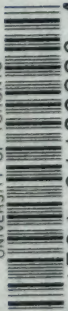
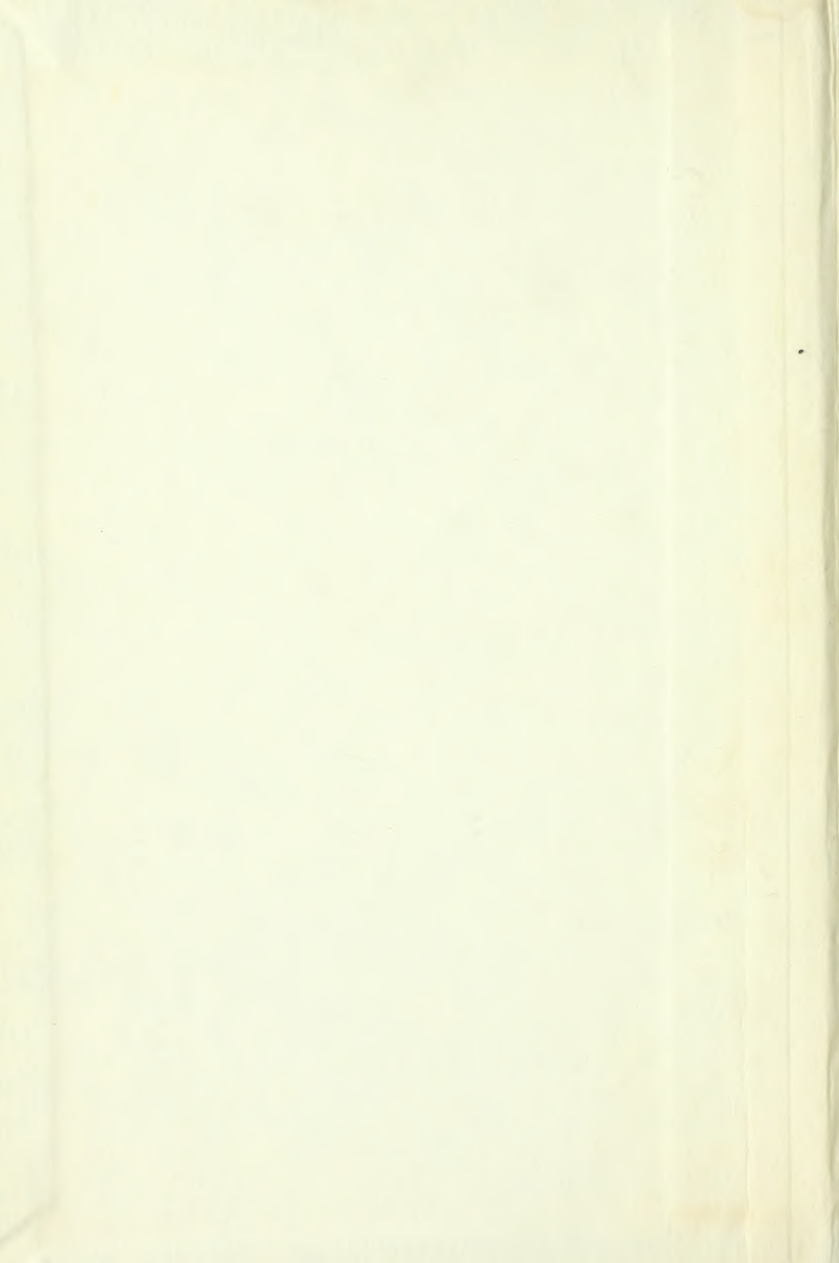


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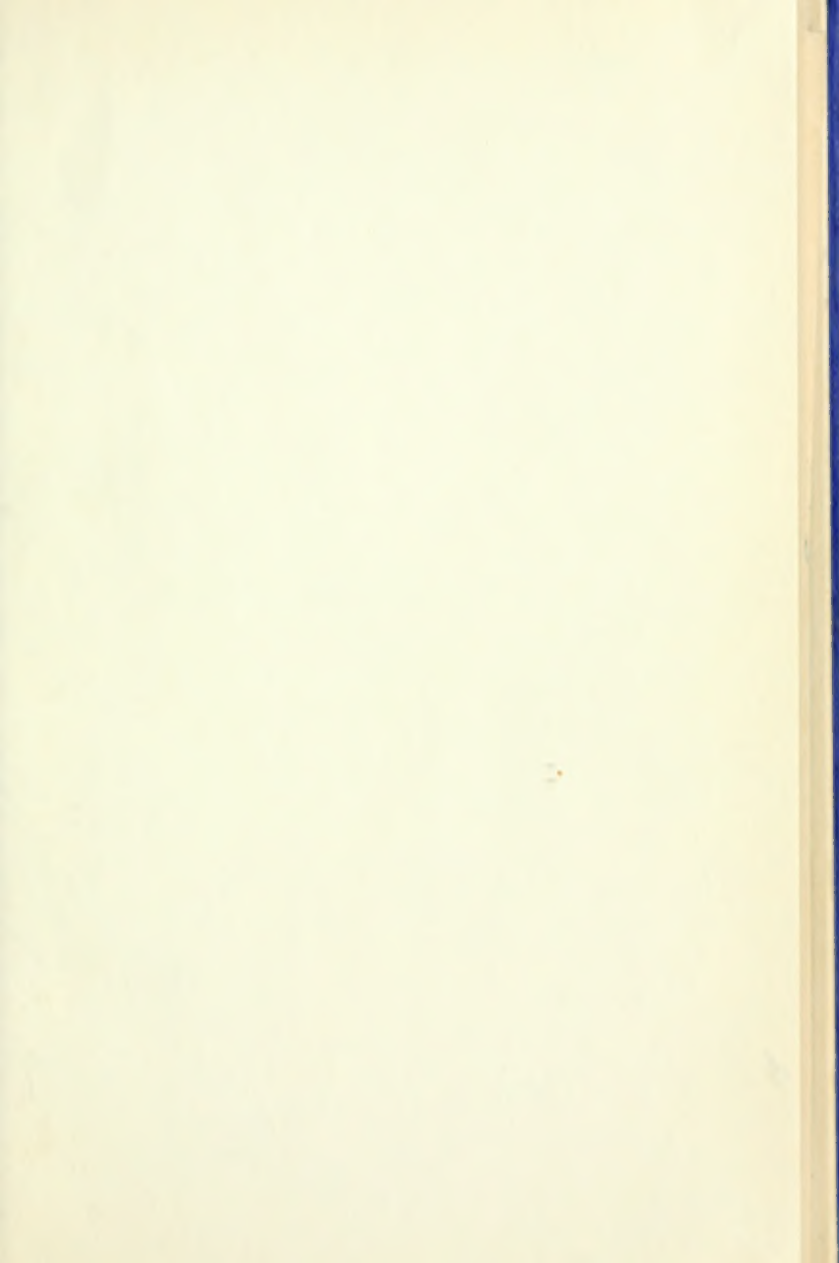


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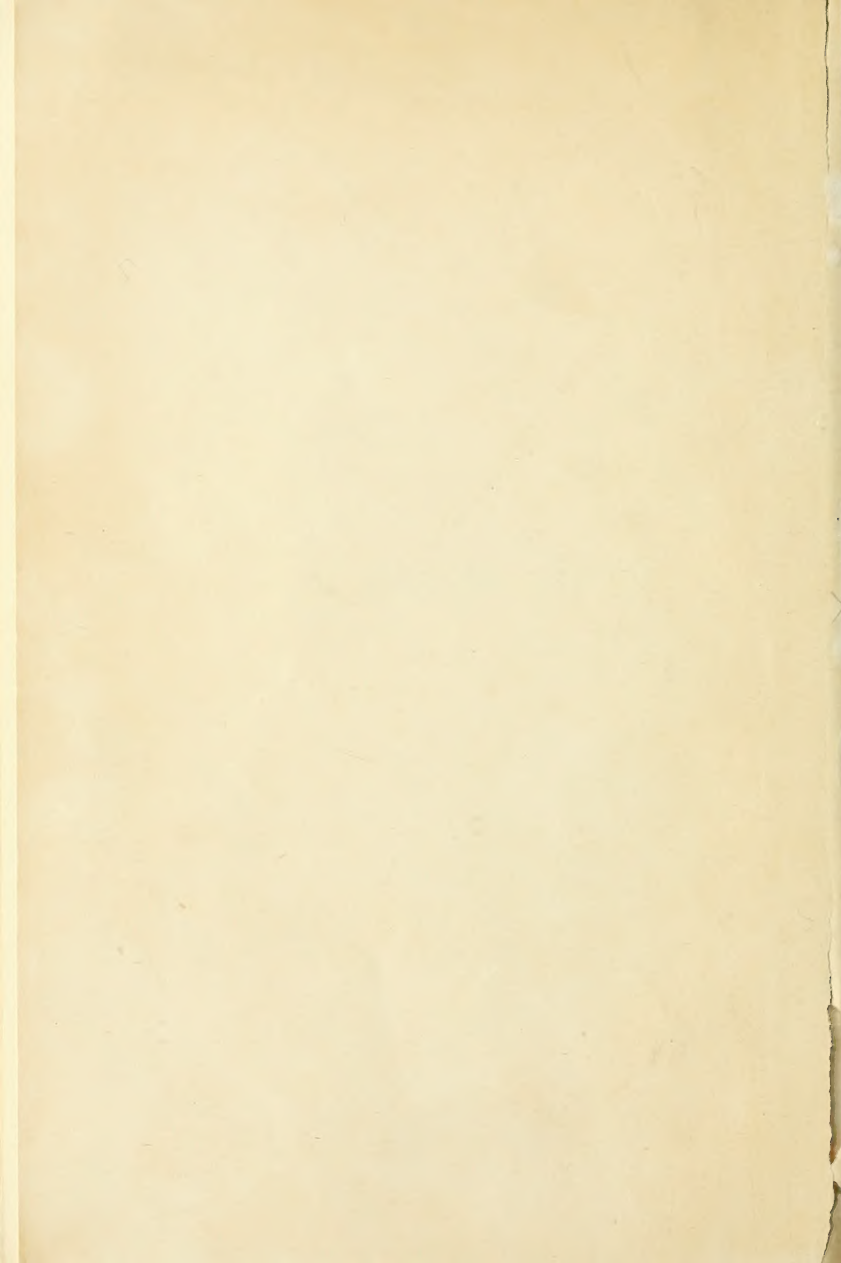


82

The Picture Shakespeare

I

KING HENRY V





M 819

Grandpré. The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hands,
(Act II, Scene 2)

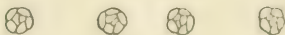
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THE PICTURE SHAKESPEARE



HENRY THE FIFTH



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1903

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The Notes and Appendices in this edition are substantially those of the Junior School Shakespeare. For the purpose of this edition both texts and notes have been revised by practical teachers, in order to secure entire suitability for class use, and particularly for the needs of those reading for the College of Preceptors or Junior Local Examinations. The following are the names of those who have performed this work of revision:—

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HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

At the time of Henry V's accession, France was in a disturbed and distracted condition. Owing to the imbecility of its monarch, Charles VI, and his total unfitness to rule, the country was divided into two great factions, at the head of which were the Duke of Orleans, brother of the king, and his cousin the Duke of Burgundy, and these rival chiefs were now engaged in a struggle for the supremacy.

The moment seemed to Henry a favourable one for attack, and he accordingly revived the claim of Edward III to the throne of France. This claim, which was of doubtful validity in Edward's case, was still more so in Henry's, whose father was an usurper. But he was probably urged to the step by considerations of policy. A war with France successfully carried through would help to divert attention from the defects in his title to the throne of England, and give him the opportunity of putting into effect his father's counsel to "busy giddy minds with foreign quarrels", that no leisure might be left them to dwell on the memory of former days.

The French government sought to avert the threatened invasion by the offer of the duchy of Aquitaine, and of the hand of Catherine, the king's eldest daughter, in marriage, but without avail.

Towards the end of July, 1415, Henry had assembled a force of 30,000 men at Southampton, and was on the point of embarking, when the discovery of a dangerous conspiracy delayed his departure for a few days. It was

found that the Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scroop, and Sir Thomas Grey had formed a plot to assassinate the king and raise the Earl of March to the throne. Their guilt being clearly proved, all three offenders were executed.

Putting to sea, Henry directed his course to Harfleur, a town at the mouth of the Seine, which he at once proceeded to invest. After a siege of five weeks the place capitulated. But during that time sickness had made such ravages among his troops that the army was now reduced to half its original strength. Henry therefore decided to return home before further prosecuting his designs. But lest his return should have the appearance of running away, or be construed as a failure, he formed the resolution of marching through the enemy's country to Calais, and there embarking for England. It was a perilous undertaking, for besides exposure to harassing attacks, the troops suffered much from cold, and wet, and want of food. The little band, however, slowly made its way through Normandy and Picardy, until its progress was barred by the appearance of a French army numbering 60,000 men on the plains of Agincourt, and so posted as to intercept all further advance.

The number of the English had by this time dwindled down to less than 10,000 men. They were, moreover, enfeebled by sickness and fatigue. But one and all shared the undaunted spirit of their leader, though fully conscious of the peril of their position. The two armies halted for the night within a short distance of each other. By day-break each army had taken up its position. That of the English was admirably chosen, being a narrow field which the enemy could only approach in front, while their flanks were protected by hedges and thickets. Mindful of what had happened at Crecy and Poitiers, the French hesitated to attack, and some hours were passed in a state of inactivity on both sides. At length Henry gave the order to advance. His archers, planting in the ground the

stakes with which they were provided, ran forward and discharged shower after shower of arrows with deadly effect, and when pressed by the French cavalry, retired for protection behind their palisade of stakes. The horses of the enemy, afflicted with innumerable wounds, became restive and unmanageable, and spread disorder through the ranks. The narrowness of the space in which they were confined cramped their movements and deprived them of the advantage of superior numbers. Henry, seizing the right moment, advanced with his men-at-arms upon the helpless and struggling mass. The carnage was terrible; the discomfiture of the enemy complete.

Scarcely pausing to take rest, the victors continued their march, and on arriving at Calais crossed over to Dover, where they were received with a delirium of joy, the people rushing into the sea and carrying the king in triumph to the shore. The same enthusiastic welcome awaited them at London, and throughout the country there was the greatest rejoicing.

In 1417 the king again embarked for France, and was occupied for the next two years in reducing the greater part of Normandy to his authority. The dissension and civil strife that still racked that unhappy country at length brought about the realization of his long-cherished project. For the new Duke of Burgundy, in order to be revenged on the Dauphin for the part he had taken in the murder of his father, made overtures to Henry which resulted in the treaty of Troyes, 1420. As Queen Isabella was now a supporter of Burgundy, it was arranged that Henry should marry the Princess Catherine, be regent during the life-time of Charles, and be recognized as his successor to the throne. The great object, however, of Henry's ambition was never fully attained, for, a few months before the death of Charles, he was smitten with disease, and died, 1422, at the early age of thirty-four.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, }
DUKE OF BEDFORD, } brothers to the King.

DUKE OF EXETER, uncle to the King.

DUKE OF YORK, cousin to the King.

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

BISHOP OF ELY.

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.

LORD SCROOP.

SIR THOMAS GREY.

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY,
officers in King Henry's army.

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, soldiers in the same.

PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.

Boy.

A Herald.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.

The Constable of France.

RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ, French Lords.

Governor of Harfleur.

MONTJOY, a French Herald.

Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, Queen of France.

KATHARINE, daughter to Charles and Isabel.

ALICE, a lady attending on her.

Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now
married to Pistol.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and
Attendants. Chorus.

SCENE: *England; afterwards France.*

KING HENRY V

PROLOGUE

Enter CHORUS

Chor. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself, 5
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared 10
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden-O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may 15
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls 20
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance; 25

Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
 Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
 Turning the accomplishment of many years 30
 Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
 Admit me Chorus to this history;
 Who prologue-like your humble patience pray
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [Exit

ACT I

SCENE 1. *London. An ante-chamber in the King's
 palace*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the
 BISHOP OF ELY*

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you; that self bill is urged,
 Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
 Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
 But that the scrambling and unquiet time
 Did push it out of farther question. 5

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now.

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
 We lose the better half of our possession:
 For all the temporal lands which men devout
 By testament have given to the church 10
 Would they strip from us; being valued thus:
 As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
 Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
 Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
 And, to relief of lazars and weak age, 15
 Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
 A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
 And to the coffers of the king beside,
 A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'T would drink the cup and all. 20

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promised it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body,

25



Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession. Act I. 1. 7.

But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment
Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat and all at once
As in this king.

35

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
 And all-admiring with an inward wish
 You would desire the king were made a prelate: 40
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
 You would say it hath been all in all his study:
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle render'd you in music:
 Turn him to any cause of policy, 45
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences; 50
 So that the art and practic part of life
 Must be the mistress to this theoric:
 Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
 Since his addiction was to courses vain,
 His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow, 55
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
 And never noted in him any study,
 Any retirement, any sequestration
 From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle, 60
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
 And so the prince obscured his contemplation
 Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night, 65
 Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceased;
 And therefore we must needs admit the means
 How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
 How now for mitigation of this bill 70
 Urged by the commons? Doth his majesty

Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty, 70
Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet 80
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem received, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceived his grace would fain have done, 85
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms
And generally to the crown and seat of France
Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off? 90

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Craved audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy; 95
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE 2. *The same. The presence-chamber*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER,
WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and* Attendants

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Eve. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolved,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight 5
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *and the*
BISHOP OF ELY

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne
And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold 10
Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim:
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul 15
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to. 20
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops 25
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note and believe in heart 30
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you
peers,

That owe yourselves, your lives and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar 35
To make against your highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant':
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land':
Which Salique land the French unjustly glose 40
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe; 45
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female 50
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France; 55
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly supposed the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption 60
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric, 65
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown

Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male 70
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
 To find his title with some shows of truth,
 Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught
 Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son 75
 To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
 Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied 80
 That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorraine:
 By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
 Was re-united to the crown of France. 85
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female:
 So do the kings of France unto this day; 90
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
 To bar your highness claiming from the female,
 And rather choose to hide them in a net
 Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors. 95

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
 For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
 When the man dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord, 100
 Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
 Look back into your mighty ancestors:
 Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
 From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,

And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince, 105
 Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full power of France,
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
 Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
 Forge in blood of French nobility. 110

O noble English, that could entertain
 With half their forces the full pride of France
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead 115
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
 You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
 The blood and courage that renown'd them
 Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
 Is in the very May-morn of his youth, 120
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
 Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
 As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath cause and means 125
 and might;
 So hath your highness; never king of England
 Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
 Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
 And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege, 130
 With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
 In aid whereof we of the spirituality
 Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
 As never did the clergy at one time
 Bring in to any of your ancestors. 135

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French,
 But lay down our proportions to defend
 Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
 With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign, 140
 Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
 Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers
 only,
 But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
 Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us; 145
 For you shall read that my great-grandfather
 Never went with his forces into France
 But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
 Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
 With ample and brim fulness of his force, 150
 Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
 Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
 That England, being empty of defence,
 Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd,
 my liege; 155
 For hear her but exempl'd by herself:
 When all her chivalry hath been in France
 And she a mourning widow of her nobles
 She hath herself not only well defended
 But taken and impounded as a stray 160
 The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,
 To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings
 And make her chronicle as rich with praise
 As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
 With sunken wreck and sunless treasuries. 165

West. But there's a saying very old and true,

' If that you will France win,
 Then with Scotland first begin':

For once the eagle England being in prey,
 To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot 170
 Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
 Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,

To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then the cat may stay at home:

Yet that is but a crush'd necessity, 175

Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,

And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.

While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,

The advised head defends itself at home;

For government, though high and low and lower, 180

Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,

Congreeing in a full and natural close,

Like music,

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide

The state of man in divers functions,

Setting endeavour in continual motion; 185

To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,

Obedience; for so work the honey-bees,

Creatures that by a rule in nature teach

The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

They have a king and officers of sorts; 190

Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,

Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,

Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,

Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,

Which pillage they with merry march bring home 195

To the tent-royal of their emperor;

Who, busied in his majesty, surveys

The singing masons building roofs of gold,

The civil citizens kneading up the honey,

The poor mechanic porters crowding in

Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,

The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,

Delivering o'er to executors pale

The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,

That many things, having full reference

To one consent, may work contrariously:

As many arrows, loosed several ways.

Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
 As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
 As many lines close in the dial's centre; 210
 So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
 End in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
 Divide your happy England into four;
 Whereof take you one quarter into France, 215
 And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
 If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
 Let us be worried and our nation lose
 The name of hardiness and policy. 220

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the
 Dauphin. [*Exeunt some Attendants*]

Now are we well resolved; and, by God's help,
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
 Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit, 225
 Ruling in large and ample empery
 O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
 Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
 Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
 Either our history shall with full mouth 230
 Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
 Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
 Not worshipping'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure
 Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear 235
 Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

First Amb. May't please your majesty to give us
 leave

Freely to render what we have in charge;
 Or shall we sparingly show you far off

The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

240

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

First Amb.

Thus, then, in few.

245

Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advised there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.

don't
claim
land
(Dukedoms)

250

He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

255

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe.

Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant
with us;

His present and your pains we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.

