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# KING HENRY V.,

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

*THE FIRST QUARTO,*

1600,

A FACSIMILE

(FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM COPY, C. 12, g. 22.)

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS,

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

ARTHUR SYMONS.



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18/2/03

LONDON :

PRODUCED BY C. PRAETORIUS, 14 CLAREVILLE GROVE,  
HEREFORD SQUARE, S.W.

1886.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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§ 1. THE date of *Henry V.* is determined by an allusion in the chorus of Act V. (ll. 30-34):—

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

This is doubtless a reference to the Earl of Essex, who was sent over to Ireland in command of a large force against the rebel Earl of Tyrone in March, 1599. As Essex returned, not exactly “ bringing rebellion broached on his sword,” in September of the same year, the passage must have been written between the date of his departure and that of his return. A reference in the Prologue to “ this wooden O,” that is, the Globe Theatre, “ a large circular or polygonal building,” erected in 1599, further points to that year as the date of the play’s production. And Meres, who mentions *Henry IV.* in his *Wit’s Treasury*, 1598, makes no allusion to *Henry V.*

§ 2. The first edition of the play is the Quarto “ printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington and John Busby,” and published in 1600. The second edition, “ printed by Thomas Creede, for Thomas Pauier,” 1602, is a mere reprint of the first. The third, “ printed for T. P. 1608,” is likewise printed from Quarto 1, but differs from it by a frequent rearrangement of the lines and an occasional alteration or addition of words. These changes, which are, however, of comparatively slight importance, will be marked in the margin of the facsimile of Quarto 3.

Unlike many of the Quartos, those of *Henry V.* have no value as regards correction of the Folio text. Three lines from them (Q. 1., II. i. 79, IV. iii. 43, and IV. v. 16) have been received, as Mr Daniel notes, into many modern editions. But it is doubtful whether even these three lines have any real authority. The Quarto text is a little less than half the length of the Folio; it is without the choruses; the first scene of Acts I. and III. and the second of Act IV. are missing; the fourth and fifth scenes of Act V. are transposed; many of the finest speeches are wanting or largely curtailed; the French of the English-lesson and wooing scenes is

turned into a medley bearing no resemblance to any possible language speakable by man; all the prose is printed as if it were verse; and the verse is frequently displaced and distorted. There is thus obviously no question as to the entire superiority of the Folio over the Quarto text: The question which arises, a question of no small importance, is—Does the Quarto represent the play as Shakspeare first wrote it, and did he subsequently revise and enlarge it from this state to the state in which we find it in the Folio; or is the Quarto merely a fraudulent and imperfect per-version of the original Folio text?

§ 3. The more general opinion among the editors of Shakspeare leans to the latter hypothesis. Knight very strongly, and some others with more or less confidence, contend that the Quarto represents, however imperfectly, Shakspeare's first sketch of the play. But until the appearance of Mr P. A. Daniel's Introduction to Dr Nicholson's Parallel Text Edition (New Shakspeare Society, 1877), the question was still open; no proof had been established on either side. Mr Daniel, however, has shown, on such strong presumptive evidence as to be virtually proof, that the Quarto is *not* the author's first sketch, but *is* an imperfect edition of a shortened acting version of the already existing Folio text. As Mr Daniel's arguments seem to me conclusive, and in need of no further strengthening, I have (with his kind permission) endeavoured to give the substance of them here. They will be found at length in the *Introduction* above referred to.

"The opinion I have formed," says Mr Daniel, "from a careful examination, line for line, of both texts is, that the play of 1599 (the Folio) was shortened for stage representation; the abridgement done with little care, and printed in the Quarto edition with less, probably from an imperfect manuscript surreptitiously obtained, and vamped up from notes taken during the performance, as we know was frequently done. Indeed it is quite possible<sup>1</sup> that the whole of the Quarto edition was obtained in this manner; and the fact that it is printed from beginning to end as verse would seem to lend some support to this conjecture. The fact also that the publishers of the Quarto were Millington and Busbie, and their successor Pavier, may of itself be taken as evidence that these plays are of doubtful authenticity."

This opinion Mr Daniel proceeds to support by two instances: "these being," in his opinion, "indisputable, will also," he presumes, "be considered sufficient; for if in a single case it can be clearly

<sup>1</sup> I venture to think quite probable. Such errors as "godly" for "idly," "the function" for "defunction," &c., and the extraordinary hash of the French scenes, point rather to misunderstanding of spoken than of written words.—A. S.



proved, not that the Quarto is merely deficient in, but that it actually *omits* any portion of the Folio version, judgment may be allowed to pass on other places where the evidence is not of so convincing a character."

The two instances are Act I. sc. ii. (Quarto, ll. 47-55, Folio ll. 67-91) and Act IV. sc. ii. (Folio). The first occurs in the passage where the Bishop of Canterbury is detailing the arguments in favour of Henry's claim to France. In Mr Daniel's words: "'Hugh Capet also'—says the Quarto. Why *also*? There is nothing in the Quarto to account for this adverb. We turn to the Folio, and find that it is the case of King Pepin to which the Quarto refers, but which it *omits*. But this is not all; in the Folio, after the case of Hugh Capet, there is next cited the case of King Lewes, who justified his possession of the crown as being descended from

'The daughter to Charles, the *foresaid* Duke of Loraine.'

The Quarto, which also has this line, makes no previous mention of the *foresaid* Duke of Loraine. Again here is proof of *omission*. But still this is not all: the Quarto further, by its injudicious omissions, actually makes Hugh Capet, who deposed and murdered Charles of Loraine, fortify his title to the throne with the plea that he was descended from the daughter of this very Charles, confounding at the same time this daughter of Charles of Loraine with the daughter of Charlemaine; and then, rejoining the current of the Folio, with it, it sums up all the three cases of kings who claimed in 'right and title of the female,' of two of which it has no previous mention. I have not overlooked the fact," adds Mr Daniel, "that in this summing up the Quarto turns *King Lewes* into *King Charles*, but this I look upon as a mere blunder, of no significance either for or against my argument; it might be noticed as an instance of corruption on the part of the Quarto, but has nothing to do with the question of *omission* with which I am principally concerned."

Mr Daniel's second instance of omission is that of Act IV. sc. ii. The scene represents the French camp on the morning of Agincourt, and ends, with perfect appropriateness,

"Come, come away;  
The sunne is high, and we out-weare the day."

This scene is totally absent from the Quarto. But at the end of Act III. sc. vii., representing the French camp on the previous night, and including the period of time between midnight, or just before (see l. 97), and 2 a.m. (see l. 168), occurs the couplet so appropriate in the morning scene, so comically inappropriate here—

"Come, come away ;  
The sun is hie, and we weare out the day."

"Here surely," remarks Mr Daniel, "is a case from which we may infer that, at its best, Quarto 1 merely represents a version of the play shortened for the stage. The two scenes in the French Camp were to be cut down to one; and the person who did the job, without perceiving the blunder he was committing, wanting a tag to finish off with, brought in the sun at midnight!"

It will be generally felt, I imagine, that these two plain and undeniable instances (due to Mr Daniel's careful ingenuity) of *omission* on the part of the Quarto of lines or scenes found in the Folio, really settle, once and for all, the long-debated question of precedence. After this proof that the Folio version was in existence before the Quarto was printed, it is clearly impossible to consider the latter a "first sketch." One ventures to wonder how such a belief could ever have obtained at all. Is it credible that by 1599, that is, after writing plays for perhaps nine or ten years, Shakspeare would have done no better than this, even in a "first draft"? I at least cannot think so.

Though Mr Daniel's argument from omission seems sufficiently to settle the matter, he also brings forward in his Introduction to the Parallel Texts another consideration of some weight: that while certain historical errors are found in the Folio, these are absent from the Quarto. "We must therefore either believe that these errors were the result of the elaboration of the 'first sketch' (the Quarto), or we must conclude that they were corrected in the 'shortened play' (the Quarto)." Which accordingly Mr Daniel concludes. (See his *Introduction*, pp. xii, xiii.)

§ 4. The principal sources of the play are, primarily and *passim*, Holinshed's *Chronicles*; secondly, and more slightly, the *Famous Victories*. Let us take the latter first.

The old black-letter play of 1598—"The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth: containing the Honourable Battell of Agincourt"—was licensed in 1594, and passed into a second edition in 1617. It was printed by Thomas Creede, the printer of the Quarto of *Henry V.* Like Shakspeare's play, it is without act or scene-division, and is vilely printed, in a supposedly metrical manner that one charitably hopes has deviated from the author's intentions. The play is reprinted in Nichols' *Six Old Plays*, etc., 1779, and again in Hazlitt's *Shakspeare's Library*, Pt. II. vol. i. pp. 321-377. It is a dull, shapeless, senseless piece of work in the main; absolutely without artistic or guiding quality, and consisting of generally witless comic scenes and usually spiritless serious scenes. But there is no doubt that the thing gave some hints to Shakspeare—in *Henry IV.* as well as *Henry V.*

Up to p. 349 (that is, till nearly half way through the play) we hear only of events previous to the commencement of *Henry V.* On that page the Archbishop of Canterbury, rather abruptly, dashes into the arguments in favour of Henry's claim to France. What there may be here common to the two plays—little enough—is of course in both cases simply drawn from the same historical source.<sup>1</sup> But I observe that in the *Famous Victories* the author makes the Earl of Oxford—and not, as Holinshed says, “the Duke of Excester, uncle to the King”—cite a certain “old saying”—“He that wil Scotland win, must first with France begin,” and argue that Henry should first attack France; while Shakspeare, also deviating from Holinshed, puts the opposing argument, that Scotland should be first invaded, into the mouth of the Bishop of Ely.<sup>2</sup> He consequently takes the other form of the old adage. Holinshed cites both: the latter as, “Who so will France win, must with Scotland first begin.”<sup>3</sup> One can hardly doubt that Shakspeare's choice of the alternative saying was due to his having the *Famous Victories* of 1598 under his eye.

The first material obligation of Shakspeare to the writer of the *Famous Victories* occurs (a little further down) in connexion with the well-known “tennis-balls” scene. The incident is recorded in Holinshed; but the following speech at least must have been in Shakspeare's mind when he wrote the lines commencing—“We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us” (I. ii. 259):

“*Henry V.* My lord Prince Dolphin is very pleasant with me :  
But tell him, that in stéed of balles of leather,  
We wil toss him balles of brasse and yron,  
Yea such balles as neuer were tost in France,  
The proudest Tennis Court shall rue it.”—*Harlitt*, p. 353.

Next in the play, after an incident in the story of the Lord

<sup>1</sup> Holinshed, *Chron.*, iii. 546, col. i. (ed. 1586).

<sup>2</sup> Capell, following Holinshed, assigned this speech to Westmoreland. The prefix to I. ii. 166 in the Folio is *Bish. Ely*.

<sup>3</sup> “When the archbishop had ended his prepared tale, Rafe Neuill earle of Westmerland, and as then lord Warden of the marches against Scotland . . . thought good to mooue the king to begin first with Scotland, and therevpon declared how easie a matter it should be to make a conquest there, and how greatlie the same should further his wished purpose for the subduing of the Frenchmen, concluding the summe of his tale with this old saieng: that *Who so will France win, must with Scotland first begin.*” . . .

“But after he had made an end, the Duke of Excester, vnle to the king . . . replied against the erle of Westmerlands oration, affirming rather that he which would Scotland win, he with France must first begin. For if the king might once compasse the conquest of France, Scotland could not long resist; so that conquere France, and Scotland would soone obcie.”—*Holinshed*, iii. p. 546/1.

Chief Justice who sent the young Harry to prison,<sup>1</sup> and an irrelevant comic scene, the French King and his ministers are represented in debate on the war and embassy, in the midst of which a messenger from Harfleur enters, begging aid against the English for his "poore distressed Towne." In Act III. sc. iv. Shakspeare has a passing reference to this embassy.

"Gov. [to Hen.] Our expectation hath this day an end :  
The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,  
Returns us, that his powers are yet not ready  
To raise so great a siege."—III. iii. 44-7.

Another matter only lightly referred to by Shakspeare is in the *Famous Victories* more carefully emphasized. "Prince Dauphin," says the French King in *Henry V.* (III. v. 64), "You shall stay with us at Rouen." "Not so, I do beseech your majesty," answers the Dauphin. "Be patient," returns his father, "for you shall remain with us." In the old play this incident (mentioned in a few words in Holinshed) is expanded, not ineffectively, as follows :

"Dol. I trust your Maiestie will bestow,  
Some part of the Battel on me,  
I hope not to present any otherwise than well.  
King. I tell thee my sonne,  
Although I should get the victory, and thou lose thy life,  
I should thinke my self quite conquered,  
And the English men to haue the victorie.  
Dol. Why my Lord and father,  
I would haue that pettie king of England to know,  
That I dare encounter him in any ground of the world.  
King. I know well my sonne,  
But at this time I will haue it thus :  
Therefore come away."—*Hazlitt*, pp. 358-9.

I would remark in passing, that Shakspeare's device of bringing French Katherine on the stage to talk broken English, might just possibly have been suggested by a scene in the *Famous Victories* (pp. 360-2), where some French soldiers, talking among *themselves*, jabber in a sort of nigger-English—"Awee, awee, awee, Me wil tell you what," and so forth—to convey the idea, I suppose, that they are foreigners. There is talk among these soldiers of the "braue apparel" they look to win from the English, and one of them says, "We haue bene troing on shance on the Dice, but none can win the king." The dicing for the English is common to both Shakspeare and the Chronicles ; as is also the opinion that Englishmen can fight well only when they have plenty of beef to eat and

<sup>1</sup> See a paper read before the Historical Society in Nov. 1885, proving the impossibility of this incident, and giving the earlier instance on which the tradition was founded. The paper establishes the high character of Prince Hal.

plenty of ale to wash it down with. The *Famous Victories* follows Hall almost literally :

"Why take an English man out of his warme bed  
And his stale drinke, but one moneth,  
And alas what will become of him?"—*Hazlitt*, p. 362.<sup>1</sup>

Other coincidences there are between *Henry V.* and the *Famous Victories*—as in the account of the Herald sent from the French king before the battle, to treat of ransom, and Henry's proud answer to him; and again Henry's inquiry after the battle as to the name of the village hard by; but the incidents are to be found in the *Chronicles*.

Mr Stone (*Introduction*, p. xl) is of opinion that the episode of Pistol and the French soldier (IV. iv.) might have been suggested by a scene in the *Famous Victories* (pp. 368-9). If so, Shakspeare has certainly made a great deal out of a very little; for the scene is very short, and the humour very thin. Derrick, a comic character, is taken prisoner by a Frenchman during the battle. The Frenchman asks 400 crowns as ransom. Derrick promises him as many crowns as will lie on his sword: the Frenchman lays it down on the ground, and Derrick, snatching it up, puts him to flight.

