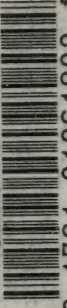


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The
Famous Victories
of
Henry the Fifth

Date of original edition of this Facsimile 1598

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Vol. 31.3

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The
Famous Victories
of
Henry the Fifth
1598

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The
Famous Victories
of
Henry the Fifth
1598

This facsimile is from an original copy now in the Bodleian Library.

This old play, one of the "sources" of Shakespeare's "Henry IV," probably written about 1587, was staged in 1588 and licensed for printing in 1594. Hazlitt, however, says it was "performed" as early as 1585. Tarleton (who died in 1588) took the part of Derrick the clown. No earlier edition than 1598 is known, but a later one appeared in 1617.

The plates for this facsimile have been made by the Clarendon Press.

JOHN S. FARMER.

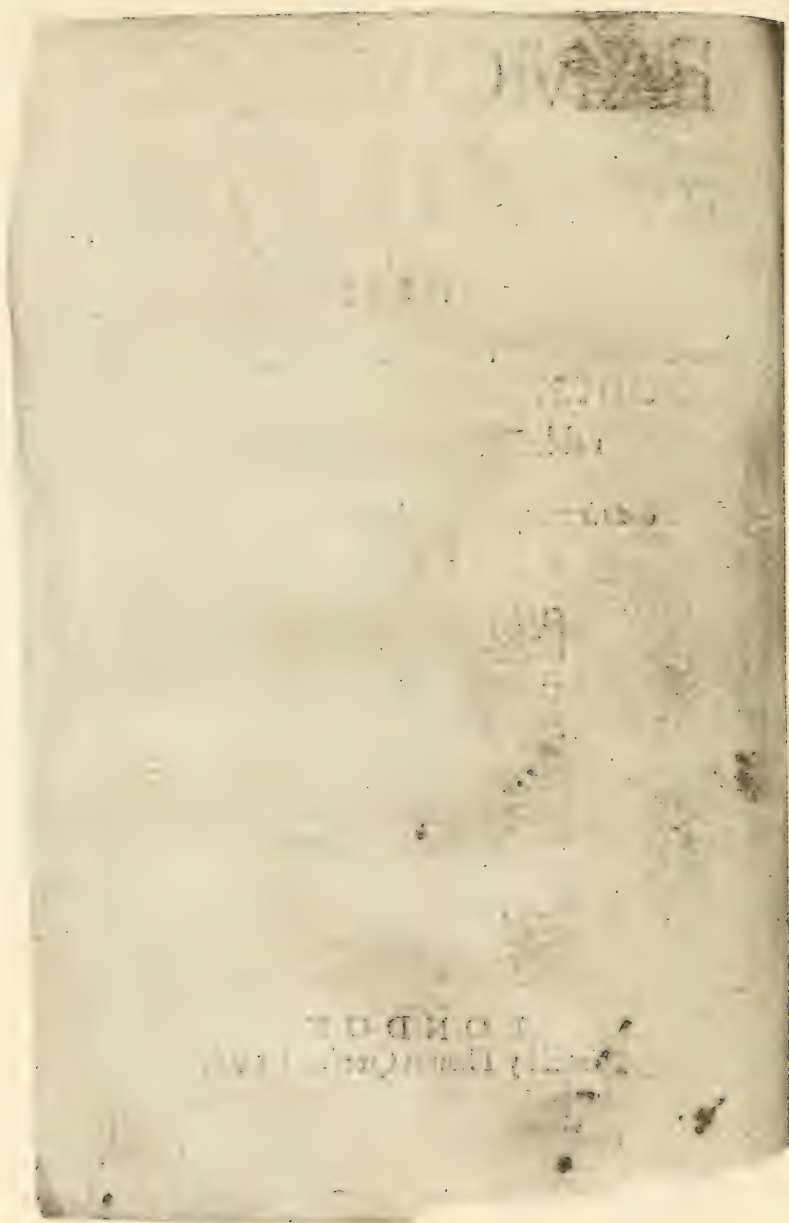
FAMOVVS VIC-
tories of Henry the
fifth:

Containing the Honou-
rable Battell of Agin-court:

*As it was plaide by the Queenes Maiefties
Players.*



LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598.





The Famous Victories

of Henry the fifth, Conteining the Honorable Battell of Agin-court.

Enter the young Prince, Ned, and Tom.

Henry the fifth.

Come away Ned and Tom.

Both. Here my Lord.

Henr. 5. Come away my Lads:

Tell me sirs, how much gold haue you got?

Ned. Faith my Lord, I haue got five hundred pound.

Hen. 5. But tell me Tom, how much hast thou got?

Tom. Faith my Lord, some foure hundred pound.

Hen. 5. Foure hundred pounds, brauely spoken Lads.

But tell me sirs, thinke you not that it was a villainous part of me to reb my fathers Receiuers?

Ned. Why no my Lord, it was but a tricke of youth.

Hen. 5. Faith Ned thou sayest true.

But tell me sirs, whereabouts are we?

Tom. My Lord, we are now about a mile off London.

Hen. 5. But sirs, I maruell that sir Iohn Old-castle Comes not away: Sounds see where he comes.

Enters Lockey.

How now lockey, what newes with thee?

Lockey. Faith my Lord, such newes as passeth, For the Towne of Detfort is risen,

THE VICARIOUS VILLAINS

With hue and crie after your man,
Which parted from vs the last night,
And has set vpon, and hath robbd a poore Carrier.

Hen. 5. Solunes, the vilaine that was wont to spie
Out our booties.

Iock. I my Lord, euen the very same.

Hen. 5. How base minded rascal to rob a poore carrier,
Which it skils not, ile saue the base vilaines life :

I, I may: but tel me Iockey, wherabout be the Receiuers?

Ioc. Faith my Lord, they are hard by,
But the best is, we are a horse backe and they be a foote,
So we may escape them.

Hen. 5. Well, I the vilaines come, let me alone with
them.

But tel me Iockey, how much gots thou from the knaues?

Foz I am sure I got something, foz one of the vilaines

So beland me about the shoulders,

As I shal feele it this moneth.

Iock. Faith my Lord, I haue got a hundred pound.

Hen. 5. A hundred pound, now brauely spoken Iockey:

But come sirs, laie al your money befoze me,

Now by heauen here is a braue shewe :

But as I am true Gentleman, I wil haue the halfe

Of this spent to night, but sirs take vp your bags,

Here comes the Receiuers, let me alone.

Enters two Recciuers.

One. Alas good fellow, what shal we do?

I dare neuer go home to the Court, foz I shal be hangd.

But loke, here is the yong Prince, what shal we do?

Hen. 5. How now you vilaines, what are you?

One Recci. Speake you to him.

Other. No I pray, speake you to him.

Hen. 5. Why how now you rascals, why speak you not?

One. Fozsooth we be. Pray speake you to him.

Hen. 5. Solons, vilains speak, or ile cut off your heads.

Other.

Othel. Forsooth he can tel the tale better then I.

One. Forsooth we be your fathers Receiuers.

Hen. 5. Are you my fathers Receiuers?

Then I hope ye haue brought me some money.

One. Money, Alas sir we be robb.

Hen. 5. Robb, how many were thcre of them?

Oae. Harry sir, there were foure of them:

And one of them had sir Iohn Old-Castles bay Hobbie,
And your blacke Pag.

Hen. 5. Gogs wounds how like you this Iockey?

Blod you vilaines: my father robb of his money abroad,
And we robb in our stables.

But tell me, how many were of them?

One recei. If it please you, there were foure of them,
And there was one about the bignesse of you:

But I am sure I so belambd him about the shoulders,
That he wil faele if this month.

Hen. 5. Gogs wounds you lantd them fairerly,
So that they haue carried away your money.

But come sirs, what shall we do with the vilaines?

Both recei. I beseech your grace, be good to vs.

Ned: I pray you my Lord forgiue them this once.

Will stand, by and get you gone,
And loke that you speake not a word of it,

For if there be, sownes ile hang you and all your kin.

Exit Pursuant.

Hen. 5. Now sirs, how like you this?

Was not this brauely done?

For now the vilaines dare not speake a word of it,
I haue so feared them with words.

Now whither shall we goe?

All. Why my Lord, you know our old hostes
At Feuerham.

Hen. 5. Our hostes at Feuerham, blod what shall we do
We haue a thousand pound about vs,

(there?

And

THE TITIOUS VICARIOUS

And we shall go to a prettie Ale-house,
 No, no: you know the olde Tauerne in Castleheape,
 There is good wine: besides, there is a prettie wench
 That can talke well, so: I delight as much in their songs,
 As any part about them.

All. We are readie to waite vpon your grace.

Hen. 5. Gogs wounds wait, we will go altogether,
 We are all fellows, I tell you sirs, and the King
 My father were dead, we would be all Kings,
 Therefore come away.

Ned. Gogs wounds, brauely spoken Harry,
 Enter Iohn Cobler, Robin Pewterer, Lawrence
 Coltermonger.

Iohn Cob. All is well here, all is well maisters.

Robin. How say you neighbour Iohn Cobler?
 I thinke it best that my neighbour
 Robin Pewterer went to Pudding lane end,
 And we will watch here at Billingsgate ward,
 How say you neighbour Robin, how like you this:

Robin. Harry well neighbours:
 I care not much if I goe to Pudding lanes end,
 But neighbours, and you heare any adoe about me,
 Make haste: and if I heare any ado about you,
 I will come to you.

Exit Robin.

