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SHAKESPEARE'S

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

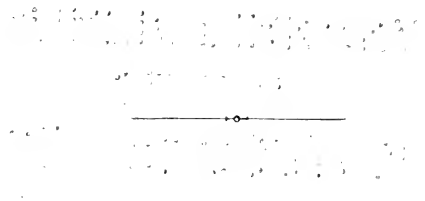
WITH

INTRODUCTION, AND NOTES EXPLANATORY AND CRITICAL.

*FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.*

BY THE

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## INTRODUCTION.

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### History of the Play.

THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFTH, as it is called in the folio of 1623, was registered, along with *As You Like It*, at the Stationers', August 4, 1600, but was locked up from the press under an order "to be stayed." In respect of *As You Like It* the stay seems to have been continued; but not so in regard to the other, as this was entered again on the 14th of the same month, and was published in the course of that year. The same text was reissued in 1602, and again in 1608. In these editions, known as the quartos, the author's name was not given: the play, moreover, was but about half as long as we have it; the Choruses, the whole of the first scene, and also many other passages, those too among the best in the play, and even in the whole compass of the the Poet's works, being wanting altogether. All these, besides more or less of enlargement in a great many places, together with the marks of a careful finishing hand running through the whole, were supplied in the folio of 1623; which, accordingly, is our only *authority* for the text, though the quartos yield valuable aid towards correcting the errors and curing the defects of that copy. *is not*

That the issue of 1600 was surreptitious is on all hands allowed. But there has been much controversy whether it was printed from a full and perfect copy of the play as first written, or from a mangled and mutilated copy, such as

could be made up by unauthorized and incompetent reporters. Many things might be urged on either side of this question ; but, as no certain conclusion seems likely to be reached, the discussion probably may as well be spared. Perhaps the most considerable argument for the former position is, that the quarto has in some cases several consecutive lines precisely as they stand in the folio ; while, on the other hand, of many of the longest and best passages in the folio the quarto has no traces whatever. But this is nowise decisive of the point either way, because, granting that some person or persons undertook to report the play as spoken, it is not impossible that he or they may have taken down some parts very carefully, and omitted others altogether. And the Editors of the folio tell us in their Preface that there were “ divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them.”

And here it may not be unfitting to remark that in other cases, as especially in *Hamlet*, we have strong and even conclusive evidence of the Poet's plays having been carefully rewritten and vastly improved after the original draughts of them had been made. Nor is it unlikely that some of them underwent this process more than once. And the fact is of consequence as refuting what used to be, and perhaps still is, the common notion, that Shakespeare's best workmanship was struck out with little or no labour of reflection and study. Assuredly it was not without severe and patient exercise of thought that he achieved his miracles of poetry and art, and won his place as the greatest of human intellects. We have been taught to think of him as a prodigy of genius going rather by nature and instinct than by reason and purpose, and beating all other men because he could not help it :

whereas in truth his judgment was fully equal to his genius ; and his greatness stands in nothing else so much as in just that solidity and sobriety of understanding which comes by industry and application, and by making the best use of one's native gifts. And the instance of *King Henry the Fifth* yields pregnant matter in this behalf ; the difference between the quarto and folio copies in that case not being greater than between the first and second quartos of *Hamlet*.

In the Epilogue to *King Henry the Fourth* the speaker says, "Our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Catharine of France." Whether this promise was directly authorized by Shakespeare, we cannot positively say, as that Epilogue was probably not of his writing ; but there is little doubt that the play to which it is affixed was written as early as 1597. That the play now in hand was written soon after the date of that promise, is highly probable. On the other hand, in the Chorus to Act v. we have the following :

Were now the general of our gracious Empress —  
As in good time he may — from Ireland coming,  
Bringing rebellion broachèd on his sword,  
How many would the peaceful city quit,  
To welcome him !

This undoubtedly refers to the Earl of Essex, who went on his expedition against the Irish rebels in April, 1599, and returned in September following. That Chorus, therefore, and probably the others also, was written somewhere between those two dates. The most likely conclusion, then, seems to be, that the first draught of the play was made in 1597 or 1598 ; that the whole was rewritten, enlarged, and the Choruses added during the absence of Essex, in the Summer of 1599 ; and that a copy of the first draught was

obtained for the press, fraudulently, after it had been superseded on the stage by the enlarged and finished copy.

### Historic Matter of the Play.

In this play, as in *King Henry the Fourth*, the historical matter was taken from Holinshed, both the substance and the order of the events being much the same as they are given by the historian. The King came to the throne in March, 1413, being then twenty-six years old. The Parliament with which the play opens was held in the Spring of 1414, and the King's marriage with Catharine took place in the Spring of 1420; so that the time of the action is measured by that interval.

The civil troubles which so much harassed the preceding reign naturally started the young King upon the policy of busying his subjects in foreign quarrels; "that action, hence borne out, might waste the memory of the former days." At the Parliament just mentioned a proposition was made, and met with great favour, to convert a large amount of Church property to the uses of the State; which put the Clergy upon adding the weighty arguments of their means and counsel in furtherance of the same policy; inasmuch as they judged that the best way to prevent a spoiling of the Church was by engaging all minds in a transport of patriotic fervour. King Henry derived his claim to the throne of France from Isabella, Queen of Edward the Second, and daughter of Philip the Fair; he being the fourth in a direct line of descent from that celebrated woman. This Philip had left two sons, both of whom died without male issue; whereupon the crown passed to Charles the Fair, the youngest brother of Philip. In effect, the English King was easily

persuaded that the Salique law had no right to bar him from the throne of France ; and ambassadors were sent over to demand the French crown and all its dependencies ; the King offering withal to take the Princess Catharine in marriage, and endow her with a part of the possessions claimed ; at the same time threatening that, if this were not done, “ he would recover his right and inheritance with mortal war and dint of sword.” An embassy being soon after received from France, the demand was renewed, and peremptorily insisted on. The French King being then incapable of rule, the government was in the hands of the Dauphin, who saw fit to play off some merry taunts on the English monarch, referring to his former pranks ; whereupon the latter dismissed the ambassadors, bidding them tell their master that within three months he would enter France as his own true and lawful patrimony, “ meaning to acquire the same, not with big words, but with the deeds of men.”

This took place in June, 1415. Before the end of July the King's preparations were complete, and his army landed at Harfleur on the 15th of August. By the 22d of September the town was brought to an unconditional surrender, and put in the keeping of an English garrison. The English army was now reduced to about half its original numbers ; nevertheless the King, having first challenged the Dauphin to single combat, and getting no answer, took the bold resolution of marching through several provinces to Calais. After a slow and toilsome march, during which they suffered much from famine and hostile attacks, the army came within sight of Agincourt, where the French were strongly posted, so that Henry must either surrender or cut his way through them. The French army spent the following night in revelry and debate, and in fixing the ransom of King Henry and his

nobles. The night being cold, dark, and rainy, many fires were kindled in both camps; and the English, worn out with labour, want, and sickness, passed the hours in anxious preparation, making their wills and saying their prayers, and hearing every now and then peals of laughter and merriment from the French lines. During most of the night the King was moving about among his men, scattering words of comfort and hope in their ears, and arranging the order of battle; and before sunrise he had them called to matins, and from prayers led them into the field. From the confident bearing of the French it was supposed they would hasten to begin the fight, but when it was found that they kept within their lines, the King gave order to advance upon them. The battle continued with the utmost fury for three hours, and resulted in the death of ten thousand Frenchmen, five hundred of whom had been knighted the day before. Some report that not above twenty-five of the English were slain; others affirm the number to have been not less than five or six hundred.

The news of this victory caused infinite rejoicing in England, and the King soon hastened over to receive the congratulations of his people. When he arrived at Dover, the crowd plunged into the waves to meet him, and carried him in their arms from the vessel to the beach: all the way to London was one triumphal procession: Lords, Commons, Clergy, Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens flocked forth to welcome him: pageants were set up in the streets, wine ran in conduits, bands of children sang his praise; and, in short, the whole population were in a perfect ecstasy of joy.

During his stay in England, the King was visited by several great personages, the Emperor Sigismund being one of them, who came to mediate a peace between him and



France. The Emperor was entertained with great magnificence, but his mission accomplished nothing to the purpose. After divers attempts at a settlement by negotiation, the King renewed the war in 1417, and in August landed in Normandy with an army. From that time he had an almost uninterrupted career of conquest till the Spring of 1420, when all his demands were granted, and himself publicly affianced to the Princess Catharine.

From this sketch it may well be judged that the matter was not altogether fitted for dramatic use, as it gave too little scope for those developments of character and passion wherein the interest of the serious drama mainly consists. For, as Schlegel remarks, "war is an epic rather than a dramatic subject: to yield the right interest for the stage, it must be the means whereby something else is accomplished, and not the last aim and substance of the whole." And perhaps it was a sense of this unfitness of the matter for dramatic use that led the Poet, upon the revisal, to pour through the work so large a measure of the lyrical element, thus penetrating and filling it with the efficacy of a grand national song of triumph. Hence comes it that the play is so thoroughly charged with the spirit and poetry of a sort of jubilant patriotism, of which the King himself is probably the most eloquent impersonation ever delineated. Viewed in this light, the piece, however inferior to others in dramatic effect, is as perfect in its way as any thing the Poet has given us. And it has a peculiar value as indicating what Shakespeare might have done in other forms of poetry, had he been so minded; the Choruses in general, and especially that to the fourth Act, being unrivalled in spirit, clearness, and force. — Of course the play has its unity in the hero; who is never for a moment out of our feelings: even when

he is most absent or unseen, the thought and expression still relish of him ; and the most prosaic parts are touched with a certain grace and effluence from him.

### Why Falstaff is not Introduced.

For some cause or other, the promise, already quoted, touching the continuation of Sir John was not made good. Falstaff does not once appear in the play. I suspect that, when the author went to planning the drama, he saw the impracticability of making any thing more out of him ; while there was at least some danger lest the part should degenerate into clap-trap. And indeed the very fact of such a promise being made might well infer a purpose rather too theatrical for the just rights of truth and art. At all events, Sir John's dramatic office and mission were clearly at an end when his connection with Prince Henry was broken off ; the design of the character being to explain the Prince's wild and riotous courses. Besides, Falstaff must have had so much of manhood in him as to love the Prince, else he were too bad a man for the Prince to be with ; and when he was so sternly cast off, the grief of this wound must in all reason have sadly palsied his sport-making powers. To have continued him with his wits shattered or crippled, had been flagrant injustice to him ; to have continued him with his wits sound and in good trim, had been something unjust to the Prince.

To be sure, Falstaff repenting and reforming might be a much better man ; but in that capacity he was not for us. In such a man as he has been, the process of repentance must be secret, else it would not be edifying ; and to set it forth upon the stage as matter of public amusement, were

a clear instance of profanation. Such a thing ought never to be shown at all, save as it transpires silently in the fruits of an amended life. So that the Poet did well to keep Falstaff in retirement where, though his once matchless powers no longer give us pleasure, yet the report of his sufferings gently touches our pity, and recovers him to our human sympathies. And when at last the Hostess tells us "the King has killed his heart," what a volume of redeeming matter is suggested concerning him! We then for the first time begin to respect him as a man, because we see that he has a heart as well as a brain; and that his heart is big and strong enough to outwrestle his profligacy, and give death the advantage of him. And it is observable that those who see much of him, although they do not respect him, and can but stand amazed at his overpowering freshets of humour, nevertheless get strongly attached to him. This is especially the case with that strangely-interesting creature, Mrs. Quickly; and now we can hardly choose but think the better both of Falstaff and of Bardolph, when, the former having died, and a question being raised as to where he has gone, the latter says, "Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in Heaven or in Hell!" In Quickly's account of his last moments there is a pathos to which I know of nothing similar, and which is as touching as it is peculiar. It is in Shakespeare's choicest vein of humour. — His make-up being so original, and so plenipotent in wit and humour, it was but natural that Sir John, upon his departure, should leave some audible vibrations in the air behind him. The last of these dies away upon the ear when Fluellen uses him to point a moral; and this reference, so queerly characteristic of the speaker, is abundantly grateful as serving to start up a swarm of laughing memories.

### The Comic Characters.

In the comic portions of this play we have a fresh illustration of the Poet's versatility and range of genius. There is indeed nothing here that comes up to the earlier scenes at Eastcheap: so much is implied in the absence of Falstaff; for nothing else in the comic line can be expected to equal that delineation. But Hostess Quickly reappears as Mrs. Pistol, the same character, but running into an amusing variety of development: the swaggering Pistol is also the same as before, only in a somewhat more efflorescent stage; ranting out with greater gust than ever the picked-up fustian of the bear-garden and the play-house; a very fuliginous pistol—without fire: Bardolph, too, with his "face all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire," but advanced in rank, and carrying a sense of higher importance. With these we have an altogether original addition in Corporal Nym, a delineation of low character in the Poet's most realistic style; with a vein of humour so lifelike as to seem a literal transcript from fact; while the native vulgarity of the man is kept from being disgusting by the freshness and spirit with which his characteristic traits are delivered.

These three good-for-nothing profligates are a fitting example of the human refuse and scum which lately gravitated round Sir John; and they serve the double purpose of carrying into the new scenes the memory of the King's former associations, and also of evincing the King's present severity and rectitude of discipline. They thus help to bridge over the chasm, which might else appear something too abrupt, between what the hero was as Prince of Wales and what he is as King: therewithal their presence shows him acting out the purpose, which he avowed at our first meeting with him,

of imitating the Sun, who causes himself to be more wondered at

By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
And vapours that did seem to strangle him.

That some such clouds of vileness, exhaled from the old haunts of his discarded life, should still hang about his path, was natural in the course of things, and may be set down as a judicious point in the drama.

The Boy who figures as servant to "these three swashers" is probably the same whom we met with as Page to Falstaff in the preceding play. His arch and almost unconscious shrewdness of remark was even then a taking feature; and it encouraged the thought of his having enough healthy keenness of perception to ward off the taints and corruptions that beset him. And he now translates the follies and vices of his employers into apt themes of sagacious and witty reflection, touching at every point the very pith of their distinctive features. The mixture of penetration and simplicity with which he moralizes their pretentious nothings is very charming. Thus Pistol's turbulent vapourings draw from him the sage remark, "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, and they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously." Shakespeare specially delights in thus endowing his children and youngsters with a kind of unsophisticated shrewdness, the free outcome of a native soundness that enables them to walk unhurt amid the contagions of bad example; their own minds being kept pure, and even furthered in the course of manhood, by an instinctive oppugnance to the shams and meannesses which beset their path.

But the comic life of the drama is mainly centred in a very different group of persons. Fluellen, Jamy, and Macmorris strike out an entirely fresh and original vein of entertainment; and these, together with Bates and Williams, aptly represent the practical, working soldiership of the King's army. The conceited and loquacious Welshman, the tenacious and argumentative Scotchman, the hot and impulsive Irishman, with all whose nations the English have lately been at war, serve the further purpose of displaying how smoothly the recent national enmities have been reconciled, and all the parties drawn into harmonious co-operation, by the King's inspiring nobleness of character, and the catching enthusiasm of his enterprise. All three are as brave as lions, thoroughly devoted to the cause, and mutually emulous of doing good service; each entering into the work with as much heartiness as if his own nation were at the head of the undertaking. All of them too are completely possessed with the spirit of the occasion, where "honour's thought reigns solely in the breast of every man"; and as there is no swerving from the line of earnest warlike purpose in quest of any sport or pastime, so the amusement we have of them results purely from the spontaneous working-out of their innate peculiarities; and while making us laugh they at the same time win our respect, their very oddities serving to set off their substantial manliness.

Fluellen is pedantic, pragmatical, and somewhat querulous, but withal a thoroughly honest and valiant soul. He loves to hear himself discourse touching "the true discipline of the wars," and about "Alexander the Pig," and how "Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is plind; 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": but then he is also prompt to own that "Captain Jamy is a marvellous valorous gentleman, and of great expedition and knowledge in th' aunchient wars"; and that "he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans." He is indeed rather easily gulled into thinking Pistol a hero, on hearing him "utter as prave 'ords at the pridge as you shall see in a Summer's day": this lapse, however, is amply squared when he cudgels the swagger out of the "counterfeit rascal," and persuades him to eat the leek, and then makes him accept a groat to "heal his proken pate"; which is one of Shakespeare's raciest and most spirited comic scenes. Herewith should be noted also his cool discretion in putting up with the mouthing braggart's insolence, because the time and place did not properly allow his resenting it on the spot: and when he calls on him to "eat his victuals," and gives him the cudgel for sauce to it; and tells him, "You called me yesterday mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree"; there is no mistaking the timber he is made of.

On another occasion, Fluellen sharply reproves one of his superior officers for loud-talking in the camp at night: "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 pibble-pabble in Pompey's camp": and the King, overhearing this reproof, hits the white of his character when he says to himself.

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

But perhaps the man's most characteristic passage is in his

plain and downright style of speech to the King himself: the latter referring to the place of his own birth, which was in Wales, addresses him as "my good countryman," and he replies, "I am your Majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be Got, so long as your Majesty is an honest man." On the whole, Fluellen is a capital instance of the Poet's consideration for the rights of manhood irrespective of rank or title or any adventitious regards. Though a very subordinate person in the drama, there is more wealth of genius shown in the delineation of him than of any other except the King.

### Characteristics of the King.

The delineation of the King has something of peculiar interest from its personal relation to the author. It embodies the Poet's ethics of character. Here, for once, he relaxes his strictness of dramatic self-reserve, and lets us directly into his own conception of what is good and noble: in his other portraits we have the art and genius of the poet; here, along with this, is also reflected the conscience and heart of the man.

The King is the most complex and many-sided of all Shakespeare's heroes, with the one exception of Hamlet; if indeed even Hamlet ought to be excepted. He is great alike in thought, in purpose, and in performance; all the parts of his character drawing together perfectly, as if there were no foothold for distraction among them. Truth, sweetness, and terror build in him equally. And he loves the plain presence of natural and homely characters, where all is genuine, forthright, and sincere. Even in his sternest



actions as king, he shows, he cannot help showing, the motions of a brotherly heart: there is a certain grace and suavity in his very commands, causing them to be felt as benedictions. To be frank, open, and affable with all sorts of persons, so as to call their very hearts into their mouths, and move them to be free, plain-spoken, and simple in his company, as losing the sense of inferior rank in an equality of manhood,—all this is both an impulse of nature and a rule of judgment with him. Nothing contents him short of getting heart to heart with those about or beneath him: all conventional starch, all official forms, all the facings of pride, that stand in the way of this, he breaks through; yet he does this with so much natural dignity and ease, that those who see it are scarcely sensible of it: they feel a peculiar graciousness in him, but know not why. And in his practical sense of things, as well as in his theory, inward merit is the only basis of kingly right and rule: yet he is so much at home in this thought, that he never emphasizes it at all; because he understands full well that such merit, where it really lives, will best make its way when left to itself, and that any boasting or putting on airs about it can only betray a lack of it.

Thus the character of this crowned gentleman stands together in that native harmony and beauty which is most adorned in being unadorned. And his whole behaviour appears to be governed by an instinctive sense of this. There is no simulation, no disguise, no study for appearances, about him: all got-up dignities, any thing put on for effect, whatever savours in the least of sham or shoddy, is his aversion; and the higher the place where it is used, the more he feels it to be out of place; his supreme delight being to seem just what he is, and to be just what he seems.

In other words, he has a steadfast, living, operative faith in the plenipotence of truth: he wants nothing better; he scorns to rely on any thing less: this is the soul of all his thoughts and designs. The sense of any discrepancy between his inward and his outward parts would be a torment to him. Hence his unaffected heartiness in word and deed. Whatsoever he cannot enter into with perfect wholeness and integrity of mind, that he shrinks from having any thing to do with. Accordingly in all that flows from him we feel the working of a heart so full that it cannot choose but overflow. Perhaps indeed he has never heard it said that "an honest man's the noblest work of God"; perhaps he has never even thought it consciously; but it is the core of his practical thinking; he lives it, and therefore knows it by heart, if not by head.

This explains what are deemed the looser parts of his conduct while Prince of Wales. For his character, through all its varieties of transpiration in the three plays where he figures, is perfectly coherent and all of a piece. In the air of the Court there was something, he hardly knew what, that cut against his grain; he could not take to it. His father was indeed acting a noble part, and was acting it nobly; at least the Prince thought so: still he could not but feel that his father was acting a part. Dissimulation, artifice, official fiction, attentiveness to show, and all that course of dealing where less is meant than meets the ear, were too much the style and habit of the place: policy was the method, astuteness the force, of the royal counsels; and plain truth was not deep enough for one who held it so much his interest to hoodwink the time. Even the virtue there cherished was in great part a made-up, surface virtue; at the best there was a spice of disingenuousness in it. In short, the whole

administration of the State manifestly took its shape and tone from the craft of the King, not from the heart of the man.

To the Prince's keen eye all this was evident, to his healthy feelings it was offensive ; he craved the fellowship of something more fresh and genuine ; and was glad to get away from it, and play with simpler and honester natures, where he could at least be frank and true, and where his spirits might run out in natural freedom. "Covering discretion with a coat of folly" was better in his sense of things than to have his native sensibilities smothered under such a varnish of solemn plausibility and factitious constraint. Even his inborn rectitude found a more congenial climate where no virtue at all was professed, and where its claims were frankly sported off, than where there was so much of sinister craft and indirection mixed up with it : the reckless and spontaneous outpourings of moral looseness, nay, the haunts of open-faced profligacy, so they had some sparkling of wit and raciness of humour in them, were more to his taste than the courts of refined hypocrisy and dissimulation, where politicians played at hide-and-seek with truth, and tied up their schemes with shreds of Holy Writ.

### **His Intercourse with Falstaff.**

Still it should be noted withal, that during his intercourse with Falstaff the Prince was all the while growing better, whereas Falstaff was daily growing worse. This was because the former was secretly intent on picking out the good, the latter the evil, of that intercourse. With the one it was a process of free and generous self-abandon ; with the other, of greedy and sensual self-seeking. So the Prince went into the Gads-hill robbery merely as a frolic ; the jest of the thing

was what he looked to ; and he took care to have all the money paid back to the losers. On the other hand, Falstaff's sole thought was to snatch the means of self-indulgence ; and so the act was all of a piece with his cheating the Hostess out of her hard-earned cash by practising on her simple-hearted kindness ; and with his laying a plot to swindle Shallow, expressly on the ground that, " if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of Nature but I may snap at him."

And it seems to me a very mark-worthy point in that great delineation, that while Falstaff was thus preparing for those darker villainies, the Prince was silently feeding the nobler mind which in due time prompted an utter repudiation of Sir John. At all events, whatever perils there might be in such companionship, I must needs think that even in the haunts of Eastcheap, as Shakespeare orders them, the Prince had a larger and richer school of practical wisdom ; that he could there learn more of men, of moral good and evil, could get a clearer insight of the strengths and weaknesses of the human heart, and touch more springs of noble thought and purpose, than in any college of made-up appearances, where truth is so adulterated with cunning, that the mind insensibly loses its simplicity, and sucks in perversion under the names of dignity and prudence.

Accordingly, I suppose the Prince's course in this matter to have grown mainly from the one pregnant fact, that his tongue could not endure the taste of falsehood, nor his hand the touch of fraud. And because, from his fulness of inward worth, he must and would be true, and rejoiced in what was simple and candid and direct, and hated all disguise and pretence and make-believe, therefore his mind on all sides moved in contact with the truth and life of things. Thus

the dangerous experiences he had with revellers and make-sports were to him a discipline of virtue and wisdom ; he found at least more of natural sap in them than in the walking costumes from which they withdrew him : the good that was in them he could retain, the ill he could discard, because the former had something in him to stick upon, which the latter had not : and he knew that the noblest fruit would grow larger and ripen better in the generous soil where weeds also grew, than in the dry enclosures where nature and soul-power were repressed, to make room for craft-power and artifice. Yet even then, as often as he had any manly work to do, an answering spirit of manliness was forthwith kindled within him, and the course of riot and mirth was instantly shaken off as at the touch of a stronger affinity. To apply one of Bacon's fine sayings, when once his mind had placed before it noble aims, it was immediately surrounded not only by the virtues, but by the gods.

