

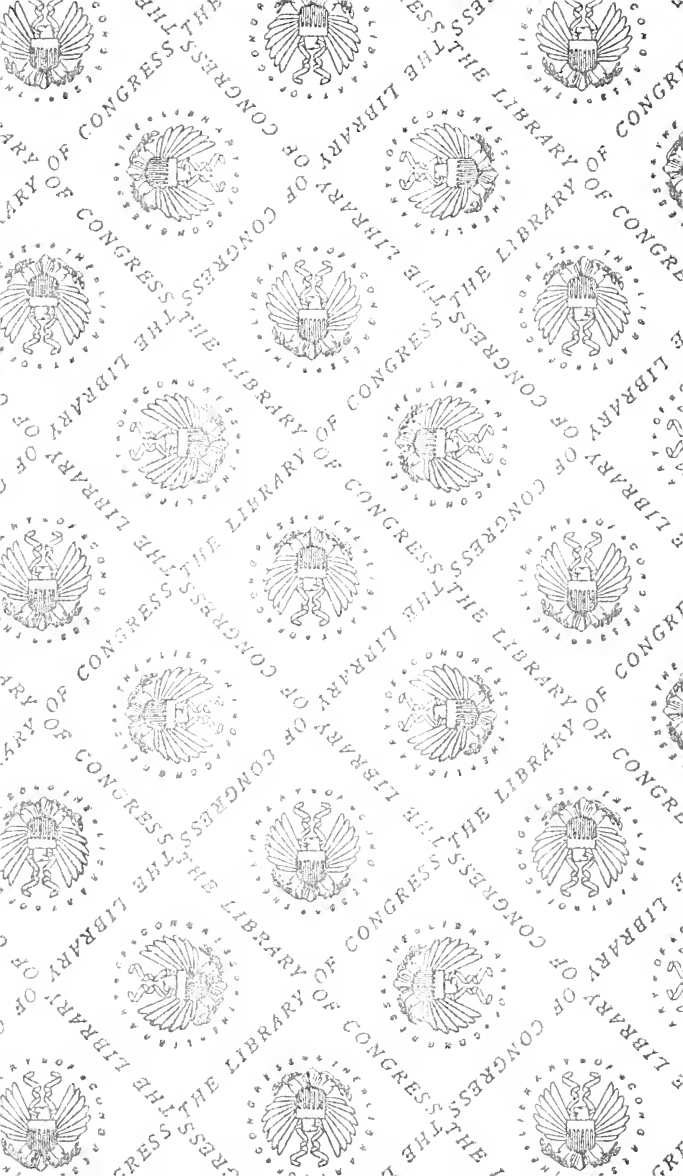
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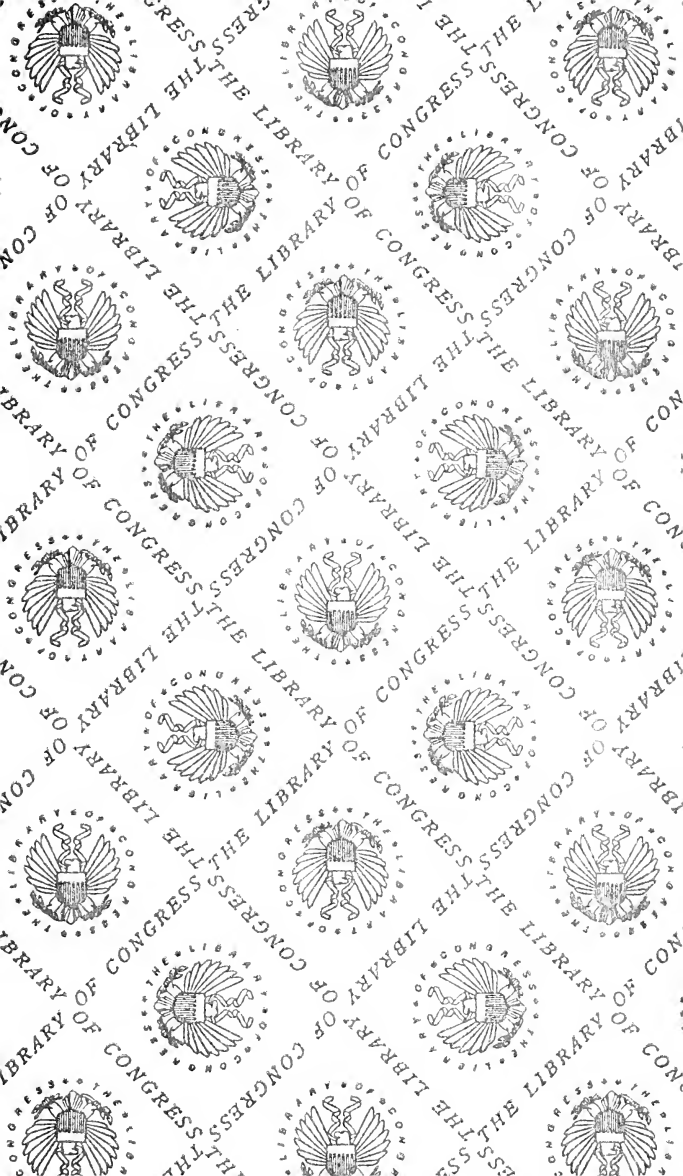
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THE YALE SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILBUR L. CROSS TUCKER BROOKE
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∴ The Yale Shakespeare ∴

