the particular endings
 2004 of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master
 2005 of his Seruant; for they purpose not their death, when
 2006 they purpose their seruices. Besides, there is no King, be
 2007 his Cause neuer so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitre-ment
 2008 of Swords, can trye it out with all vnspotted Soul-diers:
 2009 some (peradventure) haue on them the guilt of
 2010 premeditated and contriued Murther; some, of begui-ling
 2011 Virgins with the broken Seales of Periurie; some,
 2012 making the Warres their Bulwarke, that haue before go-red
 2013 the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robbe-rie.
 2014 Now, if these men haue defeated the Law, and out-runne
 2015 Natiue punishment; though they can out- strip
 2016 men, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is
 2017 his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: so that here men
 2018 are punisht, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in
 2019 now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death,
 2020 they haue borne life away; and where they would bee
 2021 safe, they perish. Then if they dye vnprouided, no more
 2022 is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was be-fore

2023 guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are
 2024 now visited. Euery Subiects Dutie is the Kings, but
 2025 euery Subiects Soule is his owne. Therefore should
 2026 euery Souldier in the Warres doe as euery sicke man in
 2027 his Bed, wash euery Moth out of his Conscience: and
 2028 dying so, Death is to him aduantage; or not dying,
 2029 the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was
 2030 gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not sinne to
 2031 thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-liue
 2032 that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others
 2033 how they should prepare. [i3

2034 *Will.* 'Tis certaine, euery man that dyes ill, the ill vpon
 2035 his owne head, the King is not to answer it.

2036 *Bates.* I doe not desire hee should answer for me, and
 2037 yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

2038 *King.* I my selfe heard the King say he would not be
 2039 ransom'd.

2040 *Will.* I, hee said so, to make vs fight chearefully: but
 2041 when our throats are cut, hee may be ransom'd, and wee
 2042 ne're the wiser.

2043 *King.* If I liue to see it, I will neuer trust his word af-ter.

2044 *Will.* You pay him then: that's a perillous shot out
 2045 of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate displeasure
 2046 can doe against a Monarch: you may as well goe about
 2047 to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a
 2048 Peacocks feather: You'le neuer trust his word after;
 2049 come, 'tis a foolish saying.

2051 *King.* Your reproofe is something too round, I should
 2052 be angry with you, if the time were conuenient.

2053 *Will.* Let it bee a Quarrell betweene vs, if you
 2054 liue.

2055 *King.* I embrace it.

2056 *Will.* How shall I know thee againe?

2057 *King.* Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it
 2058 in my Bonnet: Then if euer thou dar'st acknowledge it,
 2059 I will make it my Quarrell.

2060 *Will.* Heere's my Gloue: Giue mee another of
 2061 thine.

2062 *King.* There.

2063 *Will.* This will I also weare in my Cap: if euer thou
 2064 come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Gloue,
 2065 by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

2066 *King.* If euer I liue to see it, I will challenge it.

2067 *Will.* Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

2068 *King.* Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the
 2069 Kings companie.

2070 *Will.* Keepe thy word: fare thee well.
 2071 *Bates.* Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee
 2072 haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to rec-kon.
 2073 *Exit Souldiers.*
 2074 *King.* Indeede the French may lay twentie French
 2075 Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them
 2076 on their shoulders: but it is no English Treason to cut
 2077 French Crownes, and to morrow the King himselfe will
 2078 be a Clipper.
 2079 Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,
 2080 Our Debts, our carefull Wiues,
 2081 Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:
 2082 We must beare all.
 2083 O hard Condition, Twin- borne with Greatnesse,
 2084 Subiect to the breath of euery foole, whose sence
 2085 No more can feele, but his owne wringing.
 2086 What infinite hearts- ease must Kings neglect,
 2087 That priuate men enioy?
 2088 And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too,
 2089 Saue Ceremonie, saue generall Ceremonie?
 2090 And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie?
 2091 What kind of God art thou? that suffer'st more
 2092 Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.
 2093 What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in?
 2094 O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.
 2095 What? is thy Soule of Odoration?
 2096 Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme,
 2097 Creating awe and feare in other men?
 2098 Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd,
 2099 Then they in fearing.
 2100 What drink'st thou oft, in stead of Homage sweet,
 2101 But poyson'd flatterie? O, be sick, great Greatnesse,
 2102 And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure.
 2103 Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out
 2104 With Titles blowne from Adulation?
 2105 Will it giue place to flexure and low bending?
 2106 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee,
 2107 Command the health of it? No, thou prouwd Dreame,
 2108 That play'st so subtilly with a Kings Repose.
 2109 I am a King that find thee: and I know,
 2110 'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,
 2111 The Sword, the Mase, the Crowne Imperiall,
 2112 The enter- tissued Robe of Gold and Pearle,
 2113 The farsed Title running 'fore the King,
 2114 The Throne he sits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,
 2115 That beates vpon the high shore of this World:

2116 No, not all these, thrice- gorgeous Ceremonie;
 2117 Not all these, lay'd in Bed Maiesticall,
 2118 Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slaue:
 2119 Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 2120 Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressefull bread,
 2121 Neuer sees horride Night, the Child of Hell:
 2122 But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,
 2123 Sweates in the eye of *Phebus*; and all Night
 2124 Sleepes in *Elizium*: next day after dawne,
 2125 Doth rise and helpe *Hiperio[n]* to his Horse,
 2126 And followes so the euer- running yeere
 2127 With profitable labour to his Graue:
 2128 And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,
 2129 Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with sleepe,
 2130 Had the fore- hand and vantage of a King.
 2131 The Slaue, a Member of the Countreyes peace,
 2132 Enioyes it; but in grosse braine little wots,
 2133 What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace;
 2134 Whose howres, the Pesant best aduantages.
 2135 *Enter Erpingham.*
 2136 *Erp.* My Lord, your Nobles ieaalous of your absence,
 2137 Seeke through your Campe to find you.
 2138 *King.* Good old Knight, collect them all together
 2139 At my Tent: Ile be before thee.
 2140 *Erp.* I shall doo't, my Lord. *Exit.*
 2141 *King.* O God of Battailes, steele my Souldiers hearts,
 2142 Possesse them not with feare: Take from them now
 2143 The sence of reckning of th' opposed numbers:
 2144 Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
 2145 O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault
 2146 My Father made, in compassing the Crowne.
 2147 I *Richards* body haue interred new,
 2148 And on it haue bestowed more contrite teares,
 2149 Then from it issued forced drops of blood.
 2150 Fiue hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,
 2151 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp
 2152 Toward Heauen, to pardon blood:
 2153 And I haue built two Chauntries,
 2154 Where the sad and solemne Priests sing still
 2155 For *Richards* Soule. More will I doe:
 2156 Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;
 2157 Since that my Penitence comes after all,
 2158 Imploring pardon.
 2159 *Enter Gloucester.*
 2160 *Glouc.* My Liege.
 2161 *King.* My Brother *Gloucesters* voyce? I:

2162 I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:
 2163 The day, my friend, and all things stay for me.
 2164 *Exeunt.* [i3v
 2165 *Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Ramburs, and*
 2166 *Beaumont.*
 2167 *Orleance.* The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my
 2168 Lords.
 2169 *Dolph. Monte Cheual:* My Horse, *Verlot Lacquay:*
 2170 Ha.
 2171 *Orleance.* Oh braue Spirit.
 2172 *Dolph.* *Via les ewes & terre.*
 2173 *Orleance.* *Rien puis le air & feu.*
 2174 *Dolph. Cein, Cousin Orleance.* *Enter Constable.*
 2175 Now my Lord Constable?
 2176 *Const.* Hearke how our Steedes, for present Seruice
 2177 neigh.
 2178 *Dolph.* Mount them, and make incision in their Hides,
 2179 That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
 2180 And doubt them with superfluous courage: ha.
 2181 *Ram.* What, wil you haue them weep our Horses blood?
 2182 How shall we then behold their naturall teares?
 2183 *Enter Messenger.*
 2184 *Messeng.* The English are embattail'd, you French
 2185 Peeres.
 2186 *Const.* To Horse you gallant Princes, straight to Horse.
 2187 Doe but behold yond poore and starued Band,
 2188 And your faire shew shall suck away their Soules,
 2189 Leauing them but the shales and huskes of men.
 2190 There is not worke enough for all our hands,
 2191 Scarce blood enough in all their sickly Veines,
 2192 To giue each naked Curtleax a stayne,
 2193 That our French Gallants shall to day draw out,
 2194 And sheath for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on them,
 2195 The vapour of our Valour will o're- turne them.
 2196 'Tis positieue against all exceptions, Lords,
 2197 That our superfluous Lacquies, and our Pesants,
 2198 Who in vnnecessarie action swarme
 2199 About our Squares of Battaile, were enow
 2200 To purge this field of such a hilding Foe;
 2201 Though we vpon this Mountaines Basis by,
 2202 Tooke stand for idle speculation:
 2203 But that our Honours must not. What's to say?
 2204 A very little little let vs doe,
 2205 And all is done: then let the Trumpets sound
 2206 The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount:
 2207 For our approach shall so much dare the field,

2208 That England shall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.
 2209 *Enter Graundpree.*
 2210 *Grandpree.* Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France?
 2211 Yond Iland Carrions, desperate of their bones,
 2212 Ill-fauoredly become the Morning field:
 2213 Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let loose,
 2214 And our Ayre shakes them passing scornefully.
 2215 Bigge *Mars* seemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoast,
 2216 And faintly through a rustie Beuer peepes.
 2217 The Horsemen sit like fixed Candlesticks,
 2218 With Torch-staues in their hand: and their poore Iades
 2219 Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips:
 2220 The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,
 2221 And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt
 2222 Lyes foule with chaw'd-grasse, still and motionlesse.
 2223 And their executors, the knauish Crowes,
 2224 Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre.
 2225 Description cannot sute it selfe in words,
 2226 To demonstrate the Life of such a Battaile,
 2227 In life so liuelesse, as it shewes it selfe.
 2228 *Const.* They haue said their prayers,
 2229 And they stay for death.
 2230 *Dolph.* Shall we goe send them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,
 2231 And giue their fasting Horses Prouender,
 2232 And after fight with them?
 2233 *Const.* I stay but for my Guard: on
 2234 To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
 2235 And vse it for my haste. Come, come away,
 2236 The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. *Exeunt.*
 2237 *Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham*
 2238 *with all his Hoast: Salisbury, and*
 2239 *Westmerland.*
 2240 *Glouc.* Where is the King?
 2241 *Bedf.* The King himselfe is rode to view their Bat-taile.
 2243 *West.* Of fighting men they haue full threescore thou-sand.
 2245 *Exe.* There's fiue to one, besides they all are fresh.
 2246 *Salisb.* Gods Arme strike with vs, 'tis a fearefull oddes.
 2247 God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge:
 2248 If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen;
 2249 Then ioyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,
 2250 My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
 2251 And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu.
 2252 *Bedf.* Farwell good *Salisbury*, & good luck go with thee:
 2253 And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
 2254 For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.
 2255 *Exe.* Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

2256 *Bedf.* He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse,
 2257 Princely in both.
 2258 *Enter the King.*
 2259 *West.* O that we now had here
 2260 But one ten thousand of those men in England,
 2261 That doe no worke to day.
 2262 *King.* What's he that wishes so?
 2263 My Cousin *Westmerland.* No, my faire Cousin:
 2264 If we are markt to dye, we are enow
 2265 To doe our Countrey losse: and if to liue,
 2266 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
 2267 Gods will, I pray thee wish not one man more.
 2268 By *Ioue*, I am not couetous for Gold,
 2269 Nor care I who doth feed vpon my cost:
 2270 It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare;
 2271 Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
 2272 But if it be a sinne to couet Honor,
 2273 I am the most offending Soule aliue.
 2274 No 'faith, my Couze, wish not a man from England:
 2275 Gods peace, I would not loose so great an Honor,
 2276 As one man more me thinkes would share from me,
 2277 For the best hope I haue. O, doe not wish one more:
 2278 Rather proclaime it (*Westmerland*) through my Hoast,
 2279 That he which hath no stomack to this fight,
 2280 Let him depart, his Pasport shall be made,
 2281 And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purse:
 2282 We would not dye in that mans companie,
 2283 That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs.
 2284 This day is call'd the Feast of *Crispian*:
 2285 He that out- liues this day, and comes safe home,
 2286 Will stand a tip- toe when this day is named,
 2287 And rowse him at the Name of *Crispian*.
 2288 He that shall see this day, and liue old age,
 2289 Will yeerely on the Vigil feast his neighbours,
 2290 And say, to morrow is Saint *Crispian*.
 2291 Then will he strip his sleeue, and shew his skarres:
 2292 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot:
 2293 But hee'le remember, with aduantages,
 2294 What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names,
 2295 Familiar in his mouth as household words, [i4
 2296 *Harry* the King, *Bedford* and *Exeter*,
 2297 *Warwick* and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Gloucester*,
 2298 Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembred.
 2299 This story shall the good man teach his sonne:
 2300 And *Crispine Crispian* shall ne're goe by,
 2301 From this day to the ending of the World,

2302 But we in it shall be remembred;
 2303 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
 2304 For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
 2305 Shall be my brother: be he ne're so vile,
 2306 This day shall gentle his Condition.
 2307 And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
 2308 Shall thinke themselues accurst they were not here;
 2309 And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speakes,
 2310 That fought with vs vpon Saint *Crispines* day.
 2311 *Enter Salisbury.*
 2312 *Sal.* My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed:
 2313 The French are brauely in their battailes set,
 2314 And will with all expedience charge on vs.
 2315 *King.* All things are ready, if our minds be so.
 2316 *West.* Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.
 2317 *King.* Thou do'st not wish more helpe from England,
 2318 Couze?
 2319 *West.* Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
 2320 Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile.
 2321 *King.* Why now thou hast vnwisht fiue thousand men:
 2322 Which likes me better, then to wish vs one.
 2323 You know your places: God be with you all.
 2324 *Tucket. Enter Montioy.*
 2325 *Mont.* Once more I come to know of thee King *Harry*,
 2326 If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,
 2327 Before thy most assured Ouerthrow:
 2328 For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe,
 2329 Thou needs must be engluttred. Besides, in mercy
 2330 The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind
 2331 Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules
 2332 May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre
 2333 From off these fields: where (wretches) their poore bodies
 2334 Must lye and fester.
 2335 *King.* Who hath sent thee now?
 2336 *Mont.* The Constable of France.
 2337 *King.* I pray thee beare my former Answer back:
 2338 Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.
 2339 Good God, why should they mock poore fellowes thus?
 2340 The man that once did sell the Lyons skin
 2341 While the beast liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
 2342 A many of our bodyes shall no doubt
 2343 Find Natiue Graues: vpon the which, I trust
 2344 Shall wnesse liue in Brasse of this dayes worke.
 2345 And those that leaue their valiant bones in France,
 2346 Dying like men, though buryed in your Dunghills,
 2347 They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them,