Law. Neighbour, what newes heare you of y^e young Prince:
 Iohn. Harry neighbour, I heare say, he is a toward young
 For if he meet any by the hie way, (Prince,
 He will not let to talke with him,
 I dare not call him these, but sure he is one of these taking
 (fellows.

Law. Indeed neighbour I heare say he is as liuely
 A young Prince as euer was.

Iohn. I, and I heare say, if he vse it long,
 His father will cut him off from the Crowne:

But

But neighbour say nothing of that.

Law. So, no, neighbour, I warrant you.

John. Neighbour, me thinkes you begin to sleepe,
If you will, we will sit down,
For I thinke it is about midnight.

Law. Harry content neighbour, let vs sleepe.

Enter Dericke rouing.

Dericke. Who, who there, who there?

Exit Dericke.

Enter Robin.

Robin. O neighbors, what meane you to sleepe,
And such ado in the streets?

Ambo. How now neighbour, whats the matter?

Enter Dericke againe.

Dericke. Who there, who there, who there?

Cobler. Why what aillt thou: here is no hostes.

Dericke. O alas man, I am robb, who there, who there?

Robin. Hold him neighbour Cobler.

Robin. Why I see thou art a plaine Clowne.

Dericke. Am I a Clowne, solwnes maisters,

Do Clownes go in lilke apparell?

I am sure all we gentlemen Clownes in Kent scant go so

Well: Solwnes you know clownes very well:

Heare you, are you maister Constable, and you be speake?

For I will not take it at his hands.

John. Faith I am not maister Constable,
But I am one of his bad officers, so he is not here.

Dericke. Is not maister Constable here?

Well it is no matter, ile haue the law at his hands.

John. Nay I pray you do not take the law of vs.

Der. Well you are one of his beastly officers,

John. I am one of his bad officers.

Der. Why then I charge thee looke to him.

Cobler. Nay but heare ye sir, you seeme to be an honest
Fellow, and we are poore men, and now tis night.

And

THE FAMOUS VILLOUS

And we would be loth to haue any thing adw,
Therefore I pray thee put it vp.

Der. First, thou saiest true, I am an honest fellow,
And a proper handsome fellow too,
And you seeme to be poore men, therefore I care not greatly,
Nay, I am quickly pacified:
But and you chance to spie the theefe,
I pray you laie hold on him.

Robin. Yes that we wil, I warrant you.

Der. 'Tis a wonderful thing to see how glad the knaue
Is, now I haue forgiven him.

John. Neighbors do ye looke about you?
How now, who's there?

Enter the Theefe.

Theefe. Here is a good fellow, I pray you which is the
Way to the old Saerne in Castcheape?

Der. I hope hollo, now Gads Hill, knowest thou me?

Theef. I know thee for an Ass.

Der. And I know thee for a taking fellow,
Upon Gads hill in Kent:
A bots light vpon ye.

Theef. The whyson vilaine would be knockt.

Der. Masters, vilaine, and ye be men stand to him,
And take his weapon from him, let him not passe you.

John. My friend, what make you abroad now?
It is too late to walke now.

Theef. It is not too late for true men to walke.

Law. We know thee not to be a true man.

Theef. Why what do you meane to do with me?
Solownes I am one of the kings liege people.

Der. Heare you sir, are you one of the kings liege people?

Theef. I marry am I sir, what say you to it?

Der. Marry sir, I say you are one of the Kings Alching

Cob. Come, come, lets haue him away. (people.

Theef. Why what haue I done?

Robin.

Robin. Thou hast robd a poore fellow,
And taken away his goods from him.

Theefe. I neuer sawe him befoze.

Der. Maisters who comes here?

Enter the Vintners boy.

Boy. How now good man Cobler?

Cob. How now Robin, what makes thou abroad
At this time of night?

Boy. Marrie I haue bene at the Counter,
I can tell such newes as neuer you haue heard the like.

Cobler. What is that Robin, what is the matter?

Boy. Why this night about two houres ago, there came
the young Prince, and three or foure more of his compani-
ons, and called for wine good store, and then they sent for a
noyle of Musicians, and were very merry for the space of
an houre, then whether their Musicke liked them not, or
whether they had drunke too much Wine or no, I cannot
tell, but our pots stue against the wals, and then they drew
their swords, and went into the streete and fought, and
some toke one part, & some toke another, but for the space
of halfe an houre, there was such a bloodie fray as passeth,
and none coulde part them vntill such time as the Maior
and Sheriffe were sent for, and then at the last with much
ado, they toke them, and so the yong Prince was carried
to the Counter, and then about one houre after, there came
a Messenger from the Court in all haste from the King, for
my Lord Maior and the Sheriffe, but for what cause I
know not.

Cobler. Here is newes indeede Robert.

Law. Marry neighbour, this newes is strange indeede,
I thinke it best neighbour, so rid our hands of this fellowe
first.

Theefe. What meane you to doe with me?

Cobler. We meane to carry you to the prison, and there
to remaine till the Sessions day,

Theef. Then I pray you let me go to the prison where my maister is.

Cob. Nay thou must go to the country prison, to newgate, therefore come away.

Theef. I praye hee be good to me honell fellow.

Der. I marry will I, ile be verie charitable to thee, for I will neuer leaue thee, til I see thee on the Gallows,

Enter Henry the fourth, with the Earle of E. ceter,
and the Lord of Oxford.

Oxf. And please your Maiestie, here is my Lord Maior and the Sheriffe of London, to speak with your Maiestie.
K. Hen. 4. Admit them to our presence. (Aie.

Enter the Maior and the Sheriffe.

Now my good Lord Maior of London,

The cause of my sending for you at this time, is to tel you of a matter which I haue learned of my Councell: Wherein I vnderstand, that you haue committed my sonne to prison without our leaue and license. What although he be a rude youth, and likely to giue occasion, yet you might haue considered that he is a Prince, and my sonne, and not to be halled to prison by euery subiect.

Maior. May it please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue to tell our tale?

King Hen. 4. O, else God forbid, otherwise you might thinke me an vnequall Iudge, hauing more affection to my sonne, then to any rightfull indgement.

Maior. Then I do not doubt but we shal rather deserue commendations at your Maiesties hands, then any anger.

K. Hen. 4. Go to, say on.

Maior. Then if it please your Maiestie, this night betwixt two and thre of the clocke in the morning, my Lord the yong Prince with a very disordred companie, came to the old Tauerne in Eastcheape, and whether it was that their Maiestie liked them not, or whether they were ouercome with wine, I know not, but they drew their swords,

and into the street they went, and some took my Lord the
yong Princes part, and some took the other, but betwixt
them there was such a bloodie fray for the space of halfe an
houre, that neither watchme nor any other could stay the,
till my brother the Sheriffe of London & I were sent for,
and at the last with much adoe we staid them, but it was
long first, which was a great disquieting to all your louing
subiects thereabouts: and then my god Lord, we knew not
whether your grace had sent them to trie vs, whether we
would doe iustice, or whether it were of their owne volun-
tarie will or not, we canuot tell: and therefore in such a
case we knew not what to do, but for our owne safegard we
sent him to ward, where he wanteth nothing that is fit for
his grace, and your Maiesties sonne. And thus most hum-
bly beseeching your Maiestie to thinke of our answer.

Hen. 4. Stand aside vntill we haue further deliberated
on your answer.

Exit Maior.

Hen. 4. Ah Harry, Harry, now thrice accursed Harry,
That hath gotten a sonne, which with græse
Will end his fathers dayes.

Oh my sonne, a Prince thou art, I a Prince indeed,
And to deserue imprisonment,
And well haue they done, and like faithfull subiects:
Discharge them and let them go.

L. Ex. I beseech your Grace, be good to my Lord the
yong Prince.

Hen. 4. Nay, nay, tis no matter, let him alone.

L. Ox. Perchance the Maior, and the Sheriffe haue
bene too precise in this matter.

Hen. 4. No: they haue done like faithfull subiects:
I will go my selfe to discharge them, and let them go.

Exit omnes.

Enter Lord chiefe Iustice, Clarke of the Office, Iaylor,
John Cobler, Dericke, and the Theefe.

B 2

Judge.

Judge. Tayler bring the prisoner to the barre.
Der. Heare you my Lord, I pray you bring the bar to
the prisoner.

Judge. Hold thy hand up at the barre.

Theefe. Here it is my Lord.

Judge. Clarke of the Office, reade his inditement.

Clarke. What is thy name?

Theefe. My name was knowne befoze I came here,
And shall be when I am gone, I warrant you.

Judge. I, I thinke so, but we will know it better befoze
thou go.

Der. Sownes and you do but send to the next Kalle,
We are sure to know his name,
For this is not the first prison he hath bene in, ile warrant

Clarke. What is thy name? (you.

Theef. What need you to aske, and haue it in writing.

Clarke. Is not thy name Cutbert Cutter?

Theefe. What the Diuell need you ask, and know it so
well.

Clarke. Why then Cutbert Cutter, I indite thee by the
name of Cutbert Cutter, for robbing a poore carrier the 20
day of May last past, in the fourteen yeare of the raigine of
our soueraigne Lord King Henry the fourth, for setting
vpon a poore Carrier vpon Sads hill in Kent, and hauing
beaten and wounded the said Carrier, and taken his goods
from him.

Der. Oh maisters stay there, nay lets neuer belie the
man, for he hath not beaten and wounded me also, but hee
hath beaten and wounded my packe, and hath taken the
great rafe of Singer, that bouncing Bessie with the iolly
buttocks should haue had, that grieues me most.

Judge. Well, what sayest thou, art thou guiltie, or not
guiltie?