Passing over an unintentionally comic scene between the French and English Kings,—who call one another at every sentence "My good brother of England," "My good brother of France,"—we come to the famous wooing-scene, from which Shakspeare has taken more hints than perhaps from all the rest of the play put together. I will give it in the text, for it is very short. It will thus be evident that Shakspeare is really beyond doubt indebted to this old lumbering play; it will equally be seen how greatly he has refined and expanded his material.

*Enter Lady Katheren and her Ladies.*

[*Hen V.*] But here she comes:  
How now faire Ladie Katheren of France,  
What newes?

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

*Hen. V.* Now trust me Kate,  
I commend thy fathers wit greatly in this,  
For none in the world could sooner haue made me debate it  
If it were possible:  
But tell me swéete Kate, canst thou tell how to loue?

---

<sup>1</sup> Hall's words are: "For you must vnderstand, y<sup>e</sup> kepe an Englishman one moneth from his warme bed, fat bese and stale drynke, and let him that season tast colde and suffre hunger, you shall then se his courage abated, his bodye waxe leane and bare, and euer desirous to returne into his owne countrey." *Hall*, p. 66 (quo. in Stone's *Introduction to Henry V.*).

*Kate.* I cannot hate my good Lord,  
Therefore far vnfit were it for me to loue.

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

*Kate.* I would to God, that I had your Maiestie,  
As fast in loue, as you haue my father in warres,  
I would not vouchsafe so much as one looke,  
Vntill you had related all these vnreasonable demands.

*Hen. V.* Tush Kate, I know thou wouldst not vse me so hardly:  
But tell me, canst thou loue the King of England?

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

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

*Kate.* If I were of my owne direction,  
I could giue you answere:  
But séeing I stand at my fathers direction,  
I must first know his will.

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

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

*Hen. V.* Now before God, it is a sweete wench.

*She goes aside and speaks as followeth.*

*Kate.* I may thinke my selfe the happiest in the world,  
That is beloued of the mighty King of England.

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

*Kate.* God kéepe your Maiestie in good health.

*Exit Kat.*

*Hen. V.* Farwel swéet Kate, in faith it is a swéet wench,  
But if I knew I could not haue her fathers good wil,  
I would so rowse the Towers ouer his eares,  
That I would make him be glad to bring her me,  
Vpon his hands and knées.

*Exit King.*

*Hazlitt, pp. 370-2.*

But for this last speech, there is something rather good about the scene. Katherine's business-like practicality and persistence, her evident partiality for the King,—held in check, however, and decidedly dominated by filial obedience and the interests of her father,—her frank confession of this partiality to herself, and her charming and quaint modesty in showing it to the King,—

“Whereas I can put your grace in no assurance,  
I would be loth to put you in any dispaire,”—

all this is well and brightly brought out by the old playwright.

Shakspere has chosen to represent his Katherine as a less practical and more timid-minded lady: Henry in both plays has a very similar character and style, though in Shakspere's one is glad to see his manners are decidedly improved. At least he is guilty of no such vulgar insolence as in the *Famous Victories* escapes his lips as soon as the lady's back is turned. Besides the general similarity of the two scenes, it will be noticed that Shakspere has not disdained to borrow, in one or two instances, almost the very words—certainly the very ideas—of his predecessor. (See especially *Henry V.*, Act V. sc. ii. ll. 178-9, 267, and 301-6; also 148-150, and thereabouts, in connection with Henry's third speech in *Famous Victories*, above.)

Passing over a comic scene, we come to the conclusion of the *Famous Victories*. In this final scene, besides the political business, the wooing is concluded in very summary fashion. Henry, after stipulating for certain agreements, says he must require one thing more—"a trifle," he gallantly adds: that is, he means to marry Katherine.

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

Like Shakspere's Katherine, she answers,—

"How should I loue thee, which is my fathers enemy?"

Henry replies, with more truth than courtesy, that he knows she is not a little proud that he loves her. "Agree to it," says the French king; and Kate, nothing loth, coolly replies,—

"I had best while he is willing,  
Least when I would, he will not."

Whereupon Henry names the day—just like a country bumpkin—"the first Sunday of the next moneth, God willing;" and so *sound trumpets, exeunt omnes*, and the play ends.

§ 5. We now come to Shakspere's principal authority, Holinshed; and here I must acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr W. G. Stone, in whose elaborate Introduction to the revised edition of *Henry V.* (New Shakspere Society, Series II. No. 10) I have found ready to my hand a most careful comparison, scene by scene, almost line by line, of Shakspere's play with Holinshed's *Chronicles*. This comparison, extending over upwards of fifty pages, is summarized by Mr Stone on pp. liv—lvi in so close and admirable a manner that I cannot resist the temptation of "conveying" it to my own pages *verbatim*. Those who have Mr Stone's volume by them will not, I hope, be sorry to meet with his Summary here; while to any who have not that privilege, the Summary will certainly be welcome.

After giving it, and thus laying the whole position clearly before our eyes, in at once the most condensed and the most complete way, I shall note a few of what seem to me to be the most noteworthy matters in relation to Shakspeare's art which arise from this glimpse of his manner of dealing with his subject.

I should mention that Mr Stone comprises in his Summary not only Shakspeare's obligations to Holinshed, but his obligations to, or coincidence with, all other authorities, including, of course, the *Famous Victories*. As my comparison of this play with Shakspeare has been made independently of Mr Stone's, the references may possibly not be in all cases quite the same.

"SUMMARY OF RESULTS.—Prologue. Act I. ll. 5-8 (Henry and the dogs of war), *Chronicles*.

Act I. sc. i. ll. 9-19 (Confiscation bill), *Chronicles*;—ll. 75-81, and Act I. sc. ii. ll. 132-135 (the clergy's subsidy), *Chronicles*.

Act I. sc. ii. ll. 33-100 (Chicheley's speech), *Chronicles*. In ll. 69-71 (Hugh Capet's title) the *Chronicles* have been copied almost *verbatim*;—l. 77 (Lewis X.), *Chronicles*; *Hall*, Lewis IX.;—l. 86 (simile of the summer's sun), *Chronicles*;—ll. 98-100 (citation from *Numbers* xxvii. 8), *Chronicles*;—ll. 108-110, and Act II. sc. iv. ll. 57-62 (Edward III. at Crécy), *Chronicles*;—ll. 167, 168 (Westmoreland's adage), *Chronicles*;—ll. 180-183 (Exeter's speech. Harmony in a state), Cicero *De Republica*;—ll. 183-204 (Chicheley's bee simile), Lyly's *Euphues*;—ll. 254-266 (Tennis-balls' story), *Chronicles*; *Famous Victories of Henry V.*;—l. 282 (the gun-stones), Caxton's *Chronicles*.

Prologue. Act II. l. 6, 'the mirror of Christendome.'—*Hall*;—ll. 8-10 (Expectation), woodcut of Edward III. in the *Chronicles*;—ll. 20-30 (Cambridge's conspiracy), *Chronicles*.

Act II. sc. ii. l. 8; ll. 96, 97; ll. 127-137 (Henry's confidence in Scrope), *Chronicles*;—ll. 155-157 (Cambridge's ambitious designs), *Chronicles*;—ll. 166-188 (Henry's addresses to the conspirators and to his nobles), *Chronicles*.

Act II. sc. iv. (the first French council of war), *Chronicles*; *Famous Victories*;—ll. 102-109 (Exeter's speech) are based on the *Chronicles*;—l. 102, 'in the bowels of Jesus Christ,' *Chronicles*. Shakspeare has altered the date of Exeter's embassy from February to August, 1415.

Prologue. Act III. ll. 28-31 (the Archbishop of Bourges's embassy), *Chronicles*. 'The ambassador from the French' (l. 28) is Exeter, whom Shakspeare substituted for the Archbishop.

Act III. sc. ii. ll. 58-70 (siege operations at Harfleur conducted by Gloucester. The countermines), *Chronicles*.

Act III. sc. iii. ll. 44-58 (surrender of Harfleur. Harfleur entrusted to Exeter. Sickness in the French army. The march



to Calais resolved on). In ll. 46, 47, from 'that his powers,' to 'great a siege,' the *Chronicles* have been copied almost *verbatim*.

Act III. sc. v. (the second French council of war), *Chronicles*. The speeches are Shakspeare's. For l. 1 (passage of the Somme); —ll. 40-45 (Roll of the French nobles); —ll. 54, 55 (the captive chariot for Henry V.); —and l. 64 (the Dauphin detained at Rouen) the *Chronicles* are his authority.

Act III. sc. vi. ll. 1-12, and ll. 94-100 (defence of the bridge over the Ternoise), *Chronicles*; —ll. 41, 42, and ll. 105, 106 (execution of a soldier for stealing a pyx), *Chronicles*; —ll. 113-118 (Henry's disciplinary regulations), *Chronicles*; —ll. 149-151, 169-174 (Henry's answer to Montjoy), *Chronicles*; —ll. 170, 171, 'I die your tawnie ground with your red bloud,' *Chronicles*; —l. 167 (money given to Montjoy), *Chronicles*. Montjoy's defiance was delivered after the passage of the Somme, according to the *Chronicles*.

Act III. sc. vii. (the French nobles' swaggering talk), suggested by the *Chronicles*; —ll. 93, 94, and Prol. Act IV. ll. 18, 19 (the French cast dice for the English), *Chronicles*; —ll. 135, 136, and Prol. Act IV. ll. 5-7 (distance between the two camps), according to the *Chronicles*, about 250 paces; —ll. 161-166 (Englishmen can't fight if deprived of their beef), *Hall*; 1 *Henry VI.*; *King Edward III.*; and *Famous Victories*; —ll. 168, 169 (Orleans's boast). According to the *Chronicles*, the French were drawn up ready for battle between 9 and 10 a.m.

Prologue. Act IV. ll. 8, 9 (the watch fires), *Chronicles*; —ll. 22-28 (sickly aspect of the English), *Chronicles*.

Act IV. sc. i. l. 312 (re-interment of Richard's body), *Chronicles*; —ll. 315-319 (Henry's alms-deeds and chantries), *Fabyan*; *Stow*; possibly Caxton's *Chronicles* also.

Act IV. sc. ii. ll. 60-62 (the Constable's guidon), *Chronicles*. This story is told of Antony, Duke of Brabant.

Act IV. sc. iii. l. 3 (number of the French), *Chronicles*; —ll. 16-18 (Westmoreland's wish), *Chronicles*, where the wish is attributed to 'one of the host'; —ll. 20-67 (Henry's answer to Westmoreland) differs entirely from the *Chronicles*' version, except in ll. 20, 21; —ll. 79-81 (Henry's ransom demanded), *Chronicles*. According to the *Chronicles*, a herald was sent; —ll. 122, 123 (the French shall have naught save Henry's dead body), *Chronicles*; —ll. 129-132 (command of the vaward given to York), *Chronicles*.

Act IV. sc. iv. (Pistol and the French soldier), *Famous Victories*; perhaps the *Chronicles* also.

Act IV. sc. vi. ll. 36-38 (massacre of the prisoners), *Chronicles*.

Act IV. sc. vii. ll. 1-10 (a raid on the English baggage the cause of the massacre), *Chronicles*; —ll. 59-68 (remnant of the French host ordered to depart), *Chronicles*; —ll. 74-94 (Montjoy asks leave to

bury the dead. Henry's talk with Montjoy), *Chronicles*;—ll. 161, 162 (Henry's encounter with Alençon), *Chronicles*.

Act IV. sc. viii. ll. 81-105 (lists of the French taken captive or slain), the *Chronicles* have been followed very closely;—ll. 108-111 (the English losses), *Chronicles*. Shakspeare has taken the lowest estimate;—l. 128 (thanksgiving for the victory), *Chronicles*.

Prologue. Act V. ll. 9-11 (Henry's reception on landing), perhaps from *Stow*; ll. 12, 13 (the homeward voyage). The turbulent sea, which, according to the *Chronicles*, Henry encountered, may be alluded to here;—ll. 16-28 (Henry's reception on Blackheath. His humility), *Chronicles*;—ll. 38, 39 (the emperor Sigismund's mission of peace), *Chronicles*.

Act V. sc. ii. ll. 5-7 (the meeting at Troyes brought about by Philippe le Bon), *Chronicles*;—ll. 68-71 (Henry's conditions of peace), perhaps suggested by the *Chronicles*;—ll. 98-306 (the wooing scene), *Famous Victories*. Special resemblances may be traced in ll. 149, 150 (Henry's lack of eloquence); ll. 178, 179 (Katherine says she can't love the national foe); l. 267 (she's at her father's disposal); and ll. 301-306 (her influence over Henry);—ll. 142-145 (Henry's agility), *Chronicles*;—ll. 364-370 (Henry styled *Heres Franciæ*), *Chronicles*;—ll. 399, 400 (oath of the French nobles), *Chronicles*.

*Dramatis Personæ*. Act III. sc. vi. (Exeter). According to the *Chronicles*, 'certeine captains' were sent to secure the bridge.

Act IV. The *Chronicles* do not record that Bedford, Westmoreland, Warwick, and Salisbury were present at Agincourt; they make Exeter present at the battle.

Act V. sc. ii. Exeter was, according to the *Chronicles*, present at the Meulan conference in 1419. They make Clarence and Gloucester, Warwick and Huntingdon present at Troyes in 1420. Westmoreland's presence, either at Meulan or Troyes, is not mentioned in the *Chronicles*.

It will be seen from the foregoing table, Firstly, that Shakspeare used Holinshed's *Chronicles* as his authority, although taking at times hints from other sources. This is proved, not merely from a general resemblance, but by frequent verbal coincidence, and by a reproduction of Holinshed's errors. For instance, Act I. sc. i. ll. 69-71, which read thus,—

"Hugh Capet also—who usurped the crown  
Of Charles the duke of Loraine, sole heir male  
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,"—

are almost literally copied from the account in the *Chronicles*:  
"Hugh Capet also, who vsurped the crowne vpon Charles duke of Loraine, the sole heir male of the line and stocke of Charles

the great" (ch. 546). A few lines further down, in l. 77, Shakspeare has Lewis the Tenth for Lewis the Ninth. This error is derived from Holinshed, who inaccurately gives the former.

Secondly, we see the minute and careful nature of Shakspeare's study of the *Chronicles*, and the dramatic genius with which he turned to his purpose, and vivified, the slightest hints. The striking metaphor contained in the following lines (Prol. of Act II. ll. 8-10) :—

"For now sits Expectation in the air ;  
And hides a sword, from hilt unto the point,  
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,"—

a metaphor which any one would feel safe in assigning to Shakspeare's imagination alone—is apparently a reminiscence of the woodcut of Edward III. in the first edition of the *Chronicles*. "The king there appears," says Mr Stone, "bearing a sword, encircled near the point by two crowns." A subtler instance of Shakspeare's intuitive and vivifying power is found in Henry's passionate and fearful appeal on the eve of Agincourt to the heaven whose justice had been outraged in Richard's death, and his foreboding sight of the Nemesis which should avenge his father's fault :

"Not to-day, O Lord,  
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault  
My father made in compassing the crown !"—(IV. i. 309-311).