2348 And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen,
 2349 Leauing their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,
 2350 The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
 2351 Marke then abounding valour in our English:
 2352 That being dead, like to the bullets crasing,
 2353 Breake out into a second course of mischiefe,
 2354 Killing in relapse of Mortalitie.
 2355 Let me speake prouedly: Tell the Constable,
 2356 We are but Warriors for the working day:
 2357 Our Gaynesse and our Gilt are all besmyrcht
 2358 With raynie Marching in the painefull field.
 2359 There's not a piece of feather in our Hoast:
 2360 Good argument (I hope) we will not flye:
 2361 And time hath worne vs into slouenrie.
 2362 But by the Masse, our hearts are in the trim:
 2363 And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
 2364 They'le be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck
 2365 The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
 2366 And turne them out of seruice. If they doe this,
 2367 As if God please, they shall; my Ransome then
 2368 Will soone be leuyed.
 2369 Herald, saue thou thy labour:
 2370 Come thou no more for Ransome, gentle Herald,
 2371 They shall haue none, I sweare, but these my ioynts:
 2372 Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,
 2373 Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable.
 2374 *Mont.* I shall, King *Harry*. And so fare thee well:
 2375 Thou neuer shalt heare Herald any more. *Exit.*
 2376 *King.* I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a
 2377 Ransome.
 2378 *Enter Yorke.*
 2379 *Yorke.* My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
 2380 The leading of the Vaward.
 2381 *King.* Take it, braue *Yorke*.
 2382 Now Souldiers march away,
 2383 And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day. *Exeunt.*
 2384 *Alarum. Excursions.*
 2385 *Enter Pistoll, French Souldier, Boy.*
 2386 *Pist.* Yeeld Curre.
 2387 *French.* *Je pense que vous estes le Gentilhome de bon qua-litee.*
 2388 *Pist.* Qualtitie calme custure me. Art thou a Gentle-man?
 2389 What is thy Name? discusse.
 2390 *French.* *O Seigneur Dieu.*
 2391 *Pist.* O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: per-pend
 2392 my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur
 2393 Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur
 2394

2395 thou doe giue to me egregious Ransome.
 2396 *French. O prenes miserecordie aye pitez de moy.*
 2397 *Pist.* Moy shall not serue, I will haue fortie Moyes: for
 2398 I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of
 2399 Crimson blood.
 2400 *French. Est il impossible d'eschapper le force de ton bras.*
 2401 *Pist.* Brasse, Curre? thou damned and luxurious Moun-taine
 2402 Goat, offer'st me Brasse?
 2403 *French. O perdonne moy.*
 2404 *Pist.* Say'st thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes?
 2405 Come hither boy, aske me this slaue in French what is his
 2406 Name.
 2407 *Boy. Escoute comment estes vous appelle?*
 2408 *French. Mounsieur le Fer.*
 2409 *Boy.* He sayes his Name is M. *Fer.*
 2410 *Pist.* M. *Fer:* Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him:
 2411 discusse the same in French vnto him.
 2412 *Boy.* I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and
 2413 firke.
 2414 *Pist.* Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.
 2415 *French. Que dit il Mounsieur?*
 2416 *Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous*
 2417 *prest, car ce soldat icy est disposee tout asture de coupes vostre*
 2418 *gorge.*
 2419 *Pist.* Owy, cuppele gorge permafoy pesant, vnlesse
 2420 thou giue me Crownes, braue Crownes; or mangled shalt
 2421 thou be by this my Sword.
 2422 *French. O Ie vous supplie pour l' amour de Dieu: ma par-donner,*
 2423 *Ie suis le Gentilhome de bon maison, garde ma vie, & Ie*
 2424 *vous donneray deux cent escus.*
 2425 *Pist.* What are his words? [i4v
 2426 *Boy.* He prayes you to saue his life, he is a Gentleman
 2427 of a good house, and for his ransom he will giue you two
 2428 hundred Crownes.
 2429 *Pist.* Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes
 2430 will take.
 2431 *Fren. Petit Monsieur que dit il?*
 2432 *Boy. Encore qu'il et contra son Iurement, de pardonner au-cune*
 2433 *prisonner: neant-mons pour les escues que vous layt a pro-mets,*
 2434 *il est content a vous donnes le liberte le franchisement.*
 2435 *Fre. Sur mes genoux se vous donnes milles remerciours, et*
 2436 *Ie me estime heurex que Ie intombe, entre les main d' vn Che-ualier*
 2437 *Ie pense le plus braue valiant et tres distime signieur*
 2438 *d' Angleterre.*
 2439 *Pist.* Expound vnto me boy.
 2440 *Boy.* He giues you vpon his knees a thousand thanks,

2441 and he esteemes himselfe happy, that he hath falne into
 2442 the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most braue, valorous
 2443 and thrice- worthy signeur of England.
 2444 *Pist.* As I sucke blood, I will some mercy shew. Fol-low
 2445 mee.
 2446 *Boy.* *Saaue vous le grand Capitaine?*
 2447 I did neuer know so full a voyce issue from so emptie a
 2448 heart: but the saying is true, The empty vessel makes the
 2449 greatest sound, *Bardolfe* and *Nym* had tenne times more
 2450 valour, then this roaring diuell i'th olde play, that euerie
 2451 one may payre his nayles with a wooden dagger, and
 2452 they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if hee durst
 2453 steale any thing aduenturously. I must stay with the
 2454 Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might
 2455 haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none
 2456 to guard it but boyes. *Exit.*
 2457 *Enter Constable, Orleance, Burbon, Dolphin,*
 2458 *and Rambures.*
 2459 *Con.* *O Diable.*
 2460 *Orl.* *O signeur le iour et perdia, toute et perdie.*
 2461 *Dol.* *Mor Dieu ma vie,* all is confounded all,
 2462 Reproach, and euerlasting shame
 2463 Sits mocking in our Plumes. *A short Alarum.*
 2464 *O meschante Fortune,* do not runne away.
 2465 *Con.* Why all our rankes are broke.
 2466 *Dol.* O perdurable shame, let's stab our selues:
 2467 Be these the wretches that we plaid at dice for?
 2468 *Orl.* Is this the King we sent too, for his ransome?
 2469 *Bur.* Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame,
 2470 Let vs dye in once more backe againe,
 2471 And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
 2472 Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
 2473 Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore,
 2474 Whilst a base slaue, no gentler then my dogge,
 2475 His fairest daughter is contaminated.
 2476 *Con.* Disorder that hath spoyl'd vs, friend vs now,
 2477 Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues.
 2478 *Orl.* We are enow yet liuing in the Field,
 2479 To smother vp the English in our throngs,
 2480 If any order might be thought vpon.
 2481 *Bur.* The diuell take Order now, Ile to the throng;
 2482 Let life be short, else shame will be too long. *Exit.*
 2483 *Alarum.* *Enter the King and his trayne,*
 2484 *with Prisoners.*
 2485 *King.* Well haue we done, thrice- valiant Countrimen,
 2486 But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field.

2487 *Exe.* The D[uke]. of York commends him to your Maiesty
 2488 *King.* Liues he good Vnckle: thrice within this houre
 2489 I saw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting,
 2490 From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was.
 2491 *Exe.* In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lye,
 2492 Larding the plaine: and by his bloody side,
 2493 (Yoake- fellow to his honour- owing- wounds)
 2494 The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes.
 2495 Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all hagled ouer
 2496 Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
 2497 And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes
 2498 That bloodily did yawne vpon his face.
 2499 He cryes aloud; Tarry my Cosin Suffolke,
 2500 My soule shall thine keepe company to heauen:
 2501 Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then flye a- brest:
 2502 As in this glorious and well- foughten field
 2503 We kept together in our Chiualrie.
 2504 Vpon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp,
 2505 He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
 2506 And with a feeble gripe, sayes: Deere my Lord,
 2507 Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne,
 2508 So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke
 2509 He threw his wounded arme, and kist his lippes,
 2510 And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 2511 A Testament of Noble- ending- loue:
 2512 The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd
 2513 Those waters from me, which I would haue stop'd,
 2514 But I had not so much of man in mee,
 2515 And all my mother came into mine eyes,
 2516 And gaue me vp to teares.
 2517 *King.* I blame you not,
 2518 For hearing this, I must perforce compound
 2519 With mixtfull eyes, or they will issue to. *Alarum*
 2520 But hearke, what new alarum is this same?
 2521 The French haue re- enforc'd their scatter'd men:
 2522 Then euery souldiour kill his Prisoners,
 2523 Giue the word through. *Exit*

Actus Quartus.