Theefe. Not guiltie, my Lord.

Judge. By whom wilt thou be tries?

Theefe

Theefe. By my Lord the young Prince, or by my selfe
whether you will.

Enter the young Prince, with Ned and Tom.

Hen. 5. Come away my lads, Gogs wounds ye villain,
what make you here? I must goe about my businesse my
selfe, and you must stand loytering here.

Theefe. Why my Lord, they haue bound me, and will
not let me goe.

Hen. 5. Haue they bound thee villain, why how now my
Lord?

Iudge. I am glad to see your grace in good health.

Hen. 5. Why my Lord, this is my man,
Tis maruell you know him not long before this,
I tell you he is a man of his hands.

Theefe. I Gogs wounds that I am, try me who dare

Iudge. Your Grace shall finde small credit by acknow-
ledging him to be your man.

Hen. 5. Why my Lord, what hath he done? (Carrier.

Iud. And it please your Maicstie, he hath robbed a poore

Der. Heare you sir, marry it was one Dericke,
Godman Hoblings man of Kent.

Hen. 5. What wast you butten-breach?

Of my word my Lord, he did it but in iest.

Der. Heare you sir, is it your mans qualitie to rob folkes
in iest? In faith, he shall be hangd in earnest.

Hen. 5. Well my Lord, what do you meane to do with
my man?

Iudg. And please your grace, the law must passe on him,
According to iustice, then he must be executed.

Der. Heare you sir, I pray you, is it your mans qualitie
to rob folkes in iest? In faith he shall be hangd in iest.

Hen. 5. Well my Lord, what meane you to do with my
man?

Iudg. And please your grace the law must passe on him,
According to iustice, then he must be executed.

Hen. 5. Why then belike you meane to hang my man :

Judge. I am sozrie that it falles out so.

Hen. 5. Why my Lord, I pray ye who am I :

Jud. And please your Grace, you are my Lord the yong
Prince, our King that shall be after the decease of our souer-
raigne Lord, King Henry the fourth, whom God graunt
long to raigne.

Hen. 5. You say true my Lord :

And you will hang my man.

Judge. And like your grace, I must needs do iustice.

Hen. 5. Tell me my Lord, shall I haue my man :

Judge. I cannot my Lord.

Hen. 5. But will you not let him go :

Jud. I am sozrie that his case is so ill.

Hen. 5. Tush, case me no casings, shall I haue my man :

Judge. I cannot, nor I may not my Lord.

Hen. 5. Pay, and I shall not say, & then I am answered :

Judge. Po.

Hen. 5. Po : then I will haue him.

He giueth him a boxe on the eare.

Ned. Gogs woundes my Lord, shall I cut off his head :

Hen. 5. Po, I charge you draw not your swords,
But get you hence, provide a noyle of Musitians,
Away, be gone.

Exeunt the Theefe.

Judge. Tell my Lord, I am content to take it at your
hands.

Hen. 5. Pay and you be not, you shall haue moze.

Judge. Why I pray you my Lord, who am I :

Hen. 5. You, who knowes not you :

Why man, you are Lord chiefe Justice of England.

Judge. Your Grace hath said truth, therfoze in striking
me in this place, you greatly abuse me, and not me onely,
but also your father : whose liuely person here in this place
I do represent. And therfoze to teach you what pzeroga-
tiues

times meane, I commit you to the Flate, vntill we haue
spoken with your father.

Hen. 5. Why then belike you meane to send me to the
Flate?

Judge. I indeed, and therefore carry him away.

Exeunt Hen. 5. with the Officers.

Judge. Tayler, carry the prisoner to Newgate againe,
vntill the next Sises.

Lay. At your commandement my Lord, it shalbe done.

Enter Dericke and Iohn Cobler.

Der. Hownds maisters, heres adw,

When Princes must go to prison:

Why Iohn, didst euer see the like?

Iohn. O Dericke, trust me, I neuer saw the like. (ler,

Der. Why Iohn thou maist see what princes be in chol-
A Judge a boxe on the eare, He tel thee Iohn, O Iohn,
I would not haue done it for twentie shillings.

Iohn. Po noz I, there had bene no way but one with
We should haue bene hangde. (vs,

Der. Faith Iohn, He tel thee what, thou shalt be my
Lord chiefe Justice, and thou shalt sit in the chaire,
And ile be the yong prince, and hit thee a boxe on the eare,
And then thou shalt say, to teach you what prerogatiues
Heane, I commit you to the Flate.

Iohn. Come on, He be your Judge,
But thou shalt not hit me hard.

Der. Po, no:

Iohn. What hath he done?

Der. Harry he hath robd Dericke.

Iohn. Why then I cannot let him go.

Der. I must needs haue my man.

Iohn. You shall not haue him.

Der. Shall I not haue my man, say no and you dare:
How say you, shall I not haue my man?

Iohn. Po marry shall you not.

Der.

Der. Shall I not Iohn?

Iohn. No Dericke.

Der. Why then take you that till moze come,
Solunes, shall I not haue him?

Iohn. Well I am content to take this at your hand,
But I pray you, who am I?

Der. Who art thou, Solonds, dost not know thy selfe?

Iohn. No.

Der. How away simple fellow,

Why man, thou art Iohn the Cobler.

Iohn. No, I am my Lord chicke Iustice of England.

Der. Oh Iohn, haste thou said true, thou art indeed.

Iohn. Why then to teach you what prerogatives mean
I commit you to the fléete.

Der. Well I will go, but pfaith you gray beard knaue,

Exit. And straight enters again. (He course you.

Oh Iohn, Come, come out of thy chair, why what a clout
weart thou, to let me hit thee a box on the eare, and now
thou seest they will not take me to the fléete, I thinke that
thou art one of these *Wozen* day Clownes.

Iohn. But I maruell what will become of thee?

Der. Faith ile be no moze a Carrier.

Iohn. What wilt thou do then?

Der. Ile dwell with thee and be a Cobler.

Iohn. With me, alasse I am not able to keepe thee,
Why thou wilt eate me out of doores.

Der. Oh Iohn, no Iohn, I am none of these great slou-
ching fellows, that deuoure these great peeces of beefe and
biewes, alasse a trifle serues me, a *Woodcocke*, a *Chicken*,
or a *Capons legge*, or any such little thing serues me.

Iohn. a Capon, why man, I cannot get a Capon once a
yeare, except it be at *Chylisma*, at some other mans house,
so; we Coblers be glad of a dish of *rootes*.

Der. *Rootes*, why are you so good at *rootings*?

Pay Cobler, weie haue you ringde.

John But Dericke, though we be so poore,
Yet will we haue in stoze a crab in the fire,
With nut-brozne Ale, that is full Ale,
Which wil a man quail, and late in the mire.

Der. A hots on you, and be but for your Ale,
Ile dwell with you, come lets away as fast as we can.

Exeunt.

Enter the yoong Prince, with Ned and Tom.

Hen. 5. Come away sirs, Gogs wounds Ned,
Didst thou not see what a bore on the eare
I toke my Lord chiefe Justice?

Tom. By gogs blood it did me good to see it,
It made his teeth iarre in his head.

Enter sir John Old-Castle.

Hen. 5. How now sir John Old-Castle,
What newes with you?

Ioh. Old. I am glad to see your grace at libertie,
I was come I, to visit you in prison.

Hen. 5. To visit me, didst thou not know that I am a
Princes son, why tis inough for me to looke into a prison,
though I come not in my selfe, but heres such adw nois a
dayes, heres prisoning, heres hanging, whipping, and the
diuel and all: but I tel you sirs, when I am King, we will
haue no such things, but my lads, if the old king my father
were dead, we would be all kings.

Ioh. Old. He is a good olde man, God take him to his
mercy the sooner.

Hen. 5. But Ned, so soone as I am King, the first thing
I wil do, shal be to put my Lord chief Justice out of office,
And thou shal be my Lord chiefe Justice of England.

Ned. Shall I be Lord chiefe Justice?
By gogs wounds, ile be the brauest Lord chiefe Justice
That euer was in England.

Hen. 5. Then Ned, ile turne all these prisons into fence
Scholes, and I will endue the with them, with landes to
maine

maintaine them withall: then I wil haue a bout with my Lord chiefe Iustice, thou shalt hang none but picke purses and horse stealers, and such bale minded villaines, but that fellow that will stand by the high way side couragiously with his sword and buckler and take a purse, that fellow giue him commendations, beside that, send him to me and I will giue him an anuall pension out of my Exchequer, to maintaine him all the dayes of his life.

Iob. Nobly spoken Harry, we shall neuer haue a merry world til the old king be dead.

Ned. But whither are ye going now?

Hen. 5. To the Court, for I heare say, my father lies verie sicke.

Tom. But I doubt he wil not die.

Hen. 5. Per will I goe thither, for the breath that be no sooner out of his mouth, but I wil clap the Crowne on my head.

Iockey. Will you goe to the Court with that cloake so full of needles?

Hen. 5. Cloake, ilat-holes, needles, and all was of mine owne deulsing, and therefore I wil weare it.

Tom. I pray you my Lord, what may be the meaning thereof?

Hen. 5. Why man, tis a signe that I stand vpon thorns, til the Crowne be on my head.

Ioc. O: that every needle might be a prick to their hartis that repine at your doings.

Hen. 5. Thou saist true Iockey, but thers some wil say, the yong Prince will be a well toward yong man and all this geare, that I had as lesue they would brake my head with a yaf, as to say any such thing, but we stand yzating here too long, I must needs speake with my father, therefore come away.

Porter. What a rapping keep you at the Kings Court gate?