THE LIFE OF
HENRY THE FIFTH

EDITED BY

ROBERT D. FRENCH



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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE TEXT	1
NOTES	122
APPENDIX A. Sources of the Play	134
APPENDIX B. The History of the Play	135
APPENDIX C. The Text of the Present Edi- tion	139
APPENDIX D. Suggestions for Collateral Reading	141
INDEX OF WORDS GLOSSED	142

The facsimile opposite represents the title-page of the Elizabethan Club copy of the first edition of 'Henry V.' Five other copies are known. It is remarkable that none of the three quarto editions of this play bear the author's name.

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
fold at his house in *Carter Lane*, next
the *Powle head*. 1600.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE FIFTH

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, }
 DUKE OF BEDFORD, } *Brothers to the King*
 DUKE OF CLARENCE, }

DUKE OF EXETER, *Uncle to the King*

DUKE OF YORK, *Cousin to the King*

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

BISHOP OF ELY

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE

LORD SCROOP OF MASHAM

SIR THOMAS GREY

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS,
 JAMY, *Officers in King Henry's Army*

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *Soldiers in the Same*

PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH

Boy

A Herald

CHARLES THE SIXTH, *King of France*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin*

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON

The CONSTABLE OF FRANCE

RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ, *French Lords*

MONTJOY, *a French Herald*

Governor of Harfleur

Ambassadors to the King of England

ISABEL, *Queen of France*

KATHARINE, *Daughter to Charles and Isabel*

ALICE, *a Lady attending on the Princess Katharine*

Hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern, *formerly Mistress*
Quickly, and now married to Pistol

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Citi-
 zens, Messengers, and Attendants

Chorus

SCENE: *England to the close of Act II. Sc. iii;*
afterwards France]

The Life of Henry the Fifth

Enter Prologue.

O! for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention;
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene. 4
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that hath dar'd 9
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram 12
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million; 16
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies, 20
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one man, 24
And make imaginary puissance;
Think when we talk of horses that you see them

6 port: *bearing*

11 cockpit; *cf. n.*

13 the very casques: *even the helmets*

17 accompt: *account*

21 abutting: *adjacent*

9 unraised: *un aspiring*

10 scaffold: *stage*

12 vasty: *vast*

16 Attest: *stand for; cf. n.*

18 imaginary: *imaginative*

Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our
 kings, 28
 Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
 Turning the accomplishment of many years
 Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
 Admit me Chorus to this history; 32
 Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. *Exit.*

ACT FIRST

Scene One

[*London. An Antechamber in the King's Palace*]

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you; that self bill is urg'd,
 Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's reign
 Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
 But that the scrambling and unquiet time 4
 Did push it out of further question.