2525 *Enter Fluellen and Gower.*
 2526 *Flu.* Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expressly
 2527 against the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knaue-ry
 2528 marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conscience

2529 now, is it not?

2530 *Gow.* Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliue, and the
2531 Cowardly Rascalls that ranne from the battaile ha' done
2532 this slaughter: besides they haue burned and carried a-way
2533 all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King
2534 most worthily hath caus'd euery soldiour to cut his pri-soners
2535 throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

2536 *Flu.* I, hee was porne at *Monmouth* Captaine *Gower*:
2537 What call you the Townes name where *Alexander* the
2538 pig was borne?

2539 *Gow.* *Alexander* the Great.

2540 *Flu.* Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or
2541 the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnani-mous,
2542 are all one reckonings, saue the phrase is a litle va-riations.

2544 *Gower.* I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in
2545 *Macedon*, his Father was called *Phillip* of *Macedon*, as I
2546 take it.

2547 *Flu.* I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is [i5
2548 porne: I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of
2549 the Orld, I warrant you sall finde in the comparisons be-tweene
2550 *Macedon* & *Monmouth*, that the situations looke
2551 you, is both alike. There is a Riuer in *Macedon*, & there
2552 is also moreouer a Riuer at *Monmouth*, it is call'd Wye at
2553 *Monmouth*: but it is out of my praines, what is the name
2554 of the other Riuer: but 'tis all one, tis alike as my fingers
2555 is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you
2556 marke *Alexanders* life well, *Harry of Monmouthes* life is
2557 come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all
2558 things. *Alexander* God knowes, and you know, in his
2559 rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and
2560 his moodes, and his displeasures, and his indignations,
2561 and also being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in
2562 his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his best friend
2563 *Clytus*.

2564 *Gow.* Our King is not like him in that, he neuer kill'd
2565 any of his friends.

2566 *Flu.* It is not well done (marke you now) to take the
2567 tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak
2568 but in the figures, and comparisons of it: as *Alexander*
2569 kild his friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cuppes; so
2570 also *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wittes, and his
2571 good iudgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the
2572 great belly doublet: he was full of iests, and gypes, and
2573 knaueries, and mockes, I haue forgot his name.

2574 *Gow.* Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

2575 *Flu.* That is he: Ile tell you, there is good men porne

2576 at *Monmouth*.
 2577 *Gow*. Heere comes his Maiesty.
 2578 *Alarum*. Enter King Harry and Burbon
 2579 with prisoners. *Flourish*.
 2580 *King*. I was not angry since I came to France,
 2581 Vntill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald,
 2582 Ride thou vnto the Horsemen on yond hill:
 2583 If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
 2584 Or voyde the field: they do offend our sight.
 2585 If they'l do neither, we will come to them,
 2586 And make them sker away, as swift as stones
 2587 Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
 2588 Besides, wee'l cut the throats of those we haue,
 2589 And not a man of them that we shall take,
 2590 Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.
 2591 Enter *Montioy*.
 2592 *Exe*. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege
 2593 *Glou*. His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be.
 2594 *King*. How now, what meanes this Herald? Knowst
 2595 thou not,
 2596 That I haue fin'd these bones of mine for ransome?
 2597 Com'st thou againe for ransome?
 2598 *Her*. No great King:
 2599 I come to thee for charitable License,
 2600 That we may wander ore this bloody field,
 2601 To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
 2602 To sort our Nobles from our common men.
 2603 For many of our Princes (woe the while)
 2604 Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:
 2605 So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbes
 2606 In blood of Princes, and with wounded steeds
 2607 Fret fet- locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage
 2608 Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead masters,
 2609 Killing them twice. O giue vs leaue great King,
 2610 To view the field in safety, and dispose
 2611 Of their dead bodies.
 2612 *Kin*. I tell thee truly Herald,
 2613 I know not if the day be ours or no,
 2614 For yet a many of your horsemen peere,
 2615 And gallop ore the field.
 2616 *Her*. The day is yours.
 2617 *Kin*. Praised be God, and not our strength for it:
 2618 What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by.
 2619 *Her*. They call it *Agincourt*.
 2620 *King*. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,
 2621 Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*.

2622 *Flu.* Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please
2623 your Maiesty) and your great Vncle *Edward* the Placke
2624 Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought
2625 a most prauē pattle here in France.
2626 *Kin.* They did *Fluellen*.
2627 *Flu.* Your Maiesty sayes very true: If your Maiesties
2628 is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good seruice in a
2629 Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their
2630 *Monmouth* caps, which your Maiesty know to this houre
2631 is an honourable badge of the seruice: And I do beleue
2632 your Maiesty takes no scorne to weare the Leeke vppon
2633 S[aint]. Tauies day.
2634 *King.* I weare it for a memorable honor:
2635 For I am Welch you know good Countriman.
2636 *Flu.* All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Maie-sties
2637 Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that:
2638 God plesse it, and preserue it, as long as it pleases his
2639 Grace, and his Maiesty too.
2640 *Kin.* Thankes good my Countrymen.
2641 *Flu.* By Ieshu, I am your Maiesties Countreyman, I
2642 care not who know it: I will confesse it to all the Orld, I
2643 need not to be ashamed of your Maiesty, praised be God
2644 so long as your Maiesty is an honest man.
2645 *King.* Good keepe me so.
2646 *Enter Williams.*
2647 Our Heralds go with him,
2648 Bring me iust notice of the numbers dead
2649 On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.
2650 *Exe.* Souldier, you must come to the King.
2651 *Kin.* Souldier, why wear'st thou that Gloue in thy
2652 Cappe?
2653 *Will.* And't please your Maiesty, tis the gage of one
2654 that I should fight withall, if he be aliue.
2655 *Kin.* An Englishman?
2656 *Wil.* And't please your Maiesty, a Rascall that swag-ger'd
2657 with me last night: who if aliue, and euer dare to
2658 challenge this Gloue, I haue sworne to take him a boxe
2659 a'th ere: or if I can see my Gloue in his cappe, which he
2660 swore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if aliue) I wil
2661 strike it out soundly.
2662 *Kin.* What thinke you Captaine *Fluellen*, is it fit this
2663 souldier keepe his oath.
2664 *Flu.* Hee is a Crauen and a Villaine else, and't please
2665 your Maiesty in my conscience.
2666 *King.* It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great
2667 sort quite from the answer of his degree.

2668 *Flu.* Though he be as good a Ientleman as the diuel is,
 2669 as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is necessary (looke
 2670 your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee
 2671 bee periur'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a
 2672 villaine and a Iacke sawce, as euer his blacke shoo trodd
 2673 vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law
 2674 *King.* Then keepe thy vow sirrah, when thou meet'st
 2675 the fellow.
 2676 *Wil.* So, I wil my Liege, as I liue.
 2677 *King.* Who seru'st thou vnder? [i5v
 2678 *Will.* Vnder Captaine *Gower*, my Liege.
 2679 *Flu.* *Gower* is a good Captaine, and is good know-ledge
 2680 and literated in the Warres.
 2681 *King.* Call him hither to me, Souldier.
 2682 *Will.* I will my Liege. *Exit.*
 2683 *King.* Here *Fluellen*, weare thou this fauour for me, and
 2684 sticke it in thy Cappe: when *Alanson* and my selfe were
 2685 downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme: If
 2686 any man challenge this, hee is a friend to *Alanson*, and an
 2687 enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any such, appre-hend
 2688 him, and thou do'st me loue.
 2689 *Flu.* Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be
 2690 desir'd in the hearts of his Subiects: I would faine see
 2691 the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe
 2692 agreefd at this Gloue; that is all: but I would faine see
 2693 it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.
 2694 *King.* Know'st thou *Gower*?
 2695 *Flu.* He is my deare friend, and please you.
 2696 *King.* Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my
 2697 Tent.
 2698 *Flu.* I will fetch him. *Exit.*
 2699 *King.* My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloster*,
 2700 Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heeles.
 2701 The Gloue which I haue giuen him for a fauour,
 2702 May haply purchase him a box a'th' eare.
 2703 It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine should
 2704 Weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin *Warwick*:
 2705 If that the Souldier strike him, as I iudge
 2706 By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word;
 2707 Some sodaine mischiefe may arise of it:
 2708 For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant,
 2709 And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,
 2710 And quickly will returne an iniurie.
 2711 Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them.
 2712 Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter. *Exeunt.*
 2713 *Enter Gower and Williams.*