← true Henry reveals his courtesy

But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
 Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
 When I do rouse me in my throne of France: 275
 For that I have laid by my majesty
 And plodded like a man for working-days,
 But I will rise there with so full a glory
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
 Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us. 280
 And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
 Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
 Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
 That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
 Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands; 285
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
 And some are yet ungoten and unborn
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
 But this lies all within the will of God,
 To whom I do appeal; and in whose name 290
 Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
 To venge me as I may and to put forth
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
 So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
 His jest will savour but of shallow wit, 295
 When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
 Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

[*Excunt Ambassadors*

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
 Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour 300
 That may give furtherance to our expedition;
 For we have now no thought in us but France,
 Save those to God, that run before our business.
 Therefore let our proportions for these wars
 Be soon collected and all things thought upon 305
 That may with reasonable swiftness add
 More feathers to our wings; for, God before,



Al. Hen. But tell the Duchess I will keep my state,
For like a king, and such my seal of greatness,
Whom I do count too fit my throne of France. — Act I. sc. 11. p. 105.

We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
 Therefore let every man now task his thought,
 That this fair action may on foot be brought. 310
[Exeunt. Flourish

ACT II

PROLOGUE

Flourish. Enter Chorus

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
 Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse, 5
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
 For now sits Expectation in the air,
 And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
 With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets, 10
 Promised to Harry and his followers.
 The French advised by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their fear and with pale policy
 Seek to divert the English purposes. 15
 O England! model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart,
 What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural!
 But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out 20
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
 With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,
 One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
 Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland, 25

*Chorus to
 manage
 tale of
 inspirations
 incidents, it
 on have
 attachment*

Have, for the guilt of France, — O guilt indeed!
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
 If hell and treason hold their promises,
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
 Linger your patience on; and we'll digest



Chor. They sell the pasture now to buy the horse.
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings.—(Act ii. Prol. 5, 6.)

The abuse of distance; force a play:
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
 The king is set from London; and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton;
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
 But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [Exit

SCENE 1. *London. A street*

Enter Corporal NYM and Lieutenant BARDOLPH

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

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

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and certainly she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell: things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL and Hostess

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife: good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol!

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host? Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers. [*Nym and Pistol draw*]

Host. O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

35

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Host. Good corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you solus. 40

Pist. 'Solus', egregious dog? O viper vile!

The 'solus' in thy most mervailous face;

The 'solus' in thy teeth, and in thy throat,

And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth! 45

I do retort the 'solus' in thy bowels;

For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,

And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may: and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile and damned furious wight! 50

The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;

Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [Draws 55

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate. Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give:

Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms: that is the humour of it. 60

Pist. 'Couple a gorge!'

That is the word. I thee defy again.
 O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
 I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
 For the only she; and—pauca, there's enough. 70
 Go to.

Enter the Boy

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my
 master, and you, hostess: he is very sick, and would
 to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his
 sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, 75
 he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue!

Host. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding
 one of these days. The king has killed his heart.
 Good husband, come home presently. 80

[Exeunt Hostess and Boy]

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We
 must to France together: why the devil should we
 keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl
 on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of 85
 you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have: that's the humour of
 it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home. 90

[They draw]

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust,
 I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their
 course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be
 friends: an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with 95
 me too. Prithee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee, 100
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;
Is not this just? for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand. 105

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of't.

Re-enter Hostess

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a 110
burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight; that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right; 115
His heart is fractured and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. 120

SCENE 2. *Southampton. A council-chamber*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these traitors.

Exc. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves! As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exc. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery. 10

*Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP,
CAMBRIDGE, GREY, and Attendants*

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the powers we bear with us 15
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are well per-
suaded 20

We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and loved 25
Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey and do serve you 30
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thank-
fulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness. 35

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,

And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday, 46
That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example 48
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir,

You show great mercy, if you give him life, 50
After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye 52
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, in their dear
care

And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French
causes: 60

Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord:

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there
is yours;

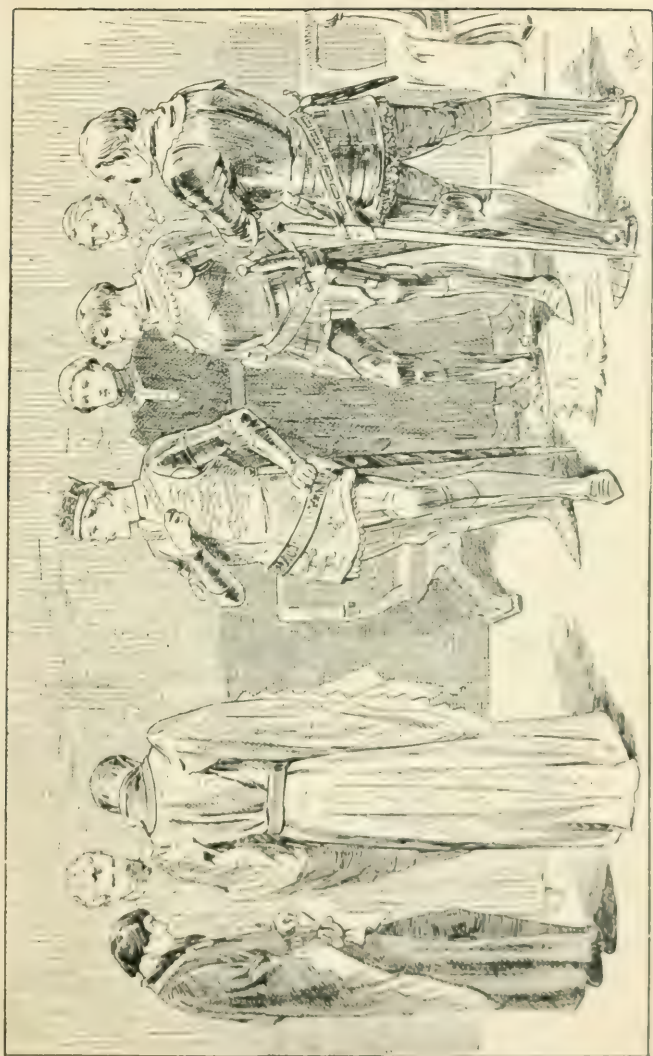
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.

My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter, 70
 We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen!
 What see you in those papers that you lose
 So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
 Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,
 That hath so cowarded and chased your blood 75
 Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;
 And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. } To which we all appeal.
Scroop. }

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
 By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd: 80
 You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
 For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
 As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
 See you, my princes and my noble peers,
 These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here, 85
 You know how apt our love was to accord
 To furnish him with all appertinents
 Belonging to his honour; and this man
 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
 And sworn unto the practices of France, 90
 To kill us here in Hampton: to the which
 This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
 Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O,
 What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature! 95
 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
 That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
 Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use!
 May it be possible, that foreign hire 100
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
 That might annoy my finger? 't is so strange,
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross



How Why, how now, gentlemen?
What say you of this? I tell you I have
Sounded compasses. Act. 1, p. 71-72.

As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it
 Treason and murder ever kept together, 105
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
 Working so grossly in a natural cause,
 That admiration did not hoop at them:
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
 Wonder to wait on treason and on murder: 110
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
 All other devils that suggest by treasons
 Do botch and bungle up damnation 115
 With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
 From glistening semblances of piety;
 But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor. 120
 If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
 He might return to vasty Tartar back,
 And tell the legions 'I can never win
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's'. 125
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiancè! Show men dutiful?
 Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
 Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
 Why, so didst thou: seem they religious? 130
 Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
 Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
 Not working with the eye without the ear, 135
 And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
 Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem:
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man and best indued

With some suspicion. I will weep for thee; 147
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open:
Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exc. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of 148
Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry
Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas
Grey, knight, of Northumberland. 150

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not seduce; 153
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me. 155

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign. 158

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your
sentence.

You have conspired against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd and from his coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person seek we no revenge;

But we our kingdom's safety must so tender, 175
 Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
 The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
 You patience to endure, and true repentance 180
 Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, guarded*
 Now lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
 Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light 185
 This dangerous treason lurking in our way,
 To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
 But every rub is smoothed on our way.
 Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
 Our puissance into the hand of God, 190
 Putting it straight in expedition.
 Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
 No king of England, if not king of France. [*Exeunt*

SCENE 3. *London. Before a tavern.*

Enter PISTOL, Hostess, NYM, BARDOLPH, and Boy.

Host. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.

Bardolph, be blithe: Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins:
 Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead, 5
 And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made 10
 a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, even

at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for 15 his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John!' quoth I: 'what, man! be o' good cheer.' So 'a cried out 'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to 20 trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold 25 as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay, that 'a did.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning 30 in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton. 35

Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels and my movables:

Let senses rule; the word is 'Pitch and Pay':

Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes, 40

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:

Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck! 45

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

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her*

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but,
adieu. 50

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee
command.

Host. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt*

SCENE 4. *France. The King's palace.*

Flourish. Enter the FRENCH KING, the DAUPHIN, the
DUKES OF BERRI and BRETAGNE, the CONSTABLE,
and others.

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with full power
upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth, 5
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant;
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf. 10
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe; 15
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
As were a war in expectation. 20
Therefore, I say 't is meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;

No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance: 25
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con.

O peace, Prince Dauphin!

You are too much mistaken in this king:
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal 35
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate. 40

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mightly than he seems:
So the proportions of defence are fill'd; 45
Which of a weak and niggardly projection
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captived by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales:
Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing,

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
 Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to see him,
 Mangle the work of nature and deface 60
 The patterns that by God and by French fathers
 Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
 Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
 The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England 65
 Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go,
 and bring them.

[Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords
 You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
 Most spend their mouths when what they seem to
 threaten 70

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
 Take up the English short, and let them know
 Of what a monarchy you are the head:
 Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
 As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and train

Fr. King. From our brother England? 75

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
 He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
 That you divest yourself, and lay apart
 The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
 By law of nature and of nations, 'long 80
 To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
 And all wide-stretched honours that pertain
 By custom and the ordinance of times
 Unto the crown of France. That you may know
 'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim, 85

Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
 Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
 He sends you this most memorable line,
 In every branch truly demonstrative;
 Willing you overlook this pedigree: 95
 And when you find him evenly derived
 From his most famed of famous ancestors,
 Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
 Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
 From him the native and true challenger. 95

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
 Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
 Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
 In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove, 100
 That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
 And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
 Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
 On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
 Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head 105
 Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
 The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
 For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
 That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
 This is his claim, his threatening and my message; 110
 Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
 To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further;
 To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
 Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin, 115
 I stand here for him; what to him from England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
 And any thing that may not misbecome
 The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
 Thus says my king; an if your father's highness 120

Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
 Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
 He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
 That caves and womby vaultages of France
 Shall chide your trespass and return your mock 125
 In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
 It is against my will; for I desire
 Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
 As matching to his youth and vanity, 130
 I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
 Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe:
 And, be assured, you'll find a difference,
 As we his subjects have in wonder found, 135
 Between the promise of his greener days
 And these he masters now: now he weighs time
 Even to the utmost grain: that you shall read
 In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at
 full. 140

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
 Come here himself to question our delay;
 For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatched with fair
 conditions:
 A night is but small breath and little pause 145
 To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt*

ACT III
PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus

Chor. Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen



Chor. Follow, follow:
Grapple your mind to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandfires, balais, and old women,
Either past or not arriv'd to pith and purpose. — Act in. Trid. 17-21.

The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;

Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
 To sounds confused; behold the threaten sails, 10
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
 You stand upon the rivage and behold
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing; 15
 For so appears this fleet majestic,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow:
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
 Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women, 20
 Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance;
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege; 25
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
 Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
 Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry, 30
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
 The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
 With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
 [Alarum, and chambers go off
 And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
 And eke out our performance with your mind. [Exit 35

SCENE I. *France. Before Harfleur*

*Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD,
 GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders*

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
 once more;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead.

~~In peace there's nothing so becomes a man~~
 As modest stillness and humility:
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it



K. Hen. On, on, you noblest English. — Act IV. 1. 17.

As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
 To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,

Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes. 30
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
 Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
 Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'
 [*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off*]

SCENE 2. *The same*

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and* Boy

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

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too
 hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of
 lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very 5
 plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do
 abound:
 Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
 And sword and shield,
 In bloody field, 10
 Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I
 would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me, 15
 My purpose should not fail with me,
 But thither would I hie.

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

Enter FLUELLEN

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions! [*Driving them forward*]

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould.

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,

Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours! your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt all but Boy*]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such anties do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes

against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast
it up. [Exit

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER *following*

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with 55
you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' 60
athversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines: by Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of 65
the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will 70
verify as much in his beard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS *and* Captain JAMY

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, Captain 75
Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, 80
in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay 'll de gud service, or ay 'll lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and ay 'll pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain hear some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a ¹²⁰
villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal—
What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise
than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I
shall think you do not use me with that affability as ¹²⁵
in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being
as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of
war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other
particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: ¹³⁰
so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. A! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded*]

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better ¹³⁵
opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold
as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there
is an end. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE 3. *The same. Before the gates*

*The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the
English forces below.*

Enter KING HENRY and his train

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or like to men proud of destruction
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier, ⁵
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up, ¹⁰
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,

In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war, 15
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career? 20
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil
As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people, 25
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil and villany.

If not, why, in a moment look to see 30
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls,
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes, 35
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid,
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd? 40

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy. 45
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,
 Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French: 50
 Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
 The winter coming on and sickness growing
 Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
 To-night in Harfleur we will be your guest;
 To-morrow for the march are we address. 55

[*Flourish. The King and his train enter the town*]

SCENE 4. *The FRENCH KING'S palace*

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois? 5

Alice. La main? elle est appelée de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; oui, de fingres. 10

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vîtement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? nous les appelons de nails.

Kath. De nails. Ecoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: 15
 de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude? 20

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: de hand, de 25
fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! de elbow.
Comment appelez-vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame. 30

Kath. De nick. Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin.

Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous
prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angle- 35
terre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace
de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez-vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai
enseigné? 40

Kath. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement: de
hand, de fingres, de mails,—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow. 45

Kath. Ainsi dis-je; de elbow, de nick, et de sin.
Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; et de coun.

Kath. De foot et de coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ce
sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et im- 50
pudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je
ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs
de France pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot et le
coun! Néanmoins, je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon
ensemble: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de 55
elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à diner.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE 5. *The same*

Enter the KING OF FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, the DUKE OF BOURBON, the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their graffers?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans,
bastards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!
Poor we may call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,

5
if we don't fight we
might as well give
it all over
English have illegit
line - a bastard chaff
imagery
10
we are more drunk
french! where are
english getting
honour

And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos; 39
 Saying our grace is only in our heels,
 And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him
 hence:

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
 Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged 35
 More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
 Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
 You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
 Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
 Jacques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont, 40
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
 Foix, Lestrade, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,
 For your great seats now quit you of great shames.
 Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land 45
 With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
 Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
 Go down upon him, you have power enough, 50
 And in a captive chariot into Rouen
 Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
 Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march,
 For I am sure, when he shall see our army, 55
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
 And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Mont-
 joy,
 And let him say to England that we send
 To know what willing ransom he will give. 60
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.
Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt* b3]

SCENE 6. *The English camp in Picardy*

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN, meeting

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe? 5

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not God be praised and blessed! any hurt in the world; but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service. 10

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,

That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify ³⁰ to you that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls: in ³⁵ good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him; For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must 'a be: A damned death! 40

Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak: the duke will hear thy voice; 45
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning. 50

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used. 55

Pist. Die and be damn'd! and figo for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [Exit

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I ⁶⁰ remember him now; a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave words at the

pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve. 65

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard 75 of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook. 80

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge. 85

Drum and colours. Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers

God pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages; marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man. 95

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire: and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

105

*distance
himself
like us
habitt*

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

115

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Hartleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his ex-

125

chequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the ¹³⁰
 muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for
 our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but
 a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add de-
 fiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed
 his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So ¹³⁵
 far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee
 back,

And tell thy king I do not seek him now; ¹⁴⁰
 But could be willing to march on to Calais
 Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
 Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
 Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
 My people are with sickness much enfeebled, ¹⁴⁵
 My numbers lessened, and those few I have
 Almost no better than so many French;
 Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
 I thought upon one pair of English legs
 Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God, ¹⁵⁰
 That I do brag thus! This your air of France
 Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
 Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
 My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
 My army but a weak and sickly guard; ¹⁵⁵
 Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
 Though France himself and such another neighbour
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
 Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
 If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd, ¹⁶⁰
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
 Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
 The sum of all our answer is but this:
 We would not seek a battle, as we are;

Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it: 165

So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[*Exit*

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws towards night: 170

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,

And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt*

SCENE 7. *The French camp near Agincourt*

Enter the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, the LORD RAMBURES, ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, with others

Con. I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe. 5

Orl. Will it never be morning!

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world. 10

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ça, ha! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les narines de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull 15

elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

25

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

30

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea: turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 't is a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and begun thus: 'Wonder of nature',—

40

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

45

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 't were more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

50

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a milè, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

55

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them. 60

Dau. 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself. [Exit

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills. 65

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France. 70

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still. 75

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it. 80

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never anybody saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate. 85

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship'.

Orl. I will take up that with 'Give the devil his due'.

Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb with 'A pox of the devil'.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much
'A fool's bolt is soon shot'.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshoot.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within
fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would
it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs
not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this
king of England, to mope with his fat-brained fol-
lowers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they
would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any
intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy
head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant
creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatched courage.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth
of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like
rotten apples! You may as well say, that's a valiant
flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with
the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on,
leaving their wits with their wives: and then give
them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they
will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only
stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now it is time to
arm: come, shall we about it?

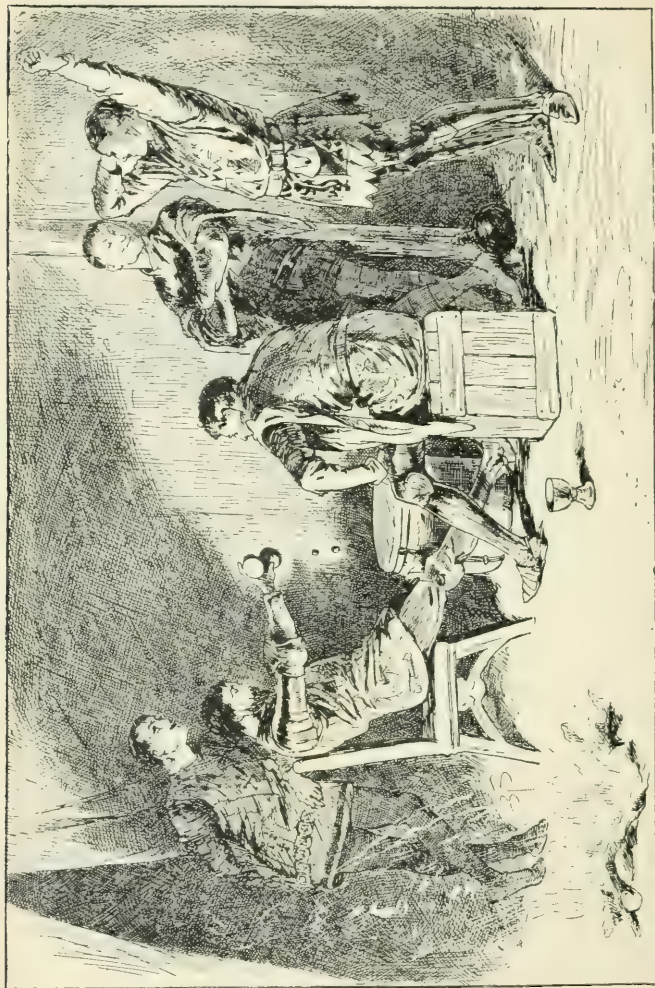
Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds, 5
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs 10
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation:
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll, 15
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night 20
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminate 25
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats



Chor. Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice.—Act iv. Prol. 17-19.

Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'
 For forth he goes and visits all his host,
 Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile
 And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note
 How dread an army hath enrounded him;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watched night,
 But freshly looks and over-bears attain't
 With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
 A largess universal like the sun
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night.
 And so our scene must to the battle fly;
 Where—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
 Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
 The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
 Minding true things by what their mockeries be. [*Exit*

SCENE 1. *The English camp at Agincourt*

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOUCESTER

K. Hen. Gloucester, 'Tis true that we are in great
 danger;
 The greater therefore should our courage be.
 Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,

Would men observingly distil it out.
 For our bad neighbours make us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all, admonishing
 That we should dress us fairly for our end. 10
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
 A good soft pillow for that good white head
 Were better than a churlish turf of France. 15

Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
 Since I may say 'Now lie I like a king'.

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present
 pains

Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
 And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt, 20
 The organs, though defunct and dead before,
 Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
 With casted slough and fresh legerity.

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
 Commend me to the princes in our camp; 25
 Do my good morrow to them, and anon
 Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glou. We shall, my liege.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;
 Go with my brothers to my lords of England: 30
 I and my bosom must debate a while,
 And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!
 [*Exeunt all but King*]

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st
 cheerfully.



K. Hen.

What art thou?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor. — ACT IV. SC. 1. 11, 12.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. Qui va là?

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike? 40

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame; 45

Of parents good, of fist most valiant.

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string

I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?

K. Hen. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish
crew? 50

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day. 55

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap
that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee, then! 60

K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [Exit

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower. 65
It is the greatest admiration in the universal world,
when the true and aunchient prerogatifes and laws of
the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but
to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall
find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor 70
pibble pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you
shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of

it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience, now?

80

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you will.