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

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
 We lose the better half of our possession; 8
 For all the temporal lands which men devout
 By testament have given to the church
 Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus:
 As much as would maintain, to the king's honour, 12
 Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
 Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;

29 jumping o'er times; *cf. n.*

31 for . . . supply: *for which service*

Scene One S. d. Bishops; *cf. n.* 1 self: *same*

4 scrambling: *turbulent*

32 Chorus; *cf. n.*

3 like: *likely (to pass)*

5 question: *consideration*

And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
 Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil, 16
 A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
 And to the coffers of the king beside,
 A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention? 21

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

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not. 24

The breath no sooner left his father's body
 But that his wildness, mortified in him,
 Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
 Consideration like an angel came, 28
 And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
 Leaving his body as a paradise,
 To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
 Never was such a sudden scholar made; 32
 Never came reformation in a flood,
 With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
 Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
 So soon did lose his seat and all at once 36
 As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
 And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
 You would desire the king were made a prelate: 40
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
 You would say it hath been all in all his study:
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear

15 lazars: *beggars (especially lepers)*

28 Consideration: *reflection*

35 Hydra-headed: *many-headed; cf. n.*

43 List: *listen to*

26 mortified: *subdued*

34 heady currance: *headlong current*

36 his: *its*

A fearful battle render'd you in music: 44
 Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still, 48
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
 So that the art and practic part of life
 Must be the mistress to this theoretic: 52
 Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,
 Since his addiction was to courses vain;
 His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports; 56
 And never noted in him any study,
 Any retirement, any sequestration
 From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best 61
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
 And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
 Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt, 64
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
 Unseen, yet crecive in his faculty.

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

Ely. But, my good lord, 69
 How now for mitigation of this bill
 Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
 Incline to it, or no?

45 cause of policy: *political question*

47 that: *so that*

51 art; *cf. n.* practic: *practical*

55 companies: *companions*

58 sequestration: *withdrawal*

63 contemplation: *thoughtful nature*

66 crecive in his faculty: *increasing by its own power*

46 Gordian knot; *cf. n.*

48 charter'd: *privileged*

52 theoretic: *theory*

57 never noted: *there was never noted*

59 popularity: *low company*

Cant. He seems indifferent, 72
 Or rather swaying more upon our part
 Than cherishing the exhibitors against us;
 For I have made an offer to his majesty,
 Upon our spiritual convocation, 76
 And in regard of causes now in hand,
 Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
 As touching France, to give a greater sum
 Than ever at one time the clergy yet 80
 Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
 Save that there was not time enough to hear,— 84
 As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done,—
 The severals and unhidden passages
 Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
 And generally to the crown and seat of France,
 Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather. 89

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
 Crav'd audience; and the hour I think is come
 To give him hearing: is it four o'clock? 93

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in to know his embassy;
 Which I could with a ready guess declare 96
 Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

Exeunt.

73 upon our part: *to our side*

74 exhibitors: *i.e., those who presented the bill in Parliament*

76 Upon: *upon the authority of* 81 withal: *with*

86 severals: *details* passages: *lines of succession*

39 Edward; *cf. n.*

95 embassy: *message*

Scene Two

[The Presence Chamber]

Enter the King, Humphrey [Duke of Gloucester],
Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Westmoreland, and
Exeter [with Attendants].

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?
Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

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

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be re-
solv'd, 4

Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter [the] two Bishops.