The Prince knew himself to be under a cloud of ill thoughts and surmises ; that he was held in slight esteem by his companions, his kindred, and his foes ; that even Pointz put a bad construction on his behaviour ; that his brothers gave him up, and his father viewed him with reproach and distrust ; that in the glory of Hotspur's deeds himself was quite eclipsed ; that every man was forethinking him a hopeless reprobate, and was shaking the head at the sound of his name : but all this did not appear to move him ; still he seemed unconcerned, and intent only on playing out his game ; untouched with compunctious visitings, and digesting his shames as quietly as if he were not aware of them.

This seeming insensibility was because he had at bottom the strength of a good conscience, and a firm trust in the might of truth : "rotten opinion" did not inwardly gall him,

because he felt sure that in due time he should raze it out, and was content to abide his time. He had tried himself in noble work, and knew how sweet was the conscience of having done it like a man, and also knew that his inner mind on this score was a profound secret to those about him: the imputation of certain faults did not worry him, because he knew it was not really deserved; yet he was far from blaming others for it, because he also knew it seemed to be deserved; and in his modest disdain of show he could quietly face the misconstructions of the hour, and remain true to himself in the calm assurance that all would come right in the end. But especially his course of life and the ill repute it drew upon him exempted him from the pestilence of lordly flatterers and buzzing sycophants; and he might well deem the scenes of his mirth to be health and purity itself in comparison with an atmosphere sweetened with that penetrating defilement: if there was a devil in the former, it was at least an undisguised devil; which was vastly better than a devil sugared over so as to cheat the taste, and seduce the moral sentinels of the heart.

### His Moral Complexion.

The character of Shakespeare's Henry the Fifth may almost be said to consist of piety, honesty, and modesty. And he embodies these qualities in their simplest and purest form; all sitting so easy and natural in him that he thinks not of them. Then too, which is well worth the noting, they so draw and work together, that each may be affirmed of the others; that is, he is honest and modest in his piety, pious and modest in his honesty; so that there is nothing obtrusive or showy in his acting of these virtues: being solid and true, they are therefore much within and little without,

and are perfectly free from any air of pretence or design. And all the other manly virtues gather upon him in the train of these ; while, as before remarked, at the centre of the whole stands a serene faith in the sufficiency of truth.

The practical working of this choice composure is well shown in what happened at the killing of Hotspur. No sooner had Prince Henry slain the valiant Percy than he fell at once to doing him the offices of pious and tender reverence ; and the rather, forasmuch as no human eye witnessed the act. He knew that the killing of Hotspur would be enough of itself to wipe out all his shames, and “ restore him into the good thoughts of the world again ” ; nevertheless he cheerfully resigned the credit of the deed to Falstaff. He knew that such a surreptitious honour would help his old companion in the way wherein he was most capable and needy of help ; while, for himself, he could forego the fame of it in the secret pledge it gave him of other and greater achievements : the inward conscience thereof sufficed him ; and the sense of having done a generous thing was dearer to him than the beguiling sensation of “ riding in triumph on men’s tongues.” This noble superiority to the breath of present applause is what most clearly evinces the solidity and inwardness of his virtue.

Yet in one of his kingliest moments he tells us, “ If it be a sin to covet honour, I am the most offending soul alive.” But honour is with him in the highest sense a social conscience, and the rightful basis of self-respect : he deems it a good chiefly as it makes a man clean and strong within, and not as it dwells in the fickle breath of others. As for that conventional figment which small souls make so much ado about, he cares little for it, as knowing that it is often got without merit, and lost without deserving. Thus the

honour he covets is really to deserve the good thoughts of men : the inward sense of such desert is enough : if what is fairly his due in that kind be withheld by them, the loss is theirs, not his.

Another characteristic article of his creed is that "in peace there's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility." In his former days, during the intervals of high work, he was a spendthrift of his time, and cared mainly to pass it away from the pressure of irksome and benumbing constraint ; but, now that high work claims all his hours, "ease from this noble miser of his time no moment steals" ; and he pushes ahead as one

Who, not content that former worth stand fast,  
Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
From well to better, daily self-surpast.

In his clear rectitude and piety of purpose, he will not go to war with France till he believes religiously and in his conscience that he has a sacred right to the French crown, and that it would be a sin against the divinely-appointed order of human society not to prosecute that claim. This point settled, he goes about the task as if his honour and salvation hung upon it. And in putting it through he is at once collected and eager, gentle and terrible ; full alike of warlike energy and of bland repose : his faith in the justice of his cause and in the Divine support renders him both earnest and tranquil ; and he alternates with majestic grace between the stirrings of his plain homely nature and of his kingly heroic spirit, or blends them both in one as the occasion speaks.

The King, however, has one conspicuous lapse from modesty. The pompous brags of the French spouted through



their Herald betray him into a brief but rather high strain of bragging, as if he had caught the disease of them : but he presently catches himself in it and chides himself for it : the words nauseate him, and he forthwith spits them out ; and he is disgusted with himself till he has washed out the taste of them with repentance. So that the result just proves how sound and sincere that virtue is in him. At the same time, with characteristic impulsive frankness, he discloses to the enemy the badness of his own plight :

My people are with sickness much enfeebled ;  
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have  
Almost no better than so many French.

Nor is this a thoughtless act ; for in the same breath he owns that " 'tis no wisdom to confess so much unto an enemy of craft and vantage " ; but then it is the simple truth, and truth is good enough for him : moreover his frankness, whether he means it so or not, helps him in the end ; for it has the effect of dissolving still further the bands of order among the French, making them more negligent, presumptuous, and giddy than ever.

Nor is he wanting in the qualities of a discreet and prudent general. His quick and circumspective eye takes in all the parts of military duty. In his method, cool strategic judgment goes hand in hand with daring impetuous courage. He understands, none better, the requirements of sound policy in war. Justice and humanity to non-combatants are cardinal points of discipline with him, and this not only as according with his temper, but as helpers to success. Besides, he looks upon the French people as his own, and therefore will not have them wronged or oppressed by his soldiers. Bardolph and Nym are hanged for theft

and sacrilege, and he "would have all such offenders so cut off"; and he gives express charge that "nothing be taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language"; his avowed reason being, that "when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner."

### **His Frank Human-Heartedness.**

But, with all his stress of warlike ardour and intentness, his mind full of cares, thoughtful, provident, self-mastered as he is, his old frank and childlike playfulness and love of harmless fun still cling to him, and mingle genially in his working earnestness. Even in his gravest passages, with but one or two exceptions, as in his address to the conspirant lords, there is a dash of jocose humour that is charmingly reminiscent of his most jovial and sportive hours. When "consideration like an angel came, and whipp'd the offending Adam out of him," it put no stiffness or sourness into his manners, nor had any effect towards withering him up from being still the prince of good fellows. His spirits are none the less brisk and sprightly for being bound in with the girdle of temperance and conscientious rectitude. He can be considerate and playful too; self-restrained and running over with fresh hilarity at the same time.

Perhaps the fairest display of his whole varied make-up is in the night before the battle of Agincourt, when, wrapping himself in a borrowed cloak, he goes unrecognized about the camp, allaying the scruples, cheering the hearts, and bracing the courage of his men. His free and kindly nature is so unsubdued and fresh, that he craves to be a man among his soldiers, and talk familiarly with them face to face, which he knows could not be if he appeared among

them as King. Here too his love of plain unvarnished truth asserts itself: he does not attempt to disguise from himself or from them the huge perils of their situation: he owns that the odds are fearfully against them; because he trusts that all this, instead of appalling their hearts, will rather serve, as indeed it does, to knit up their energies to a more resolute and strenuous effort. The greater the danger they are in, the greater should their courage be,—that is the principle he acts upon, and he has faith that they will act upon it too: he would have them know the worst of their condition, because he doubts not that they will be all the surer to meet it like men, dying gloriously, if die they must; and he so frames his speech that it works in them as an inspiration to that effect. Speaking to them of himself in the third person, he says, “I think the King is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing”: and on his conscience he assures them of what is indeed true, that the King “would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.” From the overweening confidence of the French, leading to profanity and dissoluteness, he gathers the lessons of an heroic piety:

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
 Would men observingly distil it out;  
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,  
 Which is both healthful and good husbandry:  
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,  
 And preaches to us all; admonishing  
 That we should 'dress us fairly for our end.  
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,  
 And make a moral of the Devil himself.

I have elsewhere observed how Shakespeare used the

Choruses in this play for the purpose of unbosoming himself in regard to his favourite hero. His own personal sense of the King's nocturnal doings is most unequivocally pronounced in the Chorus to the fourth Act :

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-watchèd night ;  
 But freshly looks, and overbears attaint  
 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.

But the best of it is, that all the deep seriousness, not to say gloom, of the occasion does not repress his native jocularity of spirit. John Bates and Michael Williams, whose hearts are indeed braver and better than their words, speak out their doubts and fears with all plainness ; and he falls at once into a strain of grave and apt discourse that soon satisfies their minds, which have been rendered somewhat querulous by the plight they are in ; and, when the blunt and downright Williams pushes his freedom into something of sauciness, he meets it with bland good-humour, and melts out the man's crustiness by contriving quite in his old style for carrying on a practical joke ; so that we have a right taste of the sportive Prince in the most trying and anxious passage of the King. In the same spirit, afterwards, when the jest is

coming to the upshot, as it is likely to breed some bloody work, he takes care that no harm shall be done : he turns it into an occasion for letting the men know whom they had talked so freely with : he has himself invited their freedom of speech, because in his full-souled frankness of nature he really loves to be inward with them, and to taste the honest utterance of their minds : and when, upon that disclosure, Williams still uses his former plainness, he likes him the better for it ; and winds up the jest by rewarding his supposed offence with a glove full of crowns ; thus ending the whole with a stroke of genuine magnanimity, such as cannot fail to secure the undivided empire of his soldiers' hearts : henceforth they will make nothing of dying for such a noble fellow, whose wish clearly is, not to overawe them by any studied dignity, but to reign within them by his manliness of soul, and by making them feel that he is their best friend.

### His Wooing of Catharine.

The same merry, frolicsome humour comes out again in his wooing of the Princess Catharine. It is a real holiday of the spirits with him ; his mouth overruns with play ; he cracks jokes upon his own person and his speaking of French ; and sweetens his way to the lady's heart by genial frankness and simplicity of manner ; wherein we relish nothing of the King indeed, but, which is better, much of the man. With the open and true-hearted pleasantry of a child, he laughs through his courtship ; yet we feel all the while a deep undercurrent of seriousness beneath his laughter ; and there is to our sense no lapse from dignity in his behaviour, because nothing is really so dignified as when a man forgets his dignity in the overflowings of a right-noble and generous

heart. The King loves men who are better than their words ; and it is his nature to be better than he speaks : this is the artless disguise of modesty through which true goodness has its most effective disclosure ; while, on the other hand, we naturally distrust the beauty that is not something shy of letting its charms be seen. — I must add that, bearing in mind the well-known character and history of King Henry the Sixth, we cannot fail to take it as a signal stroke of irony when the hero, in his courtship, speaks to the Princess of their “compounding a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard.” This is one of those highly artful, yet seemingly-spontaneous sallies with which the Poet delights to play out his deep insight of character, and to surprise or to laugh his readers into a knowledge of themselves. — It is also to be noted that, notwithstanding the hero’s sportive mood in the wooing, when he comes to deal with the terms of peace, where he thinks the honour of his nation is involved, his mood is very different : then he purposely forgot the King in the man ; now he resolutely forgets the man in the King ; and will not budge a hair from the demands which he holds to be the right of his people. The dignity of his person he freely leaves to take care of itself ; the dignity of his State is to him a sacred thing, and he will sooner die than compromise it a jot.

### **His Bearing as a Christian.**

In respect of piety, the King exemplifies whatever was best in the teaching and practice of his time. Nor, upon the whole, is it altogether certain that any thing better has arisen since his time. What appears as modesty in his dealings with men here takes the form of humility, deep and

unaffected ; he thinks, speaks, and acts in the fear of God : this trait is indeed the central point, the very core of the whole delineation. Shakespeare found the King highly extolled in Holinshed for his piety at home, and throughout his campaigns ; he accepted the matter most heartily, but construed it in a truly liberal spirit, and wrought it purposely into the brightest feature of his hero. Thus at the outset the King's demeanour is marked by calm, unobtrusive notes of severe conscientiousness : he is above all anxious that his enterprise have the Divine approval ; nor are his scruples on this score any the less genuine, that he does not assume to be himself the sole ultimate judge of right and duty, but refers it to the judgment of those who stand to him as authorized interpreters of the Divine will. Then he takes it as a direct interposal of Providence, and a gracious mark of the Divine favour, that the " dangerous treason, lurking in his way," is brought to light. And all through he takes care to instruct himself and to have his men instructed, that they are to place their sole reliance in God's help, to seek that help by piety and rectitude of life, and not to arrogate to themselves the merit of success, nor get puffed with a conceit of their own sufficiency. On the eve of the battle, he remembers, from his father's own mouth, the wrongs his father did in compassing the crown, and religiously fears lest the sins of the father in this case be visited on the son : in this pious and penitential thought he craves to be alone, that " he and his bosom may debate awhile " ; and then, after reciting some of the " good and pious works " which he has done to atone the fault, he adds, with heartfelt humility, " More will I do ; though all that I can do is nothing worth." And, while the French are revelling out the night in vanity and insolence, he has his soldiers put upon

fortifying their courage, and seeking to bring good out of evil, by solemn acts of repentance and prayer. So again, after the great victory, which he in his pious solicitude is slow to credit the report of, his first word is, "Praisèd be God, and not our strength, for it!" and later, when the results of the battle are fully ascertained, "O God, Thy arm was here, and not to us, but to Thy arm alone ascribe we all." And his sincerity in all this is approved by the order he takes that there be no voice of boasting or arrogance on account of what has been done, and that the Divine gift of victory be devoutly acknowledged in "all holy rites." How the Poet himself regarded these marks of Christian piety and humility in his hero, well appears from the account given of the King's reception at London, in the Chorus to Act v. :

Whereas 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;  
 Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,  
 Quite from himself to God.

It is true, some of the King's acts of religion are in a style that is now out of date, and that was mostly out of date in England when the play was written: but this no-wise detracts from their genuineness or from his integrity of heart in doing them. In the fifteenth century, piety and chivalry, which latter was then at its height, went hand in hand, forming a combination so foreign to our modes of thought, that we can hardly enter into it at all. That time is now generally, perhaps justly, regarded as an age of popular bigotry and of clerical simony; yet the Poet's hero is clearly no bigot, and is as clearly above the suspicion of unclean hands; and, whatever may be thought of his



religious modes, his Christian spirit is as lofty and pure as any age has witnessed in men of his place.

### His Civil Administration.

Much the same is to be said touching the civil administration of this King. It is easy for us to observe that, instead of making useless conquests in France, he had better stayed at home, and spent his care in furthering the arts of peace, and been content with giving his people the benefit of a just and unambitious government. But what we call a liberal, humane, and judicious policy of State was in no sort the thing for that time. All men's ideas of greatness and heroism ran in the channels of war and conquest : to make the people thrifty and happy by wise laws, was nowhere a mark of public honour and applause ; and no nation was then held to have any rights that other nations were bound to respect. Nor, after all our fine words and high pretensions, are the nations of our time so clear in this regard, but that those older nations may still put in some claims to respect, and may even hold up their heads in our presence. It is enough that on all these points King Henry the Fifth, as Shakespeare draws him, embodies whatever was noblest in the mind and heart of his time ; though it seems hardly worth the while, even if it be true, to repeat the rather threadbare saying, that his faults were those of the age, while his virtues were those of the man. At all events, to insist, as some have done, on judging him by our standard of policy and wisdom, is too absurd or too wrong-headed to deserve any laboured exposure.

### General Reflections.

In respect of proper dramatic interest and effect, this play is far inferior to *King Henry the Fourth*; nor does it rank very high in the list of Shakespeare's achievements: but in respect of wisdom and poetry and eloquence it is among his very best. The Choruses are replete with the finest lyrical inspiration; and I know of nothing that surpasses them in vividness of imagery, or in potency to kindle and electrify the reader's imaginative forces. The King's speeches to his soldiers at Harfleur and to the Governor and citizens of that town, in Act iii.; his reflections on ceremony, and his speech to Westmoreland just before the battle of Agincourt, and Exeter's account of the deaths of York and Suffolk, all in Act iv.; and Burgundy's speech in favour of peace, in Act v.; all these may be cited as perfect models in their kind, at once eloquent and poetical in the highest degree. Campbell the poet aptly remarks of them, "It was said of Æschylus, that he composed his *Seven Chiefs against Thebes* under the inspiration of Mars himself. If Shakespeare's *Henry the Fifth* had been written for the Greeks, they would have paid him the same compliment." Nor must I omit to mention the Archbishop's illustration from the commonwealth of bees in Act i.; which has been justly noted as "full of the most exquisite imagery and music. The art employed in transforming the whole scene of the hive into a resemblance of humanity is a perfect study; every successive object, as it is brought forward, being invested with its characteristic attributes."

I have to confess that in one material respect, at least, this play is not altogether such as I could wish. The French are palpably caricatured, and the caricature is not in a spirit of

perfect fairness and candour: it savours too much of running an enemy down. The Poet's English prejudices, honest as they were, are something too strongly pronounced. Frederick Schlegel well observes that "the feeling by which Shakespeare seems to have been most connected with ordinary men is that of nationality"; but in this case his nationality is not so tolerant and generous as his other plays would lead us to expect; which imparts to the workmanship some want of the right artistic calmness and equipoise. It is true that in the hero's time the French people and government were in a most deplorable condition; the King insane, the Dauphin frivolous and vain, the nobility split into reckless and tearing factions, and the whole nation bordering upon a state of anarchy; insomuch that they may have well deserved the rough discipline Henry gave them; and perhaps nothing less would have sufficed to exorcise the evil spirit out of them, and put them in training for better days: but all this does not justify the braggart, mouth-stretching persiflage and insolence which the Poet ascribes to them. It is also true that in these points he renders them very much as he found them described in the *Chronicles*; but the regards of Art as well as of cool justice should have softened away those satirical, distorting, and vituperative lines of description: Shakespeare ought to have seen the French with his own eyes, and not with those of the old chroniclers. Gervinus suggests that a jealous patriotic feeling may have influenced the Poet in this matter. The great Henry the Fourth, probably the most accomplished statesman and wisest ruler of his time, was then on the throne of France. And the German critic thinks that Shakespeare may have had it in mind to dash the enthusiasm of his French contemporaries about their king, by showing an English Henry who was his equal

in greatness and originality : but he rightly notes that the Poet's hero would have appeared still more noble, if his antagonists had been made to seem less despicable.

# KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.		BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, Soldiers in the same.
JOHN, Duke of Bedford,	} his Brothers.	PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH, also Sol- diers.
HUMPHREY, Duke of Glos- ter,		
THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, his Uncle.		A Boy, Servant to them. A Herald. Chorus.
EDWARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.		CHARLES VI., King of France.
HENRY CHICHELEY, Archbishop of Canterbury.		LOUIS, the Dauphin.
JOHN FORDHAM, Bishop of Ely.		DUKES of BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORE- LAND, and WARWICK.		CONSTABLE of France.
RICHARD, Earl of Cambridge,	} Con- spira- tors.	RAMBURES and GRANDPRE, Lords. MOUNTJOY, a French Herald. Governor of Harfleur. Ambassadors to England.
HENRY LORD SCROOP,		
Sir THOMAS GREY,		
Sir THOMAS ERPING- HAM,	} Officers in the King's Army.	ISABEL, Queen of France. CATHARINE, Daughter of Charles. ALICE, a Lady attending her. Mrs. PISTOL, late Mrs. Quickly.
GOWER, FLUELLEN,		
MACMORRIS, and JAMY,		
Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.		

SCENE. — *At the beginning of the play, in England; afterwards, in France.*

## 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,  
 Assume the port of Mars ; and at his heels,  
 Leash'd-in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,  
 Crouch for employment.<sup>1</sup> But pardon, gentles all,  
 The flat unraisèd spirits that have dared  
 On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth  
 So great an object : can this cockpit<sup>2</sup> hold  
 The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram  
 Within this wooden O the very casques<sup>3</sup>  
 That did affright the air of Agincourt ?  
 O, pardon ! since a crookèd figure may  
 Attest in little place a million ;  
 And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,  
 On your imaginary<sup>4</sup> forces work.  
 Suppose within the girdle of these walls  
 Are now confined two mighty monarchies,  
 Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts

<sup>1</sup> Readers may like to be told that the image is of three eager hounds held back with a leash or strap, till the huntsman sees the time has come for letting them fly at the game. The Poet has repeated allusions to this old warlike trio. So in *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 1: "And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge, shall in these confines with a monarch's voice cry *Havoc!* and let slip the dogs of war."

<sup>2</sup> A *cockpit* was a small area enclosed for cocks to fight in. The *pit* of a theatre was the space immediately in front of the stage. The occupants of it had nothing between their feet and the ground; hence were sometimes called "groundlings." In the text, however, *cockpit* seems to be put for the stage itself.

<sup>3</sup> The *Wooden O* was the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, which was circular within.—"The *very casques*" is, "*so much as the casques*," or "*merely the casques*." So in *The Taming of the Shrew*: "Thou false deluding slave, that feed'st me with the *very name of meat*."

<sup>4</sup> *Imaginary for imaginative*; the passive form with the active sense. An usage occurring continually in these plays.

The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder :  
 Piece-out our imperfections with your thoughts ;  
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
 And make imaginary puissance ;  
 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 th' accomplishment of many years  
 Into an hour-glass : for the which supply,  
 Admit me chorus to this History ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,  
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [Exit.

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 ACT I.

SCENE I. — *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<sup>1</sup> bill is urged  
 Which in th' eleventh year of the last King's reign  
 Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,  
 But that the scrambling<sup>2</sup> and unquiet time

<sup>5</sup> That is, "admit me as chorus to this History." A *chorus*, in one sense of the term, is an *interpreter* ; one who explains to the audience what might else be dark or unmeaning to them. — *Supply*, I take it, is here used in the sense of *supplement* or *completion*. So that "for the which supply" is equivalent to *for the completing of which*.

<sup>1</sup> *Self* for *self-same* : a frequent usage.

<sup>2</sup> The more common form of this word is *scrambling*. — *Question*, in the next line, is *discussion* or *consideration*.

Did push it out of further question.

*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 possessions ;  
For all the temporal lands, which men devout  
By testament have given to the Church,  
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<sup>3</sup> and weak age,  
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,  
A hundred almshouses right well supplied ;  
And to the coffers of the King, besides,  
A thousand pounds by th' year :<sup>4</sup> thus runs the bill.

*Ely.* This would drink deep.

*Cant.* 'Twould drink the cup and all.

*Ely.* But what prevention?

*Cant.* The King is full of grace and fair regard,  
And a true lover of the holy Church.

*Ely.* The courses of his youth promised it not.

*Cant.* The breath no sooner left his father's body,  
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 th' offending Adam out of him,  
Leaving his body as a paradise,  
'T envelop and contain celestial spirits.  
Never was such a sudden scholar made ;

<sup>3</sup> *Lazars* here means the same as in *Paradise Lost*, xi. 479: "A *lazar*-house it seem'd, wherein were laid *numbers of all diseased*."