[*Exeunt Gowen and Fluellen*]

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

*Enter three soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT,
and MICHAEL WILLIAMS*

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

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

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in

his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his ¹⁰⁵
affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when
they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore
when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out
of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in
reason, no man should possess him with any appearance ¹¹⁰
of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his
army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will;
but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish
himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he ¹¹⁵
were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit
here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of
the king: I think he would not wish himself anywhere
but where he is. 120

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should
he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's
lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish
him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other ¹²⁵
men's minds: methinks I could not die anywhere so
contented as in the king's company; his cause being
just and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for ¹³⁰
we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects:
if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes
the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself
hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs ¹³⁵
and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join
together at the latter day and cry all 'We died at such
a place'; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon,
some upon their wives left poor behind them, some
upon the debts they owe, some upon their children ¹⁴⁰

rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against 145 all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, 150 under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation; but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular 155 endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted 160 soldiers: some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, 165 if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: 170 where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's 175 duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own

Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it. 185

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed. 190

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after. 195

Will. You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! 200 come, 't is a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it. 205

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine. 210

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou



K. Hen. O hard condition,
'Twas born with greatness, and lay in the lap
Of every King, whose name he used to bear,
But his own winning!—Act IV. 1. 40—44.

come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is my glove', by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it. 215

Will. Thou darrest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. 220

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper. 225

[*Exeunt Soldiers*

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children and our sins lay on the king! 230
We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy! 235
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers? 240
What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men? 245
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,

But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!

Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out

With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,

Thou play'st so subtly with a king's repose;

I am a king that find thee, and I know

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,

The farced title running 'fore the king,

The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp

That beats upon the high shore of this world,

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,

Not all these, laid in bed majestical,

Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,

Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind

Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,

But, like a lackey, from the rise to set

Sweats in the eye of Phœbus and all night

Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,

Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,

And follows so the ever-running year,

With profitable labour, to his grave:

And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,

Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

The slave, a member of the country's peace

Enjoys it; but in gross^e brain little wots

What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,

Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

come to r

Enter ERPINGHAM

glove'

K. Hen. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent: 285
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit*

K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord, 290
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood: 295
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do; 300
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOUCESTER

Glou. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloucester's voice? Ay; 305
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends and all things stay for me.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE 2. *The French camp*

Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and others

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords!

Dau. Montez à cheval! My horse! varlet! laquais! ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. Via! les eaux et la terre.

Orl. Rien puis? l'air et le feu.

Dau. Ciel, cousin Orleans.

5

Enter CONSTABLE

Now, my lord constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, 10
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses'
blood?

How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to
horse. 15

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins 20
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our fair gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on
them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords, 25
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by 30
Took stand for idle speculation:

But that our honours must not. What's to say?
 A very little little let us do,
 And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
 The tucket sonance and the note to mount; 35
 For our approach shall so much dare the field
 That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
 Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
 Ill-favouredly become the morning field: 40
 Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully:
 Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host
 And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps:
 The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks, 45
 With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit
 Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless; 50
 And their executors, the knavish crows,
 Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
 Description cannot suit itself in words
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself. 55

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay
 for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits
 And give their fasting horses provender,
 And after fight them?

Con. I stay but for my guidon: to the field! 60
 I will the banner from a trumpet take,
 And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
 The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt*

SCENE 3. *The English camp*

Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPINGHAM,
with all his host: SALISBURY and WESTMORELAND

Glou. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full three score
thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,

Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,

My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go
with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,

For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.

[Exit Salisbury]

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter the KING

West. O that we now had here

But one ten thousand of those men in England

That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?

My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow

To do our country loss; and if to live,

The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,

Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;

It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
 But if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive.
 No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England: 30
 God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
 As one man more, methinks, would share from me
 For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
 That he which hath no stomach to this fight, 35
 Let him depart; his passport shall be made
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
 We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.
 This day is called the feast of Crispian: 40
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours, 45
 And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian':
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispian's day'.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages 50
What feats he did that day; then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words,
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd. 55
 This story shall the good man teach his son;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered;
 [We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;] 60
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me

retraction

Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
~~This day shall gentle his condition:~~
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed
~~Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,~~ 65
~~And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks~~
~~That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.~~

Re-enter SALISBURY

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
 The French are bravely in their battles set,
 And will with all expedience charge on us. 70

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from Eng-
 land, coz?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
 Without more help, could fight this royal battle! 75

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand
 men;
 Which likes me better than to wish us one.
 You know your places: God be with you all!

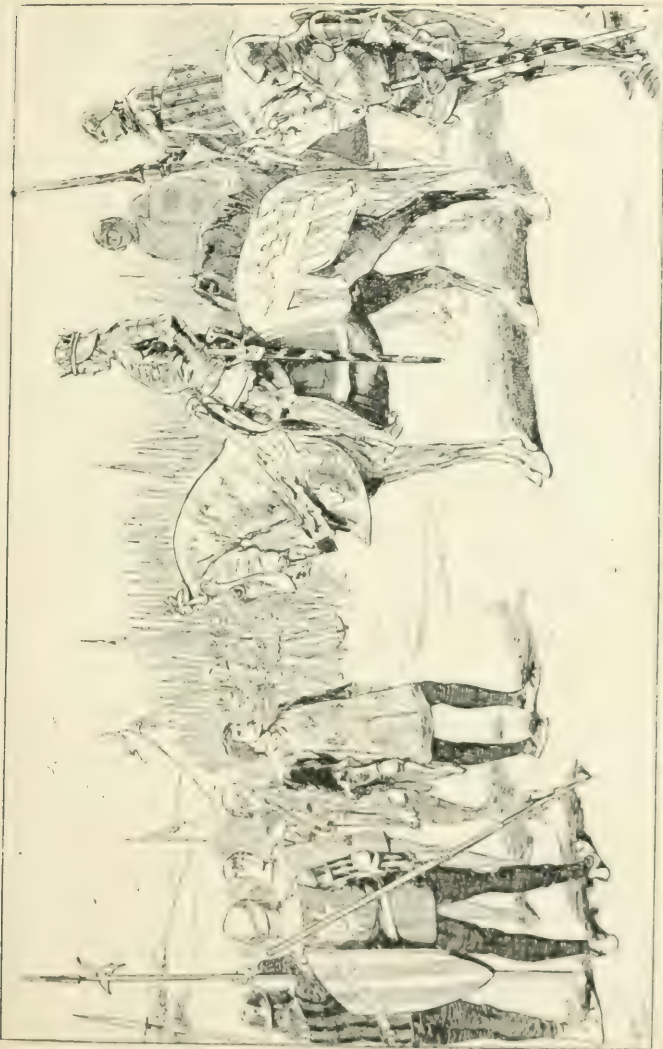
Tucket. Enter MOSTJOY

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King
 Harry,
 If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound, 80
 Before thy most assured overthrow:
 For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
 Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
 The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
 Thy followers of repentance; that their souls 85
 May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
 From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
 Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back: 90
 Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
 Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
 The man that once did sell the lion's skin
 While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
 A many of our bodies shall no doubt 95
 Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
 Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
 And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
 Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
 They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet them, 100
 And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
 Mark then abounding valour in our English,
 That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing, 105
 Break out into a second course of mischief,
 Killing in relapse of mortality.
 Let me speak proudly: tell the constable
 We are but warriors for the working-day;
 Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd 110
 With rainy marching in the painful field;
 There's not a piece of feather in our host—
 Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
 And time hath worn us into slovenry:
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim; 115
 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
 They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads
 And turn them out of service. If they do this,—
 As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then 120
 Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
 Shall yield them little, tell the constable. 125



R. H. H. I pity thee, poor my former answer back
In frown of leave me and then sell my bones.—*Act IV. p. 99. 4to.*

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [Exit

K. Hen. I fear thou'lt once more come again for
ransom.

Enter YORK

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward. 130°

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march
away:

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [Exeunt

SCENE 4. *The field of battle*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter PISTOL, French Soldier,
and Boy*

Pist. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sol. Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme de
bonne qualité.

Pist. Qualitie calmie custure me! Art thou a
gentleman? what is thy name? discuss. 5

Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu!

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark;
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me 10
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!

Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys;
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat 15
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton
bras?

Pist. Brass, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass? 20

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi!

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?

Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French
What is his name.

Boy. Écoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firke him, and ferret him: discuss the same in French unto him.



Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house.

[ACT IV. SCENE III.]

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

Pist. Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur?

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy.

Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns,
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu,

me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you 45 two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de par- 50 donner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé 55 entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath 60 fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show. Follow me!

Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitaine. [*Exeunt Pistol 65 and French Soldier.*] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, 'The empty vessel makes the greatest sound'. Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare 70 his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to 75 guard it but boys. [*Exit*

SCENE 5. *Another part of the field*

Enter CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, BOURBON, DAUPHIN, *and*
RAMBURES

Con. O diable!

Orl. O seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes. O méchante fortune! 5

Do not run away. [*A short alarm*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame! 10

Let us die in honour: once more back again.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the field

To smother up the English in our throngs, 15

If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng:

Let life be short; else shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE 6. *Another part of the field*

Alarums. *Enter* KING HENRY *and forces*, EXETER,
and others

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant country-
men:

But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exc. The Duke of York commends him to your
majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this
hour

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting; 5

From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.

10

Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!'

15

Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up:
He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says 'Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign'.
So did he turn and over Suffolk's neck

20

He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips;
And so espoused to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.

25

The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

30

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. [*Alarum*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforced their scatter'd men:
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through.

35

[*Exeunt*

SCENE 7. *Another part of the field**Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER*

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't; in your conscience, now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born!

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the world, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth: but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent

well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgements, turned away the fat knight with the great-belly doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I'll tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, and forces; WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, and others

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY

Exc. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald?
know'st thou not

That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Comest thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:

I come to thee for charitable license, 70
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To look our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men.
For many of our princes—woe the while!—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood; 75
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies!

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours. 80

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't
please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward
the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the
chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen. 95

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service; and 100
I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour; For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your 105
majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I 110
care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so! Our heralds go with him: 115
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to Williams. Excunt Heralds with Montjoy*
Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.]

K. Hen. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap? 120

Will. An't please your majesty, 't is the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if alive and ever 125
dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it
fit this soldier keep his oath? 129

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please
your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of
great sort, quite from the answer of his degree. 135

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil
is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary,
look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath:
if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as
arrant a villain and a Jacksauce, as ever his black 140
shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my
conscience, la!

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou
meetest the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live. 145

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good know-
ledge and literated in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier. 150

Will. I will, my liege. [Exit]

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for
me and stick it in thy cap: when Mençon and myself
were down together, I plucked this glove from his
helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to 155
Mençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter
any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace doo's me as great honours as can
be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain
see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find 160
himself aggrieved at this glove; that is all; but I
would fain see it once, an please God of his grace
that I might see.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you. 165

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [Exit

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick and my brother Gloucester,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels: 170

The glove which I have given him for a favour

May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear;

It is the soldier's; I by bargain should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him, as I judge 175

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury: 180

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Exeunt

SCENE 8. *Before KING HENRY'S pavilion*

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of. 5

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[Strikes him

Flu. 'S blood! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England! 10

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

15

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOUCESTER

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is —praised be God— for it!— a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is taken out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me; in your conscience, now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.

'T was I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. And please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction? 45

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you 50
appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I 55
beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns: 60
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, 65
and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good: 't is a 70
good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exc. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king; 75
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:

Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand
French

That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number, 50
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead

One hundred twenty six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights: 75

So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their nobles that lie dead: 80

Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;

Jacques of Chatillon, admiral of France;

The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;

Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard
Dolphin,

John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant, 85

The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,

And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty carls,

Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,

Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.

Here was a royal fellowship of death! 90

Where is the number of our English dead?

[Herald shows him another paper]

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,

Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire;

None else of name; and of all other men

But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here; 95

And not to us, but to thy arm alone,

Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,

But in plain shock and even play of battle,

Was ever known so great and little loss.

On one part and on the other? Take it, God, 110
For it is none but thine!

Exe. 'T is wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take that praise from God
Which is his only. 115

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell
how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledge-
ment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good. 120

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung 'Non nobis' and 'Te Deum';
The dead with charity enclosed in clay:
And then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men. 125
[*Exeunt*

ACT V

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the
story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life 5
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys, 10

Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought that even now 15
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride; 20
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort, 25
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Caesar in:
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress, 30
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him; 35
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home;
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanced, 40
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgement, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France. 45

SCENE I. *France. The English camp**Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER*

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, asse my friend, Captain Gower: the rascally, scauld, beggarly, lousy, 5
pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no 10
contention with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock. 15

Flu. 'T is no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web? 20
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your 25
digestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it? 30

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scauld knave, when God's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.



Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge:
I eat and eat, I swear — Act v. i. 47, 48

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities. 45

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge:
I eat and eat, I swear —

Flu. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to sweat by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat. 50

Flu. Much good do you, scauld knave, heartily.
Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for
your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to
see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good. 55

Flu. Ay, leeks is good: hold you, there is a groat
to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I
have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat. 60

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe anything, I will pay you in cudgels:
you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me
but cudgels. God b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal
your pate. [Exit 65

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave.
Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an
honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy
of predeceased valour and dare not avouch in your 70
deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking
and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You
thought, because he could not speak English in the
native garb, he could not therefore handle an English
cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a 75
Welsh correction teach you a good English condition.
Fare ye well. [Exit

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now?
News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France; 80

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal: 85

And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
 And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit

SCENE 2. *France. A royal palace*

Enter, at one door, KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another, the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, ALICE and other Ladies, the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and his train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
 Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
 To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
 And, as a branch and member of this royalty, 5
 By whom this great assembly is contrived,
 We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;
 And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
 Most worthy brother England; fairly met: 10
 So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
 Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
 As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
 Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them 15
 Against the French, that met them in their bent,
 The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
 The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
 Have lost their quality, and that this day
 Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
 Great Kings of France and England! That I have
 labour'd,

With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavours, 25
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That, face to face and royal eye to eye, 30
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births, 35
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in it own fertility. 40
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory 45
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank, 50
Conceives by idleness and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness, 55
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood,— 60

To swearing and stern looks, defused attire
 And every thing that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our former favour
 You are assembled: and my speech entreats
 That I may know the let, why gentle Peace 65
 Should not expel these inconveniences
 And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
 Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace 70
 With full accord to all our just demands;
 Whose tenours and particular effects
 You have enscheduled briefly in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which as yet
 There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then the peace, 75
 Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye
 O'erglanced the articles: pleaseth your grace
 To appoint some of your council presently
 To sit with us once more, with better heed 80
 To re-survey them, we will suddenly
 Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
 And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
 Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king; 85
 And take with you free power to ratify,
 Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
 Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
 Anything in or out of our demands,
 And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
 Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them:
 Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
 When articles too nicely urged be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:

She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine, and Alice*

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear 100
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your Majesty shall mock at me; I cannot
speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me
soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear 105
you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do
you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is 'like me'.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are
like an angel. 110

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les
anges?

Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not
blush to affirm it. 115

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont
pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues
of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of 120
deceits: dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better Englishwoman.
I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding:
I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if
thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king 125
that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my
crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly
to say 'I love you': then if you urge me farther than to
say 'do you in faith?' I wear out my suit. Give me

your answer; i' faith, do: and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady?



K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love's suit to her gentle heart? — Act V. sc. 2. 100-104.

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the

other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine. 175

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed! donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne. It is as easy for me, 185
Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle. 190

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me? 195

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scambling. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse? 205

Kath. Your majestee ave fausse French enough to deceiv de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine ²¹⁰ honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, be-shrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil ²¹⁵ wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no ²²⁰ more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the ²²⁵ looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England, I am thine': which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud 'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine'; who, though ²³⁰ I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English; ²³⁵ wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me. 240

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi,

je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en
baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne 243
serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-
puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées
devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France. 250

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies
of France, I cannot tell vat is baiser en English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty entendre better que moi. 255

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France
to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Oui, vraiment.

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great
kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined 265
within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are
the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that
follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults;
as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of
your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently 265
and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in
your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar
touch of them than in the tongues of the French
council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of
England than a general petition of monarchs. Here 270
comes your father.

*Re-enter the FRENCH KING and his QUEEN, BURGUNDY,
and other Lords*

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach
you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin,
how perfectly I love her; and that is good English. 275

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness. 280

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces. 285

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. That is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way. 290

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectivevely, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered. 295

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will. 300

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article: His daughter first, and then in sequel all, According to their firm proposed natures. 305

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this: Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition, in French, Notre très-cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de France; and thus in Latin, Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ. 310

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance, 315
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood
raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale 320
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France. 325

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me witness
all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

{*Flourish*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one! 330
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms, 335
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage: on which day, 340
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

{*Sennet. Exeunt*

EPILOGUE

Enter Chorus

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly lived 5
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England, did his king succeed; 10
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit*

NOTES

Act I

PROLOGUE. -To do justice to the great subject of the play, the chorus desires to have no less than a kingdom for a stage, princes as actors, "and monarchs to behold the swelling scene". It speaks in depreciating and apologetic terms of the poorness of the stage, the insignificance of the performers—"mere ciphers to the great accompt", and bids the spectators make up for these imperfections by letting their imagination have full play.

SCENE I. -The first scene opens with a conversation between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely respecting a bill laid before Parliament in Henry IV's reign, and now again in Henry V's, which, if passed, would deprive the Church of half its possessions. To prevent this, Canterbury proposes to urge the king to a war with France, and to offer him an unusually large subsidy for that purpose from the Church. In discussing the likelihood of the king being favourably inclined to their side or not, he remarks upon the wonderful change his character has undergone since his accession to the throne, and is lavish in his praises of the ability and excellent qualities Henry now displays.

SCENE II. -Subsequently, in the presence-chamber, being solemnly adjured to give an unbiassed opinion regarding the justice of the king's claim to the throne of France, the archbishop proceeds to show that the Salic law was originally not devised for the realm of France, that several rulers of that country had claimed the throne in right of women, and that, therefore, there was no just bar to his claim. To further incite the king he recalls the great deeds of his ancestor, Edward III, in France, and in this endeavour is backed up by Ely, Exeter, and Westmoreland.

The wisdom of guarding against a probable inroad of the Scots is then pointed out, and Canterbury having made his famous comparison between a well-ordered government and a commonwealth of bees, the French ambassador is called in, who delivers a taunting message from the Dauphin, accompanied by an equally insulting gift of a tun of tennis-balls. This piece of mockery the king wittily turns to account against the Dauphin; he bids the ambassador announce that "he is coming on in a well-hallowed cause", and observes that his master's "jest will savour but of shallow wit, when thousands weep more than did laugh at it".

Prologue

CHORUS.—[The aim of the chorus is to give the audience such information respecting events occurring in the interval between the acts as would enable them to intelligently follow the play. Read what the chorus says at the commencement of each act. Notice how fine the lines are, and how constantly the spectators are reminded that the grandeur of the actions set forth cannot be adequately represented on a poor and narrow stage, and are therefore desired to draw freely on their own imagination to make up for the defects and shortcomings of the performance.]

Other plays of Shakespeare that have a chorus are *Romeo and Juliet*, *Winter's Tale*, and *Pericles*, but it is only in *Henry V* that Chorus speaks a Prologue before each act.]

1. **Muse.** The Muses were goddesses who presided over poetry and other arts: a **Muse of fire** is an aspiring, inspiring Muse.

1, 2. **that would ascend the brightest heaven of invention**, that would raise her imagination to the loftiest heights, and put forth the highest powers of invention.

4. **swelling**, increasing in grandeur and pomp.

6. **port**, carriage, bearing, demeanour.

7. **leash'd.** A leash is a lash or line by which a hound is held.

famine, sword, and fire. These three attendants of war are commonly spoken of as 'the dogs of war'.

8. **gentles**; a term of courtesy used in addressing an audience.

9. **unraised spirits**, spirits that cannot rise, like the "Muse of fire" (l. 1).

11. **cockpit.** Also used in contempt. The old theatre in Drury Lane was formerly a cockpit.

12. **vasty, vast.**

may, can.

13. **this wooden O** refers to the Globe Theatres, which were built of wood, and were circular within. Shakespeare elsewhere speaks of the earth as "this little O", and of the stars as "yon fiery O's".

the very casques, the actual helmets. Henry V's helmet is over his tomb in Westminster Abbey.

15. The powers of imagination of the audience are to be the "crooked figure": the actors' efforts will supply the ciphers.

15, 16. **since a crooked figure may attest in little place a million**, *c.g.* the crooked figure 1 followed by six noughts represents in a little space a million.

17. **accompt**, account, whole.

18. **imaginary forces**, powers of imagination. Compare the use "imaginary" in l. 25. Which is the passive, which the active use?

23. **piece out our imperfections with your thoughts**, make good our shortcomings by drawing on your imagination.

25. **make imaginary puissance**, imagine a large force.

28. **deck our kings**, clothe the actors with royal apparel. (*Deck* has no connection with decorate.)

30, 31. **turning the accomplishment of many years into an hour-glass**, crowding the incidents of many years into the space of an hour.

31. **for the which supply**, *i.e.* for the supply of the information concerning the events that transpire in the intervals between the acts.

Act I—Scene 1

1. **that self bill**. In *him*-self and similar pronouns *self* was originally an independent word in apposition with the personal pronoun, and used to emphasize it.

3. **was like**=was likely to have passed.

4. **scambling**, contentious, scrambling.