Compare with this the *Chronicles'* comment on Henry's speech to the treasonous lords : "This doone, the king thought that suerlie all treason and conspiracie had beene vtterly extinct : not suspecting the fire which was newlie kindled, and ceassed not to increase, till at length it burst out into such a flame, that catching the beames of his house and familie, his line and stocke was clean consumed to ashes" (ch. 548).

The appropriate ending which poor Bardolph<sup>1</sup> has in the play was suggested to Shakspeare by a simple sentence in the *Chronicles* (ch. 552) : "A souldier tooke a pix out of a church, for which he was apprehended, and the king not once remooued till the box was restored, and the offendor strangled." A similar instance of art in

<sup>1</sup> While this is passing through the press, a very curious fact has come to light relating to the name of Bardolph, and Shakspeare's probable reason for choosing it. In a letter which Dr Furnivall has just received from Mr Wentworth Huyshe, of Lagham Park, Surrey, Mr Huyshe states that in the church of Lingfield, near Godstone, is the tomb, with effigies in alabaster, of Sir Reginald Cobham and his wife Anne *Bardolf*. "May not Shakspeare," he suggests, "while first writing *Henry IV.*, have been aware of the alliance of the houses of Cobham and Bardolph ; and, in assigning names to the followers of Oldcastle (Falstaff), have adopted that of Bardolph for one of them from the fact of his knowledge of that alliance ?"

realizing a hint and working it into the dramatic action is found in Henry's words to the herald (III. vi. 167), "There's for thy labour, Montjoy." Montjoy, say the *Chronicles*, was dismissed with "a princelie reward." Better still is the last example which I shall give. At the beginning of the first scene of Act IV. Henry greets Sir Thomas Erpingham in the three charming lines:

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

The old knight so livingly brought before us in the few lines of this brief scene is another of Shakspeare's loans from Holinshed. When the English army advanced to the attack on the morning of Agincourt, there went before them, say the *Chronicles* (ch. 554), "An old knight sir Thomas Erpingham (a man of great experience in the warre) with a warder in his hand; and when he cast up his warder, all the armie shouted," &c.

Thirdly, we see that Shakspeare, while following usually the strict outlines of history, and vivifying these by his own dramatic genius, was ready, on occasion, to depart from history for the sake of artistic effect. The siege of Harfleur, for instance, was conducted chiefly by mining operations. Shakspeare, however, represents Henry (Act III. sc. i.) as leading on his soldiers to the assault: for by so doing he finds place for a piece of warlike rhetoric which could only be uttered on such an occasion—the vivid and rousing speech commencing—

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more."

A still more remarkable instance of Shakspeare's readiness to sacrifice strict historic accuracy to right dramatic effect is found in the great speech in Act IV. sc. iii. ll. 18-67. The point of this speech is, that the King is content to have no greater army than he has, because, if he wins with so small a number, "the fewer men, the greater share of honour." Now Mr Stone has pointed out that in the speech ascribed to Henry in Holinshed (from which, indeed, Shakspeare has taken a single line and a half), it is Henry's religious faith—"let no man ascribe victorie to our owne strength and might, but onelie to God's assistance"—that is specially given as the reason of his contentment. It seems at first sight curious that Shakspeare, who in so many parts of the play has so strongly indicated Henry's piety, should here deliberately set aside this motive, to replace it by a solely patriotic and chivalrous enthusiasm. But the reason suggested by Mr Stone is probably the right one. Shakspeare's Henry has in him both the religious and the chivalrous

element. Each becomes prominent on a suitable occasion. On the night before the battle, when anxious and reflective, Henry's piety inspires in him the deeply religious words which Shakspeare puts in his mouth. Here, where the martial spirit bears sway, and where he wishes to infuse the same ardour into the hearts of his hearers, Henry speaks as a soldier, and a soldier only. "The Holinshed speech," as Mr Stone says, "resembles some sermons; the sentiments are pious, but they do not rouse a spirit of religious enthusiasm. Finding the speech wanted energy enough to produce this state of feeling, Shakspeare laid it aside entirely, and constructed one which appealed to other influences—the love of hard fighting, the point of honour, and the spirit of chivalrous self-devotion."

Other striking examples of Shakspeare's invention—though not in these cases in actual contrast with the historical facts—are the long speech in Act II. sc. ii. ll. 79-144 (for which there is only precedent in the *Chronicles* to the amount of about 16 lines), and the speeches in Act II. sc. iv., which (ll. 102-109 excepted) are entirely imaginary.

§ 6. This facsimile is made from the copy of the original in the British Museum (c. 12, g. 22). The acts, scenes, and lines are numbered in the outer margin according to the Globe edition; the Quarto scenes and lines are marked on the inner margin. Lines which differ in Quarto and Folio are indicated by a dagger [†]; lines found only in Quarto by a star [\*]; lines omitted in Quarto by a caret [^]. The prose scenes, properly so printed in Folio, are in the Quarto invariably broken up into verse. I have not, in marking the text, considered this as a difference; for to do so would be to mark every line.

I take this opportunity of giving the true facts in relation to the blemish on p. 23 of the Facsimile of *Titus Andronicus*, recently issued, about which there has been an unfortunate confusion. As soon as the blemish was discovered, a *Notice* was sent to the binders, giving the proper form of the lines in question. But it was then supposed, and consequently stated in the notice, on the authority of the photographer, that the fault lay with the original. Reference to that original, however, shows us that this is not the case. The original has been torn, and then mended by a slip of thin paper pasted over, leaving the letters, however, quite decipherable, though the camera failed to reproduce them. Most unfortunately, and much to my regret, this fact was overlooked in making the facsimile.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

Dec. 19, 1885.



THE  
CRONICLE  
History of Henry the fift,  
With his battell fought at *Agin Court* in  
*France.* Together with *Auntient*  
*Pistoll.*

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



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







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

Sc.i

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

Exeter.

**S**hall I call in Thambassadors my Liege?  
King. Not yet my Cousin, til we be resolute.  
Of some serious matters touching vs and France.  
Bi. God and his Angels guard your sacred throne,  
And make you long become it.

King. Shure we thank you. And good my Lord proceed  
Why the Lawe Salicke which they haue in France,  
Or should or should not, stop vs in our clayme:  
And God forbid my wife and learned Lord,  
That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same.  
For God doth know how many now in health,  
Shall drop their blood in approbation,  
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs too.  
Therefore take heed how you impawne our person.  
How you awake the sleeping sword of warre:  
We charge you in the name of God take heed.  
After this coniuration, speake my Lord:  
And we will iudge, note, and beleue in heart,  
That what you speake, is washt as pure  
As sin in baptisme.

A 2

Bish.

Iii.

3 †

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## The Chronicle Historie

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

There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to *France*  
But one, which they produce from *Faramount*,  
No female shall succeed in salicke land,  
Which salicke land the French vniustly gloze  
To be the realme of *France*:

And *Faramont* the founder of this law and female barre:  
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme

That the land salicke lyes in *Germany*,  
Betweene the fouds of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*,  
Where *Charles* the fift hauing subdude the Saxons,  
There left behind, and setled certaine French,  
Who holding in disdaine the Germaine women,

For some dishonest maners of their liues,  
Establisht there this lawe. To wit,

No female shall succeed in salicke land:

Which salicke land as I said before,

Is at this time in *Germany* called *Mesene*:

Thus doth it well appeare the salicke lawe

Was not deuised for the realme of *France*,

Nor did the French possesse the salicke land,

Vntill 400. one and twentie yeares.

After the function of king *Faramont*;

Godly supposed the founder of this lawe:

*Hugh Capet* also that vsurpt the crowne,

To fine his title with some shoue of truth,

When in pure truth it was corrupt and naughts

Conuaid himselfe as heire to the Lady *Inger*,

Daughter to *Charles*, the foresaid Duke of *Lorain*,

So that as cleare as is the sommers Sun,

King *Pippins* title and *Hugh Capets* claime,

King *Charles* his satisfaction all appeare,

To hold in right and title of the female:

So do the Lords of *France* vntil this day,

Howbeit they would hold vp this salick lawe.

To

## of Henry the fift.

To bar your highnesse claiming from the female,  
 And rather choofe to hide them in a net,  
 Then amply to imbrace their crooked causes,  
 Vfurpt from you and your progenitors. (claime?)

*K.* May we with right & conscience make this

*Bi.* The sin vpon my head dread foueraigne,  
 For in the booke of Numbers is it writ,  
 When the sonne dies, let the inheritance  
 Descend vnto the daughter.  
 Noble Lord stand for your owne,  
 Vnwinde your bloody flagge,  
 Go my dread Lord to your great graunsirs graue,  
 From whom you clayme:

And your great Vncle *Edward* the blacke Prince,  
 Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy  
 Making defeat on the full power of *France*,  
 Whilest his most mighty father on a hill,  
 Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelp,  
 Foraging blood of French Nobilitie.  
 O Noble English that could entertaine  
 With halfe their Forces the full power of *France*:  
 And let an other halfe stand laughing by,  
 All out of woike, and cold for action.

*King.* We must not onely arme vs against the French,  
 But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,  
 Who will make rode vpon vs with all aduantages.

*Bi.* The Marches gracious foueraigne, shalbe sufficient  
 To guard your *England* from the pilsering borderers.

*King.* We do not meane the coursing sneakers onely,  
 But feare the mayne entendement of the Scot,  
 For you shall read, neuer my great grandfather  
 Vnmaskt his power for *France*,  
 But that the Scot on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,  
 Came pouring like the Tide into a breach  
 That *England* being empty of defences,  
 Hath shooke and trembled at the brute hereof.

*Bi.* She hath bin then more feared then hurt my Lord:

A 3 For

*The Chronicle Historie*

For heare her but exemplified by her selfe,  
 When all her chivalry hath bene in *France*  
 And she a mourning widow of her Nobles,  
 She hath her selfe not only well defended,  
 But taken and impounded as a stray, the king of Scots,  
 Whom like a caytiffe she did leade to *France*,  
 Filling your Chronicles as rich with praise  
 As is the owse and bottome of the sea  
 With sunken wrack and shipleesse treasure.

*Eord.* There is a saying very old and true,

If you will *France* win,

Then with *Scotland* first begin :

For once the Eagle, *England* being in pray,

To his vnfurnish nest the weazel Scot

Would suck her eggs, playing the mouse in absence of the

To spoyle and hauock more then she can eat. (cat)

*Exe.* It followes then, the cat must stay at home,

Yet that is but a curst necessitie,

Since we haue trappes to catch the petty theeues:

Whilste that the armed hand doth fight abroad

The aduised head controllles at home.

For gouernment though high or lowe, being put into parts,

Congrueth with a mutuall consent like mulicke.

*Bi.* True: therefore doth heauen diuide the fate of man  
 in diuers functions.

Whereto is added as an ayme or but, obedience:

For so liue the honey Bees, creatures that by awe

Ordaine an act of order to a peopeld Kingdome:

They haue a King and officers of sort,

Where some like Magistrates correct at home:

Others like Marchants venture trade abroad:

Others like souldiers armed in their stings,

Make boote vpon the sommers veluet bud :

Which pillage they with mery march bring home

To the tent royall of their Emperour,

Who busied in his maiestie, behold

The singing masons building roofes of gold :

The

## Sc.i

## of Henry the fifth.

## I.ii

132

The ciuell citizens lading vp the honey,  
 The sad eyde Iustice with his surly humme,  
 Deliuering vp to executors pale, the lazy caning Drone,  
 This Infer, that 20. actions once a foote,  
 May all end in one moment.

136

As many Arrowes losed feuerall wayes, flye to one marke:  
 As many feuerall wayes meete in one towne:  
 As many fresh streames run in one selfe sea:  
 As many lines close in the dyall center:  
 So may a thousand actions once a foote,  
 End in one moment, and be all well borne without defect.  
 Therefore my Liege to *France*,

140

144

148

Diuide your happy England into foure,  
 Of which take you one quarter into *France*,  
 And you withall, shall make all *Gallia* shake.  
 If we with thrice that power left at home,  
 Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,  
 Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth lose  
 The name of pollicy and hardinesse.

152

156

*Ki.* Call in the messenger sent frō the Dolphin,  
 And by your ayde, the noble sinewes of our land,  
*France* being ours, wee le bring it to our awe,  
 Or breake it all in peeces:  
 Eyther our Chronicles shal with full mouth speak  
 Freely of our acts,  
 Or else like tooonglesse mutes  
 Not worshippt with a paper Epitaph:

*Enter Thambassadors from France.*

160

164

Now are we well prepared to know the Dolphins pleasure,  
 For we heare your comming is from him.  
*Ambassa.* Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue vs leauē  
 Freely to render what we haue in charge:  
 Or shall I sparingly shew a farre off,  
 The Dolphins pleasure and our Embassage?  
*King.* We are no tyrant, but a Christian King,  
 To whom our spirit is as subiect,  
 As are our wretches fettered in our prisons.

There-

199†

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*The Chronicle Historie*

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

*Ambas.* Then this in fine the Dolphin saith,  
Whereas you clayme certaine Townes in *France*,  
From your predecessor king *Edward* the third,  
This he returnes.

He saith, theres nought in *France* that can be with a nimble  
Galliard wonne: you cannot reuel into Dukedomes there:  
Therefore he sendeth meetet for your study,  
This tunne of treasure: and in lieu of this,  
Desires to let the Dukedomes that you craue  
Heare no more from you: This the Dolphin saith.

*King.* What treasure Vncle?

*Exc.* Tennis ballies my Liege.

*King.* We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,  
Your message and his present we accept:  
When we haue marched our rackets to these ballies,  
We will by Gods grace play such a fer,  
Shall strike his fathers crowne into the hazard.  
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,  
That all the Courrs of *France* shall be disturbd with chafes.  
And we vnderstand him well, how he comes ore vs  
With our wilder dayes, not measuring what vs we made  
of them.

We neuer valued this poore seate of England.  
And therefore gaue our selues to barbarous licence:  
As vs common seene that men are merriest when they are  
from home.

But tell the Dolphin we will keepe our state,  
Be like a King, mightie and commaund,  
When we do rowse vs in throne of *France*:

For this haue we laid by our Maiestie  
And plodded hie a man for working dayes.

But we will rise there with so full of glory,  
That we will dazell all the eyes of *France*,

I strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs, (stones

And tell him this, his mock hath turnd his ballies to gun  
And

Sc. i.*of Henry the ffift.*

And his soule shall sit sore charged for the waitefull  
(vengeance

That shall flye from them. For this his mocke  
Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands.  
Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mocke Castles downe,  
If some are yet vngotten and vnborne,  
That shall haue cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.  
But this lyes all within the will of God, to whom we doo  
(appeale,

And in whose name tel you the Dolphin we are coming on  
To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand  
In a rightfull cause: so get you hence, and tell your Prince,  
His lest will fauour but of shallow wit,  
When thousands weepe, more then did laugh at it.  
Conuey them with safe conduct: see them hence.