<sup>4</sup> This is taken almost *verbatim* from Holinshed.



Never came reformation in a flood,  
 With such a heady current, scouring faults ;  
 Nor never hydra-headed wilfulness<sup>5</sup>  
 So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,  
 As in this King.)

*Ely.* We 're blessèd 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 ;  
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
 You'd 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,  
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
 Familiar as his garter : that, when he speaks,  
 The air, a charter'd libertine,<sup>6</sup> is still,  
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
 To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.  
 So that the art and practic part of life  
 Must be the mistress to his theoric :<sup>7</sup>

*Indicating*  
*the*  
*of the*

<sup>5</sup> That is, a wilfulness with *many heads*, and which, like the hydra, as fast as the heads are cut off, puts forth new ones. So that "hydra-headed wilfulness" is but a strong expression for *freakishness* or *waywardness*; the character of one who, drifting before his whims, is ever on some new tack, or is "every thing by turns, and nothing long."

<sup>6</sup> The air is called a "charter'd libertine," probably because it has by Nature a charter of exemption from restraint, or a prescriptive right to blow when and where it will, and cares no more for a king than for a beggar.

<sup>7</sup> He must have drawn his *theory*, digested his order and method of thought, from the *art* and *practice* of life, instead of shaping the latter by the rules and measures of the former: which is strange, since he has never been seen in the way either of learning the things in question by experience, or of digesting the fruits of experience into theory. *Practic* and *theoric*, or *practique* and *theorique*, were the old spelling of *practice* and *theory*.

Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,  
 Since his addiction was to courses vain ;  
 His companies<sup>8</sup> unletter'd, rude, and shallow ;  
 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.<sup>9</sup>

*Ely.* (The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,  
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best  
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality ; *memorize*  
 And so the Prince obscured his contemplation  
 Under the veil of wildness ;<sup>10</sup> which, no doubt,  
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,  
 Unseen, yet *crescive* in his faculty.<sup>11</sup>

*Cant.* It must be so ; for miracles are ceased ;  
 And therefore we must needs admit the means  
 How<sup>12</sup> things are perfected.

*Ely.* But, my good lord,  
 How now for mitigation of this bill  
 Urged by the Commons? Doth his Majesty

<sup>8</sup> *Companies* for *companions*. So in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, i. 1 : "Turn away our eyes, to seek new friends and stranger *companies*."

<sup>9</sup> *Popularity* meant *familiarity with the common people*, as well as popular favour or applause.

<sup>10</sup> In Prince Henry's last speech, Act i. 2, *King Henry IV.*, he is represented as deliberately proposing this course to himself, for reasons therein stated. So of Julius Cæsar, "the greatest name in history," as Merivale calls him, it is said that in his earlier years he concealed his tremendous energy and power of application under such an exterior of thoughtless dissipation, that he was set down as a mere young trifler not worth minding.

<sup>11</sup> *Crescive* is the same as *crescent*, *growing*, or *increasing*. So in *Hamlet*, i. 3 : "Nature, *crescent*, does not grow alone in thews and bulk. — *His* for *its*, as usual.

<sup>12</sup> The Poet not unfrequently thus uses *how* in the sense of *by which*.

Incline to it, or no?

*Cant.* (He seems indifferent ;  
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part  
Than cherishing th' exhibitors<sup>13</sup> against us :  
For I have made an offer to his Majesty, —  
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  
Did to his predecessors part withal.)

*Handwritten:* I know content

*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 —  
The several and unhidden passages<sup>14</sup>  
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,  
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,  
Derived from Edward,<sup>15</sup> his great-grandfather.

*Ely.* What was th' impediment that broke this off?

*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 ?

<sup>13</sup> *Exhibitors* is *movers, proposers, or prosecutors*. So, in *The Merry Wives*, ii. i, Mrs. Page says, "I'll *exhibit* a Bill in the Parliament for the putting-down of fat men."

<sup>14</sup> The *passages* of his *titles* are the *lines of succession* by which his claims descend. *Unhidden* is *open, clear*. — JOHNSON.

<sup>15</sup> Isabella, queen of Edward the Second, and mother of Edward the Third, was the daughter of Philip the Fair, of France. She was reputed the most beautiful woman in Europe, and was by many thought the wickedest. The male succession from her father expired in the person of her brother, Charles the Fair. So that, but for the exclusion of females, the French crown would have properly descended to her son.

*Ely.* It is.

*Cant.* Then go we in, to know his embassy ;  
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 II. — *The Same. The Presence-chamber in the Same.*

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK,  
WESTMORELAND,<sup>1</sup> and Attendants.*

*King.* Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury ?

*Exe.* Not here in presence.

*King.* Send for him, good uncle.

*West.* Shall we call in th' ambassador, my liege ?

*King.* Not yet, my cousin : we would be resolved,<sup>2</sup>  
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,  
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 !

*King.* Sure, we thank you.  
My learnèd lord, we pray you to proceed,  
And justly and religiously unfold

<sup>1</sup> The Princes Humphrey and John were made Dukes of Gloster and Bedford at the first Parliament of Henry the Fifth, in 1414. At the same time, according to Holinshed, Thomas Beaufort, Marquess of Dorset, was made Duke of Exeter. The Beaufort family sprang from John of Gaunt by Catharine Swynford, to whom he was married after she had borne him several children. — The earldom of Warwick was at that time in the family of Beauchamp, and the Earl of Westmoreland was Ralph Neville.

<sup>2</sup> *Resolve* is very often used by old writers in the sense of *inform*, *assure*, or *satisfy*.

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<sup>3</sup> charge your understanding soul  
 With opening titles miscreate, whose right<sup>4</sup>  
 Suits not in native colours with the truth ;  
 For God doth know how many, now in health,  
 Shall drop their blood in approbation<sup>5</sup>  
 Of what your Reverence shall incite us to.  
 Therefore take heed how you impawn<sup>6</sup> our person,  
 How you awake the 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  
 Are every one a woe, a sore complaint  
 'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the sword  
 That makes such waste in brief mortality.  
 Under this conjuration, speak, my lord ;  
 For we will hear, note, and believe in heart  
 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,

<sup>3</sup> *Nicely* here has the sense of *curiously* or *ingeniously*, and its force rather qualifies *opening* than *charge* : so that the sense of the whole clause is, "that you should burden your wise judgment with the guilt of making that seem fairly and truly derived which is really a false creation, a fiction of craft and ingenuity."

<sup>4</sup> *Whose right* is equivalent to *the right growing from which*, or *depending on which* : the right growing from which, however plausibly made out, would not stand with a plain and honest handling of the matter.

<sup>5</sup> *Approbation* was used of old for *proving* or establishing by proof.

<sup>6</sup> *To impawn* was to *engage* or *pledge*.

That owe yourselves, your lives, and services  
 To this imperial throne :—There is no bar  
 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 gloze<sup>7</sup>  
 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 ;  
 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<sup>8</sup> manners of their life,  
 Establish'd then this law, to wit, no female  
 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 devisèd for the realm of France :  
 Nor did the French possess the Salique land  
 Until four hundred one-and-twenty years

I know  
 context s

<sup>7</sup> To *gloze* is to *explain* or *expound*, as in our word *gloss*. So in Holinshed: "The verie words of that supposed law are these, *In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant*, that is to saie, Into the Salike land let not women succeed. Which the French *glossers* expound to be the realme of France, and that this law was made by King Pharamond."

<sup>8</sup> Shakespeare often uses *honest* and *honesty* for *chaste* and *chastity*. So here *dishonest* means *unchaste*. So in *As You Like It*, v. 3: "I hope it is no *dishonest* desire, to desire to be a woman of the world"; that is, to *get married*. See *As You Like It*, page 97, note 6.

After defunction of King Pharamond,  
 Idly supposed the founder of this law ;  
 Who died within the year of our redemption  
 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 deposèd Childeric,  
 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  
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great, —  
 To fine his title<sup>9</sup> with some show of truth,  
 Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,  
 Convey'd himself<sup>10</sup> as th' heir to th' Lady Lingare,  
 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son  
 To Louis the Emperor, and Louis the son  
 Of Charles the Great. Also King Louis the Tenth,<sup>11</sup>  
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,  
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,  
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied

known content

<sup>9</sup> "To fine his title" may mean to *embellish* or *dress up* his title, to make it *specious* or *plausible*. See Critical Notes.

<sup>10</sup> *Passed himself off* as heir to the lady Lingare. Bishop Cooper has the same expression: "To *convey himself* to be of some noble family." — The matter is thus stated by Holinshed: "Hugh Capet also, to make his title seeme true, and appeare good, though indeed it was starke naught, *conveied himselfe* as heire to the ladie Lingard, daughter to king Charle-maine."

<sup>11</sup> This should be Louis the *Ninth*. The Poet took the mistake from Holinshed.

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.  
 So that, as clear as is the Summer's Sun,  
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,  
 King Louis's satisfaction, all appear  
 To hold in right and title of the female :  
 So do the Kings of France unto this day ;  
 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<sup>12</sup> their crookèd titles  
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

*King.* 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.*<sup>13</sup> Gracious lord,  
 Stand for your own ; unwind your bloody flag ;  
 Look back unto 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,  
 Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,  
 Making defeat on the full power of France,

<sup>12</sup> To *imbar* is to *bar* ; that is, to *exclude* or *set aside*. See Critical Notes.

<sup>13</sup> The passage referred to is in Numbers xxvii, 8. Holinshed gives it thus : " The archbishop further alledged out of the booke of *Numbers* this saieing, ' When a man dieth without a sonne, let the inheritance descend to his daughter.' "



Whiles his most mighty father on a hill  
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp  
Forage in blood of French nobility.  
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!<sup>14</sup>

*Ely.* Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,  
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,  
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 :  
They know your Grace hath cause and means and might.

*West.* 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,  
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.

*King.* We must not only arm t' invade the French,  
But lay down our proportions to defend

<sup>14</sup> The meaning evidently is, cold for *want* of action. For similar instances of language see *As You Like It*, page 79, note 7.

Against the Scot, who will make road upon us  
With all advantages.

*Cant.* They of those marches,<sup>15</sup> gracious sovereign,  
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend  
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

*King.* We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,  
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,<sup>16</sup>  
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us ;  
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 ;  
Galling the gleanèd land with hot assays,  
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns ;  
That England, being empty of defence,  
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

*Cant.* She hath been then more fear'd<sup>17</sup> than harm'd, my  
liege ;  
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,  
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

<sup>15</sup> The *marches* are the *borders*. See *1 Henry II.*, page 93, note 1.

<sup>16</sup> The *main intendment* is the *principal purpose* ; that he will *bend his whole force* against us.—A *giddy neighbour* is an *unstable* or *inconstant* neighbour, one not true to his promises.

<sup>17</sup> *Fear'd* here means *frighten'd*. We have it in the same sense in other places, as in *3 Henry VI.*, v. 2 : "Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all."

As is the ooze and bottom of the sea  
With sunken wreck and sumless treasures.

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

*If that you will Francè win,  
Then with Scotland first begin :*

For, once the eagle England being in prey,  
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot  
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 must stay at home :  
Yet that is but a crush'd<sup>18</sup> necessity,  
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,  
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.  
While that the armèd hand doth fight abroad,  
Th' advisèd<sup>19</sup> head defends itself at home ;  
For government, though high and low and lower,  
Put into parts, doth keep in one concent,<sup>20</sup>  
Congreeing in a full and natural close,  
Like music.

*Cant.* True : therefore doth Heaven divide  
The state of man in divers functions,

<sup>18</sup> "A *crush'd* necessity" seems to be a proleptical form of speech, meaning a necessity that *will* or *may be* crushed, or *overcome*, by the use of other means, such as locks and traps. See Critical Notes.

<sup>19</sup> *Advised* is *thoughtful, deliberate*. Often so. See *The Merchant*, page 87, note 33.

<sup>20</sup> *Consent* and *concent* are only different forms of the same word ; but *concent* is the form that has grown to be a term of art in music. The idea of this passage occurs in a fragment quoted by St. Augustine from a lost book of Cicero's. But Shakespeare, if he did not discover it with his own unassisted eye, was more likely to derive it from Plato, who was much studied in England in his time.

Setting endeavour in continual motion ;  
 To which is fixèd, as an aim or butt,<sup>21</sup>  
 Obedience : for so work the honey-bees ;  
 Creatures that, by a rule in Nature, teach  
 The art of order to a peopled kingdom.  
 They have a king, and officers of sorts ;<sup>22</sup>  
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;  
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;  
 Others, like soldiers, armèd in their stings,  
 Make boot upon the Summer's velvet buds ;  
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home  
 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 éxecutors<sup>23</sup> pale  
 The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,  
 That many things, having full reference  
 To one conceit, may work contrariously  
 As many arrows, loosèd several ways,

<sup>21</sup> *Butt* is a term in archery for the mark or object aimed at. The general idea of the passage is, that action or endeavour has, for its rule and measure, obedience, or rather the thing obeyed, that is, law ; and this law, standing as a common mark or aim, keeps endeavour from running at cross-purposes with itself.

<sup>22</sup> "Officers of *sorts*" probably means officers of different *ranks* or *grades*. Or it may mean officers having different parts or duties *allotted* to them. The sense of the Latin *sortes*.

<sup>23</sup> *Executors* for *executioners*. So in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*: "Tremble at an *executor*, and yet not fear hell-fire."

Fly 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 ;  
 So may a thousand actions, once afoot,  
 End in one purpose, and be all well borne<sup>24</sup>  
 Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.  
 Divide your happy England into four ;  
 Whereof take you one quarter into France,  
 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.)

*King.* 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 : there we'll sit,  
 Ruling in large and ample empery<sup>25</sup>  
 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  
 Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,  
 Like Turkish mutes, shall have a tongueless mouth,  
 Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.<sup>26</sup> —

<sup>24</sup> *Borne*, here, is *carried on* or *worked through*. Repeatedly so.

<sup>25</sup> *Empery* is, in old usage, a word for *dominion* or *sovereignty*.

<sup>26</sup> Formerly, in England, it was customary, on the death of an eminent person, for his friends to compose short laudatory poems or epitaphs, and affix them to the hearse or the grave with pins, paste, or wax. Gifford

*Enter Ambassadors of France, attended.*

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

*1 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 ?

*King.* 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 uncurbèd plainness  
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

*1 Amb.* Thus, then, in few :  
Your Highness, lately sending into France,  
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right  
Of your great predecessor, Edward Third :  
In answer of which claim, the Prince our master  
Says that you savour too much of your youth ;  
And bids you be advised,<sup>27</sup> there's nought in France  
That can be with a nimble galliard<sup>28</sup> won :  
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.  
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,

thinks, and, apparently, with good reason, that the Poet here alludes to this custom. He adds, "Henry's meaning therefore is 'I will either have my full history recorded with glory, or lie in an undistinguished grave; not merely without an inscription sculptured in stone, but unhonoured even by a waxen epitaph,' that is, by the short-lived compliment of a paper fastened on it."

<sup>27</sup> Here *be advised* is *bethink yourself*; much the same as in note 19.

<sup>28</sup> *Galliard* was the name of a sprightly dance. See *Twelfth Night*, page 40, note 22.

This ton of treasure ; and, in lieu of this,<sup>29</sup>  
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim  
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

*King.* What treasure, uncle ?

*Exe.* Tennis-balls,<sup>30</sup> my liege.

*King.* We're 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.<sup>31</sup>

<sup>29</sup> *In lieu of* is *in return for*, or *in consideration of*. See *The Tempest* page 55, note 36.

<sup>30</sup> In the corresponding scene of *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, the Archbishop delivers to the King "a tunne of tennis-balles" as a present from the Dauphin. The King thereupon exclaims, "What, a gilded tunne!" and, upon his asking, "What might the meaning thereof be?" the Archbishop replies, "My lord, hearing of your wildness before your father's death, sent you this, meaning that you are more fitter for a tennis-court than a field." I quote this mainly as throwing light on the meaning of *tun* here. The following from *The Edinburgh Review*, October, 1872, will give what further light may be needed. "In addition to a large cask containing a certain measure of liquids or solids, it was applied to a goblet, chalice, or drinking-cup, more commonly a silver-gilt goblet. Thus Minsheu, on the English side of his *Spanish Dictionary*, gives 'a tunne, or nut to drink in, cubilite,' which is explained, 'a drinking-cup of silver, or such a cup as jugglers use, to show divers tricks by.' In illustration of this we may mention that in an old country town we remember an inn formerly known as 'The Three Tuns,' which had as its ancient painted sign three gilt goblets exactly like those used by street jugglers." From a passage given by Halliwell, it would seem that *nut* or *nutte* was used like *tun* for a drinking-cup or goblet, which in wealthy Houses was commonly of silver or silver-gilt.

<sup>31</sup> The *hazard* is a place in the tennis-court into which the ball is sometimes struck. — *Rackets* are instruments made with a sort of hoop at the further end, and some light elastic material stretched over it, for striking or catching the balls in a game of tennis. So Swift, in his Preface to *A Tale of a Tub*, 1697: "'Tis but a ball bandied to and fro, and every man carries a racket about him, to strike it from himself, among the rest of the company."

Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler  
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd  
With chases.<sup>32</sup> 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 here, did give ourself  
To barbarous license ; as 'tis ever common  
That men are merriest when they are from home.  
But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my state,  
Be like a king, and show my soul of greatness,  
When I do rouse me in my throne of France :  
For here 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.  
And tell the pleasant Prince, this mock of his  
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones ;<sup>33</sup> and his soul  
Shall stand sore chargèd for the wasteful vengeance  
That shall fly with them : for many a thousand widows  
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands ;  
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down ;  
And some are yet ungotten 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,  
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,  
To venge me as I may, and to put forth

<sup>32</sup> A *chase* at tennis is the duration of a contest between the players, in which the endeavour on each side is to keep the ball up.

<sup>33</sup> At the first bringing of cannon into the field *stones* were used for *balls*.



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,  
 When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it. —  
 Convey them with safe conduct.<sup>34</sup> — Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Ambassadors.]

*Exe.* This was a merry message.

*King.* We hope to make the sender blush at it.  
 Therefore, my lords, omit no happy<sup>35</sup> hour  
 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<sup>36</sup> for these wars  
 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon  
 That may with reasonable swiftness add  
 More feathers to our wings ; for, God before,<sup>37</sup>  
 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.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]

<sup>34</sup> *Conduct for escort or attendance.* Often so. See *King John*, page 39, note 4.

<sup>35</sup> *Happy for auspicious or propitious*, like the Latin *felix*.

<sup>36</sup> To *proportion* a thing is to make it *proportionable* to the purpose. So here the noun means *suitable numbers of troops* ; as before in this scene : " But lay down our *proportions* to defend against the Scot."

<sup>37</sup> That is, God *going* before ; God prospering or guiding us.

SCENE III. — *London. Before the Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.*

*Enter, severally, NYM and BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Well met, Corporal Nym.<sup>1</sup>

*Nym.* Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

*Bard.* What, are Ancient<sup>2</sup> Pistol and you friends yet?

*Nym.* For my part, I care not: I say little; but, when time shall serve, there shall be smites: 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<sup>3</sup> in France: let't 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 die 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-pledged to her.

*Nym.* I cannot tell: things must be as they may: men

<sup>1</sup> This corporal derives his name from the Saxon *niman*, which means *to take*; and in the old cant of English thieves *to steal* was to *nim*. In fact, thieves generally, I believe, are apt to take it in ill part, if the word *stealing* is applied to their action. And an experienced English magistrate is said to have remarked, that "of the persons brought before him for theft many confessed they *took* the article in question, but none said they stole it."

<sup>2</sup> *Ancient* is an old corruption of *ensign*. See *1 Henry IV.*, p. 157, n. 8.

<sup>3</sup> In the times of adventure it was usual for two or more chiefs to bind themselves to share in each other's fortunes, and divide their acquisitions between them. They were called *fratres jurati*.

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.

*Bard.* Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife: good corporal, be patient here. —

*Enter* PISTOL *and the* Hostess.

How now, mine host Pistol!

*Pist.* Base tike,<sup>4</sup> call'st thou me host?

Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;  
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

*Host.* No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a naughty house straight. — [NYM *draws his sword.*] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not drawn! [PISTOL *also draws his sword.*] Now we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

*Bard.* Good lieutenant,<sup>5</sup> — good corporal, — offer nothing here.

*Nym.* Pish!

*Pist.* Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland! <sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Tike* was much used, as it still is in some places, for a large dog.

<sup>5</sup> Bardolph here addresses Pistol as *lieutenant*, though he has twice before called him *ancient*, which is his proper title. Whether the slip is Bardolph's or the Poet's, may be something uncertain. So, near the close of the preceding play, Falstaff addresses the same ensign as "*Lieutenant Pistol.*" Also, in this scene, Nym calls Bardolph *lieutenant*; whereas, in iii. 1, he addresses him as *corporal*.

<sup>6</sup> The cur of Iceland is called *prick-eared*, because he *pricks up* his ears, or has his ears erect and pointed. — A treatise by Abraham Fleming, printed

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

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

[*Sheathing his sword.*]

*Pist.* *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!  
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;  
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,  
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,<sup>7</sup>  
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!  
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;  
For I can take,<sup>8</sup> and Pistol's cock is up,  
And flashing fire will follow.

*Nym.* I am not Barbason;<sup>9</sup> 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 you a little, in good terms, as I may: and that's the humour of it.

*Pist.* O braggart vile, and damnèd furious wight!  
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;

in 1576, has this: "Iceland dogs, curled and rough all over, which, by reason of the length of their hair, make show neither of face nor of body. And yet these curs, forsooth, because they are so strange, are greatly set by, esteemed, taken up, and made of, many times, instead of the spaniel gentle or comforter."

<sup>7</sup> *Perdy* is an old corruption of *par dieu*, which seems to have been going out of use in the Poet's time. It occurs often in the old plays, and was probably taken thence by Pistol, whose talk is chiefly made up from the gleanings of the playhouse, the groggery, and other like places.

<sup>8</sup> Pistol evidently uses this phrase in the same sense it bears in our time. He supposes Nym to have conveyed some dark insult by the word *solus*, and he prides himself on his ability to *take the meaning* of such insinuations.

<sup>9</sup> *Barbason* is the name of a demon mentioned in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The unmeaning tumour of Pistol's speech very naturally reminds Nym of the sounding nonsense uttered by conjurers.

Therefore exhale.<sup>10</sup>

[*Nym draws his sword.*

*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 his sword.*

*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. [ *They sheathe their swords.*

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

*Pist.* *Coupe la gorge !*  
That is the word. I thee defy again.  
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?  
No ; to the spital<sup>11</sup> go,  
And from the powdering-tub of infamy  
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,  
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse :  
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly  
For th' only she ; and *Pauca*,<sup>12</sup> there's enough.  
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, he's very ill.

*Bard.* Away, you rogue !

<sup>10</sup> Pistol's *exhale* means, *draw thy sword*. So in *King Richard III.*, i. 2 :  
" 'Tis thy presence that *exhales* this blood from cold and empty veins."  
The Poet repeatedly has *exhale* in the same sense.

<sup>11</sup> *Spital* is *hospital* ; and *powdering-tub* refers to the old mode of treating certain diseases. Pistol means to insinuate that Mistress Doll has gone to an hospital to be treated in that way.

<sup>12</sup> That is, *pauca verba*, few words.

*Host.* By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days : the King has kill'd his heart.—Good husband, come home presently. [*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 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.

[*PISTOL and NYM draw their swords.*]

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

*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 me too. Pr'y-thee, put up.

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

*Pist.* A noble<sup>13</sup> shalt thou have, and present pay ;  
 And liquor likewise will I give to thee,  
 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. [*They sheathe their swords.*]

*Nym.* I shall have my noble?