Hen. 5.

Hen. 5. Heres one that must speake with the King.

Por. The King is verie sick, and none must speake with him.

Hen. 5. So you rascal, do you not know me?

Por. You are my Lord the young Prince.

Hen. 5. Then goe and tell my father, that I must and will speake with him.

Ned. Shall I cut off his head?

Hen. 5. No, no, though I would helpe you in other places, yet I haue nothing to doe here, what you are in my fathers Court.

Ned. I will waite him in my Tables, for so long as I am made Lord chief Iustice, I wil put him out of his Office.

The Trumpet sounds.

Hen. 5. Gods wounds sirs, the King comes,
Lets all stand aside.

Enter the King, with the Lord of Exeter.

Hen. 4. And is it true my Lord, that my sonne is already sent to the flote: now truly that man is moze fitter to rule the Realme then I, for by no meanes could I rule my sonne, and he by one word hath caused him to be ruled. Oh my sonne, my sonne, no sooner out of one prison, but into another, I had thought once whiles I had liued, to haue seen this noble Realme of England flourish by the my sonne, but now I see it goes to ruine and decaie.

He wepeth.

Enters Lord of Oxford.

Ox. And please your grace, here is my Lord your sonne,
That cometh to speake with you,
He saith, he must and wil speake with you.

Hen. 4. Who my sonne Harry?

Ox. I and please your Maiestie.

Hen. 4. I know wherefore he cometh,
But loke that none come with him.

Oxf. A berie disordersd company, and such as make
Merie ill rule in your Maiesties house.

Hen. 4. Well let him come,
But loke that none come with him.

He goeth.

Oxf. And please your grace,
My Loyd the King, sends for you.

Hen. 5. Come away sirs, lets go all togither.

Oxf. And please your grace, none must go with you.

Hen. 5. Why I must needs haue them with me,
Otherwise I can do my father no countenance,
Therefore come away.

Oxf. The King your father commaunds
There should none come.

Hen. 5. Well sirs then be gone,
And prouide me thre Poyle of Husitians.

Exeunt knights.

Enters the Prince with a dagger in his hand.

Hen. 4. Come my sonne, come on a Gods name,
I know wherefore thy comming is,
Oh my sonne, my sonne, what cause hath euer bene,
That thou shouldst forsake me, and follow this vilbe and
Reprobate company, which abuseth youth so manifestly:
Oh my sonne, thou knowest that these thy doiage
Will end thy fathers dayes.

He weepes.

I lo, lo, my sonne, thou fearest not to approach the presence
of thy sick father, in that disguised sort, I tel thee my sonne,
that there is neuer a needle in thy cloke, but it is a prick to
my heart, & neuer an ilaf-hole, but it is a hole to my soule:
and wherefore thou bringest that dagger in thy hande I
know not, but by coniecture.

He weepes.

Hen. 5. My conscience accuseth me, most soueraign Lord,
and welbeloued father, to answer first to the last point,
That

That is, whereas you coniecture that this hand and this
 dagger shall be armd against your life: no, know my be-
 loued father, far be the thoughts of your sonne, sonne said
 I, an vnworthie sonne for so good a father: but farre be the
 thoughts of any such pretended mischief: and I most hum-
 bly render it to your Maiesties hand, and liue my Lord and
 soueraigne for euer: and with your dagger arme show like
 vengeance vpon the bodie of that your sonne, I was about
 say and dare not, ah woe is me therefore, that your wilde
 slaue, tis not the Crowne that I come for, swete father,
 because I am vnworthie, and those wilde & reprobate com-
 pany I abandon, & vtterly abolish their company for euer.
 Pardon swete father, pardon: the least thing and most de-
 sire: and this ruffianly cloake, I here teare from my backe,
 and sacrifice it to the diuel, which is maister of al mischief:
 Pardo me, swete father, pardon me: good my Lord of Exe-
 ter speak for me: pardon me, pardo god father, not a word:
 ah he wil not speak one word: A Harry, now thrice unhap-
 pie Harry. But what shal I do: I wil go take me into some
 solitarie place, and there lament my sinfull life, and when
 I haue done, I wil laie me downe and die.

Exit.

Hen. 4. Call him againe, call my sonne againe.

Hen. 5. And doth my father call me againe: now Harry,
 Happie be the time that thy father calleth thee againe.

Hen. 4. Stand by my son, and do not think thy father,
 But at the request of thee my sonne, I wil pardon thee,
 And God blesse thee, and make thee his seruant.

Hen. 5. Thanks god my Lord, & no doubt but this day,
 Euen this day, I am bozne new againe.

Hen. 4. Come my son and Lords, take me by the hands.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Dericke.

Der. Thou art a stinking whoze, & a whozson stinking
 Doest thinke ile take it at thy hands?

(whoze,

C 3

Enter

Enter John Cobler running.

John. Derick, D.D. Hearesta,
Do D. neuer while thou liuest vse that,
Why what wil my neighbors say, and thou go away so?
Der. Shes a narrant whoze, and He haue the laue on
you Iohn.

John. Why what hath he done?

Der. Harry marke thou Iohn.

I wil proue it that I wil.

John. What wilt thou proue?

Der. That she cald me in to dinner.

Iohn, marke the tale wel Iohn, and when I was set,
She brought me a dish of frotes, and a peece of barrel butter
therein: and He is a verie knaue,
And thou a dzab if thou take her part.

Iohn. Hearesta Dericke, is this the matter?
Day, and it be no worse, we wil go home againe,
And all shall be amended.

Der. Oh Iohn, hearesta Iohn, is all well?

Iohn. I, all is wel.

Der. Then ile go home befoze, and bzeake all the glasse
windowes.

Enter the King with his Lords.

Hen. 4. Come my Lords, I see it bootes me not to take
any phisick, for all the Phisitians in the world cannot cure
me, no not one. But god my Lords, remember my last
wil and Testament concerning my sonne, for truly my
Loydes, I do not thinke but he wil proue as valiant and
victorious a King, as euer raigned in England.

Both. Let heauen and earth be witnessse betwéens vs, if
we accomplish not thy wil to the vttermost.

Hen. 4. I giue you most vnfained thâks, god my lords,
Draw the Curtaines and depart my chamber a while,
And cause some Dulicke to rocke me a sleepe.

He sleepeth.

(Exeunt Lords.

Enter

Enter the Prince.

Hen. 5. Ah Harry, thyce unhappie, that hath neglect so long from visiting of thy sicke father, I wil goe, nay but why doe I not go to the Chamber of my sick father, to comfort the melancholy soule of his bodie, his soule laid I, here is his bodie indeed, but his soule is, whereas it needs no bodie. Now thyce accursed Harry, that hath offended thy father so much, and could not I craue pardon for all. Oh my crying father, curst be the day wherin I was bozne, and accursed be the houre wherin I was begotten, but what shall I do: if weeping teares which come too late, may suffice the negligence neglected to some, I wil weepe day and night until the fountaine be drie with weeping.

Exit.

Enter Lord of Exeter and Oxford.

Exc. Come easily my Lord, for waking of the King.

Hen. 4. Now my Lords.

Oxf. How doth your Grace feele your selfe?

Hen. 4. Somewhat better after my sleepe,
But god my Lords take off my Crowne,
Remoue my chaire a litle backe, and set me right.

Ambo. And please your grace, the crown is take away.

Hen. 4. The Crowne taken away,
God my Lord of Oxford, ga see who hath done this deed:
No doubt tis some wilde traitor that hath done it,
To depriue my sonne, they that would do it now,
Would seeke to scape and scrawle for it after my death.

Enter Lord of Oxford with the Prince.

Oxf. Here and please your Grace,
Is my Lord the young Prince with the Crowne.

Hen. 4. Why how now my sonne?
I had thought the last time I had you in schooling,
I had giuen you a lesson for all,
And do you now begin againe?
Why tel me my sonne,

Doest.

Woeit thou thinke the time so long,
That thou wouldest haue it before the
Breath be out of my mouth?

Hen. 5. O God soueraign Lord, and welbeloued father,
I came into your Chamber to comfozt the melancholy
Soule of your bodie, and finding you at that time
Past all recouerie, and dead to my thinking,
God is my witnesse: and what should I do,
But with weeping tears lament y^e death of you my father,
And after that, seeing the Crowne, I toke it:
And tel me my father, who might better take it then I,
After your death? but seeing you liue,
I most humbly render it into your Maiesties hands,
And the happiest man aliue, that my father liue:
And liue my Lord and Father, for euer.

Hen. 4. Stand by my sonne,
Thine answere hath sounded wel in mine eares,
For I must need confesse that I was in a very sound sleep,
And altogether vniuersal of thy coming:
But come neare my sonne,
And let me put thee in possession whilst I liue,
That none deprive thee of it after my death.

Hen. 5. Well may I take it at your maiesties hands,
But it shal neuer touch my head, so long as my father liues.

He taketh the Crowne:

Hen. 4. God giue thee toy my sonne,
God blesse thee and make thee his seruant,
And send thee a prosperous raigne.
For God knowes my sonne, how hardly I came by it,
And how hardly I haue maintained it.

Hen. 5. Howsoeuer you came by it, I know not,
But now I haue it from you, and from you I wil keepe it:
And he that seekes to take the Crowne from my head,
Let him looke that his armour be thicker then mine,
For I will pearce him to the heart,

Here

Where it harder then brasse or bollion.

Hen. 4. Nobly spoken, and like a King,
How trust me my Lords, I feare not but my sonne
Will be as warlike and victorious a Prince,
As euer raigned in England.