*Exe.* This was a merry message.

*King.* We hope to make the sencer blush at it:  
Therefore let our collectio for the wars be soone provided:  
For God before, weell check the Dolphin at his fathers  
(doore.

Therefore let every man now taske his thought,  
That this faire action may on foote be brought.

*Exeunt omnes.*

Sc. ii.

*Enter Nim and Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* Godmorrow Corporall *Nim*.

*Nim.* Godmorrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe*.

*Bar.* What is ancient *Pistol* and thee friends yet?

*Nim.* I cannot tell, things must be as they may:  
I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron:  
It is a simple one, but what tho; it will serue to taste chcese.  
And it will endure cold as an other mans sword will,  
And theres the humor of it.

*Bar.* Yfaith mistresse quickly did thee great wrong,  
For thou weart troth plight to her.

**B**

*Nim.* I

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*Nim.* I must do as I may, tho patience be a tyred mare;  
Yer sheel plod, and some say kniues haue edges,  
And men may sleepe and haue their throtes about them  
At that time, and there is the humour of it.

*Bar.* Come yfaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make *Pistoll*  
And thee friendes. What a plague should we carrie kniues  
To cut our owne throates.

*Nim.* Yfaith Ile liue as long as I may, thars the certaine of it.  
And when I cannot hue any longer, Ile do as I may,  
And theres my rest, and the randeuous of it.

*Enter Pistoll and Hostes Quickly, his wife.*

*Bar.* Godmorrow ancient *Pistoll*.  
Here comes ancient *Pistoll*, I priethee *Nim* be quiet.

*Nim.* How do you my Hoste?

*Pist.* Base slaue, callest thou me hoste?  
Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,  
Nor shall my *Nell* keepe lodging.

*Host.* No by my troath not I,  
For we canot bed nor boord half a score honest gētlewome  
That liue honestly by the prick of their needle,  
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.  
O Lord heeres Corporall *Nims*, now shall  
We haue wilful adultry and murther committed:  
Good Corporall *Nim* shew the valour of a man,  
And put vp your sword.

*Nim.* Push.

*Pist.* What dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of lieland's

*Nim.* Will you shog off? I would haue you solus.

*Pist.* Solus egregious dog, that solus in thy throte,  
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within  
Thy messfull mouth, I do retort that solus in thy  
Bowels, and in thy Iaw, perdie: for I can talke,  
And *Pistolls* flashing siry cock is vp.

*Nims.* I am not *Barbasom*, you cannot coniuere me:  
I haue an humour *Pistoll* to knock you indifferently well,  
And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*, Ile scoure you with my  
Rapiet



*of Henry the fifth.*

Rapier in faire termes. If you will walke off a litle,  
He prick your guts a litle in good termes,  
And theres the humour of it.

*Pist.* O braggard vile, and damned furious wight.  
The Graue doth gape, and groaning  
Death is neare, therefore exall.

*They drawe.*

*Bar.* Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,  
He kill him, as I am a souldier.

*Pist.* An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.

*Nim.* He cut your throat at one time or an other in faire  
And theres the humor of it. (termes,

*Pist.* Couple gorge is the word, I thee desie agen:  
A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get?  
No, to the powdering tub of infamy,  
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cresides kinde,  
Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and her espowse  
I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickiy,  
For the onely she and Paco, there it is inough.

*Enter the Boy.*

*Boy.* Hostes you must come straight to my maister,  
And you Host *Pistoll*. Good *Bardolfe*  
Put thy nose betweenc the sheetes, and do the office of a

(warming pan.

*Host.* By my troath heele yceid the crow a pudding one  
(of these dayes.

He go to him, husband youle come?

*Bar.* Come *Pistoll* be friends.

*Nim* prithee be friends, and if thou wilt not be  
Enemies with me too.

*Ni.* I shal haue my eight shillings I woon of you at bearing?

*Pist.* Base is the slaue that payes.

*Nim.* That now I will haue, and theres the humor of it.

*Pist.* As manhood shall compound. *They draw.*

*Bar.* He that strikes the first blow,  
He kill him by this sword.

*Pist.* Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course,

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*Nim*

II.i.

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*The Chronicle Historie*

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

*Pist.* A noble shalt thou haue, and readie pay,  
And liquor likewise will I giue to thee,  
And friendship shall combind and brotherhood:  
Ile liue by *Nim* as *Nim* shall liue by me:

Is not this iust? for I shall Sur'er be  
Vnto the Campe, and profit will occrue.

*Nim.* I shall haue my noble?

*Pist.* In cash most truly paid.

*Nim.* Why theres the humour of it.

*Enter Hostes.*

*Hostes.* As euer you came of men come in,  
Sir *Iohn* poore soule is so troubled  
With a burning tashan contigian feuer, ris wonderfull.

*Pist.* Let vs condoll the knight: for lamkins we will liue.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Exeter and Gloster.*

*Gloft.* Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to trust  
these traytors.

*Exe.* They shalbe apprehended by and by.

*Gloft.* I bur the man that was his bedfellow  
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with princely fauours  
That he should for a forraine purse, to sell  
His Soueraignes life to death and trechery.

*Exe.* O the Lord of *Mafsham*.

*Enter the King and three Lords.*

*King.* Now firs the windes faire, and we wil aboard;  
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Mafsham*,  
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts,  
Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,  
Will make vs conquerors in the field of *France*?

*Mafsa.* No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

*Cam.* Neuer

of Henry the first.

*Cam.* Neuer was Monarch better feared and loued then  
is your maiestic.

*Gray.* Euenthose that were your fathers enemies  
Haue steeped their galles in honey for your sake.

*King.* We therefore haue great cause of thankfulness,  
And shall forget the office of our hands :

Sooner then reward and merit,  
According to their cause and worthinesse.

*Masba.* So seruice shall with steeled sinewes shine,  
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope  
To do your Grace incessant seruice.

*King.* Vncle of *Exeter*, enlarge the man  
Committed yester day, that rayled against our person,  
We consider it was the heate of wine that set him on,  
And on his more aduice we pardon him.

*Masba.* That is mercie, but too much securitie :  
Let him bee punisht Soueraigne , least the example of  
(him,

Breed more of such a kinde.

*King.* O let vs yet be mercifull.

*Cam.* So may your highnesse, and punish too.

*Gray.* You shew great mercie if you giue him life,  
After the taste of his correction.

*King.* Alas your too much care and loue of me  
Are heauy orisons gainst the poore wretch,  
If litle faults proceeding on distemper should not bee  
(winked at,

How should we stretch our eye, when capitall crimes,  
Chewed, swallowed and digested, appeare before vs :  
Well yet enlarge the man, tho Cambridge and the rest  
In their deare loues, and tender preservation of our state,  
Would haue him punisht.

Now to our French causes,

Who are the late Commissioners ?

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

## The Chronicle Historic

*Masb.* So did you me my Soueraigne.

*Gray.* And me my Lord.

*King.* Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge* there is yours;

There is yours my Lord of *Masbams*.

And sir *Thomas Gray* knight of *Northumberland*, this same is

Read them, and know we know your worthinesse. (yours)

Vnckle *Exeter* I will aboard to night.

Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?

What see you in those papers

That hath so chased your blood out of apparance?

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

To your highnesse mercie.

*Masb.* To which we all appeale.

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

By your owne reasons is forestald and done:

You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,

For your owne conscience turne vpon your bofomes,

As dogs vpon their maisters worrying them.

See you my Princes, and my noble Peeres,

These English monsters:

My Lord of *Cambridge* here,

You know how apt we were to grace him,

In all things belonging to his honour:

And this vilde man hath for a fewe light crownes,

Lightly conspired and sworne vnto the practises of *France*:

To kill vs here in *Hampton*. To the which,

This knight no lesse in bountie bound to vs

Then *Cambridge* is, haah likewise sworne.

But oh what shall I say to thee false man,

Thou cruell ingratefull and inhumane creature,

Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,

That knewst the very secrets of my heart,

That almost mightest a coyned me into gold,

Wouldest thou a practisde on me for thy vse:

Can it be possible that out of thee

Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?

Tis

48

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*of Henry the first.*

Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth shoue as grosse  
 As black from white, mine eye wil scarcely see it.  
 Their faults are open, arrest them to the answer of the lawe,  
 And God acquit them of their practises.

*Exe.* I arrest thee of high treason,

By the name of *Richard*, Earle of *Cambridge*.

I arrest thee of high treason,

By the name of *Henry*, Lord of *Masham*.

I arrest thee of high treason,

By the name of *Thomas Gray*, knight of *Northumberland*.

*Masb.* Our purposes God iustly hath discovered,

And I repent my fault more then my death,

Which I beseech your maiestie forgiue,

Altho my body pay the price of it.

*King.* God quit you in his mercy. Heare your sentence.

You haue conspired against our royall person,

Ioynd with an enemy proclaimed and fix'd.

And frō his coffers receiued the golden earnest of our death

Touching our person we seeke no redresse.

But we our king domes safetie must so tender

Whose ruine you haue sought,

That to our lawes we do deliuer you. (death,

Get ye therefore hence: poore miserable creatures to your

The taste whereof, God in his mercy giue you (amisse:

Patience to endure, and true repentance of all your deeds

Bear them hence.

*Exit three Lords.*

Now Lords to *France*. The enterprise whereof,

Shall be to you as vs, successiuelly.

Since God cut off this dangerous treason lurking in our way

Cheerly to sea, the signes of war aduance:

No King of England, if not King of *France*.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter*

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 104 †  
 142 †

148 †

152  
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168 †  
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176 †

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180 †

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*The Chronicle Historie**Enter Nim, Piffell, Bardolfe, Hostes and a Boy.*

*Host.* I prethy sweete heart, let me bring thee so farre as  
(*Stanes.*)

*Piff.* No far, no fur.

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

*Host.* I, he is in *Arthurs* bosom, if euer any were:

He went away as if it were a crysombd childe,

Betweene twelue and one,

Iust at turning of the tide:

His nose was as sharpe as a pen:

For when I saw him fumble with the sheetes,

And talk of floures, and smile vpon his fingers ends

I knew there was no way but or .

How now sir *John* quoth I?

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

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

I hope there was no such need.

Then he bad me put more cloathes at his feete:

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

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

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

*Nim.* They say he cride out on Sack.

*Host.* I that he did.

*Boy.* And of women.

*Host.* No that he did not.

*Boy.* Yes that he did: and he sed they were diuels incarnate.

*Host.* Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.

*Nim.* Well he did cry out on women.

*Host.* Indeed he did in some sort handle women,

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

(*Babylon.*)

*Boy.* Hostes do you remember he saw a Flea stand

Vpon *Bardolfes* Nose, and sed it was a black soule

Burning in hell fire?

*Bar.*

## Sc. iv

## II.iii.

*of Henry the first.*

*Bar.* Well, God be with him,  
That was all the wealth I got in his service,

*Nim.* Shall we thog off?

The king wil be gone from *Southampton*.

*Pist.* Cleare vpthy cristalles,

Looke to my chattels and my moueables.

Trust none: the word is pitch and pay:

Mens words are waser cakes,

And holdfast is the only dog my dreare.

Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,

Touch her soft lips and part.

*Bar.* Farewell hostes.

*Nim.* I cannot kisse: and theres the humor of it,  
But adieu.

*Pist.* Keepe fast thy buggle boe.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin,*  
*and others.*

*King.* Now you Lords of *Orleante*,  
Of *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,  
You see the King of England is not slack,  
For he is footed on this land already.

*Dolphin.* My gracious Lord, tis meet we all goe  
And arme vs against the foe: (foorth,  
And view the weak & sickly parts of *France*:  
But let vs do it with no show of feare,  
No with no more, then if we hea'd  
England were bulied with a Mo's dance.  
For my good Lord, she is so idely kingd,  
Her scepter so fantastically borne,  
So guided by a shallow humorous youth,  
That feare attends her not.

*Gen.* O peace Prince *Dolphin*, you deceiue your selfe,

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Question

## Sc. v

## II. iv.

*The Chronicle Historie*

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

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

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

*King.* Bid him come in.  
 You see this chafe is hotly followed Lords.

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

*Enter Exeter.*

*King.* From our brother England?

*Exe.* From him, and thus he greets your Maiesties  
 He wils you in the name of God Almighty,  
 That you deuest your selfe and lay apart  
 That borrowed tytle, which by gift of heauen,  
 Of lawe of nature, and of nations, longs  
 To him and to his heires, namely the crowne  
 And all wide stretched titles that belongs  
 Vnto the Crowne of *France*, that you may know  
 Tis no sinister, nor no awkeward claime,  
 Pickt from the worm holes of old vanisht dayes,  
 Nor from the dust of old obliuion rackte,  
 He sends you these most memorabable lynes,  
 In euery branch truly demonstrated:  
 Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree,  
 And when you finde him euenly deriued  
 From his most famed and famous ancestors,  
*Edward* the third, he bids you then resigne  
 Your crowne and kingdome, indirectly held  
 From him, the natue and true challenger.

*King.*



## of Henry the fifth.

*King.* If not, what followes?

*Exc.* Bloody constraint, for if you hide the crown  
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it:  
Therefore in fierce tempest is he comming,  
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Joue*,  
That if requiring faile, he will compell it:  
And on your heads turnes he the widowes teares,  
The Orphanes cries, the dead mens bones,  
The pining maydens grones,  
For husbands, fathers, and distressed louers,  
Which shall be swallowed in this controuersie.  
This is his claime, his threatening, and my message,  
Vnles the *Dolphin* be in presence here,  
To whom expressly we bring greeting too.

*Dol.* For the *Dolphin*? I stand here for him,  
What to heare from England.

*Exc.* Scorn & defiance, slight regard, contempt,  
And any thing that may not misbecome  
The mightie sender, doth he prise you at:  
Thus saith my king. Vnles your fathers highnesse  
Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maiestie,  
Heele call you to so loud an answer for it,  
That caues and wombely vaultes of *France*  
Shall chide your trespassse, and return your mock,  
In second accent of his ordenance.

*Dol.* Say that my father render faire reply,  
It is against my will:

For I desire nothing so much,  
As oddes with England.  
And for that cause according to his youth  
I did present him with those *Paris* balles.

*Exc.* Heele make your *Paris* Louer shake for it,  
Were it the mistresse Court of mightie *Europe*,  
And be assured, youle finde a difference  
As we his subjects haue in wonder founde

*The Chronicle Historie*

Betweene his yonger dayes and these he musters now,  
Now he wayes time euen to the latest graine,  
Which you shall finde in your owne losses  
If he stay in *France*.

*King.* Well for vs, you shall retorne our answere backe  
To our brother England.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, Boy.*

*Nim.* Before God here is hote seruice.

*Pist.* Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,  
Gods vassals drop and die.