*Pist.* In cash most justly paid.

<sup>13</sup> The noble was worth six shillings and eight pence.

*Nym.* Well, then, that's the humour of it.

*Re-enter the Hostess.*

*Host.* As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian,<sup>14</sup> 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;  
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.<sup>15</sup>

*Pist.* Let us condole the knight; for lambkins we will live.<sup>16</sup> [Exeunt.

## ACT II.

*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:

<sup>14</sup> The Hostess here uses words, as she has before used *adultery*, without knowing their meaning. A *quotidian* is a fever that returns every day; a *tertian*, every three days.

<sup>15</sup> To *pass a career* is said to have been a technical phrase for galloping a horse violently to and fro, and then stopping him suddenly at the end of the course. Nym refers to the King's sudden change of treatment towards Falstaff, on coming to the crown.

<sup>16</sup> "We'll live together quietly and peaceably, like little lambs."

They sell the pasture now to buy the horse ;  
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,  
With wingèd 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,  
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.  
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  
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills  
With treacherous crowns ; and three corrupted men,—  
One, Richard, Earl of Cambridge ;<sup>1</sup> and the second,  
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham ; and the third,  
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,—  
Have, for the gilt of France — O guilt indeed !—

<sup>1</sup> This was Richard Plantagenet, second son to Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, who, again, was the fourth son of Edward the Third. He was married to Anne Mortimer, sister to Edmund, Earl of March, and great-granddaughter of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, who was the second son of Edward the Third. From this marriage sprung Richard, who in the next reign was restored to the rights and titles forfeited by his father, and was made Duke of York. This Richard afterwards claimed the crown in right of his mother, and as the lineal heir from the aforesaid Lionel ; and hence arose the long war between the Houses of York and Lancaster. So that the present Earl of Cambridge was the grandfather of Edward the Fourth and Richard the Third. His older brother, Edward, the Duke of York of this play, was killed at the battle of Agincourt, and left no child.



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.  
 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. [Exit.

SCENE I. — *Southampton. A Council-Chamber.*

*Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.*

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

*Exe.* They shall be apprehended by-and-by.

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

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

*Exe.* 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 !

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

*King.* 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  
 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.

*King.* I doubt not that ; since we are well persuaded  
 We carry not a heart with us from hence  
 That grows not in a fair concert 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  
 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  
 With hearts create of duty<sup>1</sup> and of zeal.

*King.* We therefore have great cause of thankfulness ;  
 And shall forget the office of our hand,  
 Sooner than quittance<sup>2</sup> of desert and merit  
 According to their weight and worthiness.

*Scroop.* So service shall with steel'd sinews toil,  
 And labour shall refresh itself with hope,  
 To do your Grace incessant services.

*King.* We judge no less. — Uncle of Exeter,  
 Enlarge the man committed yesterday,

<sup>1</sup> *Create* for *created*. The Poet has many such shortened preterites ; as *frustrate*, *situate*, *suffocate*, &c. — *Duty*, here, is *dutifulness*, the act for the motive or principle of it.

<sup>2</sup> *Quittance* for *requital* or *return*. See *2 Henry IV.*, page 60, note 12.

That rail'd against our person : we consider  
 It was excess of wine that set him on ;  
 And, on our more advice,<sup>3</sup> we pardon him.

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

*King.* 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,  
 After the taste of much correction.

*King.* Alas, your too much love and care of me  
 Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch !  
 If little faults, proceeding on distemper,<sup>4</sup>  
 Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye  
 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 :  
 Who are the late<sup>5</sup> commissioners ?

*Cam.* I one, my lord :

Your Highness bade me ask for it to-day.

*Scroop.* So did you me, my liege.

*Grey.* And me, my royal sovereign.

*King.* Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours ;—

<sup>3</sup> "On more advice" is on further consideration. See *The Merchant*, page 180, note 1. — *Security*, in the next line, has the sense of the Latin *securus* ; *over-confidence*. A frequent usage. See *Macbeth*, page 119, note 4.

<sup>4</sup> *Distemper* for *intemperance*. The King has just said, "It was *excess of wine* that set him on." So in *Othello*, i. 1 : "Being full of supper and *distemp'ring draughts*."

<sup>5</sup> *Late* in the sense of *recent* or *newly-appointed*.

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,—  
 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  
 Out of appearance ?

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

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

*King.* The mercy that was quick<sup>6</sup> in us but late,  
 By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd :  
 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,  
 You know how apt our love was to accord  
 To furnish him<sup>7</sup> with all appertinents  
 Belonging to his honour ; and this man  
 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly<sup>8</sup> conspired,  
 And sworn unto the practices of France,  
 To kill us here in Hampton : to the which

<sup>6</sup> *Quick*, here, is *living* or *alive*. See *The Winter's Tale*, page 117, note 18.

<sup>7</sup> *In furnishing* him ; the infinitive used gerundively, as very often. *Accord* in the sense of *agree* or *consent*.

<sup>8</sup> *Lightly*, here, is *promptly*, *readily*, or *without scruple*. So in *The Comedy*, iv. 4 : " And will not *lightly* trust the messenger."

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!  
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  
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil  
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,  
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross  
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.  
Treason and murder ever kept together,  
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,  
Working so grossly in a natural cause,<sup>9</sup>  
That admiration did not whoop at them:  
But thou, 'gainst all proportion,<sup>10</sup> didst bring in  
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:  
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was  
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,  
Hath got the voice in Hell for excellence:  
And other devils, that suggest<sup>11</sup> by treasons,

<sup>9</sup> Heath probably gives the right explanation of this: "Working so apparently under the influence of some motive which nature excuses at least in some measure; such as self-preservation, revenge, and the like, which have the greatest sway in the constitution of human nature."— In the next line, *admiration* is *wonder*, as usual in Shakespeare. To *whoop* is to exclaim, or utter a note of surprise.

<sup>10</sup> *Proportion* in the sense of *natural order* or *fitness*. The sense of the passage is, that Scroop's course is to be wondered at because it is against all the proper *analogies* of crime, and therefore *monstrous*.

<sup>11</sup> To *suggest*, in old usage, is to *tempt*, to *seduce*. The same with *suggestion*. See *The Tempest*, page 89, note 53.

Do botch and bungle up damnation  
 With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd  
 From glistening semblances of piety ;  
 But he that tempted thee bade thee stand up,  
 Gave thee no instance <sup>12</sup> why thou shouldst do treason,  
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.  
 If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus  
 Should with his lion-gait walk the whole world,<sup>13</sup>  
 He might return to vasty Tartar <sup>14</sup> back,  
 And tell the legions, *I can never win*  
*A soul so easy as that Englishman's.*  
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected  
 The sweetness of affiance ! Show men dutiful ?  
 Why, so didst thou : or seem they grave and learnèd ?  
 Why, so didst thou : come they of noble family ?  
 Why, so didst thou : seem they religious ?  
 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 ;<sup>15</sup>  
 Not working with the eye without the ear,  
 And, but <sup>16</sup> in purgèd judgment, trusting neither ?

<sup>12</sup> The Poet uses *instance* in a great variety of senses, which are sometimes not easy to define. Here it means example, purpose, or *inducement*. See *2 Henry IV.*, page 116, note 6.

<sup>13</sup> Evidently alluding to 1 Peter, v. 8: "The Devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

<sup>14</sup> The *Tartarus* of classical mythology. *Vasty* in the sense of the Latin *vastus* ; *hideous, frightful, devouring*. So, again, in the third scene of this Act: "The poor souls for whom this hungry war opens his *vasty* jaws."

<sup>15</sup> *Complement* is *accomplishment* or *completeness* ; quite distinct from *compliment*.

<sup>16</sup> *But* is here exceptive ; and the sense of the whole passage is, not trusting so absolutely in his own perceptions as to despise or neglect the

Such and so finely bolted <sup>17</sup> didst thou seem :  
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,  
 To mark the full-fraught man and best-indued <sup>18</sup>  
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee ;  
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like  
 Another Fall of Man. <sup>19</sup> — Their faults are open :  
 Arrest them to the answer of the law ;  
 And God acquit them of their practices !

*Exe.* I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of 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.

*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 ;

advice of others ; and then not acting upon either till he has brought a judgment purged from the distempers of passion to bear upon the joint result.

<sup>17</sup> *Bolted* is *sifted*. So in *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 3 : "The fann'd snow that's *bolted* by the northern blasts."

<sup>18</sup> Here the force of *best* retroacts on *full-fraught*, giving it the sense of the superlative. The Poet has many instances of similar language. See *The Merchant*, page 150, note 43.

<sup>19</sup> Lord Scroop has already been spoken of as having been the King's bedfellow. Holinshed gives the following account of him : "The said lord Scroope was in such favour with the king, that he admitted him sometime to be his bedfellow, in whose fidelitie the king reposed such trust, that when anie privat or publike councill was in hand, this lord had much in the determination of it. For he represented so great gravitie in his countenance, such modestie in behaviour, and so vertuous zeale to all godlinesse in his talke, that whatsoever he said was thought for the most part necessarie to be doone and followed."

Although I did admit it as a motive  
 The sooner to effect what I intended :<sup>20</sup>  
 But God be thankèd for prevention ;  
 Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoyce,<sup>21</sup>  
 Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

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

*King.* God quit<sup>22</sup> 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,<sup>23</sup>

<sup>20</sup> According to Holinshed, Cambridge's purpose in joining the conspiracy was, to give the crown to his brother-in-law, the Earl of March, and also to open the succession to his own children, as he knew the Earl of March was not likely to have any. As heirs from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, his children would, in strict order, precede the Lancastrian branch ; as John of Gaunt, the grandfather of the present King, was the third son of Edward the Third. See page 64, note 1.

<sup>21</sup> Rather odd and harsh in construction ; but the meaning is, "at which I will heartily rejoyce, even while suffering the pain it involves."

<sup>22</sup> *Quit for acquit* ; as a little before, "And God *acquit* them of their practices !" See *As You Like It*, page 78, note 2.

<sup>23</sup> To *tender* a thing, as the word is here used is to *esteem* it, to *be careful* or *tender* of it. See *The Tempest*, page 88, note 49.



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  
 Of all your dear offences ! — Bear them hence. —

[*Exeunt* CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, and GREY, *guarded.*]

Now, lords, for France ; the enterprize 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  
 This dangerous treason, lurking in our way  
 To hinder our beginnings ; we doubt not now  
 But every rub is smoothèd on our way.

Then, forth, dear countrymen : let us deliver  
 Our puissance into the hand of God,  
 Putting it straight in expedition.

Cheerly to sea ; the signs of war advance :

No King of England, if not King of France.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *London. Before the Boar's-head Tavern,  
 Eastcheap.*

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

*Host.* Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee<sup>1</sup>  
 to Staines.

*Pist.* No ; for my manly heart doth yearn.<sup>2</sup>—  
 Bardolph, be blithe ; — Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins ; —

<sup>1</sup> That is, *accompany* thee. Often so.

<sup>2</sup> To *yearn* is to *grieve*, to *be sorry*, to *mourn*. See *King Richard the Second*, page 157. note 15.

Boy, bristle thy courage up ; — for Falstaff he is dead,  
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 a fine end,  
and went away, an it had been any christom<sup>3</sup> child : 'a parted  
even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the  
tide :<sup>4</sup> 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 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  
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 so upward and upward, and all was as  
cold as any stone.

*Nym.* They say he cried out of sack.<sup>5</sup>

*Host.* Ay, that 'a did.

*Bard.* And of women.

<sup>3</sup> *Christom* is a form of *chrisom*. A chrisom-child was one that died within a month after the birth ; so called from the *chrisom*, which was a white cloth put upon the child at baptism, and used for its shroud, in case it did not outlive the first month. Bishop Taylor has the word in his *Holy Dying*, Chap. I. sec. 2 : " Every morning creeps out of a dark cloud, leaving behind it an ignorance and silence deep as midnight, and undiscerned as are the phantasms that make a *chrisom-child* to smile."

<sup>4</sup> The common people of England used to believe that death always took place just as the tide began to ebb.

<sup>5</sup> To *cry out of* or *on* a thing is to *exclaim against* it. See *2 Henry IV.*, page 115, note 5.

*Host.* Nay, that 'a did not.

*Boy.* Yes, that 'a did ; and said they were devils incarnate.

*Host.* 'A never could abide carnation ; 'twas a colour he never liked.

*Boy.* 'A said once, the Devil would have him about women.

*Host.* 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women ; but then he was rheumatic.<sup>6</sup>

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

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

*Nym.* Shall we shog?<sup>7</sup> the King will be gone from Southampton.

*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,

And hold-fast is the only dog,<sup>8</sup> my duck :

Therefore *cæveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals.<sup>9</sup> — Yoke-fellows in arms,

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

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

<sup>6</sup> *Rheumatic* is a Quicklyism for *lunatic*. — "*Handle women*" is *speak* of them, that is, meddle with them in his talk.

<sup>7</sup> To *shog* is the same as to *jog*. Generally used with *off*, *shog off*.

<sup>8</sup> Pistol puts forth a string of proverbs. "*Pitch and pay*, and go your way," is one in Florio's Collection. "*Brag is a good dog, and Holdfast a better*," is one of the others to which he alludes,

<sup>9</sup> He means, *dry thine eyes*,

*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.

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

*Host.* Farewell ; adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *France. A Room in the French King's Palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter the French King, attended ; the Dauphin, the Duke of BURGUNDY, the Constable, and others.

*Fr. King.* Thus come 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,—  
 And you, Prince Dauphin,—with all swift dispatch  
 To line<sup>1</sup> 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.  
 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 ;  
 For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,

<sup>1</sup> To *line* is to *strengthen*. Often so. See *Macbeth*, page 60, note 25.

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.

Therefore, I say 'tis 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 :<sup>2</sup>  
 For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,  
 Her sceptre so fantastically borne  
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous<sup>3</sup> 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,<sup>4</sup> and withal  
 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

<sup>2</sup> *Morris* is an old corruption of *Morisco*. The *morris-dance* is thought to have sprung from the Moors, and to have come through Spain, where it is said to be still delighted in by both natives and strangers, under the name of *Fandango*.

<sup>3</sup> *Humorous* is *freakish*, *frolicsome*, or governed by whims. Hotspur, having the same thing in view, calls him "the madcap Prince of Wales." See page 41, note 5.

<sup>4</sup> That is, modest, or *diffident* in raising objections, in finding fault, or expressing disapproval or dissent.

That shall first spring and be most delicate.

*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 mighty than he seems :  
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;  
 Which<sup>5</sup> 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<sup>6</sup> upon us ;  
 And he is bred out of that bloody strain<sup>7</sup>  
 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 mighty sire — on mountain standing,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> The grammar of this passage is somewhat perplexed. *Being* is understood after *which* ; and not merely *which*, but the whole clause is the subject of *doth spoil*. So that the meaning comes thus: The ordering of which after a weak and niggardly project or plan is like the work of a miser, who spoils his coat with scanting a little cloth.— For the meaning of *proportions*, in the line before, see page 57, note 36.

<sup>6</sup> To *flesh*, as the word is here used, is to *feed* as upon *flesh* ; to *satiate*, to *gorge*. So in *2 Henry IV.*, iv. 5: "The wild dog shall *flesh* his tooth in every innocent." For kindred senses of the same word see *King John*, page 126, note 5 ; and *2 Henry IV.*, page 62, note 19.

<sup>7</sup> *Strain* for *stock*, *lineage*, or *race*. So in *Julius Cæsar*, v. 1: "If thou wert the noblest of thy *strain*." See, also, *Much Ado*, page 54, note 34.

<sup>8</sup> The battle of Cressy took place August 25, 1346, the Black Prince being then fifteen years old. The King had knighted him a short time before. During the battle, the King did in fact keep his station on the top of a hill, from whence he calmly surveyed the field of action, where the Prince was

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  
 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  
 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,<sup>9</sup> when what they seem to threaten  
 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 ?

*Exe.* From him ; and thus he greets your Majesty.

in immediate command. When the fight was waxing hot and dangerous, the Earl of Warwick dispatched a messenger to the King to request succours for the Prince. The King inquired if his son were killed or wounded, and, being answered in the negative, "Then," said he, "tell Warwick he shall have no assistance. Let the boy win his spurs. He and those who have him in charge shall earn the whole glory of the day." This reply is said to have so inspired the fighters, that they soon carried all before them.

<sup>9</sup> *Spending the mouth* was the sportsman's phrase for *barking*.

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  
 To him and to his heirs ; namely, the crown,  
 And all wide-stretchèd 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<sup>10</sup> claim,  
 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,<sup>11</sup> [*Gives a paper.*  
 In every branch truly demonstrative ;  
 Willing you overlook his pedigree :  
 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<sup>12</sup> held  
 From him the native and true challenger.

*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 fiery tempest is he coming,  
 In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,  
 That, if requiring fail, he will compel ;  
 And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,  
 Deliver up the crown ; and to take mercy

<sup>10</sup> *Awkward* is here used in its primitive sense of *perverse* or *distorted*.

<sup>11</sup> Another instance of the passive and active forms used indiscriminately, — *memorable* for *memorative*, or that which *reminds*. — *Line* here is *genealogy*, or tracing of *lineage*.

<sup>12</sup> *Indirectly* in the sense of the Latin *indirectus* ; *unjustly* or *wrongfully*. Repeatedly so. See *King John*, page 51, note 7.



On the poor souls for whom this hungry war  
 Opens his vasty jaws : and on your head  
 Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,  
 The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,  
 For husbands, fathers, and betrothèd lovers,  
 That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.  
 This is his claim, his threatening, and my message ;  
 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,  
 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<sup>13</sup> your father's Highness  
 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,<sup>14</sup> and return your mock  
 In second accent of his ordinance.<sup>15</sup>

*Dau.* Say, if my father render fair return,  
 It is against my will ; for I desire  
 Nothing but odds with England : to that end,

<sup>13</sup> *An if* has the force of *if* simply, the two being used indifferently, and often both together, with the same sense.

<sup>14</sup> *Chide* in the double sense of *resound* and of *rebuke*.

<sup>15</sup> *Ordinance* for *ordnance* ; the trisyllabic form being used for metre's sake. See *King John*, page 59, note 32.

As matching to his youth and vanity,  
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,  
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.

*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 dispatch'd with fair conditions :  
A night is but small breath and little pause  
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

*Enter* Chorus.

*Chor.* Thus with imagined wing<sup>1</sup> our swift scene flies,  
In motion of no less celerity  
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen  
The well-appointed<sup>2</sup> King at Hampton pier

<sup>1</sup> That is, with the wing of imagination. *Imagined* for *imaginative* ; still another instance of the confusion of active and passive forms. See page 38, note 4.

<sup>2</sup> *Well-appointed*, as often, for *well-equipped* or *well-furnished*. — *Brave*, in the next line, is *splendid* or *superb* ; a frequent usage.

Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet  
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus 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,  
 Borne with th' 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,<sup>3</sup> and behold  
 A city on th' inconstant billows dancing ;  
 For so appears this fleet majestic,  
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow !  
 Grapple your minds to sternage<sup>4</sup> of this navy ;  
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,  
 Guarded with grandsire, babies, and old women,  
 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 ;  
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,  
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.  
 Suppose th' ambassador from the French comes back ;  
 Tells Harry that the King doth offer him  
 Catharine his daughter ; and with her, to<sup>5</sup> dowry,  
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.

<sup>3</sup> *Rivage*, the bank, or shore ; *rivage*, Fr.

<sup>4</sup> *Sternage* and *steerage* were formerly synonymous ; so also were *sternsman* and *steersman*. And the *stern* being the place of the *rudder*, the words were used indifferently.

<sup>5</sup> *To* is here equivalent to *as* or *for*. See *The Tempest*, page 113, note 13.

The offer likes not :<sup>6</sup> and the nimble gunner  
With linstock<sup>7</sup> now the devilish cannon touches,  
[*Alarum, and chambers go off, within.*  
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,  
And eke out our performance with your mind. [Exit.

SCENE I. — *France. Before Harfleur.*

*Alarums.* Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER,  
and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders.

*King.* 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<sup>1</sup> of the head  
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it  
As fearfully as doth a gallèd rock  
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>6</sup> The offer *pleases* not. This use of *to like* is very frequent.

<sup>7</sup> *Linstock* was a *stick* with *linen* at one end, used as a match for firing guns. — *Chambers* were small pieces of ordnance. They were used on the stage, and the Globe Theatre was burnt by a discharge of them in 1613.

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare uses *portage* for *loop-holes* or *port-holes*.

<sup>2</sup> *To jutty* is to project ; *jutties*, or *jetties*, are projecting moles to break the force of the waves. — *Confounded* is *vexed*, or *troubled*. — *Swill'd*

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 noble English,  
 Whose blood is fet<sup>3</sup> from fathers of war-proof !  
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,  
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,  
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument :  
 Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest  
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you !  
 Be copy<sup>4</sup> 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.  
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot :<sup>5</sup>  
 Follow your spirit ; and, upon this charge,  
 Cry *God for Harry, England, and Saint George !*

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off, within.*

*Enter* NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and the Boy.*

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

anciently was used for " *wash'd much or long*, drowned, surrounded by water."

<sup>3</sup> *Fet* is an old form of *fetch'd*. Shakespeare has it several times.

<sup>4</sup> *Copy* is here used for the *thing copied*, that is, the *pattern* or *model*. — "Men of *grosser blood*" are men of *lower rank* simply, — the "good yeomen" who are next addressed.

<sup>5</sup> The Poet seems to have relished the old English sport of hunting, and he abounds in terms of the chase. In hunting foxes, for instance, the hounds were held back in slips or strings, till the game was got out of its hole, when it was said to be a-foot. See Prologue, page 38.

*Nym.* Pray thee, corporal, stay : the knocks are too hot ; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives :<sup>6</sup> the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song<sup>7</sup> 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,  
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,  
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.* Got's plood !—Up to the preaches, you rascals ! will you not up to the preaches ? [*Driving them forward.*]

*Pist.* Be merciful, great duke,<sup>8</sup> 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 !<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> "A case of lives" is a pair of lives ; as "a case of pistols," "a case of poniards," "a case of masks."

<sup>7</sup> *Plain-song* was used of the uniform modulation of the old simple chant.

<sup>8</sup> That is, great commander ; duke being only a translation of the Latin *dux*.—"Men of mould" is men of earth, poor mortal men.

<sup>9</sup> *Bawcock* and *chuck* were terms of playful familiarity or endearment ; the one being from the French *beau coq*, the other a corruption of *chicken*. See *Twelfth Night*, page 100, note 8.

*Nym.* These be good humours! your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt NYM, BARDOLPH, and PISTOL, followed by FLUELLEN.*]

*Boy.* As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers.<sup>10</sup> 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 antics<sup>11</sup> do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-liver'd and red-faced; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not.<sup>12</sup> 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;<sup>13</sup> and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd 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 any thing, and call it purchase.<sup>14</sup> Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three-halfpence. 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.<sup>15</sup> They would

<sup>10</sup> A *swasher* is a *swaggerer*, *blusterer*, or *braggart*.

<sup>11</sup> An *antic* is a *buffoon*. The word was also used of certain pictured oddities, such as would now be called *caricatures*. See *Much Ado*, page 69, note 4.

<sup>12</sup> Has plenty of valour in his face, but none in his heart, and so fights with looks, not with blows; that is, substitutes impudence for valour. *Lily-liver'd* was a common epithet for a coward. See *King Richard III.*, page 175, note 39.

<sup>13</sup> "The *best men*" are the *bravest* men, in Nym's dialect. So, a little after, "*good deeds*" are *brave* deeds.