5. **question**, discussion.

15. **lazars**, poor leprous people. The word is derived from Lazarus, the name of the beggar in the parable.

21. **but what prevention** (is there)?

22. **fair regard**, just consideration.

26. **mortified**, killed, extinguished.

29. **offending Adam**, evil, vicious disposition. 'The old Adam' is a phrase often used for a man's worldly nature, and his proneness to fall into sin.

34. **a heady currance**, an impetuous current, sweeping before it all the faults of the prince.

35. **nor never**. This double negative is of frequent occurrence in early writers. There are very many instances in this play.

Hydra-headed. A hydra was a fabulous water-snake with many heads, which, when cut off, were succeeded by others. Hence hydra-headed means constantly recurring.

43. **list**, listen to.

44. **in music**, in smooth, flowing language.

45. **any cause of policy**, any political question.

46. **the Gordian knot**. Gordius, a king of Phrygia, fastened a knot so intricate that no one could untie it. An oracle declared that whoever loosed the knot should reign over all Asia. Alexander the Great cut the knot with his sword.

47. **familiar as his garter**, as easily as his garter.

48. **a charter'd libertine**. *Libertine*, one who is free; *chartered*, possessing a charter of privileges. The phrase, therefore, means one who is privileged to be free, a phrase eminently applicable to the air which "bloweth where it listeth".

49. **the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears**, *i.e.* men stand mute and expectant ("to steal", l. 501) in wonder on hearing his eloquent words.

51, 52. **practic, theoretic**—also formerly spelt *practique* and *theorique*—are old terms for practical and theoretical, as well as for practice and theory.

52. **must be the mistress to**, must give rise to.

this theoretic. Henry's great theoretical knowledge must spring, the Archbishop thinks, from practical experience of life; yet how can this be so in the case of one who was addicted to courses vain? The Bishop of Ely suggests that under the veil of a wild life the prince "obscured his contemplation"; concealed the fact that he was really marking the characters and manners of men.

54. **addiction**, inclination.

57. **and never noted**, and never (was there) noted.

58. **sequestration**, seclusion.

59. **popularity**, association with the common people. (Lat. *popularis*, pertaining to the people.)

63. **obscured his contemplation**, kept in the background his serious observation of men and things.

64. **which**; referring to contemplation.

66. **crecive in his faculty**, increasing by its very nature. In old English *his* was both masculine and neuter, being the genitive of 'he' and 'it', and is used nearly always by Shakespeare where we should use 'its'. But see act v. 2. 40.

74. **exhibitors.** Those who introduced a bill into Parliament. Holinshed says the bill was "exhibited in the Parliament".

76. **upon our spiritual convocation**, as the result of our ecclesiastical meeting.

77. **in regard of causes**, in regard to matters.

78. **open'd at large**, set forth fully.

86. **severals**, details.

unhidden passages, clear lines of succession. *Passages* here means 'the passing from one person to another', hence 'a line of succession'.

87. **some certain dukedoms**, some particular dukedoms.

91. **upon**, at.

95. **go we**; imperative, 1st plural.

embassy, errand.

Act I—Scene 2

4. **cousin.** He was a relation of the king by marriage.
resolved, receive explanation.

11. **the law Salique**, which excluded females from the throne, was not in operation in France till the fourteenth century, on the death of Louis X.

12. **or . . . or**, either . . . or (compare the Lat. *aut . . . aut*).

14. **wrest, or bow your reading**, twist or distort your interpretation.

15-17. The paraphrase will be something like this: Do not burden your conscience, which knows the right, with the sin of subtly developing titles which, looked at impartially, are seen to be false.

19, 20. **in approbation of**, in making good; in vindicating.

21. **impawn**, involve.

28. **brief mortality**, human life.

29. **conjunction**, solemn appeal.

40. **glose**, interpret, with the idea of unfairness; misconstrue. The corresponding noun 'gloss' conveys no notion of unfairness.

45. **Sala**; river Saale, a tributary of the Elbe, in Saxony.

49. **dishonest**, dishonourable; unchaste.

51. **inheritrix**, *i.e.* of any property.

53. **Meisen**. Meissen, a town on the Elbe, near Dresden.

58. **defunction**, death. Compare our word 'defunct', meaning 'dead'. (Lat. *defungor*, *defunctus*, to finish.) This classical term suits the formal style in which the Archbishop is speaking.

56-64. The French, we are told, possessed the Salique land 421 years after the death of King Pharamond, who died in the year 426. This, therefore, brings us up to 847 as the date of the French possession. Yet in almost the very next line we are told that Charles the Great 'seated' the French there in 805. There certainly seems some carelessness in the matter of these figures, which are those of the historian Holinshed, whom Shakespeare mostly follows.

66. **heir general**, general heir; or heir to several.

72. **find**, provide.

shows, appearance.

73. **naught**, of no value.

74. **convey'd himself**, passed himself off.

75. **Charlemain**, known in history as Charles the Bald.

77. **Lewis the Tenth** should be 'the Ninth'. The mistake occurs in Holinshed. *Lewis* here and elsewhere a monosyllable.

82. **lineal of**, lineally descended from. See note to l. 56-64.

88. **King Lewis his satisfaction**. It was at one time erroneously supposed that 's, the sign of the possessive case, was a contraction of 'his', and so after a proper name ending in 's' the 'his' was written in full.

93. **to hide them in a net**, *i.e.* to screen themselves behind a network of false argument.

94. **amply**, fully.

inbar, 'to bar in; secure; and so to maintain and defend their titles by contending that, though derived from the female, their claim was a stronger one than Henry's'. In the place of *inbar* the reading *imbare* is sometimes substituted, meaning to lay bare; disclose.

98. **in the book of Numbers**, *viz.*, chap. xxvii. ver. 8.

99. **When the man dies** (having no son).

Summary of the Archbishop's arguments:—(1) That the Salic law only applied to the Salic land, situated between the rivers Sala and

Elbe, and that it was not devised for the realm of France at all. (2) That several French monarchs, like Pepin, Hugh Capet, and Lewis IX, had claimed the throne in right of women. (3) That there was Scriptural warrant for a man claiming an inheritance through the female.

102. **into, unto.**

103. **great-grandsire**, Edward III.

107. **making defeat**, inflicting defeat.

108. **whiles**. The old genitive of the noun 'while', time, meaning of or during the time; used adverbially.

110. **forage**, make havoc.

111. **entertain**, keep engaged.

112. **the full pride**, the flower of their strength.

114. **cold for action**, cold for want of action. At the battle of Crecy the English army was arranged in three divisions, of which only two were engaged, the reserve taking no part in the action.

118. **renowned them**, made them renowned. We have here a noun used as a verb. Such points will not henceforward be mentioned in the notes: the pupil should make lists of them.

119. **runs**. The verb is singular notwithstanding the plural subject, because "blood and courage" represents but *one* idea.

120. **May-morn of his youth**. The king was now in his twenty-seventh year.

126. **so hath your highness**=as indeed you have. These words are either said by way of emphasis, or else the previous line should be added to Exeter's speech.

128. **whose hearts have left their bodies**, &c., *i.e.* already, in imagination, they were encamped in the fields of France.

137. **lay down our proportions**, settle the numbers necessary; make preparations proportionate to the danger.

138. **road**, inroad.

140. **marches**, borders. (A.S. *marc*, a mark, bound, border.)

143. **coursing snatchers**, roving freebooters.

144. **main intendment**, an assault by the whole force of Scotland.

145. **still**, always.

152. **girding**, investing.

154. **shook**, more common than *shaken* in Shakespeare.

the ill neighbourhood, *i.e.* the unneighbourliness of the invaders.

155. **fear'd**, frightened.

156. **for hear her but exempl'd by herself**, hear an example from her past history.

158. **a mourning widow of her nobles**. A reference either to the loss at Crecy, or to the absence of her nobles.

160. **impounded**, to put in a pound, *i.e.* an enclosure in which strayed animals are confined.

stray, a strayed animal.

161. **King of Scots.** David Bruce, taken prisoner at the battle of Neville's Cross, Oct. 17th, 1346, while Edward was away in France. The battle of Crecy was fought on Aug. 26th, 1346.

165. **sumless treasuries**, untold treasures; countless wealth.

169. **being in prey**, being in quest of prey.

175. **a crush'd necessity**, a necessity that is crushed, overcome (by the reasons given in the next two lines). Instead of *crush'd* some editions have 'curst'. Several other changes have been proposed, such as 'crude', 'crazed'.

179. **advised**, prudent.

180. **government, though high and low and lower**; a reference to the three estates of the realm—king, lords, and commons. The orderly working of such a government is compared to the harmonious blending of different parts in music.

181. **consent**, accord; harmony. See also line 206.

182. **congreeing**, agreeing.

184. **in divers functions**, into various duties and occupations.

185. **setting endeavour in continual motion**, &c., arousing (in him) unceasing endeavour, subject, however, always to obedience of the law as his aim or mark.

189. **act**, practice.

190. **sorts**, various kinds and grades.

193. **in**, with. See l. 169.

194. **make boot**, prey.

197. **busied in his majesty**, busy in his kingly duties.

202. **sad-eyed**, grave-looking.

203. **executors**, executioners; those who carry out the sentence of the judge. Note the accents are upon the first and third syllables.

212. **borne**, carried out.

220. **the name of**, the reputation for.

223. **the noble sinews of our power**, in apposition to *powers*.

225. **or**. Cf. l. 12.

226. **empery**, sovereignty.

227. **her almost kingly dukedoms**, as Normandy, Burgundy, Aquitaine, Brittany.

232. **Turkish mute**. An allusion to the deaf and dumb attendants in the Turkish court, who were so chosen that they could hear and reveal nothing.

233. **not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph**, not honoured even with the most transitory inscription. *A waxen epitaph* is an epitaph written on wax, and hence very perishable. There may be here a reference to the custom, once common upon the death of an eminent person, for his friends to compose short poems or epitaphs in his praise and affix them to the hearse or grave by pins, paste, or wax; but the expression is rather to be taken figuratively.

239, 240. **shall we sparingly show you far off the Dauphin's meaning? shall we vaguely hint to you the Dauphin's meaning?**

242. My passion is as much under the control of my will and pleasure.

245. **in few**, in few words; in brief.

250. **you savour too much of your youth**, your claim is too much like your youthful follies. See l. 295.

252. **galliard**, a lively dance. (Fr. *gaillard*, merry, jovial.)

253. **you cannot revel into dukedoms there**; alluding to the wild and riotous life the prince had previously led. Accordingly the Dauphin mockingly tells him that his dancing feats will not gain him anything in France, nor his revels dukedoms. Qualities more manly would be required for such a task.

254. **meeter for**, (as) more suited to.

255. **in lieu of**, in return for. This is the usual meaning of this phrase in Shakespeare.

262. **set**, a technical term in tennis. The game was played in a large oblong *court*, divided into two parts, one the service side from which the ball was served, the other the defensive or *hazard* side. The floor in each division had painted lines across it called *chaces*. A game of tennis was called a *set*, and to win a set was to win the best of eleven games.

263. **hazard**. The pun upon the word is obvious.

264. **wrangler**, an opponent.

266. **chaces**; used also figuratively for contests.

267. **comes o'er us**, twits; taunts us.

268. This illustrates act i, scene 1, 63.

269. **seat**, throne.

270. **hence**, away from court.

274. **show my sail of greatness**, display my full power.

282. **gun-stones**; when cannon were first used the balls were made of stone.

283. **wasteful**, destructive.

292. **to venge me**, to avenge myself.

303. **save those** (thoughts) **to God**.

304. **proportions**, numbers proportionate to the needs of the enterprise.

307. **God before** probably means God going before, *i.e.* with God's help; or perhaps = before God, *i.e.* I swear by God. Shakespeare represents Henry as a man of deep religious feeling. See iii. 6. 156, and many other passages, and carefully note them.

Act II

PROLOGUE.—The chorus speaks of the enthusiastic preparations for the war that are everywhere being made throughout England. The French in their alarm have bribed three noblemen to assassinate the king before he embarked for France. The spectators are then asked to transport themselves in imagination to Southampton, where the events connected with the disclosure of the conspiracy took place.

SCENE I. Bardolph, accosting Corporal Nym, enquires if he is yet on friendly terms with Pistol, who has recently married Nell Quickly, a former sweetheart of Nym's. The latter answers in a vague and disjointed fashion, and darkly hints that he will take revenge "when time shall serve". Pistol entering on the scene a quarrel ensues, marked by much braggadocio on both sides, Pistol's bombastic rant being of the very first quality. The disputants are at length quieted by the efforts of Bardolph, who is anxious for them to be at peace, that they may proceed to the war in company, and as "sworn brothers". In the meantime the boy coming in reports that Sir John Falstaff (their patron and friend) is very ill, and begs them to come and attend him. In Scene 3 these worthies are depicted in doleful mood over the death of Falstaff, and the hostess gives some affecting particulars of his last hours. They then take their leave of Mistress Quickly and prepare to join the forces bound for France, Pistol having given his wife some advice as to the conduct of the business (at Eastcheap tavern) during his absence.

SCENE II.—A council is held at Southampton, at which the king, his chief nobles, and likewise the conspirators, are present. The latter are unanimous in their acknowledgment of the excellence of the king's government, and of the devoted loyalty of all his subjects. When the king proposes to set at liberty a man who was arrested the previous day for railing against his person, the conspirators strongly recommend him to show no such leniency. At this point, with dramatic effect, a paper is placed in their hands, charging them with treason. Taken aback, their very faces convict them, and they at once confess their guilt, and appeal for that mercy which they had just denied to a prisoner of much meaner account. In a powerful and impressive speech the king points out the horror of the detestable crime they contemplated, and particularly reproaches Lord Scroop with ingratitude and falseness, showing how utterly he had been deceived in him. Touching himself, the king observed, he sought no revenge, but for the safety of the kingdom at large it was necessary to deliver them up to the law.

SCENE IV.—The concluding scene of this act is laid in France. The French king and his counsellors fully realize the necessity of making fitting preparations to meet the on-coming of the English. The Dauphin also admits the advisability of this, yet affects to despise the foe, and speaks in a most slighting and contemptuous manner of Henry. The Constable assures him he is altogether mistaken in the character of the English king. An embassy from England is now introduced, at the head of which is Exeter, who, on behalf of Henry, makes a formal demand of the French crown, and threatens, in the event of refusal, the direst horrors of war.

Prologue

2. **silken dalliance**, silken garments and the dalliance or easy life associated with them are laid aside.

6. **the mirror of all Christian kings**. Henry is so called as reflecting in his person all the virtuous qualities of Christian kings.

7. **Mercuries**; Mercury was the attendant and messenger of the gods.

8. **Expectation** is here personified, and sees in anticipation the acquisition of crowns and coronets by the sword.

9. **hilts**; formerly the only protection for the hands was the cross-bar just below the handle. This forming, as it were, two projections on either side, probably accounts for the plural 'hilts' which is oftener used in Shakespeare than the singular 'hilt'.

10. **crowns imperial, crowns and coronets**, *i.e.* crowns worn by emperors, kings, and peers.

14. **pale policy**. It is easy to see how pale is here used to mean *cowardly*.

16. **model to thy inward greatness**, small in size as compared with thy real greatness. A 'model' is properly a copy on a small scale, a miniature.

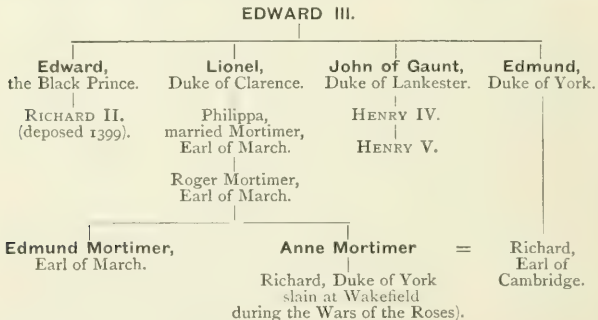
18. **that honour would (have) thee do**.

19. **kind and natural** have almost the same meaning. "Creeping things after their *kind*."

20. **France**, *i.e.* the King of France.

22. **treacherous crowns**, crown pieces to bribe them.

20-30. The following table of descent will help to make clear the lineage of the Earl of Cambridge, and also his motive for entering into a conspiracy against Henry's life:—



Holinshed says: "Divers write that Richard Earl of Cambridge did not conspire with Lord Scroop and Sir Thomas Gray for the murdering of King Henry to please the French king withal, but only to the intent to exalt to the crown his brother-in-law, the Earl of March, as heir to Lionel Duke of Clarence."

24. **Lord Scroop of Masham**. This nobleman doubtlessly cherished, in secret, bitter feelings against the House of Lankester, for both his father and his uncle, Archbishop Scrope, had been put to death by Henry IV. His wife, moreover, was a relation of the Earl of Cambridge.

25. **Sir Thomas Grey of Northumberland** 'was probably a partisan of the Percies, who were defeated by Henry IV'.

26. **gilt . . . guilt.** This particular play on words Shakespeare uses more than once. Such puns were probably much to the taste of the audience in Shakespeare's day.

28. **this grace of kings**, one 'who does the greatest honour to the royal title'.

31. **linger . . . on**, prolong. The verb is here used transitively.

31, 32. **we'll digest the abuse of distance.** Usually explained as, 'We'll manage the deception as to distance', viz. in transferring the scene from one place to another.

32. **force a play.** It seems impossible to get a sensible meaning out of these words. The line is faulty in metre, and doubtlessly corrupt, and probably the latter half of the preceding line as well.

34. **is set**, has set out.

39. **pass**, passage.

40. **one stomach**, 'the taste of a single person'. There is also a punning allusion to sea-sickness.

41. Probably in this line and the next we have an instance of a numerous class of difficulties in Shakespeare's language. He starts line 41 intending to say "But till the king come forth we do not shift our scene", changing the form of expression afterwards into "Not till the king come forth do we shift our scene".

Act II Scene 1

1. **Nym.** This word is derived from the A.S. *niman*, to take, to steal, and is an appropriate name for the corporal.

3. **Ancient** (also written Auncient in act iii), an ensign, standard-bearer. Probably a corruption of **Fr. enseigne**.

6. **wink**, to half-close the eyes.

7, 8. **what though?** What then?

9. **there's an end**, there's an end of it, that's enough.

11. **sworn brothers to France**, *i.e.* bound by oath to be faithful to one another in the French campaign. The expression is derived from the phrase 'fratres jurati', used of those who, in the days of adventure, pledged themselves to share each other's fortunes.

15. **that is my rest**, 'that is my resolve', that is what I take my stand on. '*Rest*' was a term in card-playing, and denoted the highest stake to which a person would go.

rendezvous. Nym's use of words should be noticed; sometimes, as here, he uses a word which sounds finely, but whose meaning he does not understand, and which is quite unsuitable; often he speaks in a jerky, mysterious way, copiously quoting proverbial sayings, see ll. 20-25.

18. **Nell Quickly.** See list of 'Dramatis Personæ'.

19. **troth-plight**, betrothed. To plight one's troth is to pledge one's good faith.

31. **Lady** (the Virgin Mary). Here a mere ejaculation.
33. **Good lieutenant!** This is probably a slip of the poet's, as Pistol's proper title is 'Ancient'. So in iii. 2 Nym calls Bardolph 'corporal'.
- 33, 34. **offer nothing here**, 'attempt no violence here'.
36. **Iceland dog!** Iceland dogs were noted for their long shaggy hair and outlandish appearance. They were very quarrelsome, and had pointed ears. Hence the term '*prick-ear'd*'.
- 38, 39. **thy valour . . . your sword.** The use of the plural pronoun instead of the singular was becoming common in Shakespeare's time: often an appropriateness can be noticed in the choice.
40. **shog, jog.**
solus. Nym's vocabulary is quite too much for Pistol, who is sure that 'solus' is a most offensive term. Pistol, however, has some good words: 'egregious', which he uses here and in iv. 4. 11, and 'mervailous'. Notice Pistol's fondness for alliteration and for rather old-fashioned words, such as *mickle* and *wight*.
41. **egregious**, unmitigated.
42. **mervailous**, marvellous (Fr. *merveilleux*).
44. **maw**, stomach.
perdy, a corruption of the Fr. *par Dieu*, by God.
47. **I can take, I can take fire.**
Pistol's cock is up. Flint pistols were in use at this time.
49. **Barbason**, the name of a fiend. Nym says that Pistol's ranting string of words cannot 'conjure' him into quietness as if he were an evil spirit.
51. **foul . . . scour**, a foul pistol was cleaned (scoured) with a scouring-stick.
57. **exhale**, *i.e.* ex-haul, draw out (Abbott).
62. **fore-foot**, hand.
63. **tall**, brave.
66. **couple a gorge!** Pistol's French for 'coupez la gorge'.
68. **hound of Crete.** Perhaps a species of blood-hound, or the phrase may be meaningless: something Pistol has picked up at the theatre. See l. 78.
69. **quondam.** Latin for once, formerly. **I will hold the quondam Quickly**, I will keep her that was formerly Mistress Quickly.
70. **pauca**, briefly (Latin for 'few words').
71. **go to.** An expression of impatience, common in Shakespeare.
- 73, 74. **would (go) to bed.** The verb 'go' is frequently understood. So a few lines below "We must (go) to France together".
75. **do the office of a warming-pan.** In act iii, scene 2, the boy says, "For Bardolph, he is white-livered and *red-faced*"; and in scene 6 Fluellen says, "his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and *flames o' fire*".
- 78, 79. **he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days**, *i.e.* he'll one day come to the gallows. Said of the boy.