*Nim.* Tis honor, and theres the humor of it.

*Boy.* Would I were in London:  
I'de giue all my honor for a pot of Ale.

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

*Enter Flewellen and beates them in.*

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

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

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

*Bardolfe* stole a Lute case, carryed it three mile,  
And sold it for three hapence.

*Nim* stole a fier shouell.

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

*Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and the Boy.*

*Enter Gower.*

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

Looke

Sc. vi.

*of Henry the fifth.*

*Flew.* Looke you, tell the Duke it is not so good  
To come to the mines: the conuaueries is otherwise,  
You may discusse to the Duke, the enemy is digd  
Himselfe fise yardes vnder the countermines:  
By *Iesus* I thinke heele blowe vp all  
If there be no better direction.

28

Sc. vii.

*Enter the King and his Lords alarum.*

*King.* How yet resolues the Gouvernour of the Towne?  
This is the latestt parley weele admit:  
Therefore to our best mercie giue your selues,  
Or like to men proud of destruction, desie vs to our worst,  
For as I am a souldier, a name that in my thoughts  
Becomes me best, if we begin the battery once againe  
I will not leaue the halfe archieued Harflew,  
Till in her ashes she be buried,  
The gates of mercie are all shut vp.  
What say you, will you yeeld and this auoyd,  
Or guiltie in defence be thus destroyed?

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*Enter Gouvernour.*

*Gouer.* Our expectation hath this day an end:  
The Dolphin whom of succour we entreated,  
Returnes vs word, his powers are not yet ready,  
To raise so great a siege: therefore dread King,  
We yeeld our towne and liues to thy soft mercie:  
Enter our gates, dispose of vs and ours,  
For we no longer are defensive now.

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*Enter Katherine, Alice,*

*Kate.* *Alice* venecia, vous auez cates en,  
Vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara,  
Coman sae palla vou la main en francoy.

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*Alice. La*Sc. viii.III. ii.

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III. iii.

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III. iv.

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*Alice.* La main madam de han.

*Kate.* E da bras.

*Alice.* De arma madam.

*Kate.* Le main da han la bras de arma.

*Alice.* Owe madam.

*Kate.* E Coman sa pella vow la menton a la coll.

*Alice.* De neck, e de cin, madam.

*Kate.* E de neck, e de cin, e de code.

*Alice.* De cudie ma foy Ie oblyc, mais Ie remembre,  
Le tude, o de elbo madam.

*Kate.* Ecowte Ie reherfere, towte cella que Iac apoandre,  
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.

*Alice.* De elbo madam.

*Kate.* O Iesu, Iea obloye ma foy, ecoute Ie recontera  
De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.

*Alice.* Ma foy madam, vow parla au se bon Angloys  
Asie vous aues ertue en Englatara.

*Kate.* Par la grace de deu an pettie tanes, Ie parle millow  
Coman se pella vou le peid e le robe.

*Alice.* Le foot, e le con.

*Kate.* Le for, e le con, ô Iesu! Ie ne vew point parle,  
Sie plus deuant le che cheualires de franca,  
Pur one million ma foy.

*Alice.* Madam, de foot, e le con.

*Kate.* O et ill ausie, ecowte Alice, de han, de arms,  
De neck, de cin, le foot, e de con.

*Alice.* Cet fort bon madam.

*Kate.* Aloues a diner.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter King of France Lord Constable, the Dolphin,  
and Burbon.*

*King.* Tis certaine he is past the Riuer Some.

*Con.* Mordeu ma via: Shali a few spranes of vs,

*The*

*of Henry the fifth.*

The emptying of our fathers luxerie,  
Outgrow their grafters.

*Bur.* Normanes, basterd Normanes, mor du  
And if they passe vnfoughtwithall,  
Ile sell my Dukedome for a foggy farne  
In that short nooke Ile of England.

*Const.* Why whence haue they this mettall?  
Is not their clymate raw, foggy and colde.  
On whom as in disdaine, the Sunne lookes pale?  
Can barley broath, a drench for swolne lades  
Their sodden water decockt such liuely blood?  
And shall our quick blood spirited with wine  
Seeme frosty? O for honour of our names,  
Let vs not hang like frozen Icesicklea  
Vpon our houses tops, while they a more frosty clymate  
Sweate drops of youthfull blood.

*King.* Constable dispatch, send Montioy forth,  
To know what willing raunsome he will giue?  
Sonne *Dolphin* you shall stay in *Rene* with me.

*Dol.* Not so I do beseech your Maiestie.

*King.* Well, I say it shalbe so.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Gower.*

*Go.* How now Captain *Flewellen*, come you fro the bridge  
*Flew.* By Iesus thers excellēt seruice cōmitted at y bridge.

*Gow.* Is the Duke of *Exeter* safe?

*Flew.* The duke of *Exeter* is a mā whom I loue, & I honor,  
And I worship, with my soule, and my heart, and my life,  
And my lands and my liuings,  
And my vttermost powers.

The Duke is looke you,  
God be praised and pleased for it, no harme in the worell.  
He is maintain the bridge very gallently: there is an Ensigne  
There,

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There, I do not know how you call him, but by Iesus I think  
 He is as valient a man as *Marke Anthonie*, he doth maintain  
 the bridge most gallantly : yet he is a man of no reckoning:  
 But I did see him do gallant seruice.

*Gener.* How do you call him?

*Flew.* His name is ancient *Pistoll*.

*Gener.* I know him not.

*Enter Ancient Pistoll.*

*Flew.* Doyou not know him, here comes the man.

*Pist.* Captaine, I thee beseech to do me fauour,  
 The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well.

*Flew.* I, and I praise God I haue merited some loue at  
 (his hands.

*Pist.* *Bardolfe* a souldier, one of buxsome valour,  
 Hath by furious fate

And giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,  
 That Godes blinde that stands vpon the rowling restlesse  
 (stone.

*Flew.* By your patience ancient *Pistoll*,

Fortune, looke you is painted,

Plind with a muffer before her eyes,

To signifie to you, that Fortune is plind :

And she is morcouer painted with a wheele,

Which is the morall that Fortune is turning,

And inconstant, and variation; and mutabilities :

And her fate is fixed at a sphericall stone

Which rouses, and rouses, and rouses :

Surely the Poet is make an excellent descriptiō of Fortune.

Fortune looke you is and excellent morall.

*Pist.* Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,

For he hath stolne a packs, and hanged must he be:

A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,

Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe stop.

But

## of Henry the fifth.

But *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death,

For packs of pettie price :

Therefore go speake the Duke will heare thy voyce,

And let not *Bardolfes* vitall threed be cut,

With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.

Speake Capitaine for his life, and I will thee requite.

*Flew.* Captain *Pistol*, I partly vnderstand your meaning.

*Pist.* Why then reioyce therefore.

*Flew.* Certainly Ancient *Pistol*, tis not a thing to reioyce at,

For if he were my owne brother, I would with the Duke

To do his pleasure, and put him to executions: for look you,

Disciplines ought to be kept, they ought to be kept.

*Pist.* Die and be damned, and figa for thy friendship.

*Flew.* That is good.

*Pist.* The figge of *Spaine* within thy lawe.

*Flew.* That is very well.

*Pist.* I say the fig within thy bowels and thy durty maw.

*Exit Pistol.*

*Fle.* Captain *Gour*, cannot you hear it lighten & thunder?

*Gour.* Why is this the Ancient you told me of?

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

*Flew.* By Iesus hee is vnder as prauie words vpon the bridge

As you shall desire to see in a summers day, but its all one,

What he hath sed to me, looke you, is all one.

*Go.* Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue that goes to the wars

Onely to grace himselfe at his returne to London :

And such fellowes as he,

Are perfect in great Commanders names.

They will learne by rote where seruices were done,

At such and such a sconce, at such a breach,

At such a conuoy : who came off brauely, who was shot,

Who disgraced, what termes the enemy stood on.

And this they can perfectly in phrase of warre,

Which they trick vp with new tuned oathes, & whataberd

Of the Generalls cut, and a bond shout of the campe

D

Will

*The Chronicle Historie*

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

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

*Enter King, Clarence, Gloster and others.*

*King.* How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?

*Flew.* I and it shall please your Maiestie,  
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.

*King.* What men haue you lost *Flewellen*?

*Flew.* And it shall please your Maiestie,  
The partition of the aduersarie hath bene great,  
Very reasonably great: but for our own parts, like you now,  
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one  
For robbing of a church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiestie  
Know the man, his face is full of whelkes and knubs,  
And pumple, and his breath blowes at his nose  
Like a cole, sometimes red, sometimes plew:  
But god be praised, now his nose is executed, & his fire out.

*King.* We would haue all offenders so cut off,  
And we here giue expresse commaundment;  
That there be nothing taken from the villages but paid for,  
None of the French abused.

Or abraided with disdainfull language:  
For when cruelty and lenitie play for a Kingdome,  
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

*Enter French Herauld.*

*Hera.* You know me by my habit.

*Ki.* Well the, we know thee, what shuld we know of thee?

*Hera.* My maisters minde.

*King.* Vnfold it.

*Hera.* Go thee vnto *Harry of England*, and tell him,  
Aduantage is a better souldier then rashnesse:

Altho



*of Henry the fift.*

108 **Altho we did seeme dead, we did but slumber.**  
**Now we speake vpon our kue, and our voyce is imperiall,**  
**England shall repent her folly: see her rashnesse,**  
**And admire our sufferance. Which to raunsome,**  
 112 **His pettinesse would bow vnder:**  
**For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake:**  
**For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe**  
**Kneeling at our feete, a weake and worthlesse satisfaction.**  
 116 **To this, adde defyaunce: So much from the king my maister.**  
*King.* What is thy name? we know thy qualitie.  
*Herald, Montioy.*  
*King.* Thou dost thy office faire, returne thee backe,  
 120 **And tell thy King, I do not seeke him now:**  
**But could be well content, without impeach,**  
**To march on to *Callis*: for to say the sooth,**  
**Though tis no wisdom to contesse so much**  
 124 **Vnto an enemye of craft and vantage.**  
**My souldiers are with sicknesse much in feeble d,**  
**My Army lessoned, and those fewe I haue,**  
**Almost no better then so many French:**  
 128 **Who when they were in heart, I tell thee Herald,**  
**I thought vpon one paire of English legges,**  
**Did march three French mens.**  
**Yet forgiue me God, that I do brag thus:**  
 132 **This your heire of *France* hath blowne this vice in me.**  
**I must repent, go tell thy maister here I am,**  
**My raunsome is this frayle and worthlesse body,**  
**My Army but a weake and sickly garde,**  
 136 **Yet God before, we will come on,**  
**If *France* and such an other neighbour stood in our way:**  
**If we may passe, we will: if we be hindered,**  
**We shal your tawny ground with your red blood discolour.**  
 140 **So *Montioy* get you gone, there is for your paines:**  
**The sum of all our answer is but this,**  
**We would not seeke a battle as we are:**

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

*Herauld.* I shall deliuer so: thanks to your Maiestie.

*Glof.* My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

*King.* We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs:

To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,

And on to morrow bid them march away.

*Enter* Bourbon, Constable, Orleans, Gebon.

*Const.* Tut I haue the best armour in the world.

*Orleans.* You haue an excellent armour,

But let my horse haue his due.

*Burbon.* Now you talke of a horse, I haue a steed like the  
Palfrey of the sun nothing but pure ayre and fire,  
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

*Orleans.* He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

*Bur.* And of the heat: a the Ginger.

Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues,

And my horse is argument for them all:

I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,  
And began thus. Wonder of nature.

*Con.* I haue heard a Sonnet begin so,  
In the praise of ones Mistresse.

*Burb.* Why then did they immitate that  
Which I writ in praise of my horse,  
For my horse is my mistresse.

*Con.* Ma foy the other day, me thought  
Your mistresse shooke you shrewdly.

*Bur.* I bearing me. I tell thee Lord Constable,  
My mistresse weares her owne haire.

*Con.* I could make as good a boast of that,  
If I had had a fow to my mistresse.

*Bur.* Tut thou wilt make vse of any thing.

*Con.* Yet I do not vse my horse for my mistresse.

*Bur.* Will it neuer be morning?

He ride too morrow a mile,

And my way shal be pauced with English faces.

*Con.* By

*of Henry the fifth.*

*Con.* By my faith so will not I,  
For feare I be outfaced of my way.

*Bur.* Well ile go arme my selfe, hay.

32 *Gebon.* The Duke of *Burben* longs for morning

*Or.* I he longs to eate the English.

*Con.* I thinke heele eate all he killes,

*Orle.* O peace, ill will neuer said well.

36 *Con.* Ile cap that prouerbe,  
With there is flattery in friendship.

*Or.* O sir, I can answere that,

With giue the diuel his due.

40 *Con.* Haue at the eye of that prouerbe,

With a logge of the diuel.

*Or.* Well the Duke of *Burben*, is simply,

The most actiue Gentleman of *France*.

44 *Con.* Doing his actiuitie, and heele stil be doing.

*Or.* He neuer did hurt as I heard off.

*Con.* No I warrant you, nor neuer will.

*Or.* I hold him to be exceeding valiant.

48 *Con.* I was told so by one that knows him better the you

*Or.* Whose that?

*Con.* Why he told me so himselfe:

And said he cared not who knew it.

52 *Or.* Well who will go with me to hazard,

For a hundred English prisoners?

*Con.* You must go to hazard your selfe,

Before you haue them.

*Enter a Messenger.*

56 *Mess.* My Lords, the English lyc within a hundred  
Paces of your Tent.

*Con.* Who hath measured the ground?

*Mess.* The Lord *Grampere*.

60 *Con.* A valiant man, a. an expert Gentleman.

Come, come away:

The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day.

*Exit omnes.*

*Emer*

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*Enter the King disguised, to him Pistoll.*

*Pist.* Ke vela?

*King.* A friend.

*Pist.* Discus vnto me, art thou Gentleman  
Or art thou common, base, and popeler?

*King.* No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.

*Pist.* Trailes thou the puissant pike?

*King.* Euen so sir, What are you?

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

*King.* O then thou art better then the King?

*Pist.* The kings a bago, and a hart of gold.

*Pist.* A lad of life, an impe of fame:

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kis his durtie shoe: and from my hart strings

I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?

*King.* Harry le Roy.

*Pist.* Le Roy, a Cornish man:

Art thou of Cornish crew?

*King.* No sir, I am a Wealchman.

*Pist.* A Wealchman: knowst thou *Flewellen*?

*King.* I sir, he is my kinsman.

*Pist.* Art thou his friend?

*King.* I sir.

*Pist.* Figa for thee then: my name is *Pistoll*.

*King.* It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

*Pist.* *Pistoll* is my name.

*Exit Pistoll.*

*Enter Gower and Flewellen.*

*Gowr.* Captaine *Flewellen*.

*Flew.* In the name of Iesu speake lewer.

It is the greatest folly in the worell, when the auncient

Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.