<sup>14</sup> *Purchase* was a word of equivocal meaning in Shakespeare's time, and was often used as a euphemism for *theft*. See *1 Henry IV.*, p. 88, n. 22.

<sup>15</sup> As *carrying coals* was the lowest office in ancient households, the

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.<sup>16</sup> I must leave them, and seek some better service : their villainy 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 Gloster would speak with you.

*Flu.* To the mines ! tell you the duke, it is not so goot to come to the mines ; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the wars : the concavities of it is not sufficient ; for, look you, th' athversary — you may discuss unto the duke, look you — is diggt himself!<sup>17</sup> four yard under the countermines : by Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

*Gow.* The Duke of Gloster, to whom the order of 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 'orld : I will verify as much in his peard : he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

phrase became a proverb of reproach. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1, Sampson says to his fellow-servant, "Gregory, o' my word, we'll not *carry coals*"; meaning that, if that reproach be spit at him, he will fight.

<sup>16</sup> "Pocketing-up of wrongs" is an old phrase for putting up with insults instead of resenting them. See *1 Henry IV.*, page 147, note 24.

<sup>17</sup> Has *dug his mines*. Properly the order of the words should be reversed ; as it is the besiegers who *mine*, and the besieged who *countermine*.



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

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

*Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY.*

*Jamy.* I say gude-day, Captain Fluellen.

*Flu.* Got-den<sup>18</sup> to your Worship, goot Captain Jamy.

*Gow.* How now, Captain Macmorris ! have you quit the mines ? have the pioneers<sup>19</sup> 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 peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the wars, 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 gude, gude feith, gude captains

<sup>18</sup> *Good-den* or *god-den* was a familiar corruption of *good day*.

<sup>19</sup> Pioneers are a class of soldiers who take the lead in siege operations ; military engineers.

baith : and I sall quit you with gude leve,<sup>20</sup> as I may pick occasion ; that sall I, mary.

*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 duke : it is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd,<sup>21</sup> and the trompet calls us to the breach ; and we talk, and, by 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 is nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

*Jamy.* By the Mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ai'l do gude service, or ai'l lig<sup>22</sup> i' the grund for it ; ay, or go to death ; and ai'l pay't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Mary, I wad full fain heard some question<sup>23</sup> '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 ? what ish my nation ? Who talks of my nation is a villain, and a basterd, and a knave, and a rascal.

*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 in discretion you ought to use me, look you ; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

<sup>20</sup> I shall, with your permission, *requite you* ; that is, *answer you*.

<sup>21</sup> Captain Macmorris means, apparently, not that the town is *besieged*, for that has been going on for some time, but that it is summoned or challenged to surrender.

<sup>22</sup> *Lig* is the valiant and argumentative Scotchman's word for *lie*.

<sup>23</sup> Here, as often, *question* is *talk*, *discourse*, or *conversation*. See *The Winter's Tale*, page 155, note 13.

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

*Gow.* Gentlemen both, you still 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 petter op-  
portunity to be required, look you, I will be so pold as to  
tell you I know the disciplines of wars; and there is an end.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *The Same.* *Before the gates of Harfleur.*

*The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English  
Forces below. Enter King HENRY and his Train.*

*King.* 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,  
A name that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,  
If I begin the battery once again,  
I will not leave the half-achievèd Harfleur  
Till in her ashes she lie buriéd.  
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;  
And the flesh'd soldier,<sup>1</sup> — rough and hard of heart, —  
In liberty of bloody hand shall range  
With conscience wide as Hell; mowing like grass

<sup>1</sup> *Flesh'd*, here, is *made fierce*, as bloodhounds are by the taste or smell of blood. Probably the sense of being seasoned or indurated with acts of cruelty is also involved. So in *Richard III.*, iv. 3: "Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn to do this ruthless piece of butchery, albeit they were *flesh'd* villains, bloody dogs," &c.

Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.  
What is it then to me, if impious war, —  
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 is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,  
If your pure maidens fall into the hand  
Of hot and forcing violation?  
What rein can hold licentious wickedness  
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?  
We may as bootless spend our vain command  
Upon th' enragèd soldiers in their spoil,  
As send précépts to the leviathan  
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,  
Take pity of your town and of<sup>2</sup> your people,  
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;  
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace  
O'erblows<sup>3</sup> the filthy and contagious clouds  
Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.  
If not, why, in a moment, look to see  
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<sup>4</sup> upon pikes,  
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused

<sup>2</sup> *Of* and *on* were used indifferently in such cases.

<sup>3</sup> To *overblow*, here, is to *blow* or *drive away*, or *keep off*.

<sup>4</sup> A *spit* was an iron rod, to thrust through a fowl or piece of meat, so as to place it before the fire, and keep it turning till roasted. Hence the phrase "done to a turn." The word came to be used, as here, in a more general application. See *Much Ado*, page 49, note 22.

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?

*Gov.* Our expectation hath this day an end :  
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,  
Returns us, that his powers are not yet ready  
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread King,  
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.  
Enter our gates ; dispose of us and ours ;  
For we no longer are defensible.<sup>5</sup>

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

[*Flourish.* *The King, &c, enter the town.*]

SCENE III. — *Rouen.* *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CATHARINE and ALICE.*<sup>6</sup>

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

<sup>5</sup> *Defensible* for *defensive*, or *capable of defence* ; the passive form with the active sense. So in many words. See *2 Henry IV.*, page 95, note 3.

<sup>6</sup> The dramatic purpose of this scene, if it have any, is not very obvious. But there is something of humour, at least there would be to an English audience, in the compliments Alice bestows upon the Princess in assuring her that she speaks English as well as the English themselves. And there is still more of humour *implied* in the act of thus preparing a conquest of

Alice. *Un peu, madame.*

Cath. *Je te prie m'enseigner ; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglais ?*

Alice. *La main ? elle est appelée de hand.*

Cath. *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.*

Cath. *La main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier ; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglais vite ment. Comment appelez-vous les ongles ?*

Alice. *Les ongles ? nous les appelons de nails.*

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

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

Cath. *Dites-moi l'Anglais pour le bras.*

Alice. *De arm, madame.*

Cath. *Et le coude ?*

Alice. *De elbow.*

Cath. *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.*

Cath. *Excusez-moi, Alice ; écoutez : de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.*

Alice. *De elbow, madame.*

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

France by introducing a French Princess learning to chop English. As the marriage is an essential part of the dramatic argument, it was doubtless in keeping with the Poet's method to represent Catharine in the process of learning the hero's tongue; which could only be done by mixing up the two languages in a scene or two.

Alice. De neck, *madame*.

Cath. De nick. *Et le menton ?*

Alice. De chin.

Cath. 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'Angleterre.*

Cath. *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 ?*

Cath. *Non, je réciterai à vous promptement : de hand, de fingres, de mails, —*

Alice. De nails, *madame*.

Cath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Alice. *Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.*

Cath. *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.*

Cath. De foot et de coun ! *O Seigneur Dieu ! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user : je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot et de coun néanmoins. Je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble : de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.*

Alice. *Excellent, madame !*

Cath. *C'est assez pour une fois : allons-nous à dîner.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. — *The Same. Another Room in the Same.*

*Enter the French King, 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<sup>1</sup> of us,  
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,  
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,  
And overlook their grafters ?

*Bour.* Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman 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<sup>2</sup> isle of Albion.

*Con.* *Dieu de batailles !* whence 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,<sup>3</sup> their barley-broth,<sup>c</sup>  
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat ?

<sup>1</sup> *Sprays* is *shoots, sprigs, or sprouts* ; alluding to the origin of the Anglo-Norman stock.

<sup>2</sup> *Shotten* signifies any thing projected ; so *nook-shotten isle* is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great Britain.

<sup>3</sup> *Sur-rein'd* is probably *over-ridden* or *over-strained*. It was common to give horses, over-ridden or feverish, ground malt and hot water mixed, which was called a mash. — *Barley-broth* is probably meant as a Frenchman's sneer at English *ale*, or *beer*.



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,  
 And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos ;<sup>4</sup>  
 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  
 More sharper than your swords, hie to the field :  
 Charles Delabreth,<sup>5</sup> High-Constable of France ;  
 You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,  
 Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy ;  
 Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,  
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,

<sup>4</sup> The *coranto* was a lively dance for two persons. See *Twelfth Night*, page 40, note 22. — The *lavolta* was a dance of Italian origin, and seems to have been something like the modern waltz, only, perhaps, rather more so. It is thus described by Sir John Davies

A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,  
 Where arm in arm two dancers are entwined,  
 And whirl themselves with strict embracements bound,  
 And still their feet an anapest do sound.

<sup>5</sup> This should be Charles D'Albret ; but the metre would not admit of the change. Shakespeare followed Holinshed, who calls him *Delabreth*.

Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois ;  
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,  
 For your great seats, now quit<sup>6</sup> you of great shames.  
 Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land  
 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, —  
 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,  
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,  
 And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.<sup>7</sup>

*Fr. King.* Therefore, Lord Constable, haste on Montjoy ;  
 And let him say to England, that we send  
 To know what willing ransom he will give. —  
 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.]

<sup>6</sup> *Quit* for *acquit* ; the sense being clear, release, or exonerate *yourselves*.  
 See *As You Like It*, page 78, note 2.

<sup>7</sup> That is, *instead of achieving* a victory over us, make a proposal to buy himself off with a ransom.

SCENE V. — *The English Camp in Picardy.*

*Enter, severally, GOWER and FLUELLEN.*

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

*Flu.* I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.<sup>1</sup>

*Gow.* Is the Duke of Exeter safe ?

*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 — Got be praised and plessed ! — any hurt in the 'orld ; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an auncient 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 'orld ; but I did see him do gallant service.

*Gow.* What do you call him ?

*Flu.* He is call'd Auncient Pistol.

*Gow.* I know him not.

*Flu.* Here is the man.

*Enter* PISTOL.

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

<sup>1</sup> After Henry had passed the Somme, the French endeavoured to intercept him in his passage to Calais ; and for that purpose attempted to break down the only bridge that there was over the small river of Ternois. But Henry, having notice of their design, sent a part of his troops before him, who, attacking and putting the French to flight, preserved the bridge till the whole English army arrived and passed over it.

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

*Pist.* Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,  
Of buxom<sup>2</sup> 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, Auncient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is plind ; 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, . . . fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In 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,<sup>3</sup> and hangèd must 'a be,  
A damnèd death !  
Let gallows gape for dog ; let man go free,  
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate :  
But Exeter hath given the doom of death  
For pax of little price.  
Therefore, go speak ; the duke will hear thy voice ;  
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut  
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach :

<sup>2</sup> In the Saxon and our elder English, *buxom* meant *pliant, yielding, obedient* ; but it was also used for *lusty, rampant*. Pistol would be more likely to take the popular sense than one founded on etymology.

<sup>3</sup> The *pax* is said to have been a small piece of plate, sometimes with the Crucifixion engraved or embossed upon it, which at a certain point in the Mass was offered to the laity to be kissed : *Osculatorium* was another name for it.

Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

*Flu.* Auncient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

*Pist.* Why, then rejoice therefore.

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

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

*Flu.* It is well.

*Pist.* The fig of Spain !<sup>4</sup> [ *Exit.*

*Flu.* Very goot.

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

*Flu.* I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords 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.

*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,<sup>5</sup> at such a breach, at such a convoy ; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood

<sup>4</sup> What is here called "the fig of Spain" was by no means confined to that country, nor did it originate there. It was a coarse gesture of contemptuous insult, made by thrusting the thumb between the middle and fore fingers, so as to form a rude likeness to a certain disease which was called the *ficus* as far back at least as the days of classic Rome.

<sup>5</sup> A *sconce* was a *blockhouse* or *chief fortress*, for the most part round in fashion of a head ; hence the head is ludicrously called a sconce ; a lantern was also called a sconce, because of its round form.

on ; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-coined oaths : and what a beard of the general's cut,<sup>6</sup> 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,<sup>7</sup> or else you may be marvellously mistook.

*Flu.* I tell you what, Captain Gower ; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is : if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum within.*] Hark you, the King is coming ; and I must speak with him from the pridge.<sup>8</sup> —

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.*

Got pless your Majesty !

*King.* How now, Fluellen ! camest thou from the bridge ?

*Flu.* Ay, so please your Majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd 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.

*King.* 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

<sup>6</sup> The English used to be very particular about the *cut* of their beards. Certain ranks and callings had their peculiar style ; and soldiers appear to have affected what was called the *spade* cut and the *stiletto* cut.

<sup>7</sup> Nothing was more common than such huffcap pretending braggarts as Pistol in the Poet's age ; they are the continual subject of satire to his contemporaries.

<sup>8</sup> " I must tell him what was done at the bridge."

man : his face is all bubukles, and whelks,<sup>9</sup> and knobs, and flames o' fire ; and his lips plows 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.

*King.* We would have all such offenders so cut off : and we give express charge that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compell'd from the villages, nothing taken but paid for,<sup>10</sup> 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.

*Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.*

*Mont.* You know me by my habit.<sup>11</sup>

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

*Mont.* My master's mind.

*King.* Unfold it.

*Mont.* Thus says my King : Say thou to Harry of England : Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleep ; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe :<sup>12</sup> 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

<sup>9</sup> *Bubukles* are blotches or botches ; *whelks* are pustules or wheals.

<sup>10</sup> That is, nothing taken *without being* paid for. This use of *but* with the force of *without* occurs repeatedly. See *Hamlet*, page 68, note 3.

<sup>11</sup> The person of a herald being, by the laws of war, inviolable, was distinguished by a richly-embazoned dress.

<sup>12</sup> The *implied* image is of a sore, as a boil or carbuncle, which is best let alone till it has come to a head. — *Cue* is used in the sense of *turn*.

pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor ; for the effusion of our blood, the 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 defiance : and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betray'd his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my King and master ; so much my office.

*King.* What is thy name ? I know thy quality.

*Mont.* Montjoy.

*King.* Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,  
 And tell thy King, I do not seek him now ;  
 But could be willing to march on to Calais  
 Without impeachment : <sup>13</sup> for, to say the sooth,—  
 Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much  
 Unto an enemy of craft and vantage, <sup>14</sup>—  
 My people are with sickness much enfeebled ;  
 My numbers lessen'd ; 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,  
 That I do brag thus !—this your air of France  
 Hath blown that vice in me ; <sup>15</sup> 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 :

<sup>13</sup> Without *impediment* ; an old use of *impeachment*, now obsolete. Thus in Holinshed : " But the passage was now so *impeached* with stakes in the botome of the foord, that he could not passe."

<sup>14</sup> An enemy both cunning in arts of strategy and having the advantage in ground and numbers.

<sup>15</sup> " Hath *puffed me up* with that vanity."



Yet, God before,<sup>16</sup> tell him we will come on,  
 Though France himself, and such another neighbour,  
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.

[*Gives a purse*

Go, bid thy master well advise himself :<sup>17</sup>  
 If we may pass, we will ; if we be hinder'd,  
 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 :  
 So tell your master.

*Mont.* I shall deliver so. Thanks to your Highness.

[*Exit.*

*Glo.* I hope they will not come upon us now.

*King.* We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge ; it now draws toward night :  
 Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves ;  
 And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord RAMBURES, the  
 Duke of ORLEANS, the Dauphin, and others.*

*Con.* Tut ! 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.

<sup>16</sup> That is, " God being our guide." See page 57, note 37.

<sup>17</sup> *Advise*, again, as before : *bethink* himself, *consider*. Page 54, note 27.

*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.

*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;<sup>1</sup> *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a 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 elements of earth and water never appear in him,<sup>2</sup> but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.<sup>3</sup>

*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.

*Orl.* No more, cousin.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were stuffed with hair.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the ancient doctrine that men and animals, as well as other things, were all made up of the four elements, earth, water, air, and fire, and that the higher natures were rendered so by the preponderance of the two latter in their composition. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2, the heroine says, "I am fire and air; my other elements I give to baser life." The Poet has divers allusions to the doctrine.

<sup>3</sup> It appears from this that *jade* and *horse* were sometimes used simply as equivalent terms. On the other hand, *beast* is here meant to convey a note of contempt, like the Latin *jumentum*, as of an animal fit only for the cart or packsaddle.

*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: 'tis 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 began thus: *Wonder of Nature*, —

*Orl.* I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

*Dau.* Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

*Orl.* Your mistress bears well.

*Dau.* Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

*Con.* *Ma foi*, methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

*Dau.* So, perhaps, did yours.

*Con.* Mine was not bridled.

*Dau.* I tell thee, Constable, my mistress wears her own hair.<sup>4</sup>

*Con.* I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

*Dau.* *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier*<sup>5</sup>: thou makest use of any thing.

<sup>4</sup> Referring to the custom which some ladies had, as, it is said, some still have, of wearing hair not their own. The Dauphin is jibing and flouting the Constable upon the presumed qualities of the lady whom he calls his mistress. See *The Merchant*, page 142, note 19.

<sup>5</sup> It has been remarked that Shakespeare was habitually conversant with his Bible: we have here a strong presumptive proof that he read it, at least occasionally, in French. This passage will be found almost literally in the Geneva Bible, 1588. 2 Peter, ii. 22.

*Con.* Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress ; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

*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.

*Con.* And yet my sky shall not want.

*Dau.* That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

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

*Dau.* Would I were able to load him with his desert ! — Will it never be day? — I will trot to-morrow a mile, 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.

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

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

*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.

*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.<sup>6</sup>

*Orl.* He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

*Con.* Doing is activity ; and he will still be doing.<sup>7</sup>

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

<sup>6</sup> To *tread* out an oath is to *dance* it out, probably.

<sup>7</sup> Here, as often, *still* is *continually* or *always*.

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

*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.

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

*Con.* By my faith, sir, but it is ; never any body saw it but his lacquey : 'tis a hooded valour ; and when it appears, it will bate.<sup>8</sup>

*Orl.* Ill-will never said well.

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

*Orl.* And 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<sup>9</sup> is soon shot.

*Con.* You have shot over.

*Orl.* 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.<sup>10</sup>

*Enter a Messenger.*

<sup>8</sup> This pun depends upon the equivocal use of *bate*. When a hawk is unhooded, her first action is to bate, that is, beat her wings, or flutter. The Constable would insinuate that the Dauphin's courage, when he prepares for encounter, will *bate*, that is, soon diminish or evaporate. *Hooded* is *blindfolded*.

<sup>9</sup> A *bolt* was a short, thick, blunt arrow, for shooting near objects, and so requiring little or no skill. See *Much Ado*, page 25, note 6.

<sup>10</sup> *Overshot*, here, probably means *disgraced* or *put to shame* ; though one of its meanings is *intoxicated*.

*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<sup>11</sup> fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

*Con.* If the English had any apprehension,<sup>12</sup> 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 unmatchable courage.

*Orl.* Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crush'd 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.

<sup>11</sup> *Peevish* was often used in the sense of *mad* or *foolish*. So in *The Comedy of Errors*, iv. 1: "How now! a *madman*? why, thou *peevish* sheep, what ship of Epidamnum stays for me?"—To *mope* is to move or act languidly or drowsily, or as in a half-conscious state.—The Poet uses *fat-brain'd* and *fat-witted* for *dull* or *stupid*.

<sup>12</sup> *Apprehension* for *mental quickness, intelligence*, or aptness to perceive: as to *apprehend* is, properly, to *grasp, seize, or lay hold of*.

*Con.* Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it 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.

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Now entertain conjecture of a time  
 When creeping murmur and the poring<sup>1</sup> 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,  
 That the fix'd sentinels<sup>2</sup> 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<sup>3</sup> face :  
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs  
 Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,

<sup>1</sup> To *pore* is to look intently, heedfully, or with strained vision ; and *poring* is here, no doubt, an instance of what is called transferred epithet : the darkness in which we look as aforesaid, or *grobe*.

<sup>2</sup> That is, the sentinels *stationed*, or remaining at their posts. — *That* has the force of *so that* ; a very frequent usage.

<sup>3</sup> It has been said that the distant visages of the soldiers would appear of an *umber* colour when beheld through the light of midnight fires. I suspect that nothing more is meant than *shadow'd face*. The epithet *paly flames* is against the other interpretation. *Umbre* for *shadow* is common in our elder writers.

The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,<sup>4</sup>  
 Give dreadful note of preparation :  
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
 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 ;<sup>5</sup>  
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,  
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp  
 So tediously away. The poor condemnèd English,  
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate  
 The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad  
 Investing lank-lean cheeks,<sup>6</sup> and war-worn coats,  
 Presenteth them unto the gazing Moon  
 So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold  
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band

<sup>4</sup> This does not solely refer to the riveting the plate armour before it was put on, but also to a part when it was on. The top of the cuirass had a little projecting bit of iron that passed through a hole in the bottom of the casque. When both were put on, the armourer presented himself, with his riveting hammer, *to close the rivet up*.

<sup>5</sup> The Poet took this from Holinshed : "The Frenchmen in the meane while, as though they had beene sure of victorie, made great triumph ; for the capteins had determind how to divide the spoile, and the soldiers the night before had plaid the Englishmen at dice."

<sup>6</sup> The metaphor of a *gesture investing* cheeks seems rather harsh and strained. But *gesture*, in the sense of the Latin original, may very well be used of a look, or any form of expression addressed to the eye. And to speak of a *look* as *overspreading* or *covering* the face, is legitimate enough. We have a like figure in *Much Ado*, iv. 1 : "I am so *attired* in wonder." Also, in Sidney's *Astrophel* : "Anger *invests* the face with a lovely grace." — Perhaps it should be added that *and* connects *coats* to *gesture*, not to *cheeks* : "and *their* war-worn coats." See Critical Notes.



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 de<sup>d</sup> one jot of colour  
 Unto the weary and all-watchèd night ;  
 But freshly looks, and over-bears attain<sup>t</sup>  
 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.<sup>8</sup>  
 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<sup>9</sup> true things by what their mockeries be. [Exit.

<sup>7</sup> *Attaint*, or *taint*, was often used for *attainture* or *attainder*, in the sense of *impeachment* or *accusation*. The meaning is, that the King by his brave and cheerful look overcomes all disposition on the part of the soldiers to blame or reproach him for the plight they are in.

<sup>8</sup> The meaning, as I take it, is, "so that, to describe the thing inadequately, men of all ranks in the army get a little glimpse or taste of Harry in the night." See Critical Notes.

<sup>9</sup> *Minding*, here, is the same as *calling to mind*.

SCENE I. — *France. The English Camp at Agincourt.*

*Enter King HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.*

*King.* Gloster, '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 neighbour makes 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<sup>1</sup> us fairly for our end.  
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.

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

*King.* '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  
The organs, though defunct and dead before,  
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move

<sup>1</sup> Here 'dress is a contraction of *address*, which the Poet often uses for *make ready* or *prepare*. So in *Macbeth*, i. 7 : " Was the hope drunk wherein you 'dress'd yourself ? " See, also, *As You Like It*, page 139, note 24.

With casted slough and fresh legerity.<sup>2</sup>  
 Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. — Brothers both,  
 Commend me to the princes in our camp ;  
 Do my good morrow to them ; and anon  
 Desire them all to my pavilion.

*Glo.* We shall, my liege.

*Erp.* Shall I attend your Grace ?

*King.* No, my good knight ;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England :

I and my bosom must debate awhile,

And then I would no other company.

*Erp.* The Lord in Heaven bless thee, noble Harry !

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER, BEDFORD, and ERPINGHAM.]

*King.* God-a-mercy, old heart ! thou speak'st cheerfully.

*Enter* PISTOL.

*Pist.* *Qui va là ?*

*King.* A friend.

*Pist.* Discuss unto me ; art thou officer ?

Or art thou base, common, and popular ?

*King.* I am a gentleman of a company.

*Pist.* Trail'st thou the puissant pike ?

*King.* Even so. What are you ?