2714 *Will.* I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.
 2715 *Enter Fluellen.*
 2716 *Flu.* Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech
 2717 you now, come apace to the King: there is more good
 2718 toward you peradventure, then is in your knowledge to
 2719 dreame of.
 2720 *Will.* Sir, know you this Gloue?
 2721 *Flu.* Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.
 2722 *Will.* I know this, and thus I challenge it.
 2723 *Strikes him.*
 2724 *Flu.* 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuer-sall
 2725 World, or in France, or in England.
 2726 *Gower.* How now Sir? you Villaine.
 2727 *Will.* Doe you thinke Ile be forsworne?
 2728 *Flu.* Stand away Captaine *Gower*, I will giue Treason
 2729 his payment into plowes, I warrant you.
 2730 *Will.* I am no Traytor.
 2731 *Flu.* That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his
 2732 Maiesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke
 2733 *Alansons.*
 2734 *Enter Warwick and Gloucester.*
 2735 *Warw.* How now, how now, what's the matter?
 2736 *Flu.* My Lord of Warwick, heere is, prayed be God
 2737 for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke
 2738 you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his
 2739 Maiestie. *Enter King and Exeter.*
 2740 *King.* How now, what's the matter?
 2741 *Flu.* My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor,
 2742 that looke your Grace, ha's strooke the Gloue which
 2743 your Maiestie is take out of the Helmet of *Alan-son.*
 2744 *Will.* My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow
 2745 of it: and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to weare
 2746 it in his Cappe: I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met
 2747 this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue been as
 2748 good as my word.
 2749 *Flu.* Your Maiestie heare now, sauing your Maiesties
 2750 Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowsie
 2751 Knaue it is: I hope your Maiestie is peare me testimonie
 2752 and witnesse, and will auouchment, that this is the Gloue
 2753 of *Alanson*, that your Maiestie is giue me, in your Con-science
 2754 now.
 2755 *King.* Giue me thy Gloue Souldier;
 2756 Looke, heere is the fellow of it:
 2757 'Twas I indeed thou promised'st to strike,
 2758 And thou hast giuen me most bitter termes.
 2759 *Flu.* And please your Maiestie, let his Neck answere
 2760

2761 for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.
 2762 *King.* How canst thou make me satisfaction?
 2763 *Will.* All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: ne-uer
 2764 came any from mine, that might offend your Ma-iestie.
 2766 *King.* It was our selfe thou didst abuse.
 2767 *Will.* Your Maiestie came not like your selfe: you
 2768 appear'd to me but as a common man; witnesse the
 2769 Night, your Garments, your Lowlinesse: and what
 2770 your Highnesse suffer'd vnder that shape, I beseech you
 2771 take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you
 2772 beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I
 2773 beseech your Highnesse pardon me.
 2774 *King.* Here Vnckle *Exeter*, fill this Gloue with Crownes,
 2775 And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,
 2776 And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,
 2777 Till I doe challenge it. Giue him the Crownes:
 2778 And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.
 2779 *Flu.* By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's met-tell
 2780 enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue- pence for
 2781 you, and I pray you to serue God, and keepe you out of
 2782 prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and I
 2783 warrant you it is the better for you.
 2784 *Will.* I will none of your Money.
 2785 *Flu.* It is with a good will: I can tell you it will serue
 2786 you to mend your shooes: come, wherefore should you
 2787 be so pashfull, your shooes is not so good: 'tis a good
 2788 silling I warrant you, or I will change it.
 2789 *Enter Herald.*
 2790 *King.* Now Herald, are the dead numbred?
 2791 *Herald.* Heere is the number of the slaught'red
 2792 French.
 2793 *King.* What Prisoners of good sort are taken,
 2794 Vnckle?
 2795 *Exe.* *Charles* Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
 2796 *Iohn* Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchiquald*:
 2797 Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
 2798 Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.
 2799 *King.* This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French
 2800 That in the field lye slaine: of Princes in this number,
 2801 And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead
 2802 One hundred twentie six: added to these,
 2803 Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
 2804 Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which,
 2805 Fiue hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights.
 2806 So that in these ten thousand they haue lost,
 2807 There are but sixteene hundred Mercenaries:

2808 The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires, [i6
 2809 And Gentlemen of bloud and qualitie.
 2810 The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead:
 2811 *Charles Delabreth*, High Constable of France,
 2812 *Iaques* of Chatilion, Admirall of France,
 2813 The Master of the Crosse- bowes, Lord *Rambures*,
 2814 Great Master of France, the braue Sir *Guichard Dolphin*,
 2815 *Iohn* Duke of Alanson, *Anthonie* Duke of Brabant,
 2816 The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
 2817 And *Edward* Duke of Barr: of lustie Earles,
 2818 *Grandpree* and *Roussie*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyes*,
 2819 *Beaumont* and *Marle*, *Vandemont* and *Lestrале*.
 2820 Here was a Royall fellowship of death.
 2821 Where is the number of our English dead?
 2822 *Edward* the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
 2823 Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Esquire;
 2824 None else of name: and of all other men,
 2825 But fiue and twentie.
 2826 O God, thy Arme was heere:
 2827 And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
 2828 Ascribe we all: when, without stratagem,
 2829 But in plaine shock, and euen play of Battaile,
 2830 Was euer knowne so great and little losse?
 2831 On one part and on th' other, take it God,
 2832 For it is none but thine.
 2833 *Exet.* 'Tis wonderfull.
 2834 *King.* Come, goe we in procession to the Village:
 2835 And be it death proclaymed through our Hoast,
 2836 To boast of this, or take that prayse from God,
 2837 Which is his onely.
 2838 *Flu.* Is it not lawfull and please your Maiestie, to tell
 2839 how many is kill'd?
 2840 *King.* Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,
 2841 That God fought for vs.
 2842 *Flu.* Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good.
 2843 *King.* Doe we all holy Rights:
 2844 Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,
 2845 The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay:
 2846 And then to Callice, and to England then,
 2847 Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men.
 2848 *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

2850 *Enter Chorus.*
 2851 Vouchsafe to those that haue not read the Story,
 2852 That I may prompt them: and of such as haue,
 2853 I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
 2854 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
 2855 Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
 2856 Be here presented. Now we beare the King
 2857 Toward Callice: Graunt him there; there seene,
 2858 Heaue him away vpon your winged thoughts,
 2859 Athwart the Sea: Behold the English beach
 2860 Pales in the flood; with Men, Wiues, and Boyes,
 2861 Whose shouts & claps out- voyce the deep- mouth'd Sea,
 2862 Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King,
 2863 Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,
 2864 And solemnly see him set on to London.
 2865 So swift a pace hath Thought, that euen now
 2866 You may imagine him vpon Black- Heath:
 2867 Where, that his Lords desire him, to haue borne
 2868 His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword
 2869 Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,
 2870 Being free from vain-nesse, and selfe- glorious pride;
 2871 Giuing full Trophee, Signall, and Ostent,
 2872 Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold,
 2873 In the quick Forge and working- house of Thought,
 2874 How London doth powre out her Citizens,
 2875 The Maior and all his Brethren in best sort,
 2876 Like to the Senatours of th' antique Rome,
 2877 With the Plebeians swarming at their heeles,
 2878 Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Caesar* in:
 2879 As by a lower, but by louing likelihood,
 2880 Were now the Generall of our gracious Empresse,
 2881 As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
 2882 Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
 2883 How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
 2884 To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
 2885 Did they this *Harry*. Now in London place him.
 2886 As yet the lamentation of the French
 2887 Inuites the King of England's stay at home:
 2888 The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France,
 2889 To order peace betweene them: and omit
 2890 All the occurrences, what euer chanc't,
 2891 Till *Harryes* backe returne againe to France:
 2892 There must we bring him; and my selfe haue play'd
 2893 The *interim*, by remembring you 'tis past.