I warrant you, if you looke into the warres of the Romanes,

You shall finde no titile tattle, nor bible bable there:

But

*of Henry the first.*

But you shall finde the cares, and the feares.  
And the ceremonies, to be otherwise.

*Gowr.* Why the enemy is loud: you heard him all night.

*Flew.* Godes sollud, if the enemy be an Asle & a Foole,  
And a prating cocks-come, is it meet that we be also a foole,  
And a prating cocks-come, in your conscience now?

*Gowr.* He speake lower.

*Flew.* I beseech you do, good Captaine *Gowr.*

*Exit Gowr, and Flewellen.*

*Kin.* Tho it appeare a litle out of fashion,  
Yet theres much care in this.

*Enter three Souldiers.*

1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning yonder?

2. *Soul.* I we see the beginning,  
God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.

3. *Soul.* Well I thinke the king could wish himselfe  
Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,  
And so I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.

*Kin.* Now matters god morrow, what cheare?

3. *S.* I faith small cheer some of vs is like to haue,  
Ere this day ende.

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

2. *S.* I he may be, for he hath no such cause as we

*Kin.* Nay say not so, he is a man as we are.

The Violet sinels to him as to vs:

Therefore if he see reasons, he feares as we do.

2. *Sol.* But the king hath a heauy reckoning to make,

If his cause be not good: when all those soules

Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here,

Shall ioyne together at the latter day,

And say I dyed at such a place. Some twearing:

Some their wiues rawly left:

Some leauing their children poore behind them.

Now

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Now if his cause be bad, I think it will be a grieuous matter  
(to him)

*King.* Why so you may say, if a man send his seruant  
As Factor into another Countrey,

And he by any meanes miscarry,

You may say the businesse of the maister,  
Was the author of his seruants misfortune,

Or if a sonne be imployd by his father,

And he fall into any leaud action, you may say the father  
Was the author of his sonnes damnation.

But the master is not to answere for his seruants,

The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subiects:

For they purpose not their deaths, whē they craue their ser-  
Some there are that haue the gift of premeditated (uices:  
Murder on them:

Others the broken seale of Forgery, in beguiling maydens,

Now if these outstrip the lawe,

Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.

War is Gods Beadel, War is Gods vengeance:

Euery mans seruice is the kings:

But euery mans soule is his owne,

Therefore I would haue euery souldier examine himselfe,

And wash euery moath out of his conscience:

That in so doing, he may be the readier for death:

Or not dying, why the time was well spent,

Whercin such preparation was made.

3. *Lord.* Yfaith he saies true:

Euery mans fault on his owne head,

I would not haue the king answere for me.

Yet I intend to fight lustily for him.

*King.* Well, I heard the king, he wold not be ransomde.

2. *L.* I he said so, to make vs fight:

But when our throates be cut, he may be ransomde,

And we neuer the wiser.

*King.* If I lue to see that, Ile neuer trust his word againe.

2. *Lord,*

*of Henry the fifth.*

2. Sol. Mas youle pay him then, tis a great displeasure  
That an elder gun, can do against a cannon,  
Or a subiect against a monarke,  
Youle nere take his word again, your a masse goe.

King. Your reproofe is somewhat too bitter:  
Were it not at this time I could be angry.

2. Sol. Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.

King. How shall I know thee?

2. Sol. Here is my gloue, which if euer I see in thy hat,  
He challenge thee, and strike thee.

King. Here is likewise another of mine,  
And assure thee he weare it.

2. Sol. Thou dar'st as well be hangd.

3. Sol. Be friends you fooles,  
We haue French quarrels anow in hand:  
We haue no need of English broyles.

King. Tis no treason to cut French crownes,  
For to morrow the king himselve wil be a clipper.

*Exit the souldiers.*

*Enter the King, Gloster, Epingam, and  
Attendants.*

K. O God of battels steale my souldiers harts,  
Take from them now the sence of reckoning,  
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them,  
May not appall their courage.  
O not to day, not to day ô God,  
Thinke on the fault my father made,  
In compassing the crowne.  
I Richards bodie haue interred new,  
And on it hath bestowd more contrite teares,  
Then from it issued forced drops of blood:  
A hundred men haue I in yearly pay,

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Which

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

*Enter Gloster.*

*Gloſt.* My Lord.

*King.* My brother *Glosters* voyce.

*Gloſt.* My Lord, the Army ſtays vpon your preſence.

*King.* Stay *Gloster* ſtay, and I will go with thee,  
 The day my friends, and all things ſtays for me.

*Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, and Salisbury.*

*War.* My Lords the French are very ſtrong.

*Exc.* There is ſucc to one, and yet they all are freſh.

*War.* Of fighting men they haue full fortie thouſand.

*Sal.* The oddes is all too great. Farewell kind Lords;  
 Braue *Clarence*, and my Lord of *Gloster*,  
 My Lord of *Warwicke*, and to all farewell.

*Clar.* Farewell kind Lords; fight valiantly to day,  
 And yet in truth, I do thee wrong,  
 For thou art made on the riuſe ſparkes of honour.

*Enter King.*

*War.* O would we had but ten thouſand men  
 Now at this inſtant, that doth not worke in England.

*King.* Whoſe that, that wiſhes ſo, my Couſen *Warwick*,  
 Gods will, I would not looſe the honour  
 One man would ſhare from me,  
 Not for my Kingdome.

No faith my Couſen, wiſh not one man more,  
 Rather proclaim it preſently through our campe,  
 That he that hath no ſtomacke to this feaſt,  
 Let him depart, his paſſport ſhall bee drawne,  
 And crownes for conuoy put into his purſe,

We



*of Henry the fift.*

We would not die in that mans company,  
That teares his fellowship to die with vs.

This day is called the day of Cryspin,

He that outliues this day, and sees old age,

Shall stand a tipoe when this day is named,

And roase him at the name of Cryspin.

He that outliues this day, and comes safe home,

Shall yearly on the vygill feast his friends,

And say, to morrow is S. Crispines day :

Then shall we in their flowing bowles

Be newly remembred. *Harry the King,*

*Bedford and Exeter, Clarence and Gloster,*

*Warwick and Torke.*

Familiar in their mouthes as household words.

This story shall the good man tell his sonne,

And from this day, vnto the generall doome :

But we in it shall be remembred.

We fewe, we happie fewe, we bond of brothers,

For he to day that sheads his blood by mine,

Shalbe my brother : be he nere so base,

This day shall gentle his condition.

Then shall he strip his secues, and shew his skars,

And say, these wounds I had on Crispines day :

And Gentlemen in England now a bed,

Shall thinke themselves accurst,

And hold their manhood cheape,

While any speake that fought with vs

Vpon Saint Crispines day.

*Gloster.* My gracious Lord,

The French is in the field.

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

*War.* Perish the man whose mind is backward now.

*King.* Thou dost not wish more help fro England couzen?

*War.* Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,

Without more helpe, might fight this battle out.

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*King.* Why

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

*Enter the Herald from the French.*

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

*Kin.* Who hath sent thee now?

*Her.* The Constable of *France*.

*Kin.* I prethy beare my former answer backe:  
Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.  
Good God, why should they mock good fellows  
The man that once did sell the Lions skin, (thus?  
While the beast liued, was kild with hunting him,  
A many of our bodies shall no doubt

Finde graues within your realme of *France*:  
Tho buried in your dunghils, we shalbe famed,  
For there the Sun shall greete them,  
And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,  
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clyme:  
The smel wherof, shall breed a plague in *France*:  
Marke then abundant valour in our English,  
That being dead, like to the bullers craling,  
Breakes forth into a second course of mischiefe,  
Killing in relaps of mortalitie:

Let me speake proudly,  
Ther's not a peece of feather in our campe,  
Good argument I hope we shall not flye:  
And time hath worne vs into flouendry.  
But by the mas, our hearts are in the trim,  
And my poore souldiers tel me, yet ere night  
Thayle be in fresher robes, or they will plucke  
The gay new cloadies ore your French souldiers cares,  
And turne them out of service. If they do this,  
As if it please God they shall,  
Then shall our ranforme soone be lenied.

Saue

*of Henry the first.*

Saue thou thy labour Herauld:  
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle Herauld:  
 They shall haue nought I sweare, but these my bones:  
 Which if they haue, as I wil leaue am them,  
 Willyeeld them hile, tell the Constable.

*Her.* I shall deliuer so.

*Exit Herauld.*

*Torke.* My gracious Lord, vpon my knee I craue,  
 The leading of the vaward.

*Kim.* Take it braue *Torke*. Come souldiers lets away:  
 And as thou pleasest God, dispose the day.

*Exit.*

*Enter the foure French Lords.*

*Ge.* O diabello.

*Const.* Mor du ma vie.

*Or.* O what a day is this!

*Bur.* O lour dei houre all is gone, all is lost.

*Con.* We are inough yet liuing in the field,  
 To smother vp the English,  
 If any order might be thought vpon.

*Bur.* A plague of order, once more to the field,  
 And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,  
 Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,  
 Like a bace leno hold the chamber doore,  
 Why least by a illue no gentler then my dogs  
 His fairest daughter is contamuracke.

*Con.* Disorder that hath spoyld vs, right vs now,  
 Come we in heapes, weele offer vp our liues  
 Vnto these English, or else die with fame.

Come, come along,  
 Lets dye with honour, our shame doth last too long.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter*

*The Chronicle Historie**Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the Boy.**Pist.* Eyld cur, eyld cur.*French.* O Monfieur, ie vous en pree auez petie de moy.*Pist.* Moy shall not serue, I will haue fortie moys.**Boy aske him his name.***Boy.* Cornant ettes vous apelles?*French.* Monfieur Fer.*Boy.* He saies his name is Master Fer.*Pist.* Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him**Boy discus the same in French.***Boy.* Sir I do not know, whats French**For fer, ferit and ferkt.***Pist.* Bid him prepare, for I wil cut his throat.*Boy.* Feate, you preat, il voullés coupele vorre gage.*Pist.* Onye ma foy couple la gorge.**Vnlesse thou giue to me egregious ranfome, dye.****One poynt of a foxe.***French.* Qui dit ill monfieur.**Ill ditye si you ny vouly pa domy luy.***Boy.* La gran ranfome, ill vou tueres.*French.* O lee vous en pri petit gentelhome, parle**A cee, gran capataine, pour auez mercie****Amoy, ey lee donerees pour mon ranfome****Cinquante ou is, le fuyes vngentelhome de France.***Pist.* What sayes he boy?*Boy.* Marry sir he sayes, he is a Gentleman of a great  
**House, of France: and for his ranfome,****He will giue you 500. crownes.***Pist.* My fury shall abate,**And I the Crownes will take.****And as I suck blood, I will some mercie shew.****Follow me cur.***Exit omnes.**Enter the King and his Nobles, Pistoll.**King.* What the French retire?**Yee**

*of Henry the first.*

Yet all is not done, yet keepe the French the field.

*Exe.* The Duke of *Torke* commendes him to your Grace.

*King.* Liues he good Vnckle, twise I sawe him downe,

Twise vp againe:

From helmet to the spurte, all bleeding ore.

*Exe.* In which aray, braue souldier doth he lye,

Larding the plaines and by his bloody side,

Yoake fellow to his honour dying wounds,

The noble Earle of *Suffolke* also lyes.

*Suffolke* first dyde, and *Torke* a'l halted ore,

Comes to him where in blood he lay stept,

And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes

That bloodily did yane vpon his face,

And cryde aloud, tary deare cousin *Suffolke*:

My soule shall thine keep company in heauen:

Tary deare soule awhile, then flie to rest:

And in this glorious and well foughten field,

We kept together in our chiuallry.

Vpon these words I came and cheerd them vp,

He tooke me by the hand, said deare my Lord,

Commend my seruice to my soueraigne.

So did he tuine, and ouer *Suffolke's* necke

He threw his wounded arme, and so espoused to death,

With blood he sealed. An argument

Of neuer ending loue. The pretie and sweet maner of it,

Forst those waters from me, which I would haue stopt,

But I not so much of man in me,

But all my mother came into my eyes,

And gaue me vpto teares.

*King.* I blame you not: for hearing you,

I must conuent to teares.

*Alarum soundes.*

What new alarum is this?

Bid euery souldier kill his prisoner.

*Pis.* Couple gorge.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter*

*The Chronicle Historie**Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.*

*Flew.* Godes plud kil the boyes and the luyge,  
 Tis the atrants peece of knauery as can be desired,  
 In the worrell now, in your conscience now.

*Gowr.* Tis certaine, there is not a Boy left aliue,  
 And the cowerdly rascals that ran from the battell,  
 Themselues haue done this slaughter:  
 Beside, they haue carried away and burnt,  
 All that was in the kings Tent:  
 Wherupon the king caused euery prisoners  
 Throat to be cut. O he is a worthy king.

*Flew.* He was borne at *Monmorth*.  
 Captaine *Gower*, what call you the place where  
*Alexander* the big was borne?

*Gowr.* *Alexander* the great.

*Flew.* Why I pray, is nat big great?  
 As if I say, big or great, or magnanimous,  
 I hope it is all one reconing,  
 Saue the trafe is a litle variation.

*Gowr.* I thinke *Alexander* the great  
 Was borne at *Macedon*.  
 His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,  
 As I take it.

*Flew.* I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed where *Alexander*  
 Was borne: looke you captaine *Gower*,  
 And if you looke into the mappes of the worrell well,  
 You shall finde litle difference betweene  
*Macedon* and *Monmorth*. Looke you, there is  
 A Riuer in *Macedon*, and there is also a Riuer  
 In *Monmerth*, the Riuers name at *Monmorth*,  
 Is called *Wye*.

But tis out of my braine, what is the name of the other:  
 But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to my fingers,  
 And there is *Samons* in both.

Looke you captaine *Gower*, and you marke it,

You

## of Henry the ffift.

You shall finde our King is come after *Alexander*.  
 God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his  
 Bowles, and his alles, and his wrath, and his displeasures,  
 And indignations, was kill his friend *Clitus*.

*Gower*. But our King is not like him in that,  
 For he neuer kild any of his friends.

*Flew*. Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out  
 Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finished :  
 I speake in the comparisons as *Alexander* is kill  
 His friend *Clitus* : fo our King being in his ripe  
 Wits and iudgements, is turne away, the fat knite  
 With the great belly doublet I am forget his name.

*Gower*. Sir Iohn Falstaffe,

*Flew*. I, I thinke it is Sir Iohn Falstaffe indeed,  
 I can tell you, theres good men borne at *Monmouth*.

*Enter King and the Lords.*

*King*. I was not angry since I came into *France*,  
 Vntill this houre.

Take a trumpet Herald,  
 And ride vnto the horsmen on yon hill :  
 If they will fight with vs bid them come downe,  
 Or leaue the field, they do offend our sight :  
 Will they do neither, we will come to them,  
 And make them skyr away, as fast  
 As stones enforst from the old *Assirian* slings.  
 Besides, weele cut the throats of those we haue,  
 And not one alive shall taste our mercy.