*Pist.* As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

*King.* 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<sup>3</sup> of fame ;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant :

<sup>2</sup> The allusion is to the casting of the *slough* or skin of the snake annually, by which act he is supposed to regain new vigour and fresh youth. *Legerity* is lightness, nimbleness. *Légèreté*, French.

<sup>3</sup> The original meaning of *imp* is *graff*, *scion*, or *sprout*. See *2 Henry the Fourth*, page 275, note 1.

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings  
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?

*King.* Harry *le Roi*.

*Pist.* Le Roy!

A Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

*King.* No, I am a Welshman.<sup>4</sup>

*Pist.* Know'st thou Fluellen?

*King.* Yes.

*Pist.* Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate  
Upon Saint Davy's day.<sup>5</sup>

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

*Pist.* Art thou his friend?

*King.* And his kinsman too.

*Pist.* The *fico* for thee, then!

*King.* I thank you: God be with you!

*Pist.* My name is Pistol call'd.

[*Exit.*

*King.* It sorts well with your fierceness.

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.*

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen!

*Flu.* So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration<sup>6</sup> in the universal 'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatifs 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 pibble-pabble in Pompey's camp; I

<sup>4</sup> He calls himself a Welshman because he was in fact born at Monmouth in Wales. Hence his surname, Harry of *Monmouth*.

<sup>5</sup> Saint David is the patron saint of Wales, and of course his day stands high in the Welsh calendar; a national holiday.

<sup>6</sup> *Admiration*, as usual, in the Latin sense of *wonder*.

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 heard 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 ?

*Gow.* I will speak lower.

*Flu.* I pray you, and peseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.*

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

*Enter BATES, COURT, and 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 ?

*King.* A friend.

*Will.* Under what captain serve you ?

*King.* Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

*Will.* A good old commander and a most kind gentleman : I pray you, what thinks he of our estate ?<sup>7</sup>

*King.* Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

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

*King.* 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

<sup>7</sup> *Estate* and *state* were used indiscriminately.

violet smells to him as it doth to me ; the element<sup>8</sup> 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 affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing.<sup>9</sup> 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 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 were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

*King.* By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the King : I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

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

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

*Will.* That's more than we know.

*Court.* Ay, or more than we should seek after ; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's subjects : if his

<sup>8</sup> The *element* is the *sky*. Repeatedly so. See *Twelfth Night*, page 31, note 5.

<sup>9</sup> An allusion to falconry. When a hawk, after soaring or mounting aloft, took his flight downwards, he was said to *stoop* : especially used of the plunge or *souse* he made upon the prey. — "Higher mounted" is *soaring* to a higher pitch ; another instance of the confusion of active and passive forms.

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 and arms and heads, chopped off in 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 rawly left.<sup>10</sup> I am afeard there are few die well that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument?<sup>11</sup> 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 all proportion of subjection.

*King.* 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, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities,<sup>12</sup> 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 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

<sup>10</sup> Their children left young and helpless; in a *raw* or *green* age.

<sup>11</sup> *Argument*, in Shakespeare, is *theme, subject, purpose*, any matter in thought, or any business in hand.—“Charitably dispose” alludes to the old doctrine that a Christian's last hours should be spent in making such provision as he can for the poor and needy and suffering human brethren whom he is leaving behind.

<sup>12</sup> The language is slightly elliptical: iniquities for which he has not made his peace with Heaven by repentance and restitution.

cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers : some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder ; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury ;<sup>13</sup> some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment,<sup>14</sup> 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 punish'd for before-breach of the King's laws in now the King's quarrel : 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 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 them 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 is upon his own head ; the King is not to answer it.

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

<sup>13</sup> "The broken seals of perjury" are the *seals* or *vows* broken by perjury.

<sup>14</sup> "Native punishment" probably means punishment *at home*, or the punishment ordained in or by their native land.



*King.* I myself heard the King say he would not be ransom'd.

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

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

*Will.* 'Mass, you'll pay<sup>15</sup> 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! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

*King.* Your reproof is something too round:<sup>16</sup> I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

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

*King.* I embrace it.

*Will.* How shall I know thee again?

*King.* Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet:<sup>17</sup> then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

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

*King.* There.

*Will.* This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

*King.* If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

*Will.* Thou darest as well be hang'd.

<sup>15</sup> *Pay* here means *bring him to account, or requite his act*. — An *elder-gun* is a *popgun*; so called because made by punching the pith out of a piece of elder.

<sup>16</sup> *Round* is *plain-spoken, unceremonious, blunt*. Often so.

<sup>17</sup> *Bonnet* was the common name of a man's head-covering. — *Gage* is *pledge*, that which proves an *engagement*.

*King.* 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 enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

*King.* 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.<sup>18</sup>—

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Upon the King ! let us our lives, our souls,  
 Our debts, our careful wives,<sup>19</sup> our children, and  
 Our sins, lay on the King ! We must bear all.  
 O hard condition ! twin-born with greatness,  
 Subject to th' breath of every fool, whose sense  
 No more can feel but his own wringing !<sup>20</sup>  
 What infinite heart's-ease must kings neglect,  
 That private men enjoy !  
 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?  
 O ceremony, show me but thy worth !

<sup>18</sup> Alluding to the old doctrine which made it treason to mar or deface the king's image on the coin. There is a quibble also on *crowns* ; the King probably meaning that there are twenty Frenchmen to one Englishman.

<sup>19</sup> "Our careful wives" probably means "the wives whom we care, or are careful, for." Another instance of transferred epithet. See page III, note I.

<sup>20</sup> Who has no sense or feeling for any pains or troubles but his own : without sympathy ; uncompassionate ; and therefore selfish. To *wring* and to *writhe* have the same meaning. So in *Cymbeline*, iii. 6 : "He *wrings* at some distress."

What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?

What is thy soul of adoration?<sup>21</sup>

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,

Creating awe and fear in other men?

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?<sup>22</sup>

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,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:

I am a king that find thee; and I know

'Tis not the balm,<sup>23</sup> the sceptre, and the ball,

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,

The farcèd<sup>24</sup> 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,

<sup>21</sup> Such was the idiom of the time; the sense being, "What is the life, virtue, or essence of thy adoration?" that is, the adoration paid to thee. The objective genitive, as it is called, where present usage admits only the subjective.

<sup>22</sup> That is, titles blown up, or made big and pretentious with the breath of flattery.

<sup>23</sup> The *balm* was the oil used in anointing a king at his coronation.—The ball was the symbol of *majesty*; the mace, of *authority*.

<sup>24</sup> *Farcèd* is *stuffed*. The tumid, puffy titles with which a king's name is introduced.

Not all these, laid in bed majestic,  
 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<sup>25</sup> bread ;  
 Never sees horrid night, the child of Hell ;  
 But, like a lacquey, 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' ;<sup>26</sup>  
 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 brain little wots  
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.<sup>27</sup>

*Enter* ERPINGHAM.

*Erp.* My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,  
 Seek through your camp to find you.

*King.* Good old knight,  
 Collect them all together at my tent :  
 I'll be before thee.

<sup>25</sup> Distressful, perhaps, in a twofold sense : the poor man is distressed to get it, and distressed after eating it.

<sup>26</sup> *Horse'* for *horses*, just as, elsewhere, *corpse'* for *corpses*, and *house'* for *houses* : for the old Sun-god, whether called Hyperion, Apollo, or Phœbus, was never a one-horse god ; nor could his grand chariot be drawn by a one-horse team ; and Shakespeare knew this right well.

<sup>27</sup> In the old writers, the predicate verb often agrees in number with the nearest substantive, and not with the proper subject. So here, *hours* is the subject of *advantages*, which is a transitive verb, *peasant* being its object.

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

*King.* O God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts ;  
 Possess them not with fear ; take from them now  
 The sense of reckoning, if th' opposèd numbers  
 Pluck their hearts from them ! Not to-day, O Lord,  
 O, not to-day, think not upon the fault  
 My father made in compassing the crown !  
 I Richard's body have interrèd new ;  
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears  
 Than from it issued forcèd drops of blood :  
 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,<sup>28</sup> where the sad and solemn priests  
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do ;  
 Though all that I can do is nothing worth,  
 Since that my penitence comes after all,  
 Imploring pardon.<sup>29</sup>

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* My liege !

*King.* My brother Gloster's voice ? Ay ;  
 I know thy errand, I will go with thee :  
 The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>28</sup> One of these was for Carthusian monks, and was called *Bethlehem* ; the other was for religious men and women of the order of St. Bridget, and was named *Sion*. They were on opposite sides of the Thames, and adjoined the royal manor of Sheen. A *chantry* is, properly, a place where *chanting* is practised ; or a chapel for choral service.

<sup>29</sup> That is, " Since, after all that I have done or can do in works of piety and charity, nothing but true penitence and earnest prayer for pardon will avail to procure a remission of my sins."

SCENE II. — *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 !*<sup>1</sup> — *les eaux et le terre*, —  
 Orl. *Rien puis ? l'air et le feu*, —  
 Dau. *Ciel !* cousin Orleans. —

*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,  
 And dout them<sup>2</sup> with superfluous courage, ha !  
 Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood ?  
 How shall we, then, behold their natural tears ?

*Enter a Messenger.*

- Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.  
 Con. To horse, you gallant princes ! straight to horse !  
 Do but behold yond poor and starvèd band,  
 And your fair show shall suck away their souls,  
 Leaving them but the shales<sup>3</sup> and husks of men.  
 There is not work enough for all our hands ;  
 Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins  
 To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,

<sup>1</sup> An old exclamation of encouragement; *on ! away !* Italian.

<sup>2</sup> To *dout* is to *do out*, to *put out*; *them* referring to *eyes*.

<sup>3</sup> *Shale* is an old form of *shell*; from the Saxon *schale*.

That our French 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,  
 That our superfluous lacqueys and our peasants —  
 Who in unnecessary action swarm  
 About our squares of battle — were enough  
 To purge this field of such a hilding foe ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Though we upon this mountain's basis by  
 Took stand for idle speculation,<sup>5</sup> —  
 But that our honours must not. What's to say ?  
 A very little little let us do,  
 And all is done. Then let the trumpet sound  
 The tucket-sonance and the note to mount :<sup>6</sup>  
 For our approach shall so much dare the field,  
 That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

*Enter GRANDPRE.*

*Grand.* Why do you stay so long, my lords of France ?  
 Yond island carrions, desperate of their bones,  
 Ill-favour'dly become the morning field :  
 Their ragged curtains<sup>7</sup> poorly are let loose,  
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully ;  
 Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,

<sup>4</sup> A *hilding* foe is a paltry, cowardly, base foe.

<sup>5</sup> *Speculation*, here, is simply *beholding*, or *looking on*.

<sup>6</sup> The *tucket-sonance*, or *sounding* of the *tucket*, was a flourish on a trumpet as a signal. — The Constable's spirits are dancing in merry scorn ; *the note to mount* and *dare the field* being terms fitter for a sporting-excursion than for a war-tussle. To *dare the field* is a phrase in falconry. Birds are *dared* when, by the falcon in the air, they are terrified from rising, so as to be sometimes taken by the hand.

<sup>7</sup> Their ragged *curtains* are their *colours*.

And faintly through a rusty beaver<sup>8</sup> peeps :  
 The horsemen sit like fixèd candlesticks,<sup>9</sup>  
 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 pall'd dull mouths the gimmel-bit<sup>10</sup>  
 Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless :  
 And their exécutors, the knavish crows,  
 Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.  
 Description cannot suit itself in words  
 To démonstrate the life of such a battle  
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

*Con.* They've 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 with them ?

*Con.* I stay but for my guidon : to the field !  
 I will the banner from a trumpet<sup>11</sup> take,  
 And use it for my haste. Come, come, away !  
 The Sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>8</sup> The *beaver* was the part of the helmet that came down over the face.

<sup>9</sup> Ancient candlesticks were often in the form of human figures holding the socket, for the lights, in their extended hands.

<sup>10</sup> The *gimmel-bit* was probably a bit in which two parts or links were united, as in the *gimmel* ring, so called because they were double-linked ; from *gemellus*, Lat.

<sup>11</sup> *Trumpet* for *trumpeter* ; a frequent usage. — *Guidon* is an old word for *standard*, *ensign*, or *banner*, or the *bearer* of it. So Holinshed : " They thought themselves so sure of victorie, that diverse of the noblemen made such hast toward the battell, that they left manie of their servants and *men of warre* behind them, and some of them would not once *staie for their standards* ; as amongst other the duke of Brabant, when his *standard* was not come, caused a *banner to be taken from a trumpet*, and fastened to a speare, the which he commanded to be borne before him, instead of his standard."



SCENE III. — *The English Camp.*

*Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.*

*Glo.* 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 b' 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 Gloster, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind kinsman,<sup>1</sup> 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 King HENRY.*

*West.* O, that we now had here  
But one ten thousand of those men in England  
That do no work to-day!

*King.* What's he that wishes so?

<sup>1</sup> The kind kinsman here addressed is Westmoreland. The Earl of Salisbury was Thomas Montacute: he was in fact not related to Westmoreland; but their families were connected by marriage.

My cousin Westmoreland?— No, my fair cousin :<sup>2</sup>  
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough  
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 :  
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,  
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :  
We would not live in that man's company  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.  
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian :<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Westmoreland's first wife was aunt to the King by his grandfather's side ; she being one of several children of John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford ; all born out of wedlock, but afterwards legitimated. They took the name of Beaufort, from Beaufort Castle, in France, where they were born.

<sup>3</sup> The battle of Agincourt was fought the 25th of October, 1415. The saints who gave name to the day were Crispin and Crispianus, brothers, born at Rome, from whence they travelled to Soissons, in France, about the year 303, to propagate Christianity, but, that they might not be chargeable to others for their maintenance, they exercised the trade of shoemakers : the governor of the town, discovering them to be Christians, ordered them to be beheaded. Hence they have become the patron saints of shoemakers.

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<sup>4</sup> feast his neighbours,  
And say, *To-morrow is Saint Crispian* :  
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,  
And say, *These wounds I had on Crispin's day*.  
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember with advantages  
What feats he did that day : then shall our names,  
Familiar in their mouths as household words, —  
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster, —  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.  
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 remember'd,  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;  
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,  
This day shall gentle his condition :<sup>5</sup>  
And gentlemen in England now a-bed  
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here ;  
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

<sup>4</sup> The *vigil* of a holy day was the watch that was kept the night before. Something of the old custom survives in the celebration of Christmas *eve*.

<sup>5</sup> That is, shall make him a gentleman. King Henry V. inhibited any person, but such as had a right by inheritance or grant, from bearing coats-of-arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt.

*Re-enter SALISBURY.*

*Sal.* My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed :  
The French are bravely<sup>6</sup> in their battles set,  
And will with all expedience<sup>7</sup> charge on us.

*King.* All things are ready, if our minds be so.

*West.* Perish the man whose mind is backward now !

*King.* Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz ?

*West.* God's will ! my liege, would you and I alone,  
Without more help, might fight this battle out !

*King.* Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men ;<sup>8</sup>  
Which likes me better than to wish us one. —  
You know your places : God be with you all !

*Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.*

*Mont.* Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,  
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,  
Before thy most assurèd 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  
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire  
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies  
Must lie and fester.

*King.* Who hath sent thee now ?

<sup>6</sup> *Bravely* is in a *braving* manner ; defiantly.

<sup>7</sup> *Expedience* for *expedition*, *speed*. The usage was common.

<sup>8</sup> " By wishing only thyself and me, thou hast wished five thousand men away." The Poet, inattentive to numbers, puts *five thousand*, but in the last scene the French are said to be full *three-score thousand*, which Exeter declares to be five to one. The numbers of the English are variously stated ; Holinshed makes them fifteen thousand, others but nine thousand.

*Mont.* The Constable of France.

*King.* I pray thee, bear my former answer back :

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 kill'd with hunting him.

A many of our bodies shall no doubt

Find native graves ; upon the which, I trust,

Shall witness live in brass <sup>9</sup> 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,

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 bullets grazing,

Break out into a second course of mischief,

Killing in *rélapse* of mortality.<sup>10</sup>

Let me speak proudly : Tell the Constable

We are but warriors for the working-day ;

Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd

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 :

<sup>9</sup> Alluding to the plates of brass formerly let into tombstones.

<sup>10</sup> "*Relapse of mortality*" is simply the *falling-back* or *returning* of the mortal body to its original dust. — This high strain must be set down, I think, among the Poet's instances of overboldness. Certainly, nothing but his prodigious momentum of thought and poetry could carry us fairly through such a strain ; hardly even that.

But by the Mass our hearts are in the trim ;  
 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night  
 They'll be in fresher robes ; for 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  
 Will soon be levied. Herald, save 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.

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

*King.* I fear thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

*Enter the Duke of YORK.*<sup>11</sup>

*York.* My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg  
 The leading of the vaward.<sup>12</sup>

*King.* Take it, brave York. — Now, soldiers, march  
 away : —

And how Thou pleasest, God, dispose the day ! [*Exeunt.*

<sup>11</sup> This *Edward* Duke of York was the son of Edmund of Langley, the Duke of York, who was the fourth son of King Edward III. He is the man who figures as *Aumerle* in *King Richard the Second*.

<sup>12</sup> The *vaward* is the *vanguard*. So in *Holinshed*: "He appointed a *vaward*, of the which he made capteine Edward duke of York, who of an haultie courage had desired that office."

SCENE IV. — *The Field of Battle.*

*Alarums: excursions. Enter French Soldier, PISTOL, and the Boy.*

*Pist.* Yield, cur!

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

*Pist.* Quality! *Callino, castore me!*<sup>1</sup> art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.

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,<sup>2</sup> Except, O signieur, thou do give to me Egregious ransom.

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

*Pist.* Moy<sup>3</sup> shall not serve; I will have forty moys; Or I will fetch thy rim<sup>4</sup> out at thy throat

<sup>1</sup> These words, it seems, were the burden of an old song. Boswell found the notes in Playford's *Musical Companion*. He says the words mean "Little girl of my heart, for ever and ever"; and adds, "They have, it is true, no great connection with the poor Frenchman's supplications, nor were they meant to have any. Pistol, instead of attending to him, contemptuously hums a tune."

<sup>2</sup> *Fox* was an old fancy-term for *sword*. "The name," says Staunton, "was given from the circumstance that Andrea Ferrara, and, since his time, other foreign sword-cutlers, adopted a fox as the blade-mark of their weapons. Swords, with a running fox rudely engraved on the blades, are still occasionally to be met with in the old curiosity-shops of London."

<sup>3</sup> *Moy* or *moyos* was a measure of corn; in French *muy* or *muid*, Latin *modius*, a bushel. It appears that twenty-seven moys were equal to at least two tons.

<sup>4</sup> Pistol is not very scrupulous in his language: he uses *rim* for the *intestines* generally. Bishop Wilkins defines it "the membrane of the belly";

In drops of crimson blood.

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

Pist. Brass, cur !

Thou damnèd and luxurious mountain-goat,  
Offer'st me brass ?

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. *Ecoutez : 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 fir<sup>k</sup> him, and ferret him : discuss the same in French unto him.

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

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. *Oui, couper la gorge, par ma foi,*

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.*

Florio makes it the omentum, "a fat pannicle, caule, sewet, *rim*, or kell wherein the bowels are lapt."

<sup>5</sup> To *firk* is to beat or scourge: to *yerk* and to *jerk* have the same import.—To *ferret* is of kindred meaning, the ferret being a very fierce and spiteful animal. So in the old play of *King Leir* : "I'll *ferret* you ere night for that word."



*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 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 pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchise-ment.*

*Fr. Sol.* *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens ; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé 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 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, cur. [*Exit.*

*Boy.* *Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.* [*Exit 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,<sup>6</sup> that every one

<sup>6</sup> The Devil was a prominent personage in the old Miracle-plays and Moral-plays. He was as turbulent, boisterous, and vainglorious as Pistol. *Ho, ho!* and *Ah, ha!* were among his stereotyped exclamations or *roarings*. The Vice used to belabour him with various indignities, and, among them, threaten to pare his nails with the dagger of lath ; the Devil choosing to keep his claws long and sharp. See *Twelfth Night*, page 119, note 17.

may pare his nails with a wooden dagger ; and they are both hang'd ; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lacqueys, with the luggage of our camp : the French might have a good prey of us, if they knew of it ; for there is none to guard it but boys.  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field of Battle.*

*Alarums. Enter the Constable, ORLEANS, BOURBON, the Dauphin, RAMBURES, and others.*

Con. *O diable !*

Orl. *O Seigneur ! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu !*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie !*<sup>1</sup> all is confounded, all !

Reproach, reproach and everlasting shame

Sit mocking in our plumes. *O méchante fortune !—*

Do not run away. [A short alarum.]

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. *O pérurable shame !—let's stab ourselves.*

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

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

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

Let's die in honour : once more back again.

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

Let us on heaps<sup>2</sup> go offer up our lives.

<sup>1</sup> Ludicrous as these introductory scraps of French appear, so instantly followed by good, nervous mother-English, yet they are judicious, and produce the impression Shakespeare intended : a sudden feeling struck at once on the ears, as well as the eyes, of the audience, that " here come the French, the baffled French braggards ! " And this will appear the more judicious, when we reflect on the scanty apparatus of distinguishing dresses in Shakespeare's tiring-room.—COLERIDGE.

<sup>2</sup> *On heaps is in crowds.* Repeatedly so. See *King Richard the Third*, page 91, note 4.

*Orl.* We are enough, yet living in the field,  
To smother up the English in our throngs,  
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 VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarums.* Enter King HENRY and Forces, EXETER, and  
*others.*

*King.* Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:  
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

*Exe.* The Duke of York commends him to your Majesty.

*King.* Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour  
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;  
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

*Exe.* In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,  
Larding the plain;<sup>1</sup> and by his bloody side,  
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,  
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.

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 keep thine company to Heaven;*  
*Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;*

<sup>1</sup> That is, *enriching* the plain with his blood. In *1 Henry the Fourth*, ii, 2, Falstaff is said to do the same thing with his sweat: "Fat Falstaff sweats to death, and *lards* the lean earth as he walks along."

*As in this glorious and well-foughten field  
We kept together in our chivalry!*

Upon these words, I came and cheer'd him up :  
He smiled me in the face, raught<sup>2</sup> 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  
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.

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,  
But<sup>3</sup> all my mother came into mine eyes,  
And gave me up to tears.

*King.* 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 scattered men :  
Then every soldier kill his prisoners ;  
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. — *Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarums. 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'd ; in your conscience, now, is it not ?

*Gow.* 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive ; and the

<sup>2</sup> *Raught* is the old preterit of *reach*.

<sup>3</sup> *But* here is equivalent to *but that*. A frequent usage.

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.<sup>1</sup> 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 porn?

*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 'orld, 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;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This incident is related in full by Holinshed. It appears afterwards, however, that the King, on finding that the danger was not so great as he at first thought, stopped the slaughter, and was able to save a great number. It is observable that the King gives as his reason for the order, that he expected another battle, and had not men enough to guard one army and fight another. Gower here assigns a different reason. Holinshed gives both reasons, and the Poet chose to put one in the King's mouth, the other in Gower's.

<sup>2</sup> "Indifferent well" is tolerably well. See *Twelfth Night*, p. 52, n. 23.

for there is figures in all things. Alexander, — Got 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 pest friend, Cleitus.

*Gow.* Our King is not like him in that : he never kill'd 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 kill'd his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups ; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, turn'd away the fat knight with the great-pelly doublet ;<sup>3</sup> 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 goot men porn at Monmouth.

*Gow.* Here comes his Majesty.