L. Ambo. His former life shewes no lesse.

Hen. 4. Wel my lords, I know not whether it be for sleepe,
Or drawing neare of dolefulle summer of death,
But I am verie much giuen to sleepe,
Therefore god my Lords and my sonne,
Draw the Curtaines, depart my Chamber,
And cause some Musicke to rocke me a sleepe.

Exeunt omnes.

The King dieth.

Enter the Theefe.

Theefe. Ah God, I am now much like to a Bird
Which hath escaped out of the Cage,
For so sone as my Lord chiefe Justice heard
That the old King was dead, he was glad to let me go,
For feare of my Lord the yong Prince:
But here comes some of his companions,
I wil see and I can get any thing of them,
For old acquaintance.

Enter Knights raunging.

Tom. Gogs wounds, the King is dead.

Ioc. Dead, then gogs blood, we shall be all kings.

Ned. Gogs wounds, I shall be Lord chiefe Justice
Of England.

Tom. Why how, are you broken out of prison?

Ned. Gogs wounds, how the villaine stinkes.

Ioc. Why what wil become of thee now?

Hee upon him, how the rascal stinkes.

Theef. Harry I wil go and serue my maister againe.

Tom. Gogs blood, dost think that he wil haue any such
Scab'd knaue as thou art? what man he is a king now.

D

Ned.

Ned. Hold thée, heres a couple of Angels for thée,
And get thée gone, for the King wil not be long
Before he come this way:
And hereafter I wil tel the king of thée.

Exit Theefe.

Ioc. Oh how it did me good, to see the king
When he was crowned:
He thought his seate was like the figure of heauen,
And his person like vnto a God.

Ned. But who would haue thought,
That the king would haue changde his countenance so?

Ioc. Did you not see with what grace
He sent his embassage into France: to tel the French king
That Harry of England hath sent for the Crowne,
And Harry of England wil haue it.

Tom. But twas but a litle to make the people believe,
That he was soie for his fathers death.

The Trumpet sounds.

Ned. Gogs wounds, the king comes,
Lets all stand aside.

Enter the King with the Archbishop, and
the Lord of Oxford.

Ioc. How do you my Lord?

Ned. How now Harry?
But my Lord, put away these dumps,
You are a king, and all the realme is yours:
What man, do you not remember the old sayings,
You know I must be Lord chiefe Justice of England,
Trust me my lord, me thinks you are very much changed,
And tis but with a litle sorrowing, to make folkes believe
The death of your father grieues you,
And tis nothing so.

Her. I pray thée Ned, mend thy maners,
And be more modest in thy tearmes,
For my vnfeined græse is not to be ruled by thy flattering
And

And dissembling falke, thou saist I am changed,
So I am indeed, and so must thou be, and that quickly,
Or else I must cause thee to be chaunged.

Doc. Gogs woordes halw like you this?
Hownds tis not so swæte as Husicke.

Tom. I trust we haue not offended your grace no way.

Hen. 5. Ah Tom, your former life grieues me,
And makes me to abandō & abolish your company for euer
And therfoze not byō pain of death to appzoch my pzelence
By ten miles space, then if I heare wel of you,
It may be I wil do somewhat for you,
Other wise loke for no moze fauour at my hands,
Then at any other mans: And therfoze be gone,
We haue other matters to talke on.

Exeunt Knights.

Now my god Lord Archbishop of Carterbury,
What say you to our Embassage into France?

Archb. Your right to the French Crowne of France,
Came by your great grandmother Izabel,
Wife to King Edward the third,
And sister to Charles the French King:
Now if the French king deny it, as likely inough he wil,
Then must you take your sword in hand,
And conquer the right.

Let the usurped Frenchman know,
Although your predecessozs haue let it passe, you wil not:
For your Country men are willing with purse and men,
To aide you.

Then my god Lord, as it hath bene alwaies knetwne,
That Scotland hath bene in league with France,
By a sort of pensions which yearly come from thence,
I thinke it therfoze best to conquere Scotland,
And the I thinke that you may go moze easly into France:
And this is all that I can say, By god Lord. *Herbury.*

Hen. 5. I thanke you, my god lord Archbishop of Can-

What say you my good Lord of Oxford?

Oxf. And please your Maiestie,
I agree to my Lord Archbishop, saying in this,
He that will Scotland win, must first with France begin:
According to the old saying. (France,
Wherefore my good Lord, I thinke it best first to inuade
For in conquering Scotland, you conquer but one,
And conquere France, and conquere both.

Enter Lord of Exeter.

Exe. And please your Maiestie,
My Lord Embassadoz is come out of France.

Hen. 5. Now trust me my Lord,
He was the last man that we talked of,
I am glad that he is come to resoiue vs of our answer,
Commit him to our presence,

Enter Duke of Yorke.

York. God saue the life of my soueraign Lord the king.

Hen. 5. Now my good Lord the Duke of Yorke,
What newes from our brother the french King?

Yorke. And please your Maiestie,
I deliuered him my Embassage,
Whereof I toke some deliberation,
But for the answer he hath sent,
My Lord Embassadoz of Burges, the Duke of Burgony,
Monsieur le Cole, with two hundred and fiftie horsemen,
To bring the Embassage.

Hen. 5. Commit my Lord Archbishop of Burges
Into our presence.

Enter Archbishop of Burges.

Now my Lord Archbishop of Burges,
We do learne by our Lord Embassadoz,
That you haue our message to do
From our brother the french King:
Here my good Lord, according to our accustomed order,
We giue you free libertie and license to speake,

Will.

With god audience.

Archb. God saue the mightie King of England,
My Lord and maister, the most Christian King,
Charles the seuenth, the great & mightie King of France,
As a most noble and Christian King,
Not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather content
To yeeld somewhat to your vnrasonable demaunds,
That if fittie thousand crownes a yeare with his daughter
The said Ladie Katherine, in marriage,
And some crownes which he may wel spare,
Not hurting of his kingdome,
He is content to yeeld so far to your vnrasonable desire.

Hen. 5. Why then belike your Lord and maister,
Thinks to pufte me vp with fiftie thousand crowns a yeare,
So tell thy Lord and maister,
That all the crownes in France shall not serue me,
Except the Crowne and kingdome it selfe:
And perchance hereafter I wil haue his daughter.

He deliuereth a Tunne of Tennis balles.

Archb. And if please your Maiestie,
My Lord Prince Dolphin greets you well,
With this present.

He deliuereth a Tunne of Tennis Balles.

Hen. 5. What a guilded Tunne?
I pray you my Lord of Yorke, looke what is in it?
Yorke. And if please your Grace,
Here is a Carpet and a Tunne of Tennis balles.

Hen. 5. A Tunne of Tennis balles?
I pray you good my Lord Archbishop,
What might the meaning thereof be?

Archb. And if please you my Lord,
A messenger you know, ought to keepe close his messages,
And specially an Embassado.

Hen. 5. But I know that you may declare your message
To a King, the law of Armes allowes no lesse,

at Archb. My Lord hearing of your wilpnette before your
fathers death, sent you this my good Lord,
Meaning that you are moze fitter for a Tennis Court
Then a field, and moze fitter for a Carpet then the Camp.

Hen. 5. My lord prince Dolphin is very pleasant with
But tel him, that in steed of balles of leather, (me:
wee wil tolle him balles of brasse and yron,
Pea such balles as neuer were tost in France,
The proudest Tennis Court shall rue it.
I and thou Prince of Burges shall rue it.
Therefore get thee hence, and tel him thy message quickly,
Least I be there before thee: Away priest, be gone.

Archb. I beseech your grace, to deliuer me your safe
Conduct vnder your broad seale Emanuel.

Hen. 5. Priest of Burges, know,
That the hand and seale of a King, and his word is all one,
And in stead of my hand and seale,
I will bring him my hand and sword:
And tel thy lord & maister, that I Harry of England said it,
And I Harry of England, wil perfozme it.
My Lord of Yorke, deliuer him our safe conduct,
Vnder our broad seale Emanuel.

Exeunt Archbishop, and the Duke of Yorke.

Now my Lords, to Armes, to Armes,
For I vow by heauen and earth, that the proudest
French man in all France, shall rue the time that euer
These Tennis balles were sent into England.
My Lord, I wil if there be prouided a great Row of ships,
With all speed, at South-Hampton,
For there I meane to ship my men,
For I should be there before him, if it were possible,
The Duke come, but late,
I had almost forgot the chiefest thing of all, with chaffing
With this French Embassadoz,
Call in my Lord chiefe Justice of England.

Enters

Enters Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

Exe. Here is the King my Lord.

Iustice. God preserue your Maiestie.

Hen. 5. Why how now my lord, what is the matter?

Iustice. I would it were vnknowne to your Maiestie.

Hen. 5. Why what alle you?

Iust. Your Maiestie knoweth my grieue well.

Hen. 5. Oh my Lord, you remember you sent me to the
Flats, did you not?

Iust. I trust your grace haue forgotten that.

Hen. 5. I truly my Lord, and for reuengement,
I haue chosen you to be my Protector ouer my Realme,
Until it shall please God to giue me spedic returne
Out of France.

Iust. And if it please your Maiestie, I am far vnworthie
Of so high a dignitie.

Hen. 5. Tut my Lord, you are not vnworthie,
Because I thinke you worthie:

For you that would not spare me,

I thinke wil not spare another,

It must needs be so, and therefore come,

Let vs be gone, and get our men in a readinesse.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter a Captaine, Iohn Cobler and his wife.

Cap. Come, come, there's no remedie.

Thou must needs serue the King.