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

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed, 9
And justly and religiously unfold

Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim. 12

And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right 16

Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation

4 cousin: title of courtesy used by the sovereign in addressing a nobleman 4, 5 resolv'd . . . of: satisfied about 6 task: trouble
8 become: grace 11 law Salique: Salic law; cf. n. 12 Or: either
14 wrest: pervert 15 nicely: sophistically charge: burden
16 opening: disclosing miscreate: dishonestly invented
19 approbation: proof

Of what your reverence shall incite us to. 20
 Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
 How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
 We charge you in the name of God, take heed;
 For never two such kingdoms did contend 24
 Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
 Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
 'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
 That make such waste in brief mortality. 28
 Under this conjuration speak, my lord,
 For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
 That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
 As pure as sin with baptism. 32
Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you
 peers,
 That owe yourselves, your lives, and services
 To this imperial throne. There is no bar
 To make against your highness' claim to France 36
 But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,
 'No woman shall succeed in Salique land':
 Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze 40
 To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
 The founder of this law and female bar.
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
 That the land Salique is in Germany, 44
 Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
 Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the Saxons,
 There left behind and settled certain French;
 Who, holding in disdain the German women 48
 For some dishonest manners of their life,

21 impawn: *pledge*37 Pharamond: *legendary Frankish king*45 floods: *rivers*49 dishonest: *unchaste*28 mortality: *human life*40 gloze: *interpret*46 Charles the Great: *Charlemagne*

Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female
 Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
 Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
 Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen. 53
 Then doth it well appear the Salique law
 Was not devised for the realm of France;
 Nor did the French possess the Salique land 56
 Until four hundred one-and-twenty years
 After defunction of King Pharamond,
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
 Who died within the year of our redemption 60
 Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
 Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
 Beyond the river Sala, in the year
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
 King Pepin, which deposed Childeric, 65
 Did, as heir general, being descended
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
 Make claim and title to the crown of France. 68
 Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
 Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
 To find his title with some shows of truth,— 72
 Though in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,—
 Convey'd himself as th' heir to the Lady Lingare,
 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
 To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son 76
 Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied 80

57 *Cf. n.* 58 defunction: *death*69 Hugh Capet; *cf. n.*74 Convey'd himself: *passed himself off*75 Charlemain: *i.e., Charles the Bald*65 King Pepin; *cf. n.*72 find: *provide*77 Lewis the Tenth; *cf. n.*

That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
 Daughter to Charles the aforesaid Duke of Lorraine:
 By the which marriage the line of Charles the
 Great 84

Was re-united to the crown of France.
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear 88
 To hold in right and title of the female:
 So do the kings of France unto this day;
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
 To bar your highness claiming from the female;
 And rather choose to hide them in a net 93
 Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this
 claim? 96

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
 For in the book of Numbers is it writ:
 'When the man dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter.' Gracious lord, 100
 Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
 Look back into your mighty ancestors:
 Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
 From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit, 104
 And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
 Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full power of France;
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill 108
 Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
 Forage in blood of French nobility.

82 lineal: *direct descendant*93 them: *themselves*98 Numbers; *cf. Numb. 27. 8.*88 King Lewis his: *King Lewis'*94 *Cf. n.*106-114 *Cf. n.*

O noble English! that could entertain
 With half their forces the full pride of France,
 And let another half stand laughing by, 113
 All out of work, and cold for action.

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

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
 Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
 As did the former lions of your blood. 124

West. They know your Grace hath cause and means
 and might;
 So hath your highness; never King of England
 Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
 Whose hearts have left their bodies here in Eng-
 land 128
 And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O! let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
 With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
 In aid whereof we of the spirituality 132
 Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
 As never did the clergy at one time
 Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the
 French, 136
 But lay down our proportions to defend
 Against the Scot, who will make road upon us

114 for: *for want of*120 May-morn of his youth; *cf. n.*126 So hath your highness; *cf. n.*137 lay . . . proportions: *estimate the requisite number of troops*138 road: *inroad*116 puissant: *powerful*132 spirituality: *clergy*

With all advantages.

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

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers
only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot, 144
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach, 149
With ample and brim fulness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence, 153
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd,
my liege;
For hear her but exempl'd by herself: 156
When all her chivalry hath been in France
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a stray 160
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make your chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea 164
With sunken wrack and sunless treasuries.