79. **the king has killed his heart.** Said of Falstaff, who had formerly been the prince's boon companion, "the tutor and the feeder of his riots", but whom Henry, on coming to the throne, sternly cast off.

84. **let floods o'erswell, &c.** Doubtless another playhouse scrap. Notice that Pistol speaks in verse throughout: it suits his bombast.

90. **compound, settle.**

93. **sword is an oath,** since swearing by it was swearing by a cross, the hilt forming a cross at the top.

94. **an, if.**

99. **a noble,** an old coin worth 6s. 8d.

109. **as ever you came of women** — if you have any humanity at all.

111. **a quotidian tertian.** These words are absurdly coupled together, since 'quotidian' means a fever that recurs every day, and 'tertian' every third day.

113. **hath run bad humours on the knight,** has put the knight in a bad condition by venting his humour upon him.

114. **the even of it,** the truth of it.

116. **fracted, broken** (Latin *frango, fractum*).

corroborate. Another word to be added to the collection of Pistol's high-sounding misused vocabulary.

118. **he passes some humours and careers,** he indulges in some caprice and fitful turns. 'To pass career' was a term used in horsemanship, meaning 'to run a certain course'.

Act II—Scene 2

2. **by and by,** soon.

8. **his bedfellow.** Holinshed writes: "The said Lord Scroop was in such favour with the King that he admitted him sometime to be his bedfellow".

13, 14. **Masham . . . knight.** See lines 67 and 68.

18. **in head,** in force.

22. **that grows not in a fair consent,** 'that does not beat in harmony'.

23. **nor leave not.** Henry had made up his mind that he would neither take the traitors with him nor leave them behind. Note the double negative.

30. **have steep'd their galls in honey,** *i.e.* have allowed friendly feelings to take the place of hatred and bitterness.

31. **create,** created.

33. **forget the office of our hand,** forget how to use our hand.

34. **quittance,** requital, recompense.

40. **enlarge,** set free.

43. **on his more advice,** on his now being better advised; or perhaps it may mean — on further consideration of his case, 'his' being objective.

44. **security**. Used literally in the sense of heedlessness, want of care. (Lat. *se* for *sine*, without, *cura*, care.)

46. **by his sufferance**, by the enduring of him, *i.e.* by letting him go unpunished.

51. **after the taste of** = after undergoing.

54. **proceeding on**, resulting from.

55. **how shall we**, how wide we shall have to open our eyes.

61. **the late commissioners**, the recently appointed commissioners.

63. **it**, the commission, the document authorizing them to do certain business. What the business was does not appear.

74. **are paper**, *i.e.* white as paper.

76. **out of appearance**, out of sight.

79. **quick**, alive.

86. **apt**, ready.

to accord, to assent.

87, 88. **all appertinents belonging to his honour** = everything pertaining to his honour. The word 'belonging' is unnecessary.

90. **and sworn unto the practices of France**, and pledged himself to (support) the designs of France.

91. **Hampton**, Southampton.

95. **ingrateful**. We say 'ungrateful', but 'ingratitude'. 'Ungrateful' is also found in Shakespeare.

98. **coin'd me into gold**; *i.e.* Scroop might have obtained almost any sum from the king if he had worked upon him for his own benefit. The words 'thy' and 'foreign' are emphatic.

100. **may**, can.

102. **annoy**, hurt.

103, 104. **stands off as gross as black and white**, stands out as conspicuously as black does from white.

107, 108. The force of the 'so' seems to be carried on from 'grossly' to 'natural'. Treason and murder work so wickedly and yet so naturally together, that wonder forgot to 'whoop' at them.

109. When *Scroop* plotted treason and murder it was so outrageous that wonder *was* excited.

proportion, reason and fitness.

113. **the voice**, the vote as being 'excellent' in hell.

114. **suggest**, tempt, seduce.

116. **colours**, plausible pretexts.

118. The evil spirit that worked on Scroop did not trouble to suggest motives (instances), *e.g.* to persuade him he was doing a good thing for the nation, but merely bade him stand up and do his bidding.

123. **Tartar**, Tartarus, hell.

126. **jealousy**, suspicion.

127. **affiance**, confidence, trust. Henceforth the king's trust in others would be marred by suspicion.

show, seem.

133. **not swerving with the blood**, not swerving through mere impulse.
134. **deck'd in modest complement**, decked with a modest demeanour that completed, as it were, the qualities within.
136. Trusting neither eye nor ear except after judgment freed (purged) from hate and prejudice.
137. **bolted**, sifted, freed from any impure admixture.
145. **of**, on the charge of.
153. **which**; referring to 'fault'.
155. **for me**, as for me, as regards myself.
157. **what I intended**, viz. to raise to the throne his brother-in-law, the Earl of March.
159. **in sufferance**, in suffering (the penalty).
rejoice (at).
166. **quit**, acquit, pardon.
175. **tender**, look after, regard.
181. **dear**, grievous.
183. **like**, alike, equally.
188. **rub**, obstacle. In the game of bowls anything which turns the bowl from its course is called a rub.
191. **putting it straight in expedition**, putting it at once in motion.
192. **signs of war**, ensigns, standards.

Act II Scene 3

1. **bring thee**, accompany thee.
2. **Staines** "was the first stage on the road from London to Southampton".
3. **yearn**, grieve.
7. **wheresome'er**, wheresoever.
9. **Arthur's bosom**. The hostess doubtless means Abraham's bosom, but as one commentator remarks, "The name of the famous knight of the Round Table is more familiar to her than that of Abraham".
10. **'a**; a contraction of 'ha', which was also used for 'he' in middle English.
11. **an it had been**, as if it had been.
- 11, 12. **christom child**, for *chrison child*, a child that died under a month old. The *chrison* was a white cloth placed on the head of a child after being anointed with chrism at baptism, and used for its shroud if it died within a month of birth. (Chrism, consecrated oil, formerly used in baptism. The word is the same in origin as Christ, which means the Anointed One.)
12. **parted**, departed.
13. **at the turning o' the tide**. The superstitious belief that dying people are more likely to pass away at the ebb of the tide is met altogether extinct at sea-side places.
An old book on "Notable Things" says: "If the forehead of

the sicke wane redde and his nose waxe sharpe—if he pull straves, or the clothes of the bedde—these are most certain tokens of death”.

15. **there was but one way**=that it was all over with him.

16. **'a babbled of green fields**. The original text had, “a Table of greene fields”. Theobald, one of Shakespeare's best commentators, suggested *'a babbled* for ‘a table’, and this is regarded as one of the most brilliant emendations ever made.

27. **of sack**, against **sack**. *Sack*, the name of a kind of dry sherry. The word probably comes from Fr. *sec*, dry.

32. **well, the fuel is gone**, &c. Falstaff would no longer supply Bardolph with the sack which had made his nose so red.

37. **chattels**, goods.

38. **let senses rule**, be guided by prudence.

Pitch and Pay, an old proverbial saying equivalent to ‘down with your money’, ‘pay up’. The probable origin of the expression is thus given: “One of the laws of Blackwellhall, the old cloth-hall of London, was ‘that a penny should be paid by the owner of every bale of cloth for pitching’ and storing the same. Hence the rule of the hall was pitch and pay’.”

41. **hold-fast is the only dog**; a reference to the proverb, “Brag's a good dog, but Holdfast's a better”.

42. **Caveto**. Latin for ‘take care’.

43. **clear thy crystals**, dry thine eyes.

51. **housewifery**, careful housekeeping.

keep close, close at home.

Act II—Scene 4

1. **comes**. There are two ways of explaining why this verb is written in the sing.: (1) that ‘English’ stands for ‘English king’; (2) that we have here another instance of a construction somewhat frequent in Shakespeare, viz. a sing. verb with a plural subject when the verb comes before the subject.

2. **more than carefully**, ‘with more than common care’.

3. **to answer royally in our defences**, to make on our part ample and fitting preparations.

7. **to line**, to fortify.

8. **defendant**, defensive.

13. **the fatal English**, &c., the English who, being underrated and despised, proved so fatal to us (at Crecy and elsewhere).

18, 19. Each of the three nouns in line 18 is the subject of one of the verbs in 19.

20. **as**, as if.

25. **morris-dance**; called also a Morisco, *i.e.* a Moorish dance. It was originally connected with May-day festivities, but was afterwards transferred to the celebration of Whitsuntide. The character

of the accompanying music is the only thing that at all accounts for its particular name.

28. **humorous**, capricious, full of 'humours'.

29. **fear attends her not**, her movements cause no fear.

34. **modest in exception**, modest in raising objections.

36. **vanities forespent**, past follies.

37. **Brutus**. Lucius Brutus, whose brother had been killed by the tyrant Tarquin, feigned idiotcy to escape his brother's fate. Subsequently he was instrumental in driving Tarquin out of Rome, and became first consul.

45. **so the proportions of defence are fill'd** = provided that the fullest measures of defence are taken.

46. **of a weak and niggardly projection**, being put forth or provided for in a weak and niggardly way.

47. The sense is quite clear. To plan defence on a mean scale is to act like a miser who spoils, &c.

48. **think we**, let us think.

50. **flesh'd upon us**, trained and fitted for war at our expense. 'To flesh' is to train a hound by giving it pieces of flesh, and thus arouse in it a taste for blood.

52. **our familiar paths**, the parts familiar to us, the parts where we live.

67. **present**, immediate.

69. **turn head**, turn at bay, face them.

70. **spend their mouths**, utter their cries. A phrase used by sportsmen.

80. **'long**, belong.

83. **the ordinance of times**, what has been ordained or established by long usage.

85. **no sinister nor no awkward claim**, no perverse or patched-up claim. The Latin word *sinister* signifies, on the left hand, hence awkward, wrong, perverse.

86. **pick'd from the worm-holes, &c.**, 'picked out from ancient and worm-eaten documents'.

88. **line** (of descent); *i.e.* a genealogical table. **memorable** here means calling to memory.

89. **demonstrative**, *i.e.* of his descent and claim.

90. **willing you overlook**, desiring you to look over.

91. **evenly**, directly, without a break in the line of descent.

94, 95. **indirectly held**, unrighteously withheld from the true claimant by birth.

102. **in the bowels of the Lord** = out of pure compassion. St. Paul (*Philippians*, i. 8), "I long after you all in the bowels of Christ".

102, 103. **bids you . . . deliver up . . . and to take**. We have here, as elsewhere in Shakespeare, the sign of the infinitive omitted before the first verb, and inserted before the second, which is farther away from the main verb.

105. **and.** The grammar would be clearer if this word were left out, as it leads one to expect that a finite verb will follow. In reading the line the accent must be placed strongly on 'your'.

124. **womby vaultages**, hollow vaults.

126. **second accent**, echo.

ordinance, *i.e.* ordnance, artillery.

132. **Louvre**, a building of immense size, and originally a royal palace, now used as a repository of paintings and works of art.

133. **the mistress-court**, the chief court; (and as referring to tennis) the best court.

137. **masters**, is master of.

145. **small breath**, short breathing-time.

Act III

PROLOGUE.—The chorus now bids the audience behold in imagination the embarkation of the king and his troops at Southampton; the majestic fleet, like a huge floating city, making its way to Harfleur, leaving England drained of its choicest manhood; the arrival at Harfleur of Exeter on his return from the French king, bringing back the offer of Katharine's hand and some petty dukedoms as a dowry—an offer that Henry rejects; and then, the opening of the siege.

SCENE I.—The first part of this act is taken up with a series of scenes before Harfleur, now in a state of siege. A breach has been made in the wall, and Henry, in a stirring and spirited address, animates his troops to renewed efforts, reminding them of the great deeds of their forefathers on French soil.

SCENE II.—Pistol and Nym find the fighting too hot, and not at all to their taste, and show a decided disposition to keep in the background. In this humour they are discovered by Fluellen, a Welsh officer, who, indignant at their cowardice, drives them forward to the breach. With their exit the boy is left alone, and falls into a soliloquy upon the character of the men he serves, whose distinctive features he hits off with great acuteness, and finally expresses his determination to quit their service out of sheer disgust at their villainy.

An amusing scene then follows from the meeting of four officers representing the different nationalities in Henry's army, Gower (English), Jamy (Scotch), Fluellen (Welsh), Macmorris (Irish). A quarrel between Fluellen and Macmorris on the disciplines of the wars is averted only by the town sounding a parley.

SCENE III.—Henry, addressing the governor and chief citizens, exhorts them to yield at once, lest, by their obstinacy, they should bring on themselves the savage excesses of a successful and enraged soldiery. The governor, disappointed in his expectation of help, consents to surrender. Henry gives the place in charge of Exeter, with an injunction to use mercy, and expresses his intention to retire to Calais with the rest of the troops, in consequence of the approach of winter and the increase of sickness in the army.

SCENE IV.—The scene is now transferred to the French king's palace at Rouen, where Katharine is taking a lesson in English from her maid, Alice.

SCENE V.—At the same place the king and his courtiers are assembled. The latter are impatient to get at the English, whom they speak of in the most disparaging terms. It is resolved to oppose the English without further delay, and intercept them on their march to Calais. Presumptuously confident of victory, the French king ventures to send forward Montjoy the herald to enquire of Henry what ransom he is prepared to give.

SCENE VI.—The scene then changes to the camp of the advanced guard of the English, who are making their way through Picardy towards Calais. During this journey Bardolph, for stealing "a pax", is condemned to be hanged. Pistol therefore comes to Fluellen, and in a style thoroughly Pistolian, desires him to use his influence to avert the fate that threatens his comrade. But Fluellen is a stickler for discipline, and declares he would not stir a step to save his brother in such a case. Pistol then departs, first giving vent to some insulting expressions, which Fluellen takes quietly, intending to bide his time.

The rear-guard having now come up, Fluellen reports to the king that the bridge, which the French had endeavoured to destroy, is preserved and the enemy repulsed; also that one Bardolph is to be executed for robbing a church—a disciplinary measure that the king approves of. At this point the arrival is announced of Montjoy, the French herald, who, in his master's name, bids Henry "consider of his ransom", and warns him of the certain doom of his followers. To this Henry replies that despite the weak and enfeebled condition of his army, he will not shrink from a battle if the French attempt to bar his way to Calais.

SCENE VII.—Both armies have in the meanwhile come within measurable distance of each other, and the French are encamped near Agincourt. The Dauphin and his brother officers are longing for morning to "be about the ears of the English". The prince is in a very bragging mood, and cannot say sufficient in praise of his horse. Upon his exit, the Constable, in an interchange of wit with Orleans, shows clearly that he does not hold a very high opinion of the Dauphin's valour. All agree, however, in running down the English, whose courage they assert is of a kind that springs from an inability to perceive danger. "Give them", says the Constable, "great meals of beef, and they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils."

Prologue

1. **imagined wing**, wings of imagination. See act i, prologue, l. 18.

6. **the young Phœbus**, the sun at early morn. The word Phœbus literally means bright, shining, and was used as an epithet of Apollo, the sun-god.

10. **threaten sails**, sails made of thread or fibre.

11. **borne with**, borne along by.

12. **bottoms**, hulks.
 14. **rivage**, shore.
 17. **Harfleur**, a place near the mouth of the Seine, on the north bank.
 18. **grapple your minds**, &c. = mentally keep close behind this navy.
 27. **girded**, surrounded.
 30. **to dowry**, for a dowry.
 32. **likes not**, pleases not. So iv. 1. 16, and iv. 3. 77.
 33. **linstock**, a stick to which the match was fastened.
chambers, small cannon. So named from the movable chamber at the breach into which the charge was put.
 35. **eke**, lengthen out; hence, fill up, complete.

Act III—Scene 1

2. **or close the wall up**, &c.; *i.e.* either force your way through, or close the wall up with your dead bodies.
 9. **aspect**. This word is always accented on the second syllable in Shakespeare.
 10. **portage**. The sockets in which the eyes are set are compared to the port-holes (*portage*) of a ship, through which the brass cannon are seen.
 11. **o'erwhelm**, overhang.
 12. **galled**, fretted or worn away by the constant action of the waves.
 13. **jutty his confounded base**, project beyond its troubled base.
 14. **swill'd**, washed.
 16, 17. **bend up every spirit to his full height**=strain every nerve to the utmost.
 18. **fet**; an old form of *fetched*.
fathers of war-proof, fathers who have proved their prowess and valour in war.
 24. **be copy**, be a pattern.
 27. **the mettle of your pasture**, the spirit of your bringing-up.
 30. **your**. 'His' would be more grammatical.
 31. **slips**, leashes for holding back a hound till let loose upon the game.
 33. **follow your spirit**; follow with your body where your spirit already is. Compare act i. 2. 130.

Act III—Scene 2

- 4, 5. **a case of lives**, a set, a pair of lives.
 5, 6. **the very plain-song of it**=the truth of it. The 'plain-song' was the simple air without variations.
 7. **humours do abound**. He probably means, 'all sorts of freaks and accidents abound'.

9-19. Fragments of old ballads.

20. **Fluellen**. The spelling represents approximately the Welsh pronunciation of Llewellyn.

avaunt, begone.

cullions, rascals, worthless fellows.

21. **duke**, commander (Lat. *dux*).

men of mould, men of earth, poor mortal men.

24. **bawcock**, fine fellow. (Fr. *beau cog*.)

28. **swashers**, swash-bucklers, braggarts, swaggers.

29. **would**, should.

30. **antics**, buffoons.

31. **white-livered**, an epithet for a coward.

36. **the best men**, the bravest men.

41. **purchase**; properly what is obtained by effort (from Fr. *pour-chasser*, to seek after). Here, a mild term for plunder; what is stolen.

44. **in Calais**. A slip on the part of the poet, for the army was still some distance off this place.

46. **would carry coals**, do any dirty work, or degrading service; hence, submit to any indignity.

48. **makes much against**, goes much against.

50. **pocketing up of wrongs**. Notice the double sense in which these words are used.

54. **presently**, immediately.

59. **disciplines**, here and later = rules.

60. **concavities**, for *excavation*; depth.

70, 71. **I will verify as much in his beard**, I will prove it to his face.

77. **expedition**, for *experience*.

83. **God-den**, for *good even*, a salutation in use after mid-day.

93. **a few disputations**, a little discussion.

101. **quit you**, reply to your arguments.

112. **mess**, mass.

114. **lg**, lie.

115. **pay't as valorously**, &c., 'it' refers to 'service'. The expression therefore means, I'll perform this service as valiantly as I can.

116. **breff**, short.

117. **question**, discussion.

120, 121. **ish a villain and . . . rascal**; to finish the question supply 'to insult my nation?'

136. **to be required**, meaning, to be found.

Act III—Scene 3

2. **parle**, parley.
8. **half-achieved**, half-won.
11. **flesh'd**, made fierce by the sight or smell of blood. See note, act ii. 4. 50.
15. **war** is here personified.
- 17, 18. **do . . . all fell feats enlink'd to**, &c., do all sorts of savage deeds that go hand in hand with waste and desolation.
21. **bootless**, uselessly.
23. **precepts**, injunctions; orders.
29. **heady**, wild; mad-like.
37. **Jewry**, Judæa.
40. **guilty in defence**, *i.e.* guilty in obstinately and foolishly holding out.
42. **of succours**, about help.
47. **defensible**, capable of offering defence.
55. **address**, ready.

Act III—Scene 4

One commentator remarks that the chief objection to this scene is "that all the other French characters are allowed to speak in English, and therefore why not Katharine, especially since the scene adds neither force nor beauty to the play". The scene would doubtless amuse the audience.

Act III—Scene 5

5. **sprays**, sprigs; offshoots.
6. **scions**; properly small branches or shoots that are grafted on to another tree. The word, therefore, practically means the same as 'sprays'.
- put in**, grafted on to. The Dauphin is alluding to the Anglo-Norman origin of the English.
11. **but** here = if not, and depends on *Mort de ma vie*, "May I die if I do not sell my dukedom," &c.
13. **nook-shotten isle**, 'an island full of nooks and corners', or, perhaps 'an island thrust or shot into a corner'.
16. **whom**. The antecedent is contained in the preceding 'their', which = of them.
- as in despite**, as if with disfavour.
17. **sodden water**, water boiled (with barley-malt). 'Sodden' is the past participle of 'seethe', to boil.
18. **drench**, a draught.
- sur-rein'd**, over-ridden. Horses in this condition were given a mixture of hot water and ground malt or bran,

18. **barley-broth.** This term as well as the two preceding ones are no doubt sneeringly used of English beer.

19. **decoct,** warm, invigorate.

22. **roping icicles,** icicles that hang down like ropes.

24. **sweat drops of gallant youth**=act gallantly and vigorously.

25. **poor,** referring to 'fields'.

in their native lords, as regards their native lords (who are doing nothing to defend them).

28. **bred out,** weakened by the valour of our fathers being divided up amongst so many descendants.

30. **lavoltas.** The lavolta was a dance of Italian origin, consisting chiefly of high bounds, and whirls.

corantos, a quick, lively dance; a kind of gallop.

32. **lofty.** Satirically used with reference to the high bounds, and to the meaning 'noble, excellent'.

37. His name was D'Albret.

high constable, "this nobleman had the official command of the French army".

44. **for your great seats,** for the sake of your lofty positions.

51. **a captive chariot,** a chariot used for captives.

57. **for achievement,** either 'as the final act of his enterprise', or 'instead of achieving a victory'.