Iohn. Good maister Captaine let me go,

I am not able to go so farre.

Wife. I pray you good maister Captaine,

We good to my husband.

Cap. Why I am sure he is not too good to serue y^e King?

Iohn. Alasse no: but a great deale too bad,

Therefore I pray you let me go.

Cap. No, no, thou shalt go.

Iohn

John. Oh sir, I haue a great many shooes at home to
Cobble.

Wife. I pray you let him go home againe.

Cap. Tush I care not, thou shalt go.

John. Oh wife, and you had bene a louing wife to me,
This had not bene, so; I haue said many times,
That I would go away, and now I must go
Against my will.

He weepeth.

Enters Dericke.

Der. How now ho, *Basilus Manus*, so; an old codpæce,
Maister Captaine shall we away?
So winds how now John, what a crying?
What make you and my dame there?
I maruell whose head you will throw the skoles at,
Now we are gone.

Wife. He tell you, come ye cloghead,
What do you with my potlid: heare you,
Will you haue it rapt about your pate?

She beatech him with her potlid.

Der. Oh good dame, here he shakes her,
And I had my dagger here, I wold wozie you al to pièces
That I would.

Wife. Would you so, He trie that.

She beatech him.

Der. Maister Captaine will ye suffer her?
Go to dame, I will go backe as far as I can,
But and you come againe,
He clap the law on your backe thats flat:
He tell you maister Captaine what you shall do:
Wesse her so; a souldier, I warrant you,
She will do as much good as her husband and I to.

Enters the Theefe.

Sownes, who comes yonder?

Cap. How now good fellow, doest thou want a maister?
Theefe.

Theefe. I truly sir.

Cap. Hold thee then, I presse thee for a souldier,
To serue the King in France.

Der. How now Gads, what doest knowes thinkest?

Theefe. I, I knew thee long ago.

Der. Heare you maister Captaine?

Cap. What said thou?

Der. I pray you let me go home againe.

Cap. Why what wouldst thou do at home?

Der. Harry I haue brought two shirts with me,
And I would carry one of them home againe,

For I am sure heele steale it from me,

He is such a filching fellow.

Cap. I warrant thee he wil not steale it from thee,
Come lets away.

Der. Come maister Captaine lets away,
Come follow me.

John. Come wife, lets part louingly.

Wife. Farewell god husband.

Der. fie what a kissing and crying is here?
Solunes, do ye thinke he wil neuer come againe?
Why John come away, doest thinke that we are so base
Minded to die among French men?

Solunes, we know not whether they will laie
Us in their Church or no: Come M. Captain, lets away.

Cap. I cannot staie no longer, therefore come away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the King, Prince Dolphin, and Lord
high Constable of France.

King. Now my Lord high Constable,
What say you to our Embassage into England?

Const. And it please your Maiestie, I can say nothing,
Until my Lords Embassadors be come home,
But yet me thinks your grace hath done well,
To get your men in so god-a-readinesse,

For feare of the worst.

King. I my Lord we haue some in a readinesse,
But if the King of England make against vs,
Wee must haue thrice so many moe.

Dolphin. Tut my Lord, although the King of England
Be young and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke he will be so
Unwise to make battell against the mightie King of
France.

King. Oh my sonne, although the King of England be
Young and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke but he is rulde
By his wise Councellozs.

Enter Archbishop of Burges.

Archb. God saue the life of my soueraign lord the king.

King. Now my good Lord Archbishop of Burges,
What newes from our brother the English King?

Archb. And please your Maiestie,
He is so far from your expectation,
That nothing will serue him but the Crowne
And kingdome it selfe, besides, he had me halfe quickly,
Least he be there befoze me, and so far as I heare,
He hath kept promise, for they say, he is alreadie landed
At Kidcocks in Normandie, vpon the Riuer of Sene,
And laid his siege to the Garrison Towne of Harflew.

King. You haue made great halte in the meane time,
Haue you not?

Dolphin. I pray you my Lord, how did the King of
England take my presents?

Archb. Truly my Lord, in verie ill part,
For these your balles of leather,
He will tolle you balles of brasse and yron:
Trust me my Lord, I was verie affraide of him,
He is such a hauntie and high minded Prince,
He is as fierce as a Lyon.

Con. Tush, we wil make him as tame as a Lambe,
I warrant you,

Enter

Enters a Messenger.

Messen. God saue the mightie King of France.

King. How Messenger, what newes?

Messen. And it please your Maiestie,
I come from your poore distressed Towne of Harflew,
Which is so beset on euery side,
If your Maiestie do not send present aide,
The Towne will be yielded to the English King.

King. Come my Lords, come, shall we stand still
Till our Country be spoiled vnder our noses?
My Lords, let the Normanes, Breabants, Pickardies,
And Danes, be sent for with all speede:
And you my Lord high Constable, I make Generall
Duer all my whole Armie.

Monsieur le Colle, Gaffer of the Boas,
Signior Deuens, and all the rest, at your appointment.

Dolp. I trust your Maiestie will bestow,
Some part of the battell on me,
I hope not to present any otherwise then well.

King. I tell thee my sonne,
Although I should get the victorie, and thou lose thy life,
I should thinke my selfe quite conquered,
And the English men to haue the victorie.

Dol. Why my Lord and father,
I would haue the pettie king of England to know,
That I will encounter him in any ground of the world.

King. I know well my sonne,
But at this time I will haue it thus:
Therefore come away.

Excunt omnes.

Enters Henry the fifth, with his Lords.

Hen. 5. Come my Lords of England,
No doubt this good lucke of winning this Towne,
Is a signe of an honourable victorie to come.

But god my Lord, go and speake to the Captaines
With all speed, to number the hoast of the French men,
And by that meanes we may the better know
How to appoint the battell.

Yorke. And if please your Maiestie,
There are many of your men sick and diseased,
And many of them die for want of viuals.

Hen. 5. And why did you not tell me of it befoze?
If we cannot haue it for money,
We will haue it by dint of sword,
The lawe of Armes allow no lesse.

Oxf. I beseech your grace, to graunt me a boone.

Hen. 5. What is that my good Lord?

Oxf. That your grace would giue me the
Quantgard in the battell.

Hen. 5. Trust me my Lord of Oxford, I cannot:
For I haue already giue it to my vncke the Duke of York,
Yet I thanke you for your good will.

A Trumpet soundes.

How now, what is that?

Yorke. I thinke it be some Herald of Armes.

Enters a Herald.

Herald. King of England, my Lord high Constable,
And others of the Noble men of France,
Sends me to desie thee, as open enemy to God,
Our Countrey, and vs, and hereupon,
They presently bid thee battell.

Hen. 5. Herald tell them, that I desie them,
As open enemies to God, my Countrey, and me,
And as wronfull vsurpers of my right:
And wheras thou saist they presently bid me battell,
Tell them that I thinke they know how to please me:
But I pray thee what place hath my lord Prince Dolphin
Here in battell.

Herald. And if please your grace,

My Lord and King his father,
Will not let him come into the field.

Hen. 5. Why then he doth me great iniurie,
I thought that he & I shuld haue playd at tennis togither,
Therfore I haue bzought tennis balles for him,
But other maner stoncs then he sent me.
And Herald, tell my Lord Prince Dolphin,
That I haue inured my hāds with other kind of weapons
Then tennis balles, ere this time a day,
And that he shall finde it ere it be long,
And so adue my friend:
And tell my Lord, that I am ready when he will.

Exit Herald.

Come my Lords, I care not and I go to our Captaines,
And ile see the number of the French army my selfe.
Strike vp the Drumme.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter French Souldiers.

1. Soul. Come away Jack Drummer, come away all,
And me will tel you what me will do,
We wil tro one chance on the dice,
Who shall haue the king of England and his lordes.

2. Soul. Come away Jacke Drummer,
And tro your chance, and lay downe your Drumme.

Enter Drummer:

Drum. Oh the bzauce apparel that the English mans
Hay bzoth ouer, I wil tel you what
We ha donne, we ha prouided a hundred shrunkes,
And all to put the fine pavel of the English mans in.

1. Soul. What do thou meane by shrunke?

2. Soul. A shell man, a hundred shells.

1. Soul. Awee, awee, awee, We wil tel you what,
We ha put fine shlozen out of my house,
And all so litle to put the fine apparel of the
English mans in.

Drum. Oh the bzaue, the bzaue apparell that we shall
Hauē anon, but come, asid you shall see what me wil fro
At the kings Dymmer and Fife,
Ha, me ha no good lucke, fro you.

3. Sol. Faith me wil fro at y^e Carle of Northumberland
And my Lord a Willowby, with his great hoise,
Snoztng, fartng, oh bzaue hoise.

1. Sol. Ha, bur Ladie you ha reasonable good lucke,
How I wil fro at the king himselse,
Ha, me haue no good lucke.

Enters a Captaine.

Cap. How how what make you here,
So farre from the Campe?

2. Sol. Shal me tel our captaine what we haue done here?

Drum. Awa, awa.

Exeunt Drum, and one Souldier.

2. Sol. I wil tel you what we haue done,
We haue bene troyng our shance on the Dice,
But none can win the king.

Cap. I thinke so, why he is left behind for me,
And I haue set thre or foure chaire-makers a worke,
To make a new disguised chaire to set that womanly
king of England in, that all the pople may laugh
And scoffe at him.