*Alarum.* *Enter King HENRY with a part of the English Forces ; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, and others.*

*King.* I was not angry since I came to France  
Until this instant. — Take a trumpet, herald ;  
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill :  
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,  
Or void the field ; they do offend our sight :

<sup>3</sup> That is, "great-bellied doublet," which was the opposite of "thin-bellied doublet." *Doublet* was the name of a man's upper garment. "The doublets," says Staunton, "were made some without stuffing, — thin-bellied, — and some bombasted out."

If they'll do neither, we will come to them,  
 And make them skirr away,<sup>4</sup> as swift as stones  
 Enforcèd 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.

*Exe.* Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

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

*Enter* MONTJOY.

*King.* How now ! what means this, herald? know'st thou  
 not

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

*Mont.* No, great King :

I come to thee for charitable license  
 That we may wander o'er this bloody field  
 To look our dead,<sup>5</sup> 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 :  
 So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs  
 In blood of princes ; and the wounded steeds  
 Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage  
 Yerk out their armèd heels at their dead masters,  
 Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great King,

<sup>4</sup> *Scour* away; to run swiftly in various directions. It has the same meaning in *Macbeth*, v. 3, " *Skirr* the country round."

<sup>5</sup> The use of *look* as a transitive verb was not uncommon. The incident is thus related by Holinshed: "In the morning Montjoie and foure other heralds came to the king, to know the number of prisoners, and to desire buriall for the dead."

To view the field in safety, and dispose  
Of their dead bodies !

*King.* 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.

*King.* Praisèd be God, and not our strength, for it !  
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by ?

*Mont.* They call it Agincourt.

*King.* 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.

*King.* They did, Fluellen.

*Flu.* Your Majesty says very true : if your Majesty is  
remember'd of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden  
where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps ;<sup>6</sup>  
which, your Majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable  
padge of the service ; and I do pelieve your Majesty takes no  
scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

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

*Flu.* All the water in Wye cannot wash your Majesty's  
Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that : Got pless

<sup>6</sup> Fuller, in his *Worthies of Monmouthshire*, says, "The best caps were formerly made at Monmouth, where the *cappers'* chapel doth still remain." He adds, "If at this day the phrase of *wearing a Monmouth cap* be taken in a bad acception, I hope the inhabitants of that town will endeavour to disprove the occasion."



it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases His Grace, and His Majesty too !

*King.* Thanks, good my countryman.

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

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

[*Points to WILLIAMS. Exeunt Heralds with MONTJOY.*]

*Exe.* Soldier, you must come to the King.

*King.* Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap ?

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

*King.* An Englishman ?

*Will.* An't please your Majesty, a rascal that swagger'd with me last night ; who if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the 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.

*King.* What think you, Captain Fluellen ! is it fit this soldier keep his oath ?

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

*King.* It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort,<sup>7</sup> quite from the answer of his degree.

*Flu.* Though he be as goot a gentleman as the Tevil is, as Lucifer and Beelzebub himself, it is necessary, look your

<sup>7</sup> *Great sort is high rank.* A man of such rank is not bound to answer to the challenge from one of the soldier's *low degree*.

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 Jack-sauce,<sup>8</sup> as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and His earth, in my conscience, la.

*King.* Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

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

*King.* Who servest thou under ?

*Will.* Under Captain Gower, my liege.

*Flu.* Gower is a goot captain, and is goot knowledge and literated in the wars.

*King.* Call him hither to me, soldier.

*Will.* I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

*King.* Here, Fluellen ; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap : when Alençon and myself were down together,<sup>9</sup> I pluck'd this glove from his helm : if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person ; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

*Flu.* Your Grace does 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 himself aggrief'd at this glove, that is all ; I would fain but see it once, an please Got of His grace that I might see.

*King.* Know'st thou Gower ?

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

*King.* Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

*Flu.* I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

<sup>8</sup> *Jack-sauce* for *saucy Jack*. *Jack* was used as a term of contempt.

<sup>9</sup> Henry was felled to the ground by the Duke of Alençon, but recovered, and slew two of the duke's attendants. Alençon was afterwards killed by the King's *guard*, contrary to Henry's intention, who wished to save him.

*King.* My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster,  
 Follow Fluellen closely at the heels :  
 The glove which I have given him for a favour  
 May haply purchase him a box o' the ear ;  
 It is the soldier's ; I, by bargain, should  
 Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick :  
 If that the fellow strike him, — as I judge  
 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 :  
 Follow, and see there be no harm between them. —  
 Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. — *Before King HENRY'S Pavilion.*

*Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.*

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

*Enter FLUELLEN.*

*Flu.* Got's will and His pleasure, captain, I peseech you  
 now, come apace to the King : there is more goot toward  
 you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

*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.* 'Splood, an arrant traitor as any's in the universal  
 'orld, or in France, or in England !

*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<sup>1</sup> plows, I warrant you.

*Will.* I am no traitor.

*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 GLOSTER.*

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

*Flu.* My Lord of Warwick, here is — praised be Got 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.*

*King.* 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 take 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 a my word.

*Flu.* Your Majesty hear now, saving your Majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, peggarly, 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.

*King.* Give me thy glove,<sup>2</sup> soldier : look, here is the fellow of it.

<sup>1</sup> *Into* and *in* were often used indiscriminately.

<sup>2</sup> Here "*thy* glove" evidently means the glove that Williams has in his cap. The King and Williams had exchanged gloves, so that now each has

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike ;  
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

*Flu.* An please your Majesty, let his neck answer for it,  
if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

*King.* How canst thou make me satisfaction ?

*Will.* All offences, my liege, come from the heart : never  
came any from mine that might offend your Majesty.

*King.* It was ourself thou didst abuse.

*Will.* Your Majesty came not like yourself : you appeared  
to me but as a common man ; witness the night, your gar-  
ments, your lowliness ; and, what your Highness suffer'd 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 beseech your Highness, pardon me.

*King.* 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 : —  
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

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

*Will.* I will none of your money.

*Flu.* It is with a goot 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 goot : 'tis a goot silling, I war-  
rant you, or I will change it.

the other's glove in pledge. But the King has just given to Fluellen the  
glove he received from Williams ; and he now takes from his pocket the  
mate to the one that Williams received from him.

*Enter an English Herald.*

*King.* Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

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

[*Delivers a paper.*]

*King.* What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

*Exe.* Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the King ;  
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt :  
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,  
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

*King.* This note doth tell me of ten thousand French  
That in the field lie slain : of princes, in this number,  
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 :  
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,  
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries ;<sup>3</sup>  
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,  
And gentlemen of blood and quality.  
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,  
Charles Delabreth, High-Constable of France ;  
Jaques of Chatillon, Admiral of France ;  
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures ;  
Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guiscard Dauphin ;  
John Duke of Alençon ; Antony Duke of Brabant,  
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy ;  
And Edward Duke of Bar : of lusty earls,  
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,

<sup>3</sup> Mercenaries were soldiers who received pay, as distinguished from such as followed their lords under the obligations of feudal service.

Beaumont and Marlè, Vaudemont and Lestrale.

Here was a royal fellowship of death !—

Where is the number of our English dead ?—

[Herald *presents another paper.*

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,

Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam,<sup>4</sup> esquire ;

None else of name ; and of all other men

But five and twenty.—O God, Thy arm was here ;

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 th' other ?—Take it, God,

For it is only Thine !

*Exc.* 'Tis wonderful !

*King.* 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.

*Flu.* Is it not lawful, an please your Majesty, to tell how many is kill'd ?

*King.* Yes, captain ; but with this acknowledgement,  
That God fought for us.

*Flu.* Yes, my conscience, He did us great goot.

*King.* Do we all holy rites :<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> A pleasing anecdote is told of this brave Welshman. Having been sent out before the battle to reconnoitre the enemy, he reported, " May it please you, my liege, there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away." It is said that among his other feats at Agincourt he saved the King's life.

<sup>5</sup> The king, gathering his army together, gave thanks to Almighty God for so happie a victorie, causing his prelates and chapeins to sing this psalme, *In exitu Israel de Egypto* ; and commaunded every man to kneele downe

Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*.  
 The dead with charity enclosed in clay,  
 We'll then to Calais ; and to England then ;  
 Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. — *France. An English Court of Guard.*

*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, as my friend, Captain Gower : The rascally, scald,<sup>1</sup> peggary, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, — which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, 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 pid me eat my leek : it was in a place where I could not preed no contention with him ; but I will be so pold 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.

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

*Flu.* 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. —

*Enter* PISTOL.

Got pless you, Auncient Pistol ! you scurvy, lousy knave,  
 Got pless you !

on the ground at this verse, *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam*. Which doone, he caused *TE DEUM* with certeine anthems to be soong, giving laud and praise to God, without boasting of his owne force or anie humane power. — HOLINSHED.

<sup>1</sup> *Scald* is *scurvy* or *scabby*, in its proper meaning ; but came to be used as a word of contempt, implying poverty, disease, and filth.



*Pist.* Ha ! art thou bedlam ? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,  
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web ?  
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 digestions, does 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 goot, scald knave, as eat it ?

*Pist.* Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

*Flu.* You say very true, scald knave ; when Got's will is :  
I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victu-  
als : come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him again.*] 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.

*Gow.* Enough, captain : you have astonish'd<sup>2</sup> him.

*Flu.* I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or  
I will peat his pate four days. — Pite, I pray you ; it is goot  
for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.

*Pist.* Must I bite ?

*Flu.* Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of ques-  
tion too, and ambiguities.

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

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

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

<sup>2</sup> That is, *stunned* him, knocked him into confusion and numbness. Such is the proper meaning of to *astonish*.

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

*Pist.* Good.

*Flu.* Ay, leeks is goot: 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.

*Pist.* I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

*Flu.* If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. Got b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

[*Exit.*

*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 deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling<sup>3</sup> 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 Welsh correction teach you a good English condition.<sup>4</sup> Fare ye well.

[*Exit.*

*Pist.* Doth Fortune play the huswife<sup>5</sup> with me now? News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital

<sup>3</sup> *Gleeking* is *scoffing, flouting*; and *galling* is here used in a kindred sense,—*venting sarcasms*, things that *irritate*.

<sup>4</sup> *Condition*, as usual, for *temper* or *disposition*.

<sup>5</sup> *Huswife* for *jilt*, or *hussy*, as we have it still in common speech.

Of malady of France ;  
 And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.  
 Old I do wax ; and from my weary limbs  
 Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,  
 And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.  
 To England will I steal, and there I'll steal :  
 And patches will I get unto these scars,  
 And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.

[*Exit.*

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ACT V.

*Enter* Chorus.

*Cho.* Vouchsafe all those that have not read the story,  
 That I may prompt them : and, for such as have,  
 I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse  
 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,  
 Which cannot in their huge and proper life  
 Be here presented. Now we bear the King  
 Toward Calais : grant him there ; there seen,  
 Heave him away upon your wingèd thoughts  
 Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach  
 Pales-in<sup>1</sup> the flood with men, with wives, and boys,  
 Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,  
 Which, like a mighty whiffler<sup>2</sup> 'fore the King,  
 Seems to prepare his way : so let him land ;

<sup>1</sup> To *pale-in* is to *fence round* or *enclose with palings*.

<sup>2</sup> *Whiffle* is another form of *whistle*, and was used of a *fife* or *pipe*. As *fifers* or *pipers* commonly marched at the head of troops and processions, so *whiffler* came to be used of any one who went ahead of another to clear the way.

And solemnly<sup>3</sup> see him set on to London :  
 So swift a pace hath thought, that even now  
 You may imagine him upon Blackheath.  
 Where-that<sup>4</sup> 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 ;  
 Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,<sup>5</sup>  
 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, —  
 Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,  
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels, —  
 Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in :  
 As, by a lower but loving likelihood,  
 Were now the general of our gracious Empress —  
 As in good time he may — from Ireland coming,  
 Bringing rebellion broachèd<sup>6</sup> 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 ;  
 (As yet the lamentation of the French

<sup>3</sup> *Solemnly* is *in state*, or *with ordered pomp and ceremony*. The proper construction is, "see him set on solemnly to London."

<sup>4</sup> *Where-that* is plainly equivalent to *whereas*.

<sup>5</sup> *Ostent* is *show* or *display*. See *The Merchant*, page 113, note 38.

<sup>6</sup> *Broached* is *pierced through, transfixèd*. — The allusion is to the Earl of Essex, who in April, 1599, set out for Ireland, as Governor, to put down the rebellion of Tyrone. His departure was an occasion of great enthusiasm, people of all ranks thronging around him and showering benedictions upon him. But these bright anticipations were sadly disappointed. The expedition failed utterly; and the Earl's return, in September following, was unhonoured and unmarked.

Invites the King of England's stay at home ;  
 The Emperor coming<sup>7</sup> in behalf of France,  
 To order peace between them ;) and omit  
 All the occurrences, whatever chanced,  
 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. [Exit.

SCENE I.—*Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the  
 French King's Palace.*

*Enter, from one side, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER,  
 EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords ;  
 from the other side, the French King, Queen ISABEL, the  
 Princess CATHARINE, ALICE, other Ladies, and Lords ; the  
 Duke of BURGUNDY, and his Train.*

*K. Hen.* Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met !<sup>1</sup> —  
 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 Catharine ; —  
 And, as a branch and member of this royalty,  
 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,

<sup>7</sup> The Emperor Sigismund, who was married to Henry's second cousin, and who visited England at this time.

<sup>1</sup> They have met together for the purpose of knitting up a peace, and the King begins by wishing peace to the meeting. "Peace, for which we are met, be to the meeting."

Most worthy brother England ; fairly met : —  
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 born in them  
Against the French, that met them in their bent,  
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks : <sup>2</sup>  
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,  
Have lost <sup>3</sup> 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've labour'd,  
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,  
To bring your most imperial Majesties  
Unto this bar <sup>4</sup> 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,  
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,

<sup>2</sup> The *basilisk* was a *serpent* which, it was anciently supposed, could destroy the object of his vengeance by merely looking at it. It was also a *great gun* ; and the allusion here is double. See *King Richard the Third*, page 145, note 4.

<sup>3</sup> Here the verb is made to agree with the nearest substantive, *looks*, instead of with its proper nominative, *venom*. Shakespeare has many like instances of false concord. See page 124, note 27.

<sup>4</sup> That is, this *place of congress*. *Bar* is a shortened form of *barrier*. Ordinarily, when sovereigns were to meet in the field for such purposes, 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 for any place of meeting

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, plenty, and joyful births,  
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 its own fertility.  
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,  
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,<sup>5</sup>  
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,  
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas  
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,  
Do root upon, while that the coulter rusts,  
That should deracinate<sup>6</sup> such savagery;  
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth  
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,  
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,  
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,<sup>7</sup> grow to wildness,  
Even so our houses, and ourselves and children,

<sup>5</sup> *Pleached, plaited, platted* are all words of the same meaning, like the Latin *plicitum*; *folded together*, or *interwoven*. So in *Much Ado About Nothing*, iii. 1; "The *pleached* bower, where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun, forbid the sun to enter."

<sup>6</sup> To *deracinate* is to force up by the roots.

<sup>7</sup> Not defective in their *productive* virtue, for they grew to wildness; but defective in their *proper* virtue, which was to serve man with food and support.

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, —  
 To swearing, and stern looks, defused<sup>8</sup> attire,  
 And every thing that seems unnatural.  
 Which to reduce into our former favour,<sup>9</sup>  
 You are assembled : and my speech entreats  
 That I may know the let,<sup>10</sup> why gentle Peace  
 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 th' imperfections  
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace  
 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,  
 Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.

*Fr. King.* I have but with a cursorary<sup>11</sup> eye  
 O'er glanced the articles : pleaseth your Grace  
 T' appoint some of your Council presently  
 To sit with us once more, with better heed

<sup>8</sup> It appears from Florio's *Dictionary*, that *diffused*, or *defused*, was used for *confused*. *Defused attire* is therefore *disordered* or *dishevelled attire*.

<sup>9</sup> *Favour* here means comeliness of appearance. — To *reduce* is to *restore* or *bring back* ; a sense of the word now obsolete, but legitimate from the Latin *reduco*.

<sup>10</sup> This is the ancient *let*, meaning *hindrance* or *obstruction*.

<sup>11</sup> *Cursorary* appears to be a word of the Poet's own coining, no other instance of it being known. *Cursory* had not syllables enough for the place.



To re-survey them, we will suddenly  
Pass our accept<sup>12</sup> and peremptory answer.

*K. Hen.* Brother, we shall. — Go, uncle Exeter, —  
And brother Clarence, — and you, brother Gloster, —  
Warwick, — and Huntingdon,<sup>13</sup> — go with the King ;  
And take with you free power to ratify,  
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best  
Shall see advantageable<sup>14</sup> for our dignity,  
Any thing 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 Catharine here with us :  
She is our capital demand, comprised  
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

*Q. Isa.* She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but HENRY, CATHARINE, and ALICE.*

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

<sup>12</sup> *Suddenly* in the sense of *quickly* or *speedily*. Often so. To *pass*, as the word is here used, is, apparently, to *fix*, *conclude*, or *agree upon*. So in *The Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 2: "To *pass* assurance of a dower in marriage." *Accept*, if the text be right, is merely a shortened form of *acceptance*. Shakespeare uses the same freedom in many words. See Critical Notes.

<sup>13</sup> John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, who afterwards married the widow of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March. Neither Huntingdon nor Clarence is in the list of *Dramatis Personæ*, as neither of them speaks a word.

<sup>14</sup> *Advantageable* for *advantageous*, just as, elsewhere, *disputable* for *disputatious*. This confusion of active and passive forms, both in adjectives and participles, occurs very often. See *As You Like It*, page 66, note 5.

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

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

*Cath.* *Pardonnez-moi*, I cannot tell vat is *like me*.

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

*Cath.* *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 Catharine ; and I must not blush to affirm it.

*Cath.* *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 deceit ?

*Alice.* *Oui*, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of 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, 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 further 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 ?

*Cath.* *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,<sup>15</sup> 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 any thing 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;<sup>16</sup> 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;<sup>17</sup> a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curl'd 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

<sup>15</sup> *Measure* is here used in the sense of *dancing*. To *tread* or *dance* a measure, was a common phrase. See *Much Ado*, page 42, note 5.

<sup>16</sup> *Uncoined constancy* probably means an affection that has never "gone forth"; a heart like virgin gold, that has never had any image stamped upon it.

<sup>17</sup> Will *fall away*, leaving "his youthful hose a world too wide for his shrunk shank."

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 say'st thou, then, to my love ? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

*Cath.* 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.

*Cath.* 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. *Quand j'ai la possession de France, et quand vous avez la 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, 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.

*Cath.* *Sauf votre Honneur, le Français que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglais lequel je parle.*

*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 ?

*Cath.* 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 be'st mine, Kate, — as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, — I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. What say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce ?

*Cath.* I do not know dat.

*K. Hen.* No ; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise : do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part ; and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Catharine du monde, mon très-chère et divine déesse* ?

*Cath.* Your *Majesté* ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage demoiselle* dat is *en France*.

*K. Hen.* Now, fie upon my false French ! By mine 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 untempting effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition ! he was thinking of civil 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 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 Catharine, will you have me ? Put off your maiden blushes ; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the 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 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,*<sup>18</sup> *for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all Catharines, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?*

*Cath.* Dat is as it sall please de *roi mon père*.

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

*Cath.* Den it sall also content me.

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

*Cath.* *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une votre indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.*

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

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

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

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

*K. Hen.* To kiss.

*Alice.* Your Majesty *entendre* better *que moi*.

*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<sup>19</sup> customs curtsy to great kings.

<sup>18</sup> "*Broken music*" is said to have meant the music of such instruments as lutes, harps, &c. See *As You Like It*, page 41, note 11.

<sup>19</sup> *Nice* here is *squeamish, scrupulous, fastidious*. See *As You Like It*, page 108, note 2.

Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list<sup>20</sup> 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 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 comes your father.

*Re-enter the French King and Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, &c.*

*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.

*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.

*Bur.* Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle ;<sup>21</sup> if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet rosed-over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if

<sup>20</sup> *Weak list* is *slight barrier*; from the language of the tilt-yard.

<sup>21</sup> Conjurers used to mark out a circle on the ground, within which their conjuring was to take effect by the appearance of the beings invoked. Probably an equivoque is here intended, *circle* being also used for *crown*.

she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

*K. Hen.* Yet they do wink and yield; as love is blind and enforces.

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

*K. Hen.* Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

*Bur.* I will wink-on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide,<sup>22</sup> blind, though they have their eyes.

*K. Hen.* This moral<sup>23</sup> ties me over to time and a hot Summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

*Bur.* As love is, my lord, before it loves.

*K. Hen.* It 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.

*Fr. King.* Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turn'd into a maid;<sup>24</sup> for they are girdled with maiden walls that war hath never enter'd.

*K. Hen.* Shall Kate be my wife?

<sup>22</sup> The feast of St. Bartholomew falls on the 24th of August.—Being unskilled in entomology, I cannot vouch for the scientific accuracy of the text.

<sup>23</sup> A *moral* is the *meaning* or *application* of a fable or apologue.

<sup>24</sup> Perspectives were glasses or instruments to look through, such being the proper meaning of the word. They were of various kinds, and some, it seems, played rather queer pranks with the object looked at. One kind is thus spoken of in *Humane Industry*, 1651: "A picture of the chancellor of France presented to the common beholder a multitude of little faces; but if one did look at it through a *perspective*, there appeared only a single pourtraiture of the chancellor." See *Richard II.*, page 82, note 2.



*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.

*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 first-proposèd natures.

*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 tres-cher fils Henri, roi d'Angleterre, héritier de France* ; and thus in Latin, *Præclarissimus*<sup>25</sup> *filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ.*

*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,  
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  
With envy of each other's happiness,  
May cease their hatred ; and this dear conjunction  
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord

<sup>25</sup> *Præclarissimus* for *Præcarissimus*. Shakespeare followed Holinshed, in whose Chronicle it stands thus. Indeed, all the old historians have the same blunder. In the original treaty of Troyes, printed in Rymer, it is *præcarissimus*.

In their sweet bosoms, that ne'er war advance  
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

*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 !  
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 blessèd marriage,  
Thrust in between the paction<sup>26</sup> of these kingdoms,  
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,  
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,  
And all the peers', for surety of our league.—  
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me ;  
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be !

[*Sennet. Exeunt.*]

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,  
Our bending<sup>27</sup> author hath pursued the story ;  
In little room confining mighty men,  
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.<sup>28</sup>

<sup>26</sup> *Paction* is *compact, alliance, or league.*

<sup>27</sup> *Bending* beneath the weight of the subject, as being unequal to it.

<sup>28</sup> Giving only *fragments* and *glimpses* of their full career.

Small time, but, in that small, most greatly lived  
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 this King succeed ;  
Whose State so many had the managing,  
That they lost France, and made his England bleed :  
Which oft our stage hath shown ;<sup>29</sup> and, for their sake,  
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [Exit.

<sup>29</sup> The three Parts of *King Henry VI.* were written several years before this play, and often acted.

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## CRITICAL NOTES.

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### PROLOGUE.

Page 38. *O, pardon! since a crooked figure may  
Attest in little place a million.*—Lettsom conjectures *place* to  
be an erratum for *space*. Rightly, I suspect.

### ACT I., SCENE I.

P. 40. *We lose the better half of our possessions.*—So Hanmer and  
Collier's second folio. The old text has *possession*.

P. 40. Cant. *The King is full of grace and fair regard,  
And a true lover of the holy Church.*

Ely. *The courses of his youth promised it not.*

Cant. *The breath no sooner left his father's body, &c.*—In the  
old text, the second of these lines is assigned to Ely, and the last two  
to Canterbury; an arrangement, I think, that badly unhinges the dia-  
logue. The correction is Keightley's.