Act III Scene 6

Picardy, one of the old provinces of France, of which Amiens was the most important town.

2. **the bridge.** Holinshed mentions that after Henry had crossed the Somme, he sent forward a portion of his forces to secure a certain bridge over the river Ternoise that lay in his way. On the arrival of this force at the bridge, they found the French endeavouring to destroy it. Whereupon they attacked and discomfited them, and so preserved the bridge till the king came, and passed over with his whole army.

5. **Duke of Exeter.** In scene 3 of this act, we read that Exeter was left in charge of Harfleur. Holinshed says that he left his lieutenant there and followed the king to Agincourt, but, as matter of fact, he was not present at the battle.

7. **Agamemnon,** commander-in-chief of the Greek forces before Troy.

12. Perhaps Fluellen is hazy as to Pistol's correct title; or, perhaps a man could be an ensign-lieutenant.

26. **Fortune's furious fickle wheel.** Pistol again indulges in alliteration, as in other instances that follow.

30. **a pax.** This ought to be written *pax* or *pax*, the word used both by Hall and Holinshed in recording this incident. The 'pax' was a box containing the consecrated bread used in the sacrament

of the Lord's supper. It is related that a foolish soldier stole from a church a pix of copper gilt, which he happened to mistake for gold, that the culprit was led through the whole army, which halted for the purpose, and was then hanged on a tree close to the church which he had robbed.

A *pax* was a metal or wooden plate with the crucifix engraved on it, and during mass was carried round for communicants to give the kiss of *peace*.

47. **and** (with) **vile reproach**, *i.e.* and under circumstances of vile reproach.

56. **figo** (Spanish for 'fig'), an expression of contempt.

58. **the fig of Spain**. This expression has possibly reference to "the custom in Spain of giving poisoned figs to those who were objects of revenge". Pistol evidently uses it to emphasize his contempt.

60. **counterfeit rascal**, a rascally impostor.

71. **sconce**, a redoubt, earthwork.

73. **stood on**, held out for.

75. **new-tuned oaths**. Oaths in foreign languages were brought home plentifully by the travelling Englishman.

76. **a horrid suit of the camp**, clothes bearing the marks of hard service in the field.

83. **if I find a hole in his coat**, if I note anything about him for which I can take him to task.

85. **from the pridge**, *i.e.* having come from the bridge, the whole phrase qualifying 'I'.

92. **passages**, occurrences.

101. **bubukles**, Fluellen's word for carbuncles; blotches.

102. **whelks**, pimples.

102, 103. **his lips blows at his nose**. Perhaps Fluellen means that his lips were protruding and turned upwards, forming as it were a pair of bellows for his nose, which was "like a coal of fire".

tucket, a trumpet flourish or signal (from Ital. *toccata*, a prelude or preliminary flourish).

113. **habit**, coat. The herald's coat was a tunic without sleeves and richly emblazoned.

120. **advantage is a better soldier than rashness**; *i.e.* to wait for an advantageous position is better generalship than to display rashness in attack.

123. **upon our cue**, in our turn. *Cue* (Fr. *queue*, a tail, end) is a stage phrase denoting the last words or tail-end of a speech, which gives the next player notice that it is his turn to come forward.

125. **sufferance**, patient endurance.

128. **digested**. We speak of 'swallowing an affront'.

142. **impeachment**, hindrance. (Fr. *empêcher*, to hinder.)

sooth, truth.

144. **an enemy of . . . vantage**, an enemy that has an advantage either in condition or position.

148. **who** refers to 'those few (people)'. The rule in modern English is to place the relative as near its antecedent as possible, for the sake of clearness. It will be noticed also that 'who' is followed by no verb to which it can be nominative.

156. **God before**. See note, act i. 2. 307.

158. **there's for thy labour**. It was customary to reward the herald, whatever his message.

159. **well advise himself, take good counsel with himself**. The French verb of *s'aviser*.

Act III—Scene 7

3. **an armour**; here, as often in Shakespeare, a suit of armour.

9. **of, with**.

12. **pasterns**, the lowest part of a horse's leg, between the fetlock and the hoof.

13, 14. **as if his entrails were hairs**; *i.e.* like tennis-balls, which were stuffed with hair.

14. **Pegasus**, a fabulous winged horse (see note on *Perseus*, l. 21).

14, 15. **chez les narines, &c.** This curious French is usually corrected into *qui a les narines*.

18. **Hermes**, the Greek name for Mercury.

21. **Perseus**, a mythological hero, who killed Medusa, a human monster, from whose blood sprang the winged horse Pegasus.

he is pure air and fire. "Alluding to the ancient doctrine that men and animals were all made up of four elements—air, fire, earth, and water, and that those in whom air and fire predominated possessed a higher and finer nature."

24. **jades**. The word 'jade' denotes a tired, worn-out horse.

26. **absolute**, perfect.

33. **to the lodging of the lamb**; *i.e.* to the lying down of the lamb.

36. **argument**, a subject.

47. **a many**. Compare 'a few'. Some regard 'many' as a noun, meaning 'number'.

55, 56. **faced out of my way**, opposed and turned out of my way; with a pun on 'faces'.

58. **go to hazard**, make a wager. In line 60 it means encounter risk.

72. **still**, continually. The Constable admits that the Dauphin is active, always doing something; hinting that his actions are not creditable.

84. **'tis a hooded valour, &c.** An allusion to falcons, which are kept *hooded* or covered until let go, when they at first bate or flutter the wings. 'Bate' is also perhaps punningly used in the sense of abate, diminish.

95. **'a fool's bolt is soon shot'**; *i.e.* a fool's remarks are made quickly and without reflection. What Orleans says is, therefore:

tantamount to, 'You are better at proverbs than I am by as much as a fool is readier and more heedless in uttering his thoughts than a wise man'.

97. **overshot**, put to the worse.

108. **apprehension**, intelligence; ability to perceive.

119. **do sympathize with**, are like.

120. **robustious**, fierce.

121. **and then** (if you) **give**.

124. **shrewdly**, badly.

126. **stomachs**, the appetite.

Act IV

PROLOGUE.—The chorus presents a vivid picture of the camps on the eve of the battle. The darkness of the night, the flickering watch-fires, the sentinels at their posts, the neighing of the horses, and the sounds of the armourers at work are all detailed in a way that effectively kindles the imagination. The French merrily pass away the time in playing dice, and, overweeningly confident, set up as their stakes the prisoners they anticipate taking on the morrow. The English, worn out by sickness and privation, sit by their fires, and brood over the morning's danger, whilst their 'royal captain' goes through the camp from tent to tent, cheering their spirits, giving one and all a kindly greeting, and inspiring them with heart and courage for the approaching combat. Note another apology of the chorus for the poor and inadequate means at command to fitly represent the subject.

SCENE I.—In the early dawn the king is talking to his brothers of the danger of their position.

After a touching little interview with Sir Thomas Erpingham, whose cloak he borrows for purpose of disguise, he is left alone by the nobles. Pistol enters and talks to the king as to one of his comrades. Then Fluellen and Gower come in and discourse on the wisdom of silence and sobriety in the camp.

The next to come his way are three soldiers, with whom he enters into conversation, still concealing his identity. Williams expresses the opinion that if the king's cause is not a just one he will have a heavy reckoning to make for all those that fall in the battle, and perish in the midst of their sins. This notion Henry combats at length, and Williams acknowledges that every man that dies ill is alone answerable for his misdeeds. The plain-spoken soldier, however, takes up a subsequent remark of the king's in somewhat too blunt a fashion, which causes Henry to observe that were the time convenient he should be angry with him. The soldier immediately suggests that the matter be made the occasion of a future quarrel between them, a proposition to which the king readily assents. They then exchange gloves as tokens by which they might know one another, each undertaking to wear the other's glove in his cap the day after the battle, and on beholding his own to challenge it.

Left alone, the king, in a fine soliloquy, dwells upon the uselessness of the ceremony which distinguishes kings from ordinary mortals. These reflections are followed by an appeal to God to steel his soldiers' hearts and sustain them in the unequal fight, and he further prays that his father's fault in usurping the throne be not remembered against him that day.

SCENE II.—In the opposing camp the scene presented is of quite a different character. The Constable, Grandpré, and the Dauphin vie with one another in boastful talk as they prepare for battle.

SCENE III.—The scene now returns to the English camp, where all is ready for battle. The "fearful odds" against them causes Westmoreland to exclaim—

"O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!"

But this the king warmly deprecates, declaring that he does not wish a single man more to share with him the glory of that day. Rather would he give leave to any man to depart who shrinks from the fight, and reminding them it is St. Crispin's day, he sets forth in glowing words the honour that would cover the survivors of that day, the pride they would feel on each returning anniversary in showing their scars and recalling their feats.

The French Herald comes once more to ask if Henry will compound for his ransom, and receives from the king a spirited reply which rises from playful irony to *real* royal dignity. On the herald's departing, York comes to beg the honour of leading the van, which is granted him.

SCENE IV.—The first scene on the field of battle shows to which side fortune leans, for the valiant Pistol puts to ransom a French soldier. A significant remark closes the scene: the camp is guarded by boys only.

SCENE V.—In another part of the field the French officers are in a state of consternation and utter dismay at the confusion and repulse of their troops. They see nothing left them to save their honour but to die fighting.

SCENE VI.—On the English side, Exeter brings word to the king that York and Suffolk have fallen. His description of the touching and pathetic manner of their death almost moves the king to tears; but this soft mood is immediately succeeded by one of great sternness, for, acting under the impression that the French were gathering together their scattered forces to renew the fight, he commanded that every man should kill his prisoners.

SCENE VII.—Another explanation of this sanguinary order is supplied by Fluellen and Gower, and Fluellen proceeds to make his famous comparison between Henry and Alexander the Great. The honest Welshman then goes on to express admiration of the king, his countryman, whom he likens to Alexander the Great; and growing warm with his subject he makes some very amusing comparisons between Monmouth and Macedon.

The French herald again puts in an appearance, this time to beg

permission to search out their nobles from among the slain, and to bury their dead. He admits that the day is Henry's.

The scene ends with a dialogue between Fluellen and the king, who gives Fluellen Williams's glove, pretending it is the Duke of Alençon's.

SCENE VIII.—Williams is returning with Gower to the king's tent when Fluellen meets them. The soldier, instantly recognizing the glove in the Welshman's cap, challenges it and strikes him. In the hubbub that follows, the king enters upon the scene and clears up the confusion, rewarding the soldier with a glove-full of crowns, and insisting on Fluellen being friends with him. The impetuous but good-natured Welshman, struck with the soldier's mettle, generously offers him twelve pence on his own account, which, however, Williams bluntly refuses.

An English herald then approaches, who hands the king a paper stating the number of prisoners of rank to be 1500, and the number slain on the enemy's side, 10,000; their own loss to be but 25, together with four gentlemen of rank. On thus learning the wonderful nature of the victory, Henry immediately issues orders that no boasting be heard, but that all praise be given to God; and that as soon as the dead were buried they should continue their march to Calais.

Prologue

1. **entertain conjecture of**, imagine.
2. **creeping murmur**, murmuring sounds creeping through the darkness from camp to camp, as explained in lines 4 and 5.
3. **poring dark**, darkness through which one has to peer or pore. Compare 'pale policy' in the chorus of act ii, and other instances in this chorus where the adjective has reference to persons.
4. **fills**. The verb is singular because the two subjects, 'creeping murmur' and 'poring darkness', form but one idea, viz. night.
5. **the wide vessel of the universe**, the broad bowl-like shape of the sky above and around.
6. **that**, so that.
7. **paly**, pale.
8. **battle**, army prepared for battle.
9. **umber'd**, shadowed.
10. **accomplishing**, completing their equipment.
11. **drowsy morning**. *Vide* note to line 2.
12. **over-lusty**, over-lively.
13. **do the low-rated English play at dice**, *i.e.* the prisoners they anticipate taking on the morrow they play for as their stakes at dice. Holinshed writes: "The Frenchmen in the meanwhile, as though they had been sure of victory, made great triumph, for the captains had determined before how to divide the spoil, and the soldiers the night before had played the Englishmen at dice".
14. **tardy-gaited**, slow-paced.

21. **who** is used instead of **which** in reference to objects that are personified, like **night** in the preceding line.

23. **watchful fires**. See note to line 2.

25. **gesture**, look, appearance.

28. **so**, as so.

31. **him**. The antecedent of 'who'. Let him who will behold, &c.

36. **enrounded**, surrounded.

37. There is no paleness in his cheeks in acknowledgment of the power of a sleepless night.

39. **over-bears attaint**, gets the better of the influences which endeavour to infect him with sleepiness.

43. **universal like the sun**, which rises "on the evil and on the good".

45. **cold fear**. See note, line 2.

that, so that.

mean and gentle all, all ranks, high and low.

46. **as may unworthiness define**, as we are about to describe feebly.

51. **right**; an adverb.

53. **minding**, calling to mind, forming a notion.

35-47. Paraphrased:—His royal face gives no indication that a formidable army has surrounded him. Notwithstanding he has been on the watch all the night, he has lost none of his colour, but looks fresh and cheerful, completely conquering the ill effects of his surroundings. In consequence every pale and dejected wretch brightens up at the sight of him, and (to describe it inadequately) his cheering influence, like the sun, braces up the spirits of all, whatever their rank, as they catch a glimpse of him during the night.

Act IV Scene 1

4. **some soul**, some hidden principle.

7. **husbandry**, economy, thrift.

8. **they**, the French.

our outward consciences; doing from without us a work similar to that which conscience does within.

10. **dress us**, prepare ourselves.

12. **make a moral of the devil**, extract a moral lesson out of the subject of the devil himself.

16. **likes**, pleases.

19. **upon example**, as the result of example (in others).

23. **slough**, the cast-off skin of a snake.

legerity, lightness, nimbleness. (Fr. *légereté*.)

24. The king borrows the cloak for disguise.

26. **do my good morrow to them**. Cf. *Judith Comus*, iv. 2. 38. "Do you salutation".

anon, at the same time. (A. S. *an an*, in one.)

32. **would**, would have.
37. **discuss unto me**; Pistol's bombast for 'tell me'.
38. **popular**, of the lower sort.
44. See act iii. 2. 24.
45. **imp**; literally an offspring.
48. **bully**. Used much in the same sense as bawcock.
51. **I am a Welshman**; because he was born at Monmouth.
55. **Saint Davy's day**, March 1st. St. David is the patron saint of Wales.
60. **figo**. See note, iii. 6. 56.
63. **sorts**, agrees.
65. **speak lower**. "Henry had commanded silence through his army, on pain, to a gentleman, of forfeiting horse and armour, and to an inferior, of losing an ear."
66. **admiration**, wonder.
87. **be**. *Be* is used with some notion of doubt after verbs of thinking (Abbott).
96. **estate**, condition.
97. **sand**, sand-bank.
103. **element**, sky.
shows, appears.
- 106, 107. **higher mounted, stoop**. Terms taken from the language of falconry. When a hawk, after mounting aloft, swooped down upon its prey, it was said to 'stoop'.
116. **at all adventures**. As we say now, 'at all hazards'.
118. **troth**, faith.
my conscience, what I really think.
122. **a many**. See iii. 7. 47.
125. **feel**, to get at, to sound.
137. **the latter day**, the last day.
- 140, 141. **children rawly left**, left without due provision being made for them.
143. **when blood is their argument**, when the shedding of blood is their purpose.
- 145, 146. **against all proportion of subjection**, against all proper duty of a subject.
148. **do sinfully miscarry upon the sea**, perish at sea in the midst of his sins.
- 152, 153. **irreconciled iniquities**, iniquities for which he has not obtained pardon, or become reconciled to heaven.
156. **endings**, the end his soldiers come to.
157. **they purpose not their death, &c.**, they have no design of bringing about their death when they think of engaging their services.
162. **contrived murder**, murder that has been planned.

163. **the broken seals of perjury**, seals or vows broken by perjury.
164. They have gone to the wars to escape imprisonment.
- 166, 167. **native punishment**, punishment in their native land.
168. **beadle**, one who bids persons appear at court to make answer.
169. **before-breach**, previous breaking.
- 177-184. The student should make an analysis of Henry's argument.
173. **unprovided**, unprepared.
180. **the time was blessedly lost**, the time was well spent.
182. **making God so free an offer**, giving God, if one may so speak, such a good opportunity of taking away his life.
- 189, 190. **he would not be ransomed**, *i.e.* he would rather perish than allow himself to be taken prisoner.
196. **you pay him then**, you will bring him to account then—spoken satirically.
197. **an elder-gun**, a pop-gun, made by taking the pith out of a stick of elder. Williams here means that the displeasure of a poor and private person against a monarch is about as deadly in its effects as the shot of a pop-gun.
- 198, 199. **go about to turn**, set about turning.
202. **too round**. We still speak of abusing a man 'roundly'.
207. **gage**, token, pledge.
214. **take**, give.
221. **enow**, the plural form of 'enough'.
224. **crowns**. With a pun, of course, upon 'heads'.
- 225, 226. **to cut French crowns**. To deface *English* coins was treason for an Englishman.
229. **careful**, anxious for our safety, oppressed with care.
- 232, 233. **subject to the breath of every fool**, exposed to the comments of every fool.
233. **whose sense**, &c., whose sensibility is such that he can only feel his own distresses.
234. **but**; used instead of 'than' after a comparative with a negative.
235. **neglect**, do without.
243. **what is thy soul of adoration?** The word *soul* is here used much as in line 4 of this scene. "What is the real nature of the adoration paid thee?" (Wright). "What is the soul of thy adoration?" meaning What is the essential nature of the adoration paid thee?
- 249, 250. Fall sick, and you will soon know the worthlessness of the flattery that has showered titles upon you.
253. **flexure**, bowing.
258. **balm**, the anointing oil used at coronations.
260. **intertissued robe**, &c., the robe interwoven with gold and pearl.

261. **farced title**, a title stuffed out or made pompous, such as 'His Most Gracious Majesty'.

264. **ceremony**; vocative.

268. **distressful bread**, bread which the peasant has been distressed to get, and perhaps distressed in eating it on account of its coarseness.

271. **in the eye of Phœbus**, in the glare of the sun.

273. **Hyperion**, another name for the sun-god, who was fabled to traverse the heavens with chariot and horses. Hence the line put into plain prose equals, He gets up at sunrise or just before.

278. **had**, would have.

fore-hand, advantage.

279. **a member of**, a participator in.

280. **it**, *i.e.* the peace.

280, 281. **wots what watch**, awkward combination of sound.

282. **whose hours**, &c., the hours of which advantage the peasant best, *i.e.* benefit him most. 'Peasant' is the object of the verb 'advantages', which ought properly to be plural in agreement with 'hours', but its singular form is due to the nearness of the singular noun 'peasant'.

292. **compassing**, obtaining. (With the idea also of plotting, or so contriving matters as to obtain.)

293. **Richard's body**. Henry had the body of Richard II removed from Langley in Hertfordshire and interred in Westminster Abbey.

299. **chantries**, chapels where masses are *chanted* for the souls of the dead. The two chantries here spoken of were called Bethelam and Sion, and were built on opposite sides of the Thames near Richmond.

Act IV—Scene 2

4. **via! les eaux et la terre**, away o'er water and land.

5. **rien puis? l'air et le feu**, nothing besides? Not the other two elements you mentioned? air and fire. (See act iii. 7. 20.) "Yes," says the Dauphin, "heaven also."

11. **dout**, extinguish; overwhelm. The word is a contraction of do out, as 'don' is of do on, and 'doff' of do off. The English are to be quenched with the blood (courage) of which the French horses have enough and to spare.

18. **shales**, shells.

21. **curtle-axe**, a corruption of cutlass. (Fr. *coute-las*.)

27. **action**, activity.

29. **hilding**, paltry; worthless.

31. **speculation**, onlooking.

32. **but that our honours must not**, but our honour must not allow that.

35. **tucket**. See note, act iii. 6. 105.

sonance, sound.

36. **dare the field**, paralyse the enemy with fear. The phrase is taken from the language of falconry. A bird was said to be "dared" when terrified from rising by the hawk hovering above. See the reference to falconry in the last scene.

39. **carrions**. This opprobrious term is used of the English because of their distressed condition and ill-favoured appearance.

41. **ragged curtains**, tattered colours.

42. **passing**, exceedingly; surpassingly.

43. **big Mars seems bankrupt**, &c. The mighty god of war cuts but a sorry appearance in their beggar'd host, *i.e.* all martial spirit and bearing seemed to be absent.

44. **beaver**, the lower part of the front of a helmet.

45. **fixed candlesticks**. "Ancient candlesticks were frequently in the form of human figures, holding the sockets for the light in their outstretched hands."

47. **lob**, to droop.

48. **down-roping**, the rheum hanging down like rope.

49. **gimball bit**, a kind of double bit; or consisting of rings linked together. (L. *gemellus*, twin.)

51. **executors**. The crows were to have the disposal of the English, as the executors of a deceased man dispose of his estate.

60. **guidon**, standard.

61. **trumpet**, trumpeter. Holinshed writes: "They thought themselves so sure of victory that divers of the noblemen made such haste towards the battle that they left many of their servants and men of war behind them, and some of them would not once stay for their standards: as, among others, the Duke of Brabant, when his standard was not come, caused a banner to be taken from a trumpet and fastened to a spear, the which he commanded to be borne before him instead of his standard."