2894 Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,
 2895 After your thoughts, straight backe againe to France.
 2896 *Exit.*
 2897 *Enter Fluellen and Gower.*
 2898 *Gower.* Nay, that's right: but why weare you your
 2899 Leeke to day? S[aint]. *Dauies* day is past.
 2900 *Flu.* There is occasions and causes why and wherefore
 2901 in all things: I will tell you asse my friend, Captaine
 2902 *Gower*; the rascally, scauld, beggerly, lowsie, pragging
 2903 Knaue *Pistoll*, which you and your selfe, and all the World,
 2904 know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now, of no
 2905 merits: hee is come to me, and prings me pread and
 2906 sault yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke:
 2907 it was in a place where I could not breed no contention
 2908 with him; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap
 2909 till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little
 2910 piece of my desires.
 2911 *Enter Pistoll.*
 2912 *Gower.* Why heere hee comes, swelling like a Turkey-cock.
 2914 *Flu.* 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his Turkey-cocks.
 2915 God plesse you aunchient *Pistoll*: you scuruie low-sie
 2916 Knaue, God plesse you.
 2917 *Pist.* Ha, art thou bedlam? doest thou thirst, base
 2918 Troian, to haue me fold vp *Parcas* fatall Web? Hence;
 2919 I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.
 2920 *Flu.* I peseech you heartily, scuruie lowsie Knaue, at
 2921 my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eate,
 2922 looke you, this Leeke; because, looke you, you doe not
 2923 loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your
 2924 disgestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you
 2925 to eate it.
 2926 *Pist.* Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.
 2927 *Flu.* There is one Goat for you. *Strikes him.*
 2928 Will you be so good, scauld Knaue, as eate it?
 2929 *Pist.* Base Troian, thou shalt dye.
 2930 *Flu.* You say very true, scauld Knaue, when Gods
 2931 will is: I will desire you to liue in the meane time, and
 2932 eate your Victuals: come, there is sawce for it. You
 2933 call'd me yesterday Mountaine- Squier, but I will make [i6v
 2934 you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if
 2935 you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke.
 2936 *Gour.* Enough Captaine, you haue astonisht him.
 2937 *Flu.* I say, I will make him eate some part of my leeke,
 2938 or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is
 2939 good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxe-combe.
 2941 *Pist.* Must I bite.

2942 *Flu.* Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of que-
 2943 too, and ambiguities.
 2944 *Pist.* By this Leeke, I will most horribly reuenge I
 2945 eate and eate I sweare.
 2946 *Flu.* Eate I pray you, will you haue some more sauce
 2947 to your Leeke: there is not enough Leeke to sweare by.
 2948 *Pist.* Quiet thy Cudgell, thou dost see I eate.
 2949 *Flu.* Much good do you scald knaue, heartily. Nay,
 2950 pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your
 2951 broken Coxcombe; when you take occasions to see
 2952 Leekes heereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.
 2953 *Pist.* Good.
 2954 *Flu.* I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to
 2955 heale your pate.
 2956 *Pist.* Me a groat?
 2957 *Flu.* Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I haue
 2958 another Leeke in my pocket, which you shall eate.
 2959 *Pist.* I take thy groat in earnest of reuenge.
 2960 *Flu.* If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cud-gels,
 2961 you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of
 2962 me but cudgels: God bu'y you, and keepe you, & heale
 2963 your pate. *Exit*
 2964 *Pist.* All hell shall stirre for this.
 2965 *Gow.* Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue,
 2966 will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vppon an
 2967 honourable respect, and worne as a memorable Trophée
 2968 of predeceased valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds
 2969 any of your words. I haue seene you gleeking & galling
 2970 at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because
 2971 he could not speake English in the natiue garb, he could
 2972 not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it o-therwise,
 2973 and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach
 2974 you a good English condition, fare ye well. *Exit*
 2975 *Pist.* Doeth fortune play the huswife with me now?
 2976 Newes haue I that my *Doll* is dead i'th Spittle of a mala-dy
 2977 of France, and there my rendeuous is quite cut off:
 2978 Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is
 2979 Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and something leane to
 2980 Cut- purse of quicke hand: To England will I steale, and
 2981 there Ile steale:
 2982 And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres,
 2983 And swore I got them in the Gallia warres. *Exit.*
 2984 *Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwicke,*
 2985 *and other Lords. At another, Queene Isabel,*
 2986 *the King, the Duke of Bourgogne, and*
 2987 *other French.*

2988 *King.* Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met;
 2989 Vnto our brother France, and to our Sister
 2990 Health and faire time of day: Ioy and good wishes
 2991 To our most faire and Princely Cosine *Katherine*:
 2992 And as a branch and member of this Royalty,
 2993 By whom this great assembly is contriu'd,
 2994 We do salute you Duke of *Burgogne*,
 2995 And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.
 2996 *Fra.* Right ioyous are we to behold your face,
 2997 Most worthy brother England, fairely met,
 2998 So are you Princes (English) euery one. [
 2999 *Quee.* So happy be the Issue brother Ireland
 3000 Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
 3001 As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
 3002 Your eyes which hitherto haue borne
 3003 In them against the French that met them in their bent,
 3004 The fatall Balls of murthering Basiliskes:
 3005 The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope
 3006 Haue lost their qualitie, and that this day
 3007 Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue.
 3008 *Eng.* To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.
 3009 *Quee.* You English Princes all, I doe salute you.
 3010 *Burg.* My dutie to you both, on equall loue.
 3011 Great Kings of France and England: that I haue labour'd
 3012 With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeouors,
 3013 To bring your most Imperiall Maiesties
 3014 Vnto this Barre, and Royall enterview;
 3015 Your Mightinesse on both parts best can witness.
 3016 Since then my Office hath so farre preuayl'd,
 3017 That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,
 3018 You haue congreeted: let it not disgrace me,
 3019 If I demand before this Royall view,
 3020 What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
 3021 Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,
 3022 Deare Nourse of Arts, Plentyes, and ioyfull Births,
 3023 Should not in this best Garden of the World,
 3024 Our fertile France, put vp her louely Visage?
 3025 Alas, shee hath from France too long been chas'd,
 3026 And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,
 3027 Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.
 3028 Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
 3029 Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges euen pleach'd,
 3030 Like Prisoners wildly ouer- growne with hayre,
 3031 Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas,
 3032 The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary,
 3033 Doth root vpon; while that the Culter rusts,