2. Sol. Oh bzaue Captaine.

Cap. I am glad, and yet with a kinde of pittie
To see the poore king:
Why who euer saw a moze flourishing armie in France
In one day, then here is: Are not here all the Doeres of
France: Are not here the Poymans with their fire hand,
Gunnies, and slaunching Curtleares?
Are not here the Barbarians with their bare hoises,
And launching speares?
Are not here Dickardes with their Croshoives & piercing
Dartes,

The

The Venues with their cutting Glaues and Sharpe
Carbuckles.

Are not here the Lance knights of Burgondie ?

And on the other side, a site of poore English scabs ?

Why take an English man out of his warme bed

And his skale drinke, but one moneth,

And alas what wil become of him ?

But giue the Frenchman a Reddish rofe,

And he wil liue with it all the dayes of his life.

Exit.

2. Soul. Oh the vzaue apparel that we shall haue of the
English mans. (Exit.)

Enter, the king of England and his Lords.

Hen. 5. Come my Lords and fellowes of armes,

What company is there of the French men ?

Oxf. And if please your Maestie,

Our Captaines haue numbred them,

And so neare as they can iudge,

They are about threescorze thousand horsemen,

And fortie thousand footemen.

Hen. 5. They threescorze thousand,

And we but two thousand.

They threescorze thousand footemen,

And we twelue thousand.

They are a hundred thousand,

And we fortie thousand, ten to one :

Oy Lords and louing Country men,

Though we be fewe and they many,

Feare not, your quarrel is good, and God wil defend you :

Plucke vp your hearts, for this day we shall either haue

A valiant victorie, or a honourable death,

Now my Lords, I wil that my vnckle the Duke of Yorke,

Be the auantgard in the battell.

The Earle of Darby, the Earle of Oxford,

The Earle of Kent, the Earle of Nottingham,

The

The Earle of Huntington, I wil haue beside the army,
That they may come fresh vpon them.
And I my selfe with the Duke of Bedford,
The Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Gloster,
Will be in the midst of the battell.
Furthermoze, I wil that my Lord of Willowby,
And the Earle of Northumberland,
With their troupes of horsemen, be continually running like
Wings on both sides of the army:
My Lord of Northumberland, on the left wing.
When I wil, that euer archer prouide him a stake of
A tree, and sharpe it at both endes,
And at the first encounter of the horsemen,
To pitch their stakes downe into the ground befoze them,
That they may goze themselues vpon them,
And then to recople backe, and shoote wholly altogether,
And so discomfit them.

Oxf. And if please your Maiestie,
I wil take that in charge, if your grace be therewith content.
Hen. With all my heart, my good Lord of Oxford:
And go and prouide quickly.

Oxf. I thanke your highnesse.

Exit.

Hen. 5. Well my Lords, our battels are ordeined,
And the French making of vonsires, and at their bankets,
But let them looke, for I meane to set vpon them.

The Trumpet soundes.

Soft, heres comes some other french message.

Enters Herauld.

Herald. King of England, my Lord high Constable,
And other of my Lords, considering the poore estate of this
And thy poore Countrey men,
Sends me to know what thou wilt giue for thy ransome?
Perhaps thou maist agree better cheape now,
Then when thou art conquered.

Hen. 5.

Hen. 5. Why then belike your high Constable,
Sends to know what I wil giue foꝝ my ransome?
Iohn trust me Herald, not so much as a tun of tennis balls
So not so much as one peoze tennis ball,
Nather shall my bodie lie dead in the field, to feed crows,
Then euer Engiand shall pay one penny ransome
Foꝝ my bodie.

Herald. A kingly resolution.

Hen. 5. So Herald, tis a kingly resolution,
And the resolution of a king:
Here take this foꝝ thy paines.

Exit Herald.

But stay my Lords, what time is it?

All. Prime my Lord.

Hen. 5. Then is it god time no doubt,
Foꝝ all England praieth foꝝ vs:
What my Lords, me thinks you looke cheerfully vpon me:
Why then with one voice and like true English hearts,
With me throw vp your caps, and foꝝ England,
Cry S. George, and God and S. George helpe vs.
Strike Drummer. Exeunt omnes.

The French men crie within, S. Dennis, S. Dennis,
Mount Ioy S. Dennis.

The Battell.

Enters King of England, and his Lords.

Hen. 5. Come my Lords come, by this time our
Swords are almost drunke with French blood,
But my Lords, which of you can tell me how many of our
Army be slaine in the battell?

Oxf. And it please your Maiestie,
There are of the French armie slaine,
Above ten thousand, twentie five hundred,
Whereof are Princes and Nobles bearing banners:
Besides, all the Nobilitie of France are taken prisoners.

F

Of

Of your Maiesties Armie, are slaine none but the good
Duke of Yorke, and not aboue five or six and twentis
Common souldiers.

Hen. 5. For the good Duke of Yorke my vncle,
I am heartily sozie, and greatly lament his misfortune,
Yet the honourable victorie which the Lord hath giuen vs,
Doth make me much reioyce. But staie,
Here comes another French message.

Sound Trumper.

Enters a Herald and kneeleth.

Her. God saue the life of the most mightie Conqueror,
The honourable king of England.

Hen. 5. Now Herald, me thinks the world is changed
With you now, what I am sure it is a great disgrace for a
Herald to knale to the king of England,
What is thy message?

Her. My Lord & maister, the conquered king of France,
Sends thee long health, with heartie greeting.

Hen. 5. Heralds, his greetings are welcome,
But I thanke God for my health:
Well Herald, say on.

Herald. He hath sent me to desire your Maiestie,
To giue him leaue to go into the field to view his poore
Country men, that they may all be honourably buried.

Hen. 5. Why Herald, doth thy Lord and maister
Send to me to burie the dead?
Let him bury them a Gods name.
But I pray thee Herald, where is my Lord his Constable,
And those that would haue had my ransom?

Herald. And it please your maiestie,
He was slaine in the battell.

Hen. 5. Why you may see, you will make your selues
Sure befoze the victorie be wonne, but Herald,
What Castle is this so nere adioyning to our Campe?

Herald. And it please your Maiestie,

Dis

It is calld the Castle of Agincourt.

Hen. 5. Well then my lords of England,
For the moze honour of our English men,
I will that this be for ever calld the battell of Agincourt.

Herald. And it please your Maiestie,
I haue a further message to deliuer to your Maiestie.

Hen. 5. What is that Herald: say on.

Her. And it please your Maiestie, my Lord and maister,
Craves to parley with your Maiestie.

Hen. 5. With a good will, so some of my Nobles
View the place for feare of trecherie and treason.

Herald. Your grace needs not to doubt that.

Exit Herald.

Hen. 5. Well, tell him then, I will come.

Now my lords, I will go into the field my selfe,
To view my Country men, and to haue them honourably
Buried, for the French King shall neuer surpasse me in
Curtisie, whiles I am Harry King of England.
Come on my lords.

Exeunt omnes.

Enters Iohn Cobler, and Robbin Pewterer.

Robin. Now, Iohn Cobler,
Didst thou see how the King did behaue himselfe?

Iohn. Wnt Robin, didst thou see what a pollicie
The King had, to see how the French men were kild
With the stakes of the trees.

Robin. I Iohn, there was a bzaue pollicie.

Enters an English souldier, roming.

Soul. What are you my maisters?

Both. Why we be English men.

Soul. Are you English men, then change your language
For the Kings Tents are set a fire,
And all they that speake English will be kild.

Iohn. What shall we do Robin: saith ile shift,
For I can speake broken French.

F 2

Robin.

Robin. Faith so can I, lets heare how thou canst speak :

John. Commodouales Monsieur.

Robin. Thats well, come lets be gone,

Drum and Trumpet sounds:

Enters Dericke roming. After him a Frenchman,
and takes him prisoner.

Dericke. O good Mounier.

French man. Come, come, you villedo.

Der. O I will sir, I will.

Frenchman. Come quickly you peasant.

Der. I will sir, what shall I giue you?

French. Harry thou shalt giue me,

One, to, tre, foure, hundred Crownes.

Der. Nay sir, I will giue you moze,
I will giue you as many crowns as wil lie on your sword.

French. Wilt thou giue me as many crowns
As will lie on my sword?

Der. I marrie will I, I but you must lay dolone your
Sword, or else they will not lie on your sword.

Here the Frenchman laies downe his sword, and
the clowne takes it vp, and hurles him downe.

Der. Thou villaine, darest thou looke vp?

French. O good Mounsier comparteue.

Monsieur pardon me.

Der. O you villaine, now you lie at my mercie,
Doest thou remember since thou launbit me in thy throat?
O villaine, now I will strike off thy head.

Here whiles he turnes his backe, the French
man runnes his wayes.

Der. What is he gone, masse I am glad of it,
For if he had staid, I was afraid he wold haue sturd again,
And then I should haue bene spilt,
But I will away, to kill moze Frenchmen.

Enters King of France, King of England,
and attendants.

Hen. 5.

Hen. 5. Now my good brother of France,
By coming into this land was not to shed blood,
But for the right of my Country, which if you can deny,
I am content peaceably to leave my Siege,
And so depart out of your land.

Charles. What is it you demand,
My loving brother of England?

Hen. 5. My Secretary hath it written, read it.

Secretary. Item, that immediately Henry of England
Be crowned King of France.

Charles. A very hard sentence,
My good brother of England.

Hen. 5. No more but right, my good brother of France.

French King. Well read on.

Secret. Item, that after the death of the said Henry,
The Crowne remaine to him and his heires for ever.

French King. Why then you do not onely meane to
Dispossesse me, but also my sonne.

Hen. 5. Why my good brother of France,
You haue had it long inough :

And as for Prince Dolphin,

It skills not though he sit beside the saddle :
Thus I haue set it downe, and thus it shall be.