62. **for**, because of.

Act IV Scene 3

10. **kinsman**, *viz.* Westmoreland, to whom he was related by marriage.

14. **the firm truth of valour**, true and firm valour.

26. **yearns**, grieves.

36. **let him depart**. "Henry begins by dictating a proclamation, and then passes into the imperative of the proclamation itself" (Abbott). *He* in the preceding line is thus left without a predicate.

37. **convoy**, conveyance.

39. **that fears his fellowship to die with us**. That fears to keep fellowship with us in death.

40. **the feast of Crispian**; October 25th. The festival was founded in honour of Crispinus and Crispianus, two brothers, born at Rome, who travelled to Soissons in France to spread Christianity. Here they exercised the craft of shoemaking that they might be inde-

pendent of others' support. Eventually they suffered martyrdom during the persecutions in the time of the Emperor Diocletian, A.D. 303. Hence they became the patron saints of shoemakers.

45. **vigil**, eve of the feast.

50. **with advantages**, *i.e.* with additions.

62. **vile**, lowly in birth. Notice the change in the meaning of this word and of the word *villain*.

63. **gentle his condition**, raise him to the rank of a gentleman. "Those who fought with the king at Agincourt were allowed to wear coats of arms, and were given the chief seats at all feasts and public meetings."

68. **bestow yourself**, take up your position.

69. **bravely**, with a brave display.

70. **expedience**, expedition; speed.

76. **thou hast unwish'd five thousand men**. Shakespeare is not very particular about figures, as instance the numbers given in Canterbury's speech on the Salic law (act i. sc. 2). In this same scene (l. 3) Westmoreland mentioned the number of the French to be 60,000, which Exeter declared to be five to one, thus making the English 12,000.

80. **compound**, arrange; settle.

83. **englutted**, swallowed up.

86. **retire**, retirement.

91. **achieve**, capture.

96. **native graves**, graves in their own land.

97. **shall witness live in brass**, shall a record be inscribed upon brazen tablets.

105-107. Does *killing* refer to the bullets or to 'that'? If to the bullets the lines mean that as a bullet after it has reached its mark may bound off, strike some other object, and kill in a return (relapse) to its deadliness, so the dead English shall, having fought the French while alive, breed pestilence amongst them when dead. The more natural interpretation is to take killing as qualifying 'that'—the English kill the French even in the act of returning to their original dust.

109. **warriors for the working-day**, *i.e.* not carpet-knights, or warriors for show and parade.

112. **not a piece of feather** in their caps, by way of decoration.

114. **slovenry**, slovenliness; want of trimness.

117. **in fresher robes**, from the spoil they take; or, if need be, they will pluck, &c.

119. **turn them out of service**, by depriving them of their uniforms.

124. **as**, in the condition.

130. **vaward**, vanguard.

Act IV—Scene 4

4. **calmie custure me.** Probably mere jargon; supposed, however, by some to be Pistol's rendering of "Callino castore me," the burden of an old Irish song. A very plausible reading suggested is, "Cality! construe me," which would be quite in Pistol's style.

9. **fox,** a fancy term for a sword. The name was originally applied to those swords that had a fox engraved on the blade as a trade mark.

11. **egregious,** more than ordinary.

13. **moy.** Pistol evidently thinks this to be a coin of some kind.

14. **rim,** the midriff, a muscle or membrane separating the chest from the abdomen.

22. **me.** Notice this old dative use again in iv. 6. 21.

28. **firk,** beat.

29. **ferret,** worry.

37. **permafoy;** for *par ma foi*.

69, 70. **this roaring devil i' the old play.** In the old plays called "Moralities" the Devil and a buffoon named Vice were prominent characters. The former had long hooked nails and cloven feet; the latter was armed with a wooden dagger, with which he belaboured the fiend till he made him roar, and sometimes attempted to pare his nails.

that, in regard to whom.

70, 71. **every one may pare his nails, &c.;** *i.e.* everyone might clip his claws, or, as we say, take it out of him.

73. **adventurously,** boldly.

Act IV—Scene 5

5. **sits.** The verb is singular, because the two nominatives, 'reproach' and 'shame', form but one idea.

7. **perdurable,** everlasting. The accent is on the first syllable.

13. **on heaps,** in heaps, in a swarm.

Act IV—Scene 6

8. **larding the plain,** fattening or enriching the plain with his blood.

9. **honour-owing,** honour-owning, honourable.

11. **haggled,** hacked, mangled.

21. **raught,** reached.

26, 27. **seal'd a testament,** confirmed an oath.

31. **all my mother,** the softer side of my nature.

31. **issue,** melt into tears.

37. **kill;** used imperatively: let every soldier kill, &c.

then every soldier kill his prisoners. Henry feared that, hampered with prisoners, his men might be unable to meet the new

onslaught. Gower, however, in the next scene, says that the order was given in anger at the murder of the boys, who were guarding the baggage, by the French fugitives.

Act IV—Scene 7

1. **kill the poys and the luggage.** Fluellen of course means 'kill the boys and plunder the baggage'. Refer to the last lines of scene iv.

2. **arrant**, gross, villainous.

19. **Macedon**, a country north of Greece.

32, 33. **indifferent well**, tolerably well.

33. **figures**, similes, comparisons.

48. **gipes**, gibes, taunts.

58. **void**, leave.

60. **skirr**, scurry.

61. **enforced**, driven.

62. **those we have.** See lines 9, 10 of this scene. Evidently some of the prisoners had been spared.

68. **fined**, awarded.

72. **look**, take note of.

74. **woe the while!** alas the day!

76. **vulgar**, common soldiers.

78. **fret**, chafe.

79. **yerk**, jerk.

91. **your grandfather**, your great-grandfather (Edward III).

98. **wearing leeks**, &c. Tradition says that on the day the Welsh put to rout their Saxon invaders St. David ordered his men to wear leeks in their caps to distinguish them from their foes. The leek thus became the national emblem of the Welsh, it being the custom to wear it on St. David's day, March 1st.

99. **Monmouth caps.** Monmouth was formerly celebrated for its caps, which were particularly worn by soldiers.

116. **just notice**, a correct account.

121. **an't**, if it.

134, 135. **of great sort**, of high rank.

135. **quite from the answer of his degree**, altogether free from the necessity of answering the challenge of one of such low station as Williams.

140. **a Jacksauce**, a saucy-Jack, a rascal.

143. **sirrah**; used towards an inferior, also in anger and contempt.

153. **Alençon.** "The king that day showed himself a valiant knight, albeit almost felled by the Duke of Alençon; yet with plain strength he slew two of the duke's company, and felled the duke himself; whom, when he would have yielded, the king's guard (contrary to his mind) slew out of hand" (Holinshed).

Act IV—Scene 8

2. **apace**, quickly.

9. **'s blood**; an abbreviation of God's blood, as wounds is of God's wounds. Thus swearing by the blood and wounds of our Lord was very common.

21. **contagious**; probably for 'outrageous'.

29. **in change**, in exchange.

46. **all offences**, &c.; *i.e.* all real offences are done intentionally.

52. **garments**, the cloak of Sir Thomas Erpingham, which the king had borrowed to conceal his own dress.

73. **here is the number of the slaughter'd French**. The herald here delivers a paper.

74. **of good sort**, of high rank.

87. **sixteen hundred mercenaries**. Again the figures will not bear closely looking into. The number 126 mentioned above is ignored, but Holinshed, from whom the whole passage is taken, puts the matter in a slightly different way, *viz.*: "Of the meaner sort, not more than 1600 fell".

103. **Davy Gam**. A pleasing anecdote is told of this brave Welshman. "Having been sent out by Henry before the battle to reconnoitre the enemy, and find out their strength, he made this report: 'May it please you, my liege, there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away'."

105. **but five and twenty**. A more trustworthy account gives the number at 1600.

122. **'non nobis'**, the first words of a verse of the Latin version of one of the Psalms: "Non nobis Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam".

Act V

PROLOGUE.—The chorus again begs the audience to excuse the poorness of the representation; to imagine the king's arrival at Calais, his passage across to England, the vast concourse assembled on the shore to greet him; his arrival in London, where the mayor and his brethren, and all the citizens, pour forth to welcome and acclaim the conqueror; just as would have been the case had Essex at that time been returning successful from Ireland. The visit of the German Emperor as a mediator between England and France is then mentioned; and lastly, the king's return back again to France.

SCENE I.—The opening scene ought properly to form part of act iv, since it is laid in the English camp before the king's departure for England. Fluellen having been mockingly bidden by Pistol the day before to eat the leek he was wearing, now makes Pistol himself eat it, to the accompaniment of blows from his cudgel. Pistol's last speech shows that the much-deserved punishment had wrought no repentance in him.

SCENE II.—A meeting takes place between Henry and the French king, at which are present Queen Isabel, Princess Katharine, and the leading noblemen of both countries. The Duke of Burgundy, by whom this great assemblage is brought about, makes an eloquent speech in favour of peace, describing the wild and ruinous condition of their land, and the uncivilizing effects of war. Henry replies that the desired peace is entirely conditional upon the acceptance of his demands. To reconsider these more closely, the French king retires, and with him certain of the English retinue, whom, at his suggestion, Henry appointed to sit with him in conference, giving them full power to ratify, alter, or augment any of the stipulations put forward. Queen Isabel also joins the council.

Left alone with Katharine, Henry successfully pleads his suit to her, although, as he protested, he could only speak to her 'plain soldier'.

At the conclusion of his wooing, those that have been in council return, Westmoreland informing Henry that every article in the treaty had been agreed to. Henry then personally requests the French king to give him his daughter. The king consents, expressing the hope that peace and concord might henceforth exist between England and France; and Queen Isabel, that the marriage might unite the two kingdoms in close alliance and friendship.

EPILOGUE.—The chorus once more enters, and delivers an epilogue apologizing for the inability of the author to do justice to his subject, and stating that in the short time embraced by the events of the play "Most greatly lived this star of England"; that he was succeeded by his infant son, Henry VI, whose ministers so mismanaged matters "that they lost France and made England bleed".

Act V—Prologue

2. **of.** Perhaps Shakespeare meant to write 'of such as have I humbly pray that they', &c.

10. **pales in the flood,** fences in the sea.

12. **whiffler**, one who heads a procession and clears the way. Two explanations are given of the origin of this word:—(1) that 'whiffle' was another name for a fife, and that as fifers commonly marched at the head of troops and processions the term 'whiffler' came to be used of anyone who went in front of a procession to clear the way; (2) that the word is derived from the verb 'whiffle', to disperse as by a puff of wind, and that the name 'whiffler' was given to a staff-bearer in a procession, who, as he went along, kept his staff in constant motion, whiffing the air on either side.

17. **where that.** See lines 34 and 46 of act v. sc. 2 for similar compounds.

borne. If this word be taken after 'sword' in the next line the sense will be brought out more clearly.

21. **signal**, sign; symbol. Has much the same meaning as trophy.
ostent, display; show (of victory).

22. **quite from.** See iv. 7. 135.

25. **in best sort**, in best array.

29. The line seems to mean 'Comparing Henry's triumph with that of a subject, which though not so great a matter would cause deep gratification'.

30. **the general**, the Earl of Essex, who was sent to Ireland in March, 1599, to put down the rebellion of Tyrone. He set out amid the enthusiasm of the people, who expected brilliant things of him; but the expedition proved an utter failure. He returned the following September. This reference shows that the play must have been acted between March and September, 1599, and thus helps to fix the date of its composition.

empress, Queen Elizabeth.

32. **broached**, transfixed.

34. **and much more cause**, and with much more cause.

38. **the emperor**, Sigismund, emperor of Germany, who was married to a cousin of Henry's, and who came as a mediator in May, 1416.

the emperor's coming. Does this mean 'The emperor is coming', or are we to understand 'Remember the visit of the emperor'?

39. **to order**, to arrange.

43. **remembering**, reminding.

44. **brook abridgement**, put up with this shortening or curtailment of events.

Act V Scene 1

5. **scald**, scabby; scurvy.

10. **bedlam**, mad. The word is a corruption of Bethlehem, that was formerly the name of a monastery in London, afterwards converted into an asylum for lunatics.

Trojan, a cant term, generally used in reproach.

20. **fold up Parca's fatal web**; *i.e.* kill thee. The Parca or the Fates were three goddesses who presided over the destiny of each individual. One held the distaff, another spun the thread of human life, and the third cut it off when the fated time was come.

28. **Cadwallader**, the last of the Welsh kings.

41. **green**, fresh.

51. **much good (may it) do you**.

56. **groat**, an old silver coin of the value of fourpence.

70. **predeceased valour**, past valour. The adjective, of course, really refers to the persons who displayed the valour. For the reference see note, act iv. 7. 98.

avouch, make good.

71. **gleeking**, jeering; flouting.

72. **galling**, scoffing in an irritating manner.

76. **condition**, behaviour; disposition.

78. **play the huswife**, play the jilt.

84. **something lean to cutpurse**, &c., to some extent take to thieving.

86. **cudgell'd scars**, scars obtained through a cudgelling.

Act V—Scene 2

1. **wherefore we are met**. These words need to be taken after "peace", thus—Peace, for which we are met, be to this meeting.

16. **bent**, a word used in a double sense: (1) glance; (2) aim.

17. **balls**. There is also a play on this word, both eyeballs and cannon-balls being alluded to.

basilisks. Another word of double meaning: (1) a fabulous serpent, whose glance was sufficient to kill; (2) a kind of large cannon.

15-17. Your eyes, which hitherto have been like basilisks, carrying fatal balls against the French when turned on them.

23. **on**, in.

27. **bar**, a place of meeting. "The word is a shortened form of 'barrier'. Ordinarily when sovereigns were to meet in the field for the purposes of conference, a barrier was erected at the place agreed upon, as a protection of either party against the possible violence or treachery of the other. Hence 'bar' came to be used of any place of meeting."

28. **mightiness**. The plural and also the possessive terminations are often omitted in the case of words ending in 'ss' or in a similar sound. See i. 2. 36.

31. **congregated**, greeted each other.

33. **rub**. See ii. 2. 188.

37. **put up**, show.

40. **it**. The true possessive both of 'he' and 'it' is 'his' (see i. 1. 36 and i. 1. 66). In the fourteenth century the simple form 'it' came to be used instead for the neu. poss. This form was the one commonly used till beyond the time of Shakespeare, who, however, occasionally uses the modern form 'its'.

42. **even-pleach'd**, evenly intertwined, and hence trimmed. (The word is derived through the French from Lat. *plicare*, to fold.)

45. **darnel**, a weed like rye-grass.

fumitory, a weed that grows freely among corn.

46. **doth**. Sing., because the three preceding nouns form but one idea, viz. a mass of weeds.

coulter, ploughshare. (Lat. *culter*.)

47. **deracinate**, root up. (Fr. *déraciner*; Lat. *radix*, root.)

48. **erst**, formerly.

49. **burnet**, a plant good for wounds.

51. **nothing teems**, brings forth nothing.

52. **kecksies**, a kind of hemlock.

55. **defective in their natures**, not performing their natural office.

61. **defused**, disordered.
63. **favour**, favourable appearance.
65. **let**, an old word meaning hindrance; obstacle; of quite a different derivation to the common word 'let', permit; one being from A.S. *lettan*, to hinder, the other from A.S. *letan*, to permit.
68. **would**, desire.
77. **cursorary**, cursory; hasty.
79. **presently**, immediately.
81. **suddenly**, at once.
82. **accept**. Either short for 'acceptance' or 'accepted', probably the former. An 'accepted answer' would doubtless mean 'an answer embodying what we have accepted'.
- peremptory**, final; decisive.
90. **consign**, consent; literally sign with (others).
94. **too nicely urged**, urged too finely, or with too great particularity.
- stood on**, held out for.
121. **dat is de princess**, that is what the princess says.
122. **the princess is the better Englishwoman**. He probably means that the princess is better at English than her maid.
130. **I wear out my suit**, I come to an end of my wooing.
134. **you undid me**, you would undo me; *i.e.* you would nonplus me entirely.
135. **measure**, rhythm; again used in the sense of dancing—dancing in time or measure to music.
141. **bound my horse**, make my horse curvet.
- 142, 143. **a jack-an-apes**, a monkey.
144. **greenly**, foolishly, or awkwardly, like a young lover.
146. **for urging**, through being urged to.
- 149, 150. **let thine eye be thy cook**, a cook will serve up a plain dish daintily; the princess is to perform a similar office with Henry's looks.
150. **plain soldier**. Used adverbially; as a plain soldier.
152. **for thy love**, because of love for thee.
154. **uncoined**, natural.
160. **will fall**, *i.e.* will fall away; lose shape.
182. **je quand sur le possession**. Henry is trying to say: "Quand j'aurai la possession de France, et quand vous aurez la." &c.
184. **Saint Denis be my speed**. St. Denis gave me a helping hand. St. Denis was the patron saint of France.
192. **truly-falsely**; truly as regards the sentiment, falsely as regards the pronunciation and grammar.
193. **much at one**, much the same.
205. **with scrambling**, by contending; by struggling.
214. **untempering**, unsoftening; not winning.

214, 215. **beshrew**, a mild kind of oath.

220. **layer up**, preserver.

245. **de votre seigneurie**. These words would be put after 'serviteur' in modern French.

259. **nice**, fastidious; precise.

261. **list**, limits. "In a tournament the space enclosed for the combatants was called the lists."

276. **apt**, quick to learn; ready to respond.

283, 284. **you must make a circle**. "Conjurors used to mark out a circle on the ground, within which their conjuring was to take effect."

293. **perspectively**, as through a perspective glass, which was so contrived as to give an illusive view of the objects seen through it.

300. **for my wish**, to my wish, which was to capture these maiden cities. Henry had wanted to capture the cities but had wooed the maid instead, now having won her he wins the cities also.

305. **according to their firm proposed natures**, *i.e.* according as they were originally set forth, and firmly adhered to.

308. **for matter of grant**, in the matter of granting rights or privileges.

311. **præclarissimus**. Shakespeare here follows Holinshed. In the original treaty the word corresponding to 'très-cher' is *præcarissimus*.

322. **conjunction**, union.

333. **ill office**, anything ill done on the part of others.

fell, cruel, bitter.

335. **paction**, agreement.

337. **that English may as French, &c.** The grammar of this is certainly peculiar, but Shakespeare evidently means, that English may receive Frenchmen as Englishmen, as brothers, and *vice versa*.

sennet, "a particular set of notes on a trumpet, which were played to announce the approach or departure of a procession".

Epilogue

2. **bending**, beneath the weight of his task or subject.

7. **best garden**. See Burgundy's speech in the last scene.

13. **which oft our stage hath shown**. The three parts of Shakespeare's *Henry V* had been already written and performed.

for their sake. These words seem rather vaguely used. 'Their' can only refer grammatically to 'they' in the preceding line. Hence the meaning appears to be, 'to make up for their shortcomings'.

14. **let this acceptance take**, let the subject of this play meet with (better) acceptance.



APPENDIX

I. DATE OF THE PLAY

In the chorus to act v occur the following lines:—

“Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him!”

There is here an obvious reference to the Earl of Essex's expedition to Ireland in 1599, and unless this passage was added after the completion of the play, that year must be the date of its composition. But even assuming the lines to be an after-insertion, they would at any rate show that the play was acted in 1599.

As regards the date of its publication there is no doubt. It was first printed in 1600, and reprinted in 1602 and 1608. In these editions, known as “the Quartos”, the play was scarcely half its present length, the choruses, several entire scenes, and some of the finest passages being absent. These, however, were added in the folio edition of 1623, which is accordingly the chief authority for the text, though the quartos give help in amending the errors and defects of the later copy.

It is thought, with some degree of probability, that the folio alone gives Shakespeare's original work, that this was abridged for stage purposes, and that from this abridgment a still further incomplete and defective copy was fraudulently obtained for publication and appeared in the quarto editions.

For the historical facts Shakespeare is chiefly indebted to the historian Holinshed, whose *Chronicles* were published for the second time in 1587.

The play of *Henry V* is to some extent a continuation of that of *Henry IV*, having in common with it the characters of Henry

himself, the Dukes of Bedford and Gloucester, and several other nobles, also Gower, Bardolph, Pistol, and Mistress Quickly. The last three characters, together with Nym, are also found in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. It is worth notice that a George Bardolph and a William Fluellen were townsmen of Shakespeare's at Stratford.

In the epilogue to *Henry IV* the speaker says, "Our humble author will continue the story with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Catherine of France," a promise for some reason not fully carried out, since the knight does not figure in the play at all, the only mention of him being a communication by the boy that he was very ill, a description of his death-scene by Mrs. Pistol, and a passing reference to him by Fluellen as "the fat knight with the great belly-doublet," whom the king had turned away.

The great defect of the play is its continuation after the chief event—the battle of Agincourt. The last act is poor, and devoid of interest. Between the fourth and fifth acts there is an interval of four or five years. The campaign of 1417–1418, resulting in the conquest of the greater part of Normandy, and the capture of Rouen after a fearful siege, is entirely passed over, and also the negotiations with the Duke of Burgundy which led to the conference at Troyes.

2. HISTORICAL INACCURACIES

1. The Duke of Exeter in the first four acts should be only the Earl of Dorset. He was not raised to the dukedom till 1416.

2. Charlemain should be Charles the Bald.

3. Louis X should be Louis IX.

4. Bedford was neither present at Harfleur nor at Agincourt. He was regent of England during the king's absence. Also Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, and the Dauphin were not present at Agincourt.