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

140 marches: *borders* 143 coursing snatchers: *marauding pilferers*
144 intendment: *intention* 145 still: *always* giddy: *unstable*
148 unfurnish'd: *undefended* 151 assays: *attacks*
155 fear'd: *frightened* 160 impounded: *imprisoned; cf. n.*
165 wrack: *wreckage*

'If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin': 168

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat, 172
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity;
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities 176
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home:
For government, though high and low and lower, 180
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions, 184
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach 188
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad, 192
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor: 196

169 in prey: *in search of prey*181 parts: *used in the musical sense* consent: *harmony*182 Congreeing: *agreeing* close: *cadence*190 sorts: *different ranks*175 crush'd: *forced*194 Make boot upon: *plunder*

Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in 200
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer, 204
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one 208
town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne 212
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake. 216
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy. 220

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the
Dauphin. [Exit an Attendant.]
Now are we well resolv'd; and by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe 224
Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery

199 civil: *civilian*203 executors: *executioners*220 policy: *political wisdom*202 sad-ey'd: *sober-looking*216 withal: *therewith*226 empery: *empire*

O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
 Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn, 228
 Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
 Either our history shall with full mouth
 Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
 Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless
 mouth, 232
 Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

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

First Amb. May 't please your majesty to give us
 leave 237

Freely to render what we have in charge;
 Or shall we sparingly show you far off
 The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy? 240

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
 Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
 As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
 Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plain-
 ness 244

Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

First Amb. Thus then, in few.

Your highness, lately sending into France,
 Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
 Of your great predecessor, King Edward the
 Third. 248

In answer of which claim, the prince our master
 Says that you savour too much of your youth,
 And bids you be advis'd there's nought in France

231 freely: *generously*

233 worshipp'd: *honored*

245 in few: *briefly*

waxen: *perishable*

251 be advis'd: *consider*

That can be with a nimble galliard won; 252
 You cannot revel into dukedoms there.

He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
 This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
 Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim 256
 Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

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

His present and your pains we thank you for:
 When we have match'd our rackets to these balls, 261
 We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
 Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
 Tell him he hath made a match with such a
 wrangler 264

That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
 With chaces. And we understand him well,
 How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
 Not measuring what use we made of them. 268
 We never valu'd this poor seat of England;
 And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
 To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common
 That men are merriest when they are from home. 272
 But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
 Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
 When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
 For that I have laid by my majesty 276
 And plodded like a man for working-days,
 But I will rise there with so full a glory
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,

252 galliard: a lively dance

255 tun: a cask in lieu of: in return for

259 pleasant: facetious

266 chaces; cf. n.

269 seat: throne

254 meeter: more fitting

263 hazard: part of a tennis-court

267 comes o'er: taunts

270 living hence; cf. n.

Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us. 280
 And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
 Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
 Shall stand sore-charged for the wasteful vengeance
 That shall fly with them: for many a thousand
 widows 284
 Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
 And some are yet ungotten and unborn
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's
 scorn. 288
 But this lies all within the will of God,
 To whom I do appeal; and in whose name
 Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
 To venge me as I may and to put forth 292
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
 So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
 His jest will savour but of shallow wit
 When thousands weep more than did laugh at it. 296
 Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

Ere. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour 300
 That may give furtherance to our expedition;
 For we have now no thought in us but France,
 Save those to God, that run before our business.
 Therefore let our proportions for these wars 304
 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
 That may with reasonable swiftness add
 More feathers to our wings; for, God before, 307
 We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.

282 gun-stones: *cannon balls (originally made of stone)*

287 ungotten: *not begotten*

304 proportions: *levies*

307 God before: *with God's help*

Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

Exeunt.

ACT SECOND

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man: 4
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air 8
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence 12
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness, 16
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out 20
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,

Act Second S. d. Flourish: *music of trumpets*

12 intelligence: *reconnaissance*

18 would: *would have*

20 France: *the king of France*

14 policy: *trickery*

19 kind: *true to their kinship*

22 crowns: *crown-pieces, gold*

Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
 Have, for the gilt of France,—O guilt, indeed!—
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,— 28
 If hell and treason hold their promises,—
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
 Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
 The abuse of distance; force a play. 32
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
 The king is set from London; and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play. 40
 But, till the king come forth and not till then,
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. *Exit.*

Scene One

[*London. A street*]

Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you
 friends yet? 4

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little;
 but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles;

26 gilt: gold

28 grace of kings: *he who does honor to the title of king*

31, 32 Cf. n.