*Enter the Herald.*

Gods will what meanes this? knowst thou not  
 That we haue fined the bones of ours for ranfome?

*Herald*. I come great king for charitable fauour,  
 To sort our Nobles from our common men,  
 We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,  
 Which in the field lye spoyled and troden on.

*King*. I tell thee truly Herald, I do not know whether

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The day be ours or no:

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

*Hera.* The day is yours.

*Kin.* Praised be God therefore.

What Castle call you that?

*Hera.* We call it *Agincourt*.

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

Fought on the day of *Cryspin*, *Cryspin*.

*Flew.* Your grandfather of famous memorie,

If your grace be remembred,

Is do good seruice in *France*.

*Kin.* Tis true *Flewellen*.

*Flew.* Your Maiestie sayes verie true.

And it please your Maiestie,

The Wealchmen there was do good seruice,

In a garden where Leekes did grow.

And I thinke your Maiestie wil take no scorne,

To weare a Leake in your cap vpon *S.Danies* day.

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

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

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

To his graces will and pleasure.

*Kin.* Thankes good countryman.

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

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

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

And bring vs the number of the scattred French.

*Exit Herald.*

Call yonder souldier hither.

*Flew.* You fellow come to the king.

*Kin.* Fellow why doost thou weare that gloue in thy hat?

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

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

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

So



*of Henry the fifth.*

So hath he sworne the like to me.

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

*Fl.* And it please your maiesty, tis lawfull he keep his vow.  
If he be periur'd once, he is as arrant a beggerly knaue,  
As treads vpon too blacke shues.

*Kin.* His enemy may be a gentleman of worth.

*Flew.* And if he be as good a gentleman as *Lucifer*  
And *Belzebub*, and the diuel himselfe,  
Tis meete he keepe his vowe.

*Kin.* Well sirrha keep your word.  
Vnder what Captain seruest thou?

*Soul.* Vnder Captaine *Gower*.

*Flew.* Captaine *Gower* is a good Captaine  
And hath good littature in the warres.

*Kin.* Go call him hither.

*Soul.* I will my Lord.

*Exit souldier.*

*Kin.* Captain *Flewellen*, when *Alonso* and I was  
Downe together, I tooke this gloue off from his helme,  
Here *Flewellen*, weare it. If any do challenge it,  
He is a friend of *Alonsos*,  
And an enemy to mee.

*Fl.* Your maiestie doth me as great a fauour  
As can be desired in the hart of his subiects.  
I would see that man now that should challenge this gloue:  
And it please God of his grace, I would but see him,  
That is all.

*Kin.* *Flewellen* knowst thou Captaine *Gower*?

*Fl.* Captaine *Gower* is my friend.

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

*Kin.* Go call him hither.

*Flew.* I will and it shall please your maiestie.

*Kin.* Follow *Flewellen* closely at the heeles,  
The gloue he weares, it was the souldiers:

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180-2 †  
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It may be there will be harme betweene them,  
 For I do know *Flewellen* valiant,  
 And being toucht, as hot as gunpowder:  
 And quickly will returne an iniury.  
 Goe see there be no harme betweene them.

*Enter Gower, Flewellen, and the Souldier.*

*Flew.* Captain *Gower*, in the name of Iesu,  
 Come to his Maiesttie, there is more good toward you,  
 Then you can dreame off.

*Soul.* Do you heare you sir? do you know this gloue?

*Flew.* I know the the gloue is a gloue,

*Soul.* Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.

*He strikes him.*

*Flew.* Gode plut, and his. Captain *Gower* stand away:  
 He giue treason his due presently.

*Enter the King, Warwicke, Clarence, and Exeter.*

*Kim.* How now, what is the matter?

*Flew.* And it shall please your Maiesttie,  
 Here is the notablest peece of treason come to light,  
 As you shall desire to see in a sommers day.  
 Here is a rascall, beggerly rascall, is strike the gloue,  
 Which your Maiesttie tooke out of the helmet of *Alonso*:  
 And your Maiesttie will beare me witnes, and testimony,  
 And auouchments, that this is the gloue.

*Soul.* And it please your Maiesttie, that was my gloue.  
 He that I gaue it too in the night,  
 Promised me to weare it in his hat:  
 I promised to strike him if he did.

Let that Gentleman, with my gloue in his hat,  
 And I thinke I haue bene as good as my word.

*Flew.* Your Maiesttie heares, vnder your Maiestties  
 Manhood, what a beggerly lowlie knaue it is.

*Kim.* Let me see thy gloue. Looke you,  
 This is the fellow of it.

It was I indeed you promised to strike.

And

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*of Henry the fifth.*

28 And thou thou hast giuen me most bitter words,  
How canst thou make vs amends?

*Flew.* Let his necke answer it,

If there be any marshals lawe in the worrell.

32 *Soul.* My Liege, all offences come from the heart;  
Neuer came any from mine to offend your Maiestie.  
You appeard to me as a common man:

36 Witnesse the night, your garments, your lowlinesse,  
And whatsoeuer you receiued vnder that habit,  
I beseech your Maiestie impute it to your owne faule  
And not mine. For your selfe came not like your selfe:  
Had you bene as you seemed, I had made no offence.  
40 Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me.

*King.* Vnckle, fill the gloue with crownes,  
And giue it to the souldier. Weare it fellow,  
As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it,  
44 Giue him the crownes. Come Captaine *Flewellen*,  
I must needs haue you friends.

*Flew.* By Iesus, the fellow hath mettall enough  
In his belly. Harke you souldier, there is a shilling for you,  
48 And keep your selfe out of brawles & brables, & dissentiōs,  
And looke you, it shall be the better for you.

*Soul.* Ile none of your money sir, nor I.

*Flew.* Why tis a good shilling man,  
52 Why should you be queamish? Your shoes are not so good:  
It will serue you to mend your shoes.

*King.* What men of fort are taken vnckle?

56 *Exe.* *Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,*  
*John Duke of Burbon, and Lord Bowchquall,*  
Of other Lords and Barrons, Knights and Squiers,  
Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.  
This note doth tell me of ten thousand  
60 French, that in the field lyes slaine.  
Of Nobles bearing banners in the field,

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*Charles de le Brute*. hie Constable of France.

*Iaques of Chastilian*, Admirall of France.

The Maister of the crosbows, *Iohn Duke Alöfon*.

Lord *Ranbieres*, hie Maister of France.

The braue sir *Gmizard*, *Dolphin*. Of *Nobelle Charillas*,

*Gran Prie*, and *Rosse*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy*.

*Gerard* and *Verton*. *Vandemant* and *Lestra*.

Here was a royall fellowship of death.

Where is the number of our English dead?

*Edward* the Duke of *Yorke*, the Earle of *Suffolke*,

Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Esquier :

And of all other, but fīue and twentie.

O God thy arme was here,

And vnto thee alone, ascribe we praise.

When without strategem,

And in euen shock of battle, was euer heard

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

Take it God, for it is onely thine.

*Exe.* Tis wonderfull.

*King.* Come let vs go on procession through the camp :

Let it be death proclaimed to any man,

To boast hereof, or take the praise from God,

Which is his due.

*Flew.* Is it lawfull, and it please your Maiestie,

To tell how many is kild?

*King.* Yes *Flewellen*, but with this acknowledgement,

That God fought for vs.

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

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

The dead with charitie enterred in clay:

Weele then to *Calice*, and to England then,

Where nere from *France*, arriude more happier men.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Gower, and Flewellen.*

*Gower.* But why do you weare your Lecke to day?

Saint

*of Henry the fift.*

Saint *Danies* day is past:

*Flew.* There is occasion Captaine *Gower*,

Looke you why, and wherefore,

The other day looke you, *Pistoll*s

Which you know is a man of no merites

In the worrell, is come where I was the other day,

And brings bread and fault, and bids me

Eate my Lecke: twas in a place, looke you,

Where I could moue no discentions:

But if I can see him, I shall tell him,

A litle of my desires.

*Gow.* Here a comes, swelling like a Turkecocke.

*Enter Pistoll.*

*Flew.* Tis no matter for his swelling, and his turkecocks,

God plesse you Antient *Pistoll*, you scall,

Beggerly, lowlie knaue, God plesse you.

*Pist.* Ha, art thou bedlem?

Dost thou thrust base *Troyan*,

To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web?

Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of Lecke.

*Flew.* Antient *Pistoll.* I would desire you because

It doth not agree with your stomacke, and your appetite,

And your digestions, to eate this Lecke.

*Pist.* Not for *Cadwallader* and all his goates.

*Flew.* There is one goate for you Antient *Pistol*.

*He strikes him,*

*Pist.* Bace *Troyan*, thou shalt dye.

*Flew.* I, I know I shall dye, meane time, I would

Desire you to liue and eate this Lecke.

*Gower.* Inough Captaine, you haue astonish't him:

*Flew.* Astonish't him, by Iesu, Ile beate his head

Four'e dayes, and four'e nights, but Ile

Make him eate some part of my Lecke.

*Pist.* Well must I byte:

*Flew.* I

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*Flew.* I out of question or doubt, or ambiguities  
You must byre.

*Pist.* Good good.

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

*Pist.* Me a shilling.

*Flew.* If you will not take it,  
I haue another Lecke for you.

*Pist.* I take thy shilling in earnest of reconing.

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

*Exit Flewellen,*

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

*Exit Pistoll.*

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

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

*of Henry the fifth.*

And to our brother *France*, Faire time of day,  
Faire health vnto our louely cousen *Katherine*.  
And as a branch, and member of this stock:  
We do Glote you Duke of *Burgondie*.

*Fran.* Brother of *England*, right ioyous are we to behold  
Your face, so are we Princes English euery one.

*Duk.* With pardon vnto both your mightines.  
Let it not displease you, if I demandaund  
What rub or bar hath thus far hindred you,  
To keepe you from the gentle speech of peace?

*Har.* If Duke of *Burgondy*, you wold haue peace,  
You must buy that peace.

According as we haue drawne our articles.

*Fran.* We haue but with a cursenary eye,  
Oreviewd them pleaseth your Grace;  
To let some of your Counsell fit with vs,  
We shall retorne our peremptory answer.

*Har.* Go Lords, and sit with them,  
And bring vs answer backe.  
Yet leaue our cousen *Katherine* here behind.

*France.* Withall our hearts.

*Exit King and the Lords. Manet, Hrry, Katherine,  
and the Gentlewoman.*

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

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And

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And in wearing, thou shalt haue me better and better,  
Thou shalt haue a face that is not worth sun-burning.  
But doost thou thinke, that thou and I,

Betweene Saint *Denis*,  
And Saint *George*, shall get a boy,  
That shall goe to *Constantinople*,  
And take the great Turke by the beard, ha *Kate*

*Kate*. Is it possible dat me fall  
Loue de enemie de *France*.

*Harry*. No *Kate*, tis vnpossible  
You should loue the enemie of *France*:

For *Kate*, I loue *France* so well,

That Ile not leave a Village,

Ile haue it all mine: then *Kate*,

When *France* is mine,

And I am yours,

Then *France* is yours,

And you are mine.

*Kate*. I cannot tell what is dat.

*Harry*. No *Kate*,

Why Ile tell it you in French,

Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride

On her new married Husband,

Let me see, Saint *Dennis* be my speed.

Quan *France* et mon.

*Kate*. Dat is, when *France* is yours.

*Harry*. Et vous ettes amoy.

*Kate*. And I am to you.

*Harry*. Douck *France* ettes a vous:

*Kate*. Den *France* soll be mine.

*Harry*. Et le suyues a vous.

*Kate*. And you will be to me.

*Har*. Wilt belecue me *Kate*? tis easier for me  
To conquer the kingdom, the to speak so much  
More French.



*of Henry the fift.*

*Kate.* A your Maiesty has false *France* inough  
To deceiue de best Lady in *France*.

*Harry.* No faith *Kate* not I. But *Kate*,  
In plaine termes, do you loue me?

*Kate.* I cannot tell.

*Harry.* No, can any of your neighbours tell?  
He aske them.

Come *Kate*, I know you loue me.

And soone when you are in your cloffet,  
Youle question this Lady of me.

But I pray thee sweete *Kate*, vse me mercifully,  
Because I loue thee cruelly.

That I shall dye *Kate*, is sure:

But for thy loue, by the Lord neuer.

What Wench,

A straight backe will growe crooked.

A round eye will growe hollowe.

A great leg will waxe small,

A curld pate proue balde:

But a good heart *Kate*, is the sun and the moone,

And rather the Sun and not the Moone:

And therefore *Kate* take me,

Take a souldier: take a souldier,

Take a King.

Therefore tell me *Kate*, wilt thou haue me?

*Kate.* Dat is as please the King my father.

*Harry.* Nay it will please him:

Nay it shall please him *Kate*.

And vpon that condition *Kate* He kisse you.

*Ka.* O mon du Ie ne voudroy faire quelke chosse  
Pour toute le monde,

Ce ne poynt votree sacion en fouor.

*Harry.* What saies she Lady?

*Lady.* Dat it is not de sacion en *France*,

For demaides, before da be married to

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May foy ie oblye, what is to bassie?

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

*Lady.* Owee see votree grace.

*Har.* Well, weele breake that custome.  
Therefore *Kate* patience perforce and yeeld,  
Before God *Kate*, you haue witchcraft  
In your kisses:

And may perswade with me more,  
Then all the French Councell.  
Your sather is returned.

*Enter the King of France, and  
the Lordes.*

How now my Lords?

*France.* Brother of England,  
We haue oredred the Articles,  
And haue agreed to all that we in seditule had.

*Exe.* Only he hath not subscribed this,  
Where your maiestie demaunds,  
That the king of *France* hauing any occasion  
To write for matter of graunt,  
Shall name your highnesse, in this forme:  
And with this addition in French.

*Nostre tresher filz, Henry Roy D'angleterre.  
E beare de France.* And thus in Latin:  
*Precclarissimus filius noster Henricus Rex Anglie,  
Et heres Francie.*

*Fran.* Not this haue we so nicely stood vpon,  
But you faire brother may intreat the same.