French King. You are very peremptorie,
My good brother of England.

Hen. And you as peruerse, my good brother of France.

Charles. Why then belike, all that I haue here is yours.

Hen. 5. I euen as far as the kingdom of France reaches

Charles. I for by this hote beginning,
We shall scarce bring it to a calme ending.

Hen. 5. It is as you please, here is my resolution,

Charles. Well my brother of England,
If you will giue me a coppie,

We will meeete you againe to morrow.

Exit King of France, and all their attendants.

Hen. 5. With a good will my good brother of France,
Secretary deliuer him a coppie.
My lords of England go before,
And I will follow you.

Exeunt Lords,

Speakes to himselfe.

Hen. 5. Ah Harry, thrice unhappie Harry.
Hast thou now conquered the French King,
And begins a fresh supply with his daughter,
But with what face canst thou seeke to gaine her loue,
Which hath sought to win her fathers Crowne?
Her fathers Crowne said I, no it is mine owne:
I but I loue her, and must craue her,
May I loue her and will haue her.

Enters Lady Katheren and her Ladies.

But here she comes:
How now faire Ladie, Katheren of France,
What newes?

Kathren. And if please your Maiestie,
My father sent me to know if you will debate any of these
Unreasonable demands which you require:

Hen. 5. Now trust me Kate,
I commend thy fathers wit greatly in this,
For none in the world could sooner haue made me debate it,
If it were possible:

But tell me swæte Kate, canst thou tell how to loue?

Kate. I cannot hate my god Lord,
Wherefore far vnfit were it for me to loue.

Hen. 5. Tush Kate, but tell me in plaine termes,
Canst thou loue the King of England?
I cannot do as these Countries do,
That spend halfe their time in woiuing:
Tush wench, I am none such,
But wilt thou go ouer to England?

Kate. I would to God, that I had your Maiestie,
As salt in loue, as you haue my father in warres,

I would not vouchsafe so much as one looke,
Vntill you had related all these unreasonable demands.

Hen. 5. With Kate, I know thou wouldst not vse me so
Hardly: But tell me, canst thou loue the king of England?

Kate. How should I loue him, that hath dealt so hardly
With my father.

Hen. 5. But ile deale as easily with thee,
As thy heart can imagine, or tongue can require,
How saist thou, what will it be?

Kate. If I were of my owne direction,
I could giue you answer:
But seeing I stand at my fathers direction,
I must first know his Will.

Hen. 5. But shal I haue thy good wil in the mean season?

Kate. Whereas I can put your grace in no assurance,
I would be loth to put you in any dispaire.

Hen. 5. How before God, it is a sweete wench.

She goes aside, and speakes as followeth.

Kat. I may thinke my selfe the happiest in the world,
That is beloued of the mightie King of England.

Hen. 5. Well Kate, are you at hoast with me?
Sweete Kate, tel thy father from me,
That none in the world could sooner haue perswaded me to
It then thou, and so tel thy father from me.

Kat. God keepe your Maiestie in good health.

Exit. Kat.

Hen. 5. Farewel sweet Kate, in faith, it is a sweet wench,
But if I knew I could not haue her fathers good wil,
I would so rowse the Towers euer his eares,
That I would make him be glad to bring her me,
Upon his hands and knees.

Exit King.

Enters Dericke, with his girdle full of shooes.

Der. How now: Hownes it did me good to see how
I did triumph ouer the french men.

Enters

Enters Iohn Cobler rousing, with a packe full
of apparell.

Iohn. Whope Dericke, how doest thou?

Der. What Iohn, Comedeuales, aliuē yet.

Iohn. I promise thee Dericke, I scape hardly,
For I was within halfe a mile when one was kild.

Der. Were you so?

Iohn. I trust me, I had like bene slaine.

Der. But once kild, why it tis nothing,
I was foure or five times slaine.

Iohn. Foure or five times slaine.

Why how couldst thou haue bene aliuē now?

Der. O Iohn, neuer say so,

For I was calld the bloodie souldier amongst them all.

Iohn. Why what didst thou?

Der. Why I will tell thee Iohn,
Euery day when I went into the field,
I would take a straw and thrust it into my nose,
And make my nose bleed, and then I would go into the field,
And when the Captaine saw me, he would say,
Peace a bloodie souldier, and bid me stand aside,
Whereof I was glad:

But marke the chance Iohn.

I went and stood behinde a tree, but marke then Iohn.

I thought I had bene safe, but on a sodaine,

There steps to me a lustie tall French man,

How he dzew, and I dzew,

How I lay here, and he lay there,

How I set this leg befoze, and turned this backward,

And skipped quite ouer a hedge,

And he saw me no moze there that day,

And was not this well done Iohn?

Iohn. Masse Dericke, thou hast a wittie head.

Der. I Iohn, thou maist see, if thou hadst take my counsel,
But what hast thou there?

I thinke

I thinke thou hast bene robbing the french men.

John. I faith Dericke, I haue gotten some reparrell
To carry home to my wife.

Der. And I haue got some shoes,
For ile tel thee what I did, when they were dead,
I would go take off all their shoes.

John. I but Dericke, how shall we get home?

Der. Pay solwnds, and they take thee,
They wil hang thee,
O John, neuer do so, if it be thy fortune to be hangd,
We hangd in thy stwne language whatsoeuer thou doest.

John. Why Dericke the warres is done,
We may go home now.

Der. I but you may not go befoze you aske the king leaue,
But I know a way to go home, and aske the king no leaue.

John. How is that Dericke?

Der. Why Iohn, thou knowest the Duke of Yorkes
Funerall must be carried into England, doest thou not?

John. I that I do.

Der. Why then thou knowest wele go with it.

John. I but Dericke, how shall we do for to meet them?

Der. Solwnds if I make not shift to meet them, hang me.
Sirra, thou knowest that in euery Towne there wil
Be ringing, and there wil be cakes and dzinke,
Now I wil go to the Clarke and Sexton
And keepe a talking, and say, O this fellow rings well,
And thou shalt go and take a peece of cake, then ile ring,
And thou shalt say, oh this fellow keepest a good hint,
And then I will go dzinke to thee all the way:
But I maruel what my dame wil say when we come home,
Because we haue not a french word to cast at a Dog
By the way?

John. Why what shall we do Dericke?

Der. Why Iohn, ile go befoze and call my dame whoze,
And thou shalt come after and set fire on the house,

We may do it Iohn, for ile proue it,
Because we be souldiers.

The Trumpets found.

Iohn. Dericke helpe me to carry my shoes and bootes.

Enters King of England, Lord of Oxford and Exeter, then
the King of France, Prince Dolphin, and the Duke of
Burgondie, and attendants.

Hen. 5. Now my good brother of France,
I hope by this time you haue deliberated of your answer:

Fr. King. I my welbeloued brother of England,
We haue viewed it ouer with our learned Councell,
But cannot finde that you should be crowned
King of France.

Hen. 5. What not King of France, then nothing,
I must be King: but my louing brother of France,
I can hardly forget the late iniuries offered me,
When I came last to parley,

The French men had better a raked
The betuels out of their fathers carkasses,
Then to haue fiered my Tentes,
And if I knew thy sonne Prince Dolphin for one,
I would so rowse him, as he was neuer so rowsed.

Fr. King. I dare sweare for my sonnes innocencie
In this matter.

But if this please you, that immediately you be
Proclaimed and crowned heire and Regent of France,
Not King, because I my selfe was once crowned King.

Hen. 5. Heire and Regent of France, that is well,
But that is not all that I must haue.

Fr. King. The rest my Secretary hath in writing.
Secret. Item, that Henry King of England,
Be Crowned heire and Regent of France,
During the life of King Charles, and after his death,

The

The Crowne with all rights, to remaine to King Henry
Of England, and to his heires for ever.

Hen. 5. Well my good brother of France,
There is one thing I must needs desire.

Fr. King. What is that my good brother of England?

Hen. 5. That all your Nobles must be sworne to be true
to me.

Fr. King. Whereas they have not stucke with greater
Matters, I know they wil not stick with such a trifle,
Begin you my Lord Duke of Burgondie.

Hen. 5. Come my Lord of Burgondie,
Take your oath vpon my sword.

Burgen. I Philip Duke of Burgondie,
Swear to Henry King of England,
To be true to him, and to become his league-man,
And that if I Philip, heare of any forraigne power
Conning to inuade the said Henry or his heires,
Then I the said Philip to send him word,
And aide him with all the power I can make,
And thereunto I take my oath.

He kisseth the sword.

Hen. 5. Come Prince Dolphin, you must swear too.

He kisseth the sword.

Hen. 5. Well my brother of France,
There is one thing moze I must needs require of you.

Fr. King. Wherein is it that we may satisfie your

Hen. 5. A trifle my good brother of France. (Paucitie:
I meane to make your daughter Quene of England,
If she be willing, and you therewith content:

How saist thou Kate, canst thou loue the King of England?

Kate. How should I loue thee, which is my fathers enemy:

Hen. 5. Tut stand not vpon these points,
As you must make vs friends:
I know Kate, thou art not a litle proud, that I loue thee:
What wench, the King of England?

Exer

French King. Daughter let nothing stand betwixt the
King of England and thee, agree to it.

Kate I had best whilst he is willing,
Least when I would, he will not:

I rest at your Maiesties commaund.

Hen. 5. Welcom: sweet Kate, but my brother of France,
What say you to it?

French king. With all my heart I like it,
But when shall be your wedding day?

Hen. 5. The first Sunday of the next moneth,
God willing.

Sound Trumpets.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.



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