P. 41. *Never came reformation in a flood,  
With such a heady current, scouring faults.*—So the second  
folio. The first has *currance*, which may be from the old French  
*courance*, and so may yield a fitting sense. But, as Lettsom remarks,  
"it is plain from the context that *the scouring of a river* is meant.  
*Current*, therefore, seems much the safer reading."

P. 41. *So that the art and practic part of life  
Must be the mistress to his theoretic.*—So the third folio. The  
earlier editions read "to *this* theoretic." The context readily shows *his*  
to be right.

P. 43. *The several and unhidden passages*

*Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms, &c.*—The old text has *severals*, which is sometimes explained *details* or *particulars*. But the context seems fairly to require *several*, which is Pope's reading. Here, as in divers other places, *and*, I take it, is simply redundant. So that the meaning is "The several open and apparent derivations," &c.

ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 47. *To fine his title with some show of truth.*—So the quartos. The folio reads "To *find* his title." Neither *fine* nor *find* yields a very appropriate sense. Johnson at one time conjectured *line*, but afterwards withdrew the conjecture. As the Poet repeatedly uses to *line* for to *strengthen*, I should make no scruple of adopting that word but that *line* occurs in a very different sense just before. Perhaps *bind* is the right word. To *fix*, to *confirm*, to *secure* are among the ordinary senses of to *bind*; so that the word would fit the context very well. And in my experience the letters *b* and *f* are apt to be confounded. Collier's second folio substitutes *found*. See foot-note 9.

P. 48. *And rather choose to hide them in a net*

*Than amply to imbar their crooked titles, &c.*—So the Cambridge Editors. The first two quartos have *imbace*, the third *embrace*, and the folio *imbarre*. Warburton proposed *imbare*, and most of the recent editors have adopted that reading. Of course to *imbare* must mean to *lay bare*, to expose. But I think *imbar*, in the sense of *bar*, that is, *exclude* or set *aside*, accords quite as well with the context, and with less of departure from authority.

P. 48. *For in the Book of Numbers it is writ,*

When the *man* dies, let the inheritance

Descend unto the daughter.—So the folio. The quartos read "When the *sonne* dyes." In our common version of the Bible, the passage referred to stands thus: "If a *man* die, and have no son, then ye shall cause the inheritance to pass unto his daughter." For the same as given by Holinshed, see foot-note 13. As Dyce observes, "There is not a word in Scripture about the contingency of the *son dying*; and the law was declared in consequence of the claim put in

by the daughters of Zelophehad, 'who had no sons.'” So I think there can be no doubt that we ought to read with the folio; where *the having no son* is fairly implied.

P. 49. *Your brother kings and monarchs of the Earth*

*Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,*

*As did the former lions of your blood:*

*They know your Grace hath cause and means and might.*

West. *So hath your Highness, &c.* — So Walker, and with evident propriety. The old text sets the prefix “*West.*” before the last line of the preceding speech.

P. 50. *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, &c.* — The quartos read “*your* chronicle,” the folio “*their* chronicle.” The correction is fully justified by the context. It was proposed by Johnson. —

In the second line, Collier's second folio substitutes *train* for *fame*. Not an improvement, I think.

P. 51. *Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,*

*To tear and havoc more than she can eat.* — Instead of *tear*,

the quartos have *spoil*, the folio *tame*; the latter being no doubt a misprint for *tear*, which is Rowe's correction.

P. 51. *Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,*

*Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,*

*And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.* — So the folio. Instead of *crush'd*,

the quartos have *curst*. Several changes have been made or proposed, the best of which, I think, is Mason's, “that is *not* a *curst* necessity.” Of recent editors, Collier, White, and Dyce read *curst*; Singer, Staunton, and the Cambridge Editors, *crush'd*. On the whole, I find it not easy to choose between the two readings. The sense which the context seems to require is that of a *forced* or *strained* necessity; that is, the necessity is *apparent* only: it is not really necessary that the cat should stay at home, since we have other means of security against the mousing weasel. Can this sense be fairly got out of *crush'd*, by taking the word to be used proleptically? a necessity

that *will* or *may be* crushed or overcome by the use of locks and traps? The Poet has many like instances of prolepsis. With *curst*, the meaning seems to be, that it is but a perverse or untoward necessity, — one that may vex and annoy; yet it is by no means invincible, since the cat's presence can be made up by something else.—In the third line, Steevens proposed *petty* instead of *pretty*. But Shakespeare repeatedly uses *pretty* with the sense of *fit*, *apt*, or *suitable*.

P. 52. *Creatures that, by a rule in Nature, teach*

*The art of order to a peopled kingdom.*—So Pope and Collier's second folio. The old text reads "The Act of Order." To *teach* an *act* is rather odd English.

P. 53. *France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,*

*Or break it all to pieces: there we'll sit,*

*Ruling in large and ample empery, &c.*—The old text read: "Or there wee'll sit"; or having no doubt been repeated by mistake. Corrected by Pope.

P. 53. *Or else our grave,*

*Like Turkish mutes, shall have a tongueless mouth.*—So Walker. The folio has "Like Turkish *mute*." The corresponding passage in the quartos has "like *toonglesse mutes*."

P. 54. *Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right*

*Of your great predecessor, Edward Third.*—So Collier's second folio. The old text has "*King Edward the Third*." Pope left out *King*, and Walker would omit *the*.

P. 56. *We never valued this poor seat of England;*

*And therefore, living here, did give ourself*

*To barbarous license.*—The old text reads "living *hence*." The correction is Hanmer's. Mason justly says of the old reading, that it "cannot be reconciled to sense."

P. 56. *But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my state,*

*Be like a king, and show my soul of greatness,*

*When I do rouse me in my throne of France:*



*For here I have laid by my majesty,  
And plodded like a man for working days ;*

*But I will rise there with so full a glory, &c.* — So Collier's second folio. The old copies have, in the second line, *sail* instead of *soul*, and, in the fourth, *that* and *this* instead of *here*. The words *sail* and *throne*, it seems to me, do not pull very well together ; while the strained attempts which have been made, to explain *that* or *this*, are enough, I think, to put the old text out of court.

## ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 58. SCENE III. — *London, &c.* — In the folio the first Act of this play has no marking of the scenes at all, and extends down to the end of what modern editions give as the end of the second Act. And the matter of the present scene is there placed *after* the second Chorus. Various editors, from Pope downwards, have judged, and rightly, no doubt, that the scene ought to come in before the Chorus, and thus close the first Act, instead of opening the second Act, as it does in modern editions generally. The propriety of the transposition is so evident, that I have ventured to make it.

P. 58. *But, when the time comes, there shall be smites.* — The old text has *smiles* instead of *smites*. The correction was proposed by Farmer, and is made in Collier's second folio.

P. 58. *And we'll be all sworn brothers in France.* — The old text has "brothers to France," *to* having probably crept in out of place from the line above. The correction is Johnson's.

P. 58. *And, when I cannot live any longer, I will die as I may.* — So Mason and Walker. The old copies have *do* and *doe* instead of *die*.

P. 59. *O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not drawn!* — The old text reads "if he be not *hewne*." Corrected by Theobald.

P. 61. *Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, — and you, hostess.* — The old text has "and *your* hostess."

## ACT II., CHORUS.

P. 63. *Now thrive the armourers.* — Collier's second folio substitutes *strive* for *thrive*. I suspect *strive* is right; but it may be that, in such cases, the armourers were wont to receive a fee from those whom they served.

P. 65. *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.  
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;  
The King is set from London; &c.* — Between the third and fourth of these lines, the folio has the following:

Linger your patience on, and wee'l digest  
Th' abuse of distance; force a play.

Pope tinkered this into "and *well* digest th' abuse of distance, *while we* force a play." Collier's second folio reads "*and so* force a play." No one, so far as I know, has explained the meaning of *force a play*; and it seems to me stark nonsense. I cannot but regard the two lines as an interpolation: besides being unintelligible, they have no sort of fitness to the context, and are simply a nuisance. Knight thinks they "were intended to be erased from the author's copy"; and Lettsom says "they appear to have formed a portion of the close of this Chorus, and to have been replaced by the lines beginning with 'The sum is paid.'"

P. 65. *We'll not offend one stomach with our play.* — Here, again, the folio has two lines added, thus:

But till the King come forth, and not till then,  
Unto Southampton do we shift our Scene.

This flatly contradicts what the Chorus has just said, "The scene is now transported, gentles, to Southampton." Moreover, the first line flatly contradicts itself, and cannot be reduced to consistency without changing "*Till* the King *come* forth" to "*When* the King *comes* forth," which is indeed Hanmer's reading. As I have already noted, the folio

sets this Chorus *before* the scene which here precedes it; and the two lines were probably added by some "scribbler," in order to patch up the disorder resulting from that misplacement of the Chorus.

## ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 66. *And shall forget the office of our hand,  
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit*

*According to their weight and worthiness.*—The folio has "According to *the* weight." The correction is derived from the quartos, which read "According to *their* cause."

P. 67. *We consider*

*It was excess of wine that set him on;*

*And, on our more advice, we pardon him.*—The old copies read "on *his* more advice." The correction is from Collier's second folio. Lettsom thinks "the error proceeded from *him* and *his* occurring in the neighbourhood."

P. 68. *To furnish him with all appertinents.*—<sup>2</sup>The first folio lacks *him*, which is supplied in the second.

P. 70. *But he that tempted thee bade thee stand up, &c.*—The old text has *temper'd* instead of *tempted*, which was proposed by Johnson. As Lettsom says, "the context requires *tempted*."

P. 70. *Show men dutiful?*

*Why, so didst thou: or seem they grave and learnèd, &c.*—

The old text omits *or*, which was supplied by Pope. I cannot think the Poet would leave such a gap in the metre here.

P. 71. *And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,  
To mark the full-fraught man and best-indued*

*With some suspicion.*—The old text reads "To *make thee* full fraught." Corrected by Theobald.

P. 72. *Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice.*—The first folio omits *I*, which is supplied in the second.

## ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 74. '*A made a fine end.* — So Capell. The old text has “a *finer* end.” Mason says, “‘He made a *fine* end’ is at this day a vulgar expression, when any person dies with resolution and devotion.” And Walker notes upon the text, “Surely *fine* is the right reading.”

P. 74. *For his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.* — The old text reads “and a *Table* of greene fields.” The well-known emendation is Theobald's, and is probably the happiest one ever made in Shakespeare's text. I subjoin Theobald's account of it: “I have an edition of Shakespeare by me with some marginal conjectures of a gentleman sometime deceased; and he is of the mind to correct this passage thus; ‘for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a *talked* of green fields.’ It is certainly observable of people near death, when they are delirious by a fever, that they talk of moving; as it is of those in a calenture, that they have their heads run on green fields. The variation from *Table* to *talked* is not of a very great latitude; though we may still come nearer the traces of the letters by restoring it thus; ‘for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a *babled* of green fields.’ To *babble*, or *babble*, is to mutter, or speak indiscriminately, like children that cannot yet talk, or dying persons when they are losing the use of speech.”

## ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 78. *So the proportions of defence are fill'd;*

Which of a *weak and niggardly projection,*

*Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting*

*A little cloth.* — The construction here is very awkward and irregular, to say the least. I strongly suspect we ought to adopt Malone's conjecture, “*While oft a weak,*” &c. See, however, footnote 5.

P. 78. *Whiles that his mighty sire — on mountain standing,* &c. — Not in the quartos. The folio has *mountain* instead of *mighty*. Theobald substituted *mounting*, and Coleridge proposed *monarch*, not happily, I think. The reading in the text was proposed anonymously in

1845, and is also found in Collier's second folio. The old reading looks, to me, very like a player's *improvement* on what the Poet wrote. *Mountain* seems quite inappropriate as an epithet of Edward the Third: had it been used of his father, there might have been some fitness in it, as Edward the Second was in fact born among the mountains in Wales, and the Welsh made a good deal of that circumstance. In support of *mountain*, Steevens quotes from *The Faerie Queene*, i. 11, 4:

Where strecht he lay upon the sunny side  
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill.

If Steevens had quoted the preceding line, — “Eftsoones that dreadful Dragon they espyde,” — I think the quotation would have been seen at once to be something unapt.

P. 79. *From our brother England.* — So the first two quartos. The third quarto and the folio have “our brother *of* England.” The same difference occurs again shortly after: “Back to our brother England.”

P. 80. *Willing you overlook his pedigree.* — The old copies have “*this* pedigree.” Corrected by Rowe. This instances of *his* and *this* confounded are very numerous.

P. 80. *Therefore in fiery tempest is he coming.* — So Walker. The old text has *fierce* instead of *fiery*. The latter word being spelt *ferie*, such a misprint was very easy.

#### ACT III., CHORUS.

P. 82. *Suppose that you have seen*

*The well-appointed King at Hampton pier*

*Embark his royalty.* — The original has “at *Dover* pier.” A very palpable error, which Theobald corrected.

P. 83. *With silken streamers the young Phæbus fanning.* — The original has *fayning*. Hardly worth noting.

P. 83. *Behold the threaden sails,*

*Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind, &c.* — Collier's second folio substitutes *Blown* for *Borne*. Rightly, I suspect. Lettsom

notes upon it thus: "I believe that Collier's Corrector was right in reading *Blown*. For blown in this sense see particularly *Pericles*, v., 1: 'Towards Ephesus turn our *blown* sails.'"

## ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 84. *Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood.*—The old text has "*commune* up the blood." Corrected by Rowe.

P. 85. *On, on, you noble English.*—The original has *noblisk* instead of *noble*; the ending of the next word having, no doubt, been accidentally repeated. The meaning is "you English *nobles*," as distinguished from the "good yeomen" whom the King addresses a little after. Corrected by Malone.

P. 85. *Be copy now to men of grosser blood.*—So the fourth folio. The earlier editions have *me* instead of *men*.

P. 85. *I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start.*—The old text has "*straying* upon the start." Corrected by Rowe.

P. 86. *Got's flood!*—*Up to the preaches, you rascals!*—So the quartos. The folio reads "Up to the breach, you Dogges; avaunt you Cullions." And all the old copies are very irregular and inconstant throughout in regard to Fluellen's dialect, shifting between *breach* and *preach*, *bridge* and *pridge*, *God* and *Got*, *good* and *goot*, *world* and *'orld*; as also between *war* and *wars*, &c. I agree with Dyce that his dialect ought to be made consistently Welsh, and print accordingly.

P. 90. *The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the King, and the duke.*—The old text has "and the *Dukes*." The reference probably is to the Duke of Gloster, who, a little before, is said to be "altogether directed" by Macmorris.

P. 90. *Of my nation! What ish my nation? what ish my nation?  
Who talks of my nation ish a villain, and a basterd, and a knave, and  
a rascal.*—This speech is not in the quartos. In the folio it makes three lines, and the second and third lines are transposed, thus: "Of

my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a basterd, and a knave, and a rascal. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?" This odd displacement of the text was continued till our day, and for the happy correction we are indebted to Knight.

P. 91. *Gentlemen both, you still mistake each other.*—So Walker. The old text reads "you *will* mistake." As Gower everywhere else uses correct English, and as the "gentlemen" have been "mistaking each other" all along, I have no scruple about the change.

## ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 92. *Look to see*

*The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand*

*Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters.*—The old text has "*Desire* the locks." Corrected by Rowe.

P. 93. *The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,*

*Returns us, that his powers are not yet ready.*—The folio reads "are *yet not* ready." Capell's correction from the quartos.

## ACT III., SCENE 4.

P. 97. *Poor we may call them in their native lords!*—So the second folio. The first omits *may*. The passage is not in the quartos.

P. 98. *Foix, Lestrade, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;*

*High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,*

*For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.*—The old text has *Loy*s instead of *Foix*. In iv. 8, the same name is there misprinted *Foyes*. In the second line, the old text has *Kings* instead of *knights*. Corrected by Theobald. In the third line, Collier's second folio changes *seats* to *states*, which may be right.

## ACT III., SCENE 5.

P. 99. *There is an auncient there at the pridge.*—The folio reads "an aunchient *Lieutenant* there"; the quartos, "an *ensigne* there." It is nowise likely that Fluellen would use both titles together, and he repeatedly calls Pistol *Auncient*.

P. 100. *Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,  
Of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate, &c.* — The old text reads  
“*And of buxom valour.*” Corrected by Capell.

P. 102. *Which they trick up with new-coined oaths.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has “with *new-tuned* Oathes.” Pope reads “with *new-turned* oaths.”

## ACT III., SCENE 6.

P. 106. *I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns.* — So the second folio. The first has “four *postures.*” Not in the quartos.

## ACT IV., CHORUS.

P. 112. *The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.* — The old text has *nam'd* instead of *name.* Corrected by Tyrwhitt.

P. 112. *And their gesture sad,  
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,  
Presenteth them unto the gazing Moon  
So many horrid ghosts.* — Instead of *Presenteth*, the old text has *Presented.* — Divers editors have stumbled rather strangely at the word *investing* here. Hanmer reads “*In wasted lank-lean cheeks*”; Warburton, “*Invest in lank-lean cheeks*”; Heath proposes “*In fasting lank-lean cheeks,*” and Staunton “*Infestive, lank-lean cheeks*”; while Capell transposes the line, — “*And war-worn coats, investing lank-lean cheeks.*” I mention all this merely for the curiosity of the thing. Except that the metaphor is somewhat strained, I see no difficulty in the old text. See foot-note 6.

P. 113. *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.* — Various editors, among them Theobald, Singer, Staunton, and Dyce, understand the latter half



of this, all after *cold fear*, as being addressed to the audience, and so print it thus: "Thawing cold fear. *Then*, mean and gentle all, Behold," &c. For my part, I have never so understood the passage, nor do I see any occasion for so understanding it. It seems to me that the latter half is merely a continuation of the foregoing narrative or description, and that "mean and gentle all" refers to the different ranks of the army. See foot-note 8.

## ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 116. *So! in the name of Chesu Christ, speak lower.*—So the third quarto. The other quartos have *lower*, the folio *fewer*.

P. 117. *Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.*—The old text has *John* instead of *Thomas*. Corrected by Pope.

P. 118. Court. *Ay, or more than we should seek after ; &c.*—The old text assigns this speech to Bates. Malone remarks that "this sentiment does not correspond with what Bates has just before said"; and he thinks "the speech should be given to *Court*." Surely Malone is right in this.

P. 119. *When all those legs and arms and hands, chopped off in battle.*—So the second folio. The first has "in a Battaile." The same a little after, in "I am afraid there are few die well that die in battle."

P. 120. Will. *'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head.*—So the fourth folio. The earlier editions omit *is*.—Here, again, I suspect, with Malone and Capell, that the speech ought to be given to Court. Possibly, however, the Poet meant to indicate that the King's argument has wrought some change of opinion in Williams.

P. 123. *O ceremony, show me but thy worth!*

*What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?*

*What is thy soul of adoration?*—In the old text the first and second of these lines are transposed. The correction is Lettsom's.—The first folio has "thy Soule of *Odoration*." Corrected in the second. Some editors, finding a difficulty in the line, adopt Johnson's

reading, — “What is thy soul, *O* adoration?” I do not see how this helps the matter at all. Collier’s second folio reads “What is thy soul *but adulation?*” A very strange sentiment to be put into the King’s mouth! See foot-note 21.

P. 125. *O God of battles! steel my soldiers’ hearts;  
Possess them not with fear; take from them now  
The sense of reckoning, if th’ opposèd numbers  
Pluck their hearts from them.*—

So the folio, except that, in the third line, it reads “The sense of reckoning *of* th’ opposèd numbers.” A good deal has been written upon the passage; but the slight change proposed by Tyrwhitt, *of* to *if*, gives it a fitting sense: only the auxiliary *would* needs to be understood before *Pluck*. As Steevens observes, “if the sense of reckoning was taken from them, the numbers opposed to them would be no longer formidable; when they could no more count their enemies, they could no longer fear them.” And such is the sense of the quarto reading:

O God of battels, steele my souldiers harts,  
Take from them now the sence of reckoning,  
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them  
May not appall their courage.

#### ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 126. *That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,  
And dout them with superfluous courage.*—The old text has *doubt*, which seems to have been a not uncommon spelling of *dout*. At all events, the sense of *dout* is clearly required. Some have strained hard to make the sense of *doubt* fit the occasion; but it will not go.

P. 128. *The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,  
And in their pall’d dull mouths the gimmal-bit  
Lies foul with chew’d grass, still and motionless.*—The old text reads “And in their *pale* dull mouths.” I am not disposed to lay very great stress on the repetition of *pale*, awkward as it is; but surely the Poet would not have thus applied it to an exhausted horse’s mouth. On the other hand, *pall’d*, if written *pald*, as was often the case in similar words, might easily be mistaken for *pale*. In fact, instances of

final *d* and final *e* confounded are very frequent. And *pall'd*, in the sense of *broken*, *spiritless*, *depressed*, suits the context well. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 7: "I'll never follow thy *pall'd* fortunes more." Here the spelling of the original is *paul'd*. Capell's reading in the text is "And in their *pall'd* mouths."

P. 128. *I stay but for my guidon: to the field!*

*I will the banner from a trumpet take,*

*And use it for my haste.* — The old text reads "I stay but for my *Guard: on to the field.*" The Cambridge Editors print as in the text, and make the following note thereon: "The conjectural reading, *guidon*, which is attributed by recent editors to Dr. Thackeray, late Provost of King's College, Cambridge, is found in Rann's edition, without any name attached. Dr. Thackeray probably made the conjecture independently. We find it written in pencil on the margin of his copy of Nares' *Glossary*, under the word *Guard.*" I must add, that Walker fully approves of the correction. See foot-note II.

#### ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 129. *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.* — In the folio the second of these lines, prefix and all, occupies the place of the fourth; so that the whole passage stands thus:

*Bedf.* Farewell good Salisbury, & good luck go with thee:

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

For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.

*Exe.* Farewell kind Lord: fight valiantly to-day.

Thirlby made the correction, and a very happy one it is too.

P. 130. *We would not live in that man's company*

*That fears his fellowship to die with us.* — In the first of these lines the old text has *die* instead of *live*, which was proposed by Coleridge. The propriety of the change, both for the antithesis it makes with *die* in the next line, and for its fitness to what precedes, seems evident enough. Of course the meaning of the second line is, "That fears to die *in* fellowship with us."

P. 131. *He that shall live this day, and see old age.* — The folio reads “He that shall *see* this day, and *live* old age.” Pope made the correction, which is indeed obvious enough.

P. 131. *Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,*  
*And say,* These wounds I had on Crispin’s day. — The second of these lines is not in the folio, but is justly retained from the quartos by most editors, because, without it, the transition to what follows is too abrupt.

P. 131. *Then shall our names,*  
*Familiar in their mouths as household words, —*  
*Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,*  
*Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster, —*  
*Be in their flowing cups freshly remember’d.* — So the quartos. In the second line, the folio reads “Familiar in *his* mouth.” Either reading fits the context well enough; “*his* mouth” referring to the old war-marked soldier who is supposed to be “feasting his neighbours,” and telling them “what feats he did that day.” But, as Singer observes, “the established reading of the quartos has so long been ‘familiar in our mouths,’ that it would be rash and unpopular to disturb it.”

P. 133. *Mark, then, abounding valour in our English;*  
*That, being dead, like to the bulle’s grazing,*  
*Break out into a second course of mischief,*  
*Killing in relapse of mortality.* — In the first of these lines, the quartos have “*abundant* valour.” Theobald printed “*a bounding* valour.” Collier’s second folio reads “*rebounding* valour,” which Knight also conjectured, and which may be right. — In the second line, the first folio has “*bullet’s crasing.*” Corrected in the second folio. But should it not be *glancing*? In the last line, again, Collier’s second folio changes *relapse* to *reflex*; which seems to me a vicious change, because it gives a wrong meaning. Besides being, I think, just the right word, *relapse* would not easily be misprinted for *reflex*. See foot-note 10.

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