3034 That should deracinate such Sauagery:
 3035 The euen Meade, that erst brought sweetly forth
 3036 The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and greene Clouer,
 3037 Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke;
 3038 Conceiues by idlenesse, and nothing teemes,
 3039 But hatefull Docks, rough Thistles, Keksyes, Burres,
 3040 Loosing both beautie and vtilitie;
 3041 And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,
 3042 Defectiue in their natures, grow to wildnesse.
 3043 Euen so our Houses, and our selues, and Children,
 3044 Haue lost, or doe not learne, for want of time,
 3045 The Sciences that should become our Countrey;
 3046 But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,
 3047 That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,
 3048 To Swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Attyre,
 3049 And euery thing that seemes vnnaturall.
 3050 Which to reduce into our former fauour,
 3051 You are assembled: and my speech entreats,
 3052 That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
 3053 Should not expell these inconueniences,
 3054 And blesse vs with her former qualities.
 3055 *Eng.* If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
 3056 Whose want giues growth to th' imperfections
 3057 Which you haue cited; you must buy that Peace
 3058 With full accord to all our iust demands,
 3059 Whose Tenures and particular effects
 3060 You haue enschedul'd briefly in your hands.
 3061 *Burg.* The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet
 3062 There is no Answer made.
 3063 *Eng.* Well then: the Peace which you before so vrg'd,
 3064 Lyes in his Answer. [k1
 3065 *France.* I haue but with a curselarie eye
 3066 O're-glanc't the Articles: Pleaseth your Grace
 3067 To appoint some of your Councell presently
 3068 To sit with vs once more, with better heed
 3069 To re-suruey them; we will suddenly
 3070 Passe our accept and peremptorie Answer.
 3071 *England.* Brother we shall. Goe Vnckle *Exeter*,
 3072 And Brother *Clarence*, and you Brother *Gloucester*,
 3073 *Warwick*, and *Huntington*, goe with the King,
 3074 And take with you free power, to ratifie,
 3075 Augment, or alter, as your Wisdomes best
 3076 Shall see aduantageable for our Dignitie,
 3077 Any thing in or out of our Demands,
 3078 And wee'le conigne thereto. Will you, faire Sister,
 3079 Goe with the Princes, or stay here with vs?

3080 *Quee.* Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them:
 3081 Happily a Womans Voyce may doe some good,
 3082 When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be stood on.
 3083 *England.* Yet leaue our Cousin *Katherine* here with vs,
 3084 She is our capitall Demand, compris'd
 3085 Within the fore- ranke of our Articles.
 3086 *Quee.* She hath good leaue. *Exeunt omnes.*
 3087 *Manet King and Katherine.*
 3088 *King.* Faire *Katherine*, and most faire,
 3089 Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier tearmes,
 3090 Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare,
 3091 And pleade his Loue- suit to her gentle heart.
 3092 *Kath.* Your Maiestie shall mock at me, I cannot speake
 3093 your England.
 3094 *King.* O faire *Katherine*, if you will loue me soundly
 3095 with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you con-fesse
 3096 it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you
 3097 like me, *Kate*?
 3098 *Kath.* *Pardonne moy*, I cannot tell wat is like me.
 3099 *King.* An Angell is like you *Kate*, and you are like an
 3100 Angell.
 3101 *Kath.* *Que dit il que Je suis semblable a les Anges?*
 3102 *Lady.* *Ouy verayment (sauf vostre Grace) ainsi dit il.*
 3103 *King.* I said so, deare *Katherine*, and I must not blush
 3104 to affirme it.
 3105 *Kath.* *O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont plein de*
 3106 *tromperies.*
 3107 *King.* What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of
 3108 men are full of deceits?
 3109 *Lady.* *Ouy*, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of de-ceits:
 3110 dat is de Princesse.
 3111 *King.* The Princesse is the better English- woman:
 3112 yfaith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am
 3113 glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou
 3114 could'st, thou would'st finde me such a plaine King, that
 3115 thou wouldst thinke, I had sold my Farme to buy my
 3116 Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but di-rectly
 3117 to say, I loue you; then if you vrge me farther,
 3118 then to say, Doe you in faith? I weare out my suite: Giue
 3119 me your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bar-gaine:
 3120 how say you, Lady?
 3121 *Kath.* *Sauf vostre honneur*, me vnderstand well.
 3122 *King.* Marry, if you would put me to Verses, or to
 3123 Dance for your sake, *Kate*, why you vndid me: for the one
 3124 I haue neither words nor measure; and for the other, I
 3125 haue no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in

3126 strength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape- frogge, or by
 3127 vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe;
 3128 vnder the correction of bragging be it spoken. I should
 3129 quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my
 3130 Loue, or bound my Horse for her fauours, I could lay on
 3131 like a Butcher, and sit like a Iack an Apes, neuer off. But
 3132 before God *Kate*, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaspe out
 3133 my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in protestation;
 3134 onely downe- right Oathes, which I neuer vse till vrg'd,
 3135 nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canst loue a fellow
 3136 of this temper, *Kate*, whose face is not worth Sunne- bur-ning?
 3137 that neuer lookes in his Glasse, for loue of any
 3138 thing he sees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake
 3139 to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canst loue me for this,
 3140 take me? if not? to say to thee that I shall dye, is true; but
 3141 for thy loue, by the L[ord]. No: yet I loue thee too. And
 3142 while thou liu'st, deare *Kate*, take a fellow of plaine and
 3143 vncoyned Constancie, for he perforce must do thee right,
 3144 because he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for
 3145 these fellowes of infinit tongue, that can ryme themselues
 3146 into Ladyes fauours, they doe alwayes reason themselues
 3147 out againe. What? a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme is
 3148 but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a strait Backe will
 3149 stoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will
 3150 grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax
 3151 hollow: but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sunne and the
 3152 Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it
 3153 shines bright, and neuer changes, but keepes his course
 3154 truly. If thou would haue such a one, take me? and
 3155 take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King.
 3156 And what say'st thou then to my Loue? speake my faire,
 3157 and fairely, I pray thee.
 3158 *Kath.* Is it possible dat I sould loue de ennemie of
 3159 Fraunce?
 3160 *King.* No, it is not possible you should loue the Ene-mie
 3161 of France, *Kate*; but in louing me, you should loue
 3162 the Friend of France: for I loue France so well, that I
 3163 will not part with a Village of it; I will haue it all mine:
 3164 and *Kate*, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours
 3165 is France, and you are mine.
 3166 *Kath.* I cannot tell wat is dat.
 3167 *King.* No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in French, which I am
 3168 sure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new- married Wife
 3169 about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be shooke off; *Ie*
 3170 *quand sur le possession de Fraunce, & quand vous aues le pos-session*
 3171 *de moy.* (Let mee see, what then? Saint *Dennis* bee

3172 my speede) *Donc vostre est Fraunce, & vous estes mienne.*
 3173 It is as easie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdome, as to
 3174 speake so much more French: I shall neuer moue thee in
 3175 French, vnlesse it be to laugh at me.
 3176 *Kath. Sauf vostre honeur, le Francois ques vous parleis, il*
 3177 *& melieus que l' Anglois le quel Ie parle.*
 3178 *King.* No faith is't not, *Kate*: but thy speaking of
 3179 my Tongue, and I thine, most truely falsely, must
 3180 needes be graunted to be much at one. But *Kate*, doo'st
 3181 thou vnderstand thus much English? Canst thou loue
 3182 mee?
 3183 *Kath.* I cannot tell.
 3184 *King.* Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? Ile
 3185 aske them. Come, I know thou louest me: and at night,
 3186 when you come into your Closet, you'le question this
 3187 Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to
 3188 her dispraise those parts in me, that you loue with your
 3189 heart: but good *Kate*, mocke me mercifully, the rather
 3190 gentle Princesse, because I loue thee cruelly. If euer thou
 3191 beest mine, *Kate*, as I haue a sauing Faith within me tells
 3192 me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou
 3193 must therefore needes proue a good Souldier- breeder:
 3194 Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint *Dennis* and Saint
 3195 *George*, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English, [k1v
 3196 that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by
 3197 the Beard. Shall wee not? what say'st thou, my faire
 3198 Flower- de- Luce.
 3199 *Kate.* I doe not know dat.
 3200 *King.* No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise:
 3201 doe but now promise *Kate*, you will endeauour for your
 3202 French part of such a Boy; and for my English moytie,
 3203 take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer
 3204 you. *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & deuin*
 3205 *deesse.*
 3206 *Kath.* Your Maiestee aue fause Frenche enough to
 3207 deceiue de most sage Damoiseil dat is en Fraunce.
 3208 *King.* Now fye vpon my false French: by mine Honor
 3209 in true English, I loue thee *Kate*; by which Honor, I dare
 3210 not sweare thou louest me, yet my blood begins to flat-ter
 3211 me, that thou doo'st; notwithstanding the poore and
 3212 vntempering effect of my Visage. Now beshrew my
 3213 Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres
 3214 when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stub-borne
 3215 out- side, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come
 3216 to wooe Ladyes, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the el-der
 3217 I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that