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

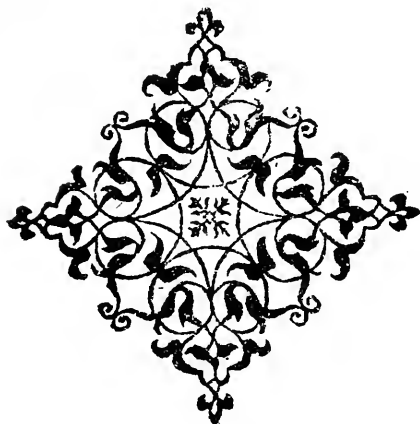
*France.*

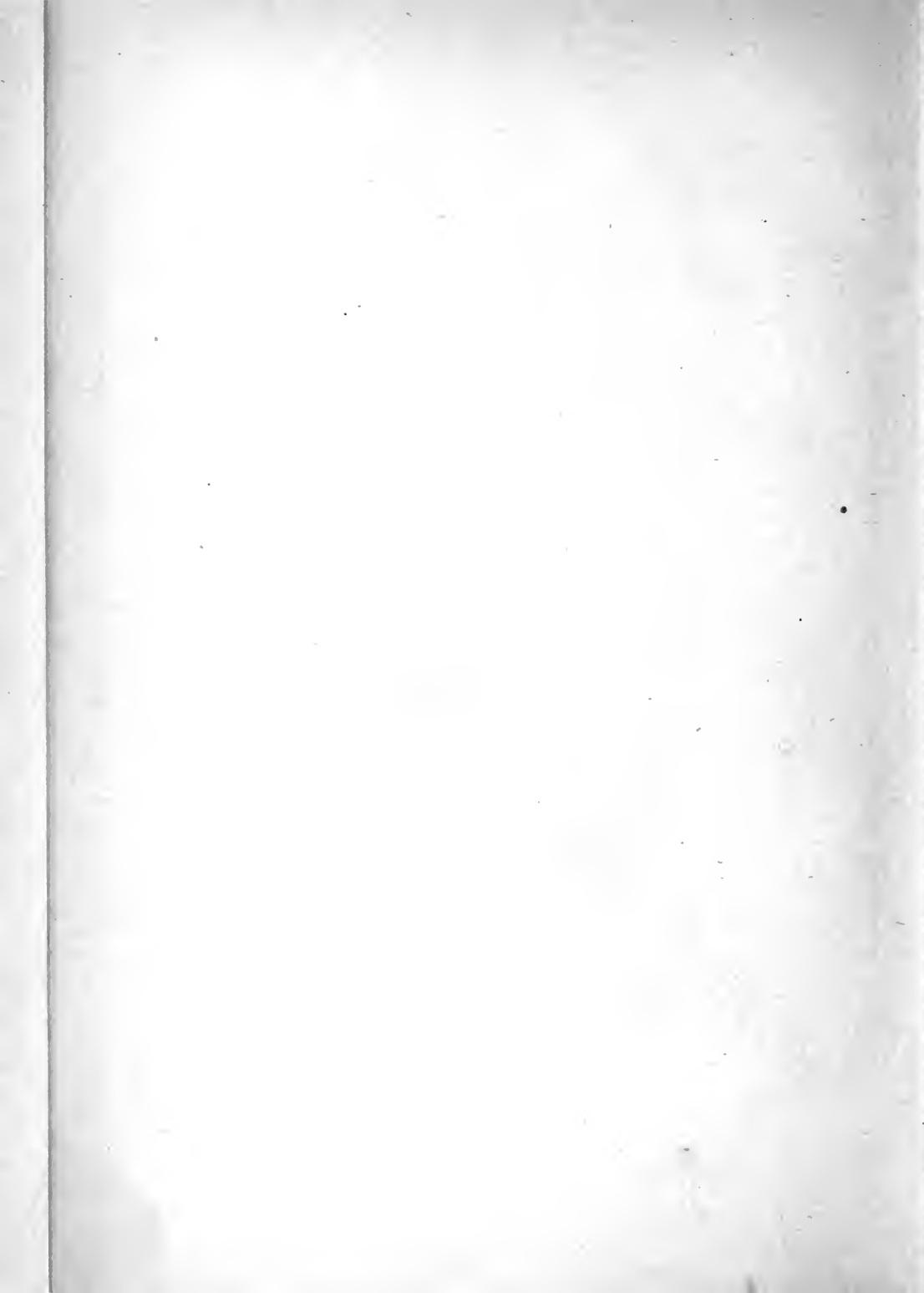
of Henry the first.

*Fran.* This and what else,  
Your maiestie shall craue.  
God that disposeth all, giue you much ioy.

Har. Why then faire *Katherine*.  
Come giue me thy hand:  
Our manage will we present solemnise,  
And end our hatred by a bond of loue.  
Then will I sweare to *Kate*, and *Kate* to mee:  
And may our vowes once made, vnbroken bee.

**FINIS.**





# CORRECTIONS

FOR

"THE CRONICLE HISTORY OF HENRY THE FIFT," 1600. Qo. 1.

THE following *actual mistakes*, and worst indistinctnesses, should be corrected with a pen:—

- p. 5, l. 109, *correct* Ly ns to Lyons
- p. 7, l. 242, *read* subiect
- p. 8, l. 262, *read* 'fet'; l. 281, 'gun'
- p. 9, l. 304, *collectio* to *collectiō*. (*In* l. 293, *read* 'you'; l. 294, 'Iest')
- p. 10, l. 35, gētlewome to gētlewomē. (*In* l. 44, *read* 'Ifeland?' l. 56, 'firy')
- p. 11, l. 98, *bearing* to *beating*
- p. 16, l. 15, vpo to vpō; l. 16, or to one; l. 20, three to three; l. 28, storm to stōne; l. 33, *make the last word* 'incarnat'; 'Bar.' at foot *should be* 'Bar.'
- p. 17, l. 52, *read* 'pitch'
- p. 18, l. 86, worm holes to wormholes
- p. 19, l. 51, cofstraint to cōstraint. (*In* l. 63, *read* 'expresly')
- p. 21, *catchword at foot*: *Allies* (?), to *Allice*
- p. 22, l. 43, millour to milleur; l. 65-8, arms to arma; *under it, read* 'omnes'
- p. 23, III. vi. 1, fro to frō
- p. 25, l. 79, perfectly to perfectly. (*In* l. 77, *read* 'conuoy', 'brauely')
- p. 29, l. 114, the to thē (*in* IV. ii. 63, *read* 'out')
- p. 32, l. 161, *read* bufineffe of
- p. 38, l. 45, *read* Cinquante ocios. Ie (*In* l. 50 'fury shall')
- p. 39, l. 32, *read* conuert. (*In* l. 24, *read* 'turne')
- p. 40, l. 24, *read* borne; l. 26, difference
- p. 41, l. 53, *read* doublet; l. 72, thefe . . ours
- p. 44, l. 2, Maieffie (?) to Maieffie
- p. 48, l. 49, *read* byte; l. 88, trug
- p. 50, l. 61 (Qo.), *read* ettes
- p. 52, l. 293, *read* that; l. 305, father; l. 368, filz; l. 370, filius; l. 371, Francie
- p. 53, l. 400-1, *read* hatred, Käte.

Generally every *f* that looks like *f* in the head-lines is clearly *f* in the original; and every letter c, e, f, i, r, f, t, y, &c., which the sense shows should be clear, when the lithograph is confused,\* may be safely taken to be clear in the original. In the following words where the lithograph is clear, the mistakes are those of Creede, the printer of the Quarto:—

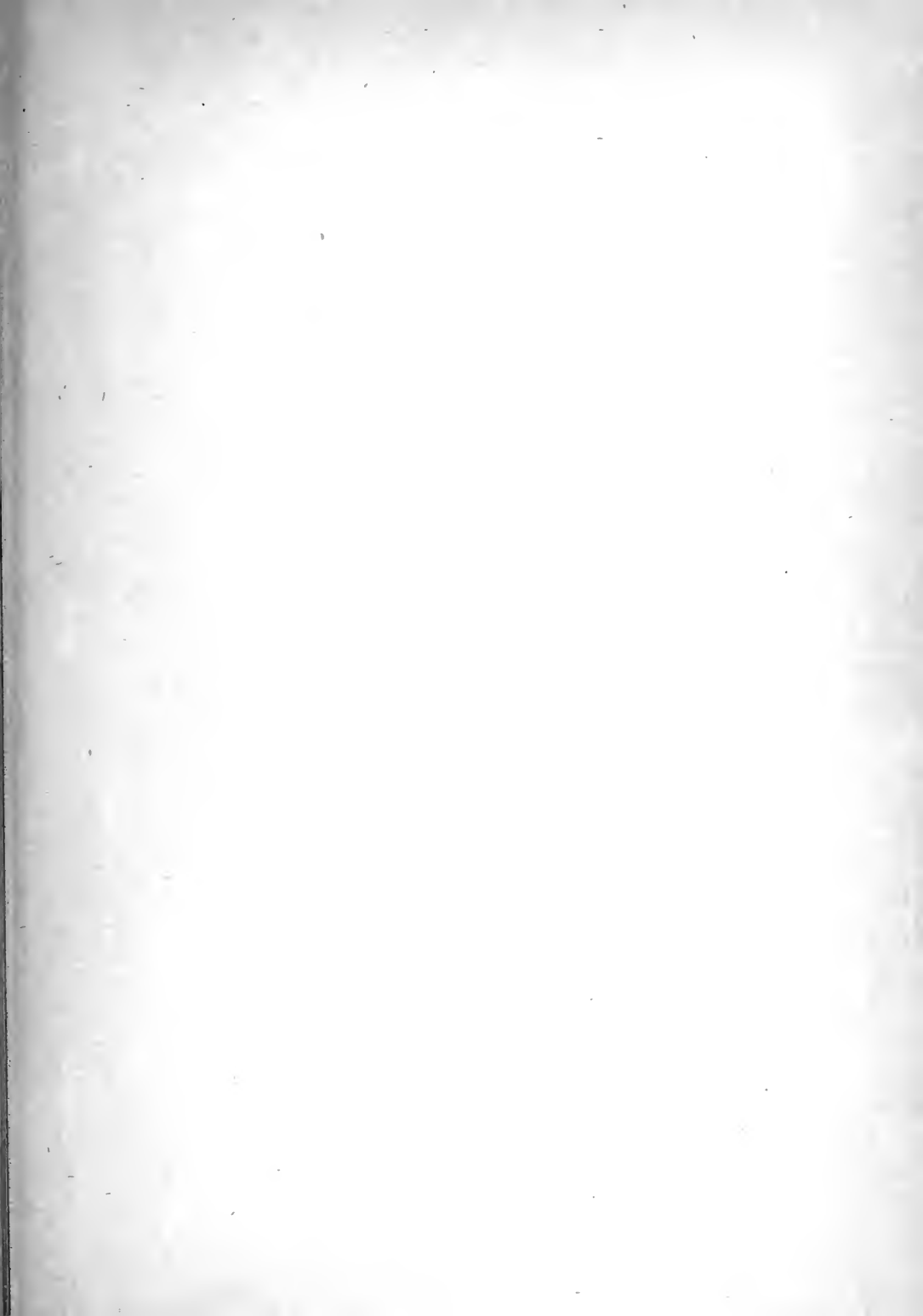
- p. 8, l. 277, lide *for* like
- p. 14, l. 93, haah *for* hath
- p. 30, l. 65, lower *for* lower
- p. 34, l. 14, rrue *for* true
- p. 36, l. 114, flouendry *for* flouendry
- p. 39, l. 20, the turnd *of* these
- p. 49, l. 23, Hate *for* Käte; 2 lines abuv, Hrry *for* Harry

Any Subscriber willing to undertake the hanging or burning of a photolithographer or two,—to encourage the others,—should apply to

F. J. FURNIVALL.

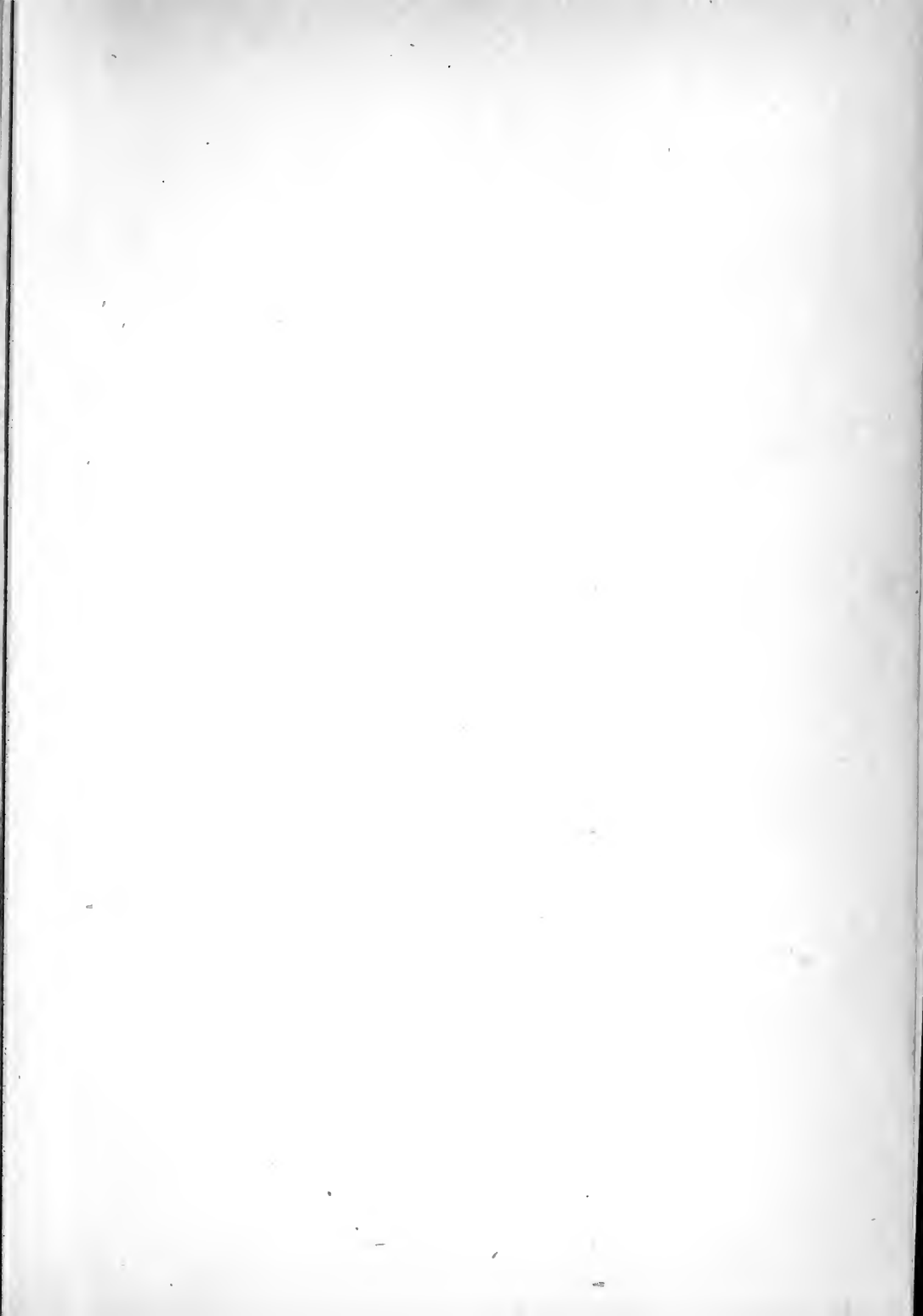
\* Some two hundred and odd letters need touching up.













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Shakespeare, William  
King Henry V

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