5. The wish for 10,000 more men, attributed to Westmoreland, was really uttered by Sir Walter Hungerford.

6. Charles VI was not present at Troyes to witness the betrothal of his daughter to Henry.

3. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The two Parts of *Henry IV* and the play of *Henry V*, written shortly after them, and forming a sequel to them, together constitute that group of English Histories, belonging to the middle period of Shakespeare's career, in which History and Comedy are mingled in almost equal proportions, in which the character-drawing is most masterly, and the literary expression most faultless. In the earliest group of plays dealing with English History, the three parts of *Henry VI* and *Richard III*, Shakespeare is working on the lines of, or in conjunction with, others, and in the spirit rather of Marlowe than of his gentler and profounder self: in the transitional plays, *Richard II* and *King John*, while freeing himself from Marlowe's influence and gaining in subtlety and variety, he has not attained to full mastery of his powers, and betrays a young man's weakness for verbal conceits and lyrical prettinesses. The expression sometimes outruns the thought, just as in the plays written at the end of his life the thought often outruns the expression. In *Henry IV* and *Henry V* thought and expression are in the noblest harmony and balance. To quote Mr. Swinburne¹—

“It is in the middle period of his work that the language of Shakespeare is most limpid in its fulness, the style most pure, the thought most transparent through the close and luminous raiment of perfect expression. The conceits and crudities of the first stage are outgrown and cast aside: the harshness and obscurity which at times may strike us as among the notes of his third manner have as yet no place in the flawless work of this his second stage.” And further,² “The ripest fruit of historic or national drama, the consummation and the crown of Shakespeare's labours in that line, must of course be recognized and saluted by all students in the supreme and sovereign trilogy of *King Henry IV* and *King Henry V*”.

But *Henry V*, as has been said, is not only a work of the same period, and of the same general character as the two Parts of *Henry IV*, it is the sequel to them, and can only be fully understood in the light of them. To the audience of 1599 assembled to see the new play, Harry the King and his brothers, West-

¹ *Study of Shakespeare*, p. 66.

² *Ib.* p. 68.

moreland and Warwick, Falstaff and his boy, Bardolph, Pistols and Gower were old acquaintances; all had played their parts in *Henry IV*; the latter of them with Nym had figured also in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. It is clear that, thoroughly to enter into the characters of our play, we must have a similar acquaintance with the plays which had gone before.

But if there is this close bond of union between *Henry V* and the two parts of *Henry IV* there are also points of contrast. In the Epilogue to *Henry IV*, Part 2, the audience had been prepared for a new play in which the comic element should still centre round the figure of Falstaff: "If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat", they had been told, "our humble author will continue the story with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France; where for anything I know" (*i.e.* 'I, the speaker of the Epilogue') "Falstaff shall die of a sweat". It can hardly be said that this promise was fulfilled. When the story was continued, it appeared that Sir John was, after all, not in it. Hostess Quickly told how he had died: and that was all. The scenes of frolic and wine-bibbing and practical joking, the encounters of wit and chaff in which the unwieldy knight and his sweet Hal had so often taken part together were over and done, and from the point of view of pure comedy the new play was the worse for the change. Falstaff was ill replaced by Pistol and Fluellen and the fair Katharine of France.

Shakespeare, for some reason, had departed from his original purpose. And perhaps the reason is not far to seek. It sprang out of the circumstances treated in the play. So long as Henry had been merely Prince of Wales, he had had none of the responsibility of government. Born with a healthy genial nature, and an honest love of truth and reality, he could not be content to pass the May morn of his youth in the close atmosphere of statecraft and dissimulation: he must go out from his father's court, mix with all conditions of men, see things from all sides, and while seeming only to laugh, feel within himself that he was learning to understand, (among other things to understand the worthlessness of his associates). And so in the play of *Henry IV* he is the link which binds the serious and the comic characters together.

But with the Prince's succession to the throne he can no longer, if he is a worthy man, live the same life. What he has learnt must now be put in practice: the cares of state, the good

As people will tax all his powers. And, since there is a higher duty than loyalty to old companions, the first act of Henry's new time must be that described in *2 Henry IV*, v. 4, the dismissal of his old boonfellows. And so Falstaff's expectation of new favours is bitterly disappointed. As he accosts his old associate in a public place,

“My King! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!”

he is answered even harshly:

“I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers;
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turned away my former self,
So will I those that keep me company”.

It was no doubt well that the King's action should be thus decisive, and that when we see him first in the play which bears his name, he should show nothing of his 'wilder days' except the use he made of them. But his action, if right, was still, even towards that 'grey iniquity', Falstaff, somewhat cruel, as right actions *are* sometimes: and Shakespeare seems to have felt that it would be too much to expect the old man to make mirth any more. So with the highest art he tells us how he died: tells us this by the mouth of a coarse and common woman, and yet with such a subtle appeal to our humanity in the suggestion of the half-return to childhood before death that our last thought of Falstaff is a kind one. “The King has killed his heart.” “Falstaff is dead, and we must yearn therefore.”

With Falstaff dismissed or dead, the King is completely separated from the low characters, Bardolph and Pistol, whom he had once known as Falstaff's satellites. They and Nym furnish scenes of comic relief to the loftier interest of the play; but in these scenes the King has no part. The good Fluellen amuses the audience with his pedantry, his hot blood and his bad English—and Henry knows him, likes him, and talks with him, but himself contributes little to the comedy of the situation. Whereas in *Henry IV* he was the centre of the comic scenes, here he is apart from them: and the consequence is a double one—while the comic scenes are the poorer for the loss both of Falstaff and Hal, the character of Henry himself in its new-found singleness and consistency, in its heroic triumph over

difficulties, in its devotion to a serious purpose, soars to heights unattained before, and becomes almost the all-sufficing interest of the new play.

We find then the key to *Henry V* in the character of the King, a character already formed when the play opens and only needing occasion to show its various capabilities. For it must be remarked that in Henry's soul we see no signs of internal conflict, present or past. The play, so far as he is concerned, will have none of that interest which we commonly look for in drama; the interest which is excited when one passion is seen contending with another in the same human breast, so that the victory of this or that is ever in suspense. Nor will it have the interest of curiosity which attaches to the presentation of a character warped and twisted by previous ill-doing.

Whatever the furnace through which Henry has passed, he has come out of it unscathed, nay, nobly tempered. His sweet nature has been able to take all the good and leave the evil: it has grown, as the Bishop of Ely says, like the strawberry underneath the nettle. In his prayer to God not to remember his father's sin against him, there is, as Mr. Morris remarks, no confession of an ill-spent youth.

And if we read the two parts of *Henry IV* with attention, we shall see how carefully Shakespeare points out that the Prince was never enslaved by evil passions, never in his merriest moods blind to unworthiness about him, but was content to be misjudged, content with anything rather than to be thought a hypocrite, while he waited for the day when he should show himself in his true colours.

"Who! I rob? I, a thief? not I, by my faith", he protests (Pt. I. i. 1. 85), and when he has fallen in with Poins's plot to have a laugh out of Falstaff, he is made in a soliloquy to show the terms on which he acts (i. 2. 240):

"I'll so offend to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time when men least think I will".

And discriminating observers were not deceived in him. Vernon, after praising his agility and horsemanship (iv. 1) and the modesty with which he challenged Hotspur (v. 2), tells how he

"chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he mastered there a double spirit

Of teaching and of learning instantly.
 There did he pause; but let me tell the world
 If he outlive the envy of this day,
 England did never owe (=own) so sweet a hope,
 So much misconstrued in his wantonness”.

Henry's gallantry in war already went far to justify Vernon's words, but in Pt. II. iv. 4. 68, &c., Westmoreland reassures the troubled king on the prince's relation to his riotous companions:

“The prince will in the perfectness of time
 Cast off his followers; and their memory
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live
 By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
 Turning past evils to advantages”.

Shakespeare is far from teaching that an ordinary man can live among low surroundings and come out the better rather than the worse, and with this general moral question we have nothing to do. All I have tried to establish is this, that Henry V, as we find him at the opening of the play, has not passed through any process of violent conversion; nor does he carry within him a turmoil of contrary passions. The time that seemed mis-spent, thanks to a happy nature which rejected evil, had been indeed well spent. At the opening of *Henry V* the sound-hearted man, trained in the art of war, in observation of men, in a modest estimate of himself, stands ready to fight a battle with external circumstances, and to issue from it victorious. The play which tells the tale of that battle will be almost as much epic as drama.

Henry, then, as has been well said, represents the *ideal man of action*. There is no discord within the circle of his soul: his fightings are without. But the circle is to some extent a limited one. Henry has none of those soundings of the moral depths which we see in Hamlet—he is well content to accept on questions of right and wrong the decision of the Church. He does not shrink from severity in punishment or cruelty in war, but where severity and cruelty are demanded acts without a qualm. When he pleads with a lady for her love, it is in no terms of kindled imagination or poetry, but as ‘plain soldier’ making the offer of a ‘good heart’. It may be said by some that Shakespeare, whose spirit was itself so much vaster, means us to note with a touch of scorn these limitations in the King, to

see in him indeed a great Englishman, but to wish at the same time that he were something more. But Shakespeare has no such intention. He, poet as he is, loves this 'plain soldier' from the bottom of his heart, and means us to do the same. Even to the all-embracing vision of a poet, the world can show nothing finer than a hero.

Henry is a man of conscience. He will not make an unjust war (i. 2).

He is already a prudent statesman. Before he resolves on going to France, he must be assured that England will be in no danger from the Scotch (i. 2). But if he is slow in coming to a resolution, when his resolution is taken he is incapable of faltering. He meets insult with scorn (i. 2).

When he is confronted by the treachery of his closest friends, his feeling rises above mere personal resentment in the sense of the ruin wrought by such treachery to man's confidence in man (ii. 2). And this moral indignation of a noble character has its effect in producing compunction in the culprits. He inflicts the punishment of death in the spirit not of vindictiveness, but of that justice which is essential to the public good. "He has no weakness, not even the noble weakness of mercy" (Moulton). In the hour of fighting he is a very tiger (iii. 1), but in his march through the enemy's country he will permit no sort of outrage or excess (iii. 6). When his situation becomes an anxious one, and the foe sends him a message of contemptuous defiance, he makes no secret of his enfeebled state, and still shows himself quietly undaunted.

"Yet, God before, tell him we will come on
Though France himself and such another neighbour
Stand in our way."

As Mr. Moulton says, "We listen for counter-defiance; but counter-defiance is, after all, following the enemy's lead, and Henry passes beyond it to the quietest possible ignoring of the elaborately framed challenge". And his quietude of mind rests on religious faith.

"We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs." (iii. 6).

In the night-scene before the battle of Agincourt (iv. 1) "his cheerfulness is unlagging and he can extract some soul of

goodness from every dull surrounding". "As he moves about the camp in the darkness and accosts every variety of his followers, he catches instantly the exact tone in which to address each and call forth from each a characteristic flash of enthusiasm" (Moulton).

In his conversation with the soldiers (iv. 1) he shows that power of entering into the thoughts of common men which he had learnt in the freedom of his 'wilder days', although now his strain is a serious one.

Left alone, he passes through an inward crisis, almost overwhelmed in this hour of danger by the responsibility of kingship. Then falling on his knees, he prays God to give his soldiers courage and not to punish him for his father's usurpation of the crown.

Summoned to prepare for battle, he is once more the hero in action, and utters that speech of glowing valour, humorous realism, and generous comradeship which, as Kreyszig says, is "the highest example of heroic oratory in the whole literature of the world" (iv. 3).

Such is the leader of one of the armies that were to fight at Agincourt, such the truly English spirit which flamed in him to the point of heroism.

If we now compare Henry's antagonists with himself, we shall see a dramatic contrast of the most striking kind, the contrast between pretence and reality—boasting and modesty—trust in numbers and trust in God. This contrast is most marked in the person of the Dauphin, but it holds also with the French in general.

The gift of tennis balls (i. 2) is the first indication of the Dauphin's insolent spirit, and of that utter misconception of Henry's character which he expresses in words in ii. 4. In iii. 5 the same spirit of contempt is shown by the whole French Court, and seems justified, as men count chances, by the vast odds on their side. How can Henry do anything but sue for ransom, when—

"his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famish'd on their march",

and he has against him so many "high dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights"? And so follows the insolent message of iii. 6, to which Henry replies so quietly and so un-

dauntedly. But the great contrast is presented on the night before the battle. While the English king goes the round of his dejected men, and lets them pluck comfort and new courage from his looks, the French princes are rhapsodizing over their horses, playing dice for the prisoners they have not yet taken, and sighing like children for the day (iii. 7). They make very light of the coming battle:

“A very little little let us do
And all is done”. (iv. 2.)

Aristocratic insolence, idle chatter, vaunting of numbers and armour and horses, this on the one side; and on the other, seriousness, forethought, modest courage, brotherliness, submission to God.

And this contrast gives a new character to the great central action of our play, the battle of Agincourt, which is now raised (in the words of Mr. Morris¹) “from the historic level of a conflict between ‘two mighty monarchies’ to the epic height of a Divine decision and judgment. We are witnesses of something more than national prowess or personal achievement, however heroic”,—we witness the vindication by Divine Providence of that moral law in accordance with which wisdom prospers and folly perishes miserably.

And so when the little band of Englishmen has vanquished the hosts of the French, and when the list of the slain shows 25 dead on the one side and 10,000 on the other, Henry’s deep character, as Mr. Moulton says, “perceives a point beyond triumph”. “O God,” he cries, “Thy arm was here!”

And what has been the effect upon the audience of what they have seen? Surely in the first place a warm admiration for the hero King and his brave companions, and next a deepened sense of a Divine Power ruling the issues of events in righteousness. And with these feelings has come a third. The men who, under God, won the battle of Agincourt were Englishmen, and the virtues they showed there were the characteristic virtues of the best Englishmen in all ages. Could the descendants of these men see their deeds enacted without feeling, besides all other things, a quickened patriotism?

It has been convenient to consider the effect of the main sub-

¹ *Keynotes of Shakespeare's Plays*, 1888, p. 100.

ject of the play before proceeding to touch on act v, in which the King appears in the character of a wooer. This scene was objected to by Dr. Johnson on the ground that the King had "neither the vivacity of Hal nor the grandeur of Henry". But Shakespeare showed a deeper artistic sense when he chose to end his play with this scene of merely playful love-making. To have heightened the tone and made Henry a Romeo, or on the other hand, to have made the scene wildly mirthful and the King a Hal, would have been to distract the attention of the audience from the main interest of the play and confuse the simple lines of Henry's character. The view of Henry which the poet wished to leave with them was that of the soldier-king: it was not to be confounded with any other presentation of him rivalling this in depth of interest.

As a matter of fact it is hard to imagine Shakespeare's Harry the Fifth, after years of statesmanship and campaigning, making love in a way very different from that which is represented. But whether that be so or no, Shakespeare's treatment of the scene preserved the dramatic unity of the play and allowed the audience to go away, as Shakespeare intended, with their minds dwelling not on Harry the wooer, but on Harry, the victor of Agincourt.

In *Henry V*, as has been said already, History is wedded to Comedy. The comic scenes are of somewhat unequal merit: none of them, except the scene in which Falstaff's death is told, approach the great comic scenes of *Henry IV*. Yet these scenes serve the end which Shakespeare set before himself in his treatment of history, and they contain some carefully drawn characters whose humours are a perennial delight.

The secret of Shakespeare may be said to lie in his possessing two intellectual powers, each in the highest degree, powers never possessed in such perfect balance by any other man. The one power is the poet's deep perception of the Beautiful: the other, the realist's clear sight and enjoyment of this incongruous world of which Beauty forms so elusive an element. Some men have eyes for Beauty only, some only for its setting. Shakespeare sees both and sees both at the same time, and in his art he uses each to throw up the other. Henry V and Fluellen shine out the more for not being in a sphere apart, but in the same world with Pistol and Nym, with them but not of them. And

Shakespeare sees that the same law holds in the 'little world' of a single human soul. We love the good Fluellen the better for his pedantic oddity and his hot Welsh blood. Even the King himself becomes a more absolute hero for that blithe everyday humour and good-fellowship which brings him so near to us.

Bardolph and Nym and Pistol are indeed little better than cowardly scoundrels, the blackguards of the King's army, who have gone to France

"Like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck";

and, when Bardolph and Nym have been hanged for their robberies and the braggart Pistol has been humiliated by Fluellen, we feel that they have well deserved their reward. And yet we have learned to know them so well, Bardolph the 'red-faced and white-livered', Pistol eternally quoting his bombastic scraps from bad plays, Nym with his monotonous slang of the day, that we have a sneaking liking for them all. And they too, as Shakespeare saw them, had some touches of better things. Bardolph has his word of regret for his old master Falstaff, "Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell", and Pistol his poor flash of admiration for the hero-king, "I love the lovely bully!" For the shrewd Boy who dies at Agincourt with the keepers of the baggage, we have a still livelier regret.

Henry V is wanting in dramatic development; in its inner structure as well as in the addition of its magnificent prologues, it partakes even of the character of an epic. Some of its comic scenes are poorer than those which we look for in Shakespeare. In some of the serious scenes, in his treatment of the French, Shakespeare may have seemed to descend to caricature, which we can only excuse by pleading that by this treatment he heightened the ethical significance of his main action, and that he tried to remove the offence at the end of the play by introducing the prayer in which we seem to hear his own voice—

"That never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France";

But it is ungracious to point out defects where there is so much to admire. No play of Shakespeare, and to say this is to say, no work of imagination ever written, strikes so widely-vibrating a

note. Lovers of poetry and eloquence will wonder for ever at its prologues and heroic speeches: lovers of Shakespeare and of Shakespeare's men will cherish in it a work in which the soul of Shakespeare reveals its ideal of a hero: lovers of humanity will rejoice in its folk-scenes, everywhere animated by the spirit of brotherhood between high and low. To Englishmen *Henry V* will ever be a trumpet-note, ringing with the achievements of a glorious past, and calling them to fresh achievements in the future.

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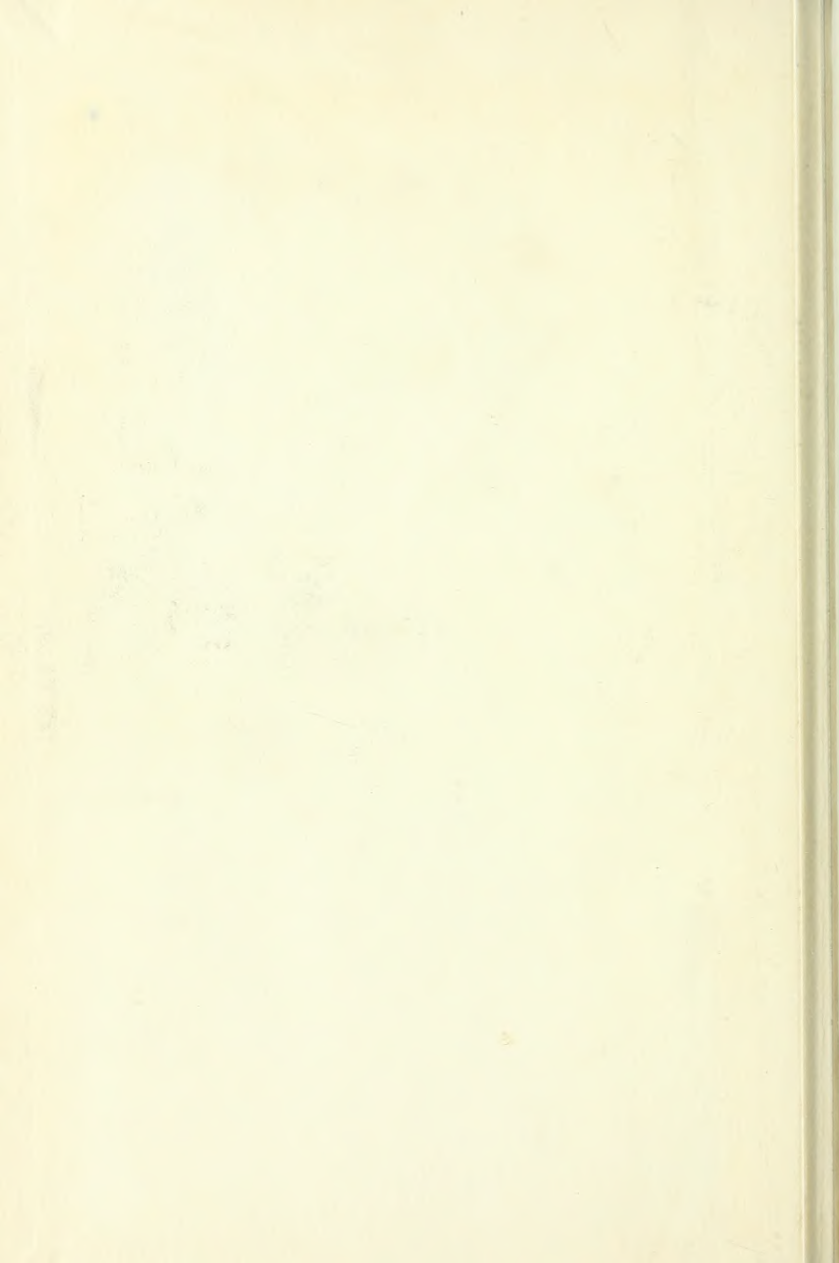
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