3218 Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more
 3219 spoyle vpon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at
 3220 the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me,
 3221 better and better: and therefore tell me, most faire *Katherine*,
 3222 will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Blushes,
 3223 auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of
 3224 an Empresse, take me by the Hand, and say, *Harry* of
 3225 England, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no sooner
 3226 blesse mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, Eng-land
 3227 is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry*
 3228 *Plantaginet* is thine; who, though I speake it before his
 3229 Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt
 3230 finde the best King of Good- fellowes. Come your An-swer
 3231 in broken Musick; for thy Voyce is Musick, and
 3232 thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, *Katherine*,
 3233 breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou
 3234 haue me?
 3235 *Kath.* Dat is as it shall please *de Roy mon pere*.
 3236 *King.* Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*; it shall please
 3237 him, *Kate*.
 3238 *Kath.* Den it sall also content me.
 3239 *King.* Vpon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my
 3240 Queene.
 3241 *Kath.* *Laisse mon Seigneur, laisse, laisse, may foy: Je ne*
 3242 *veus point que vous abbaisse vostre grandeus, en baisant le*
 3243 *main d' une nostre Seigneur indignie seruiteur excuse moy. Je*
 3244 *vous supplie mon tres- puissant Seigneur.*
 3245 *King.* Then I will kisse your Lippes, *Kate*.
 3246 *Kath.* *Les Dames & Damoisels pour estre baisee deuant*
 3247 *leur nopcese il net pas le costume de Fraunce.*
 3248 *King.* Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes shee?
 3249 *Lady.* Dat it is not be de fashion pour le Ladies of
 3250 Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buisse en English.
 3251 *King.* To kisse.
 3252 *Lady.* Your Maiestee *entendre bettre que moy*.
 3253 *King.* It is not a fashion for the Maids in Fraunce to
 3254 kisse before they are marryed, would she say?
 3255 *Lady.* *Ouy verayment.*
 3256 *King.* O *Kate*, nice Customes cursie to great Kings.
 3257 Deare *Kate*, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the
 3258 weake Lyst of a Countreyes fashion: wee are the ma-kers
 3259 of Manners, *Kate*; and the libertie that followes
 3260 our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde- faults, as I
 3261 will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashion of your
 3262 Countrey, in denying me a Kisse: therefore patiently,
 3263 and yeelding. You haue Witch- craft in your Lippes,

3264 *Kate*: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of
 3265 them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell; and
 3266 they should sooner perswade *Harry* of England, then a
 3267 generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your
 3268 Father.
 3269 *Enter the French Power, and the English*
 3270 *Lords.*
 3271 *Burg.* God saue your Maiestie, my Royall Cousin,
 3272 teach you our Princesse English?
 3273 *King.* I would haue her learne, my faire Cousin, how
 3274 perfectly I loue her, and that is good English.
 3275 *Burg.* Is shee not apt?
 3276 *King.* Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Conditio-n
 3277 is not smooth: so that hauing neyther the Voyce nor
 3278 the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot so coniure vp
 3279 the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true
 3280 likenesse.
 3281 *Burg.* Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer
 3282 you for that. If you would coniure in her, you must
 3283 make a Circle: if coniure vp Loue in her in his true
 3284 likenesse, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you
 3285 blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd ouer with the
 3286 Virgin Crimson of Modestie, if shee deny the apparance
 3287 of a naked blinde Boy in her naked seeing selfe? It were
 3288 (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to consigne
 3289 to.
 3290 *King.* Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind
 3291 and enforces.
 3292 *Burg.* They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see
 3293 not what they doe.
 3294 *King.* Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to
 3295 consent winking.
 3296 *Burg.* I will winke on her to consent, my Lord, if you
 3297 will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well
 3298 Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholo-mew- tyde,
 3299 blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then
 3300 they will endure handling, which before would not abide
 3301 looking on.
 3302 *King.* This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot
 3303 Summer; and so I shall catch the Flye, your Cousin, in
 3304 the latter end, and she must be blinde to.
 3305 *Burg.* As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.
 3306 *King.* It is so: and you may, some of you, thanke
 3307 Loue for my blindnesse, who cannot see many a faire
 3308 French Citie for one faire French Maid that stands in my
 3309 way.

3310 *French King.* Yes my Lord, you see them perspec-tiuely:
 3311 the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are
 3312 all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath en-tred.
 3314 *England.* Shall *Kate* be my Wife?
 3315 *France.* So please you.
 3316 *England.* I am content, so the Maiden Cities you
 3317 talke of, may wait on her: so the Maid that stood in
 3318 the way for my Wish, shall shew me the way to my
 3319 Will.
 3320 *France.* Wee haue consented to all tearmes of rea-son.
 3322 *England.* Is't so, my Lords of England?
 3323 *West.* The King hath graunted euery Article:
 3324 His Daughter first; and in sequele, all,
 3325 According to their firme proposed natures. [k2
 3326 *Exet.* Onely he hath not yet subscribed this:
 3327 Where your Maiestie demands, That the King of France
 3328 hauing any occasion to write for matter of Graunt, shall
 3329 name your Highnesse in this forme, and with this additi-on,
 3330 in French: *Nostre trescher filz Henry Roy d' Angleterre*
 3331 *Heretere de Fraunce:* and thus in Latine; *Praeclarissimus*
 3332 *Filius noster Henricus Rex Angliae & Heres Franciae.*
 3333 *France.* Nor this I haue not Brother so deny'd,
 3334 But your request shall make me let it passe.
 3335 *England.* I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance,
 3336 Let that one Article ranke with the rest,
 3337 And thereupon giue me your Daughter.
 3338 *France.* Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayse vp
 3339 Issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
 3340 Of France and England, whose very shoares looke pale,
 3341 With enuy of each others happinesse,
 3342 May cease their hatred; and this deare Coniunction
 3343 Plant Neighbour- hood and Christian- like accord
 3344 In their sweet Bosomes: that neuer Warre aduance
 3345 His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.
 3346 *Lords.* Amen.
 3347 *King.* Now welcome *Kate:* and beare me witnesse all,
 3348 That here I kisse her as my Soueraigne Queene.
 3349 *Flourish.*
 3350 *Quee.* God, the best maker of all Marriages,
 3351 Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one:
 3352 As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue,
 3353 So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spousall,
 3354 That neuer may ill Office, or fell Iealousie,
 3355 Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
 3356 Thrust in betweene the Paction of these Kingdomes,
 3357 To make diuorce of their incorporate League:

3358 That English may as French, French Englishmen,
3359 Receiue each other. God speake this Amen.
3360 *All. Amen.*
3361 *King.* Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,
3362 My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath
3363 And all the Peeres, for suretie of our Leagues.
3364 Then shall I sweare to *Kate*, and you to me,
3365 And may our Oathes well kept and prosp'rous be.
3366 *Senet. Exeunt.*
3367 *Enter Chorus.*
3368 Thus farre with rough, and all- vnable Pen,
3369 Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story,
3370 In little roome confining mightie men,
3371 Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
3372 Small time: but in that small, most greatly liued
3373 This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword;
3374 By which, the Worlds best Garden he atchieued:
3375 And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.
3376 *Henry* the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King
3377 Of France and England, did this King succeed:
3378 Whose State so many had the managing,
3379 That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
3380 Which oft our Stage hath showne; and for their sake,
3381 In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.

The Life of Henry the Fift.