34 is set: *has set out*

41, 42 Cf. n.

3 Ancient: *Ensign*

39 pass: *passage*

6 smiles; cf. n.

but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end. 11

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

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it. 18

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and, certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her. 21

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

Enter Pistol and [Hostess] Quickly.

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

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host?

Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term; 32
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Host. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their

8 wink: *shut my eyes*
17 rest: *resolve*; *cf. n.*
21 troth-plight: *betrothed*

11 there's an end; *cf. n.*
18 rendezvous; *cf. n.*
31 tike: *cur*

needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. O well-a-day, Lady! if he be not drawn now: we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed. 40

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

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland! 44

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

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

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

The *solus* in thy most mervailous face;

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

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

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth! 53

I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;

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

And flashing fire will follow. 56

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

Pist. O braggart vile and damned furious wight! 64

The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;

Therefore exhale.

38 Lady: an oath by the Virgin Mary

44 Iceland dog; cf. n.

47 shog: move

50 mervailous: marvelous

52 perdy: par Dieu

55 take: take fire

57 Barbason: name of a fiend; cf. n.

66 exhale: draw forth (thy sword)

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

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate. Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give; Thy spirits are most tall. 72

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

Pist. 'Couple a gorge!' That is the word. I thee defy again. 76

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get? No; to the spital go, And from the powdering-tub of infamy Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind, 80 Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse: I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly For the only she; and—*pauca*, there's enough. Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and your hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill. 88

Bard. Away, you rogue!

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

Exit [with Boy].

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends?

70 mickle might: *great weight*

75 Couple a gorge: *coupe la gorge*

78 spital: *hospital*

80 the lazar kite of Cressid's kind; *cf. n.*

86 thy face; *cf. n.*

72 tall: *valiant*

77 hound of Crete; *cf. n.*

79 powdering-tub; *cf. n.*

83 *pauca*: *briefly*

92 presently: *immediately*

We must to France together. Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats? 96

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

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

Pist. Base is the slave that pays. 100

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

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.

Draw.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will. 105

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

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up. 109

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

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay; And liquor likewise will I give to thee, 113

And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:

I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.

Is not this just? for I shall sutler be 116

Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.

Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it. 121

103 compound: *decide*

112 noble: *6s. 8d.*

116 sutler: *one who sells provisions and liquor*

107 an: *if*

Enter Hostess.

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

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight; that's the even of it. 128

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

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers. 133

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. [Exeunt.]

Scene Two

[Southampton. A Council-chamber]

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

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

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat, 4
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

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

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,

124 quotidian tertian; cf. n.

128 the even of it; cf. 'the long and the short of it'

130 fracted: broken corroborate; cf. n.

133 careers; cf. n.

134 condole: sympathize with

2 by and by: immediately

Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious
favours, 9

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

*Sound trumpets. Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge,
and Grey [with Attendants].*

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will
aboard. 12

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of
Masham,

And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of
France, 16

Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

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

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

We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us. 24

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government. 28

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

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thank-
fulness, 32

And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews
toil, 36

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

K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday 40
That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example 45
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

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

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too. 48

Grey. Sir,

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

K. Hen. Alas! your too much love and care of
me 52

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and di-
gested, 56

Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear
care,

And tender preservation of our person,

34 quittance: *reward*

40 Enlarge: *set free*

43 his more advice: *his return to greater coolness of mind*

46 by his sufferance: *because he is pardoned*

53 orisons: *petitions*

54 proceeding on distemper: *arising from drunkenness*

Would have him punish'd. And now to our French
causes: 60

Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord:

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege. 64

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

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

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours: 68

Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.

My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers that you lose 72

So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!

Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,

That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood

Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault, 76

And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

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

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd: 80

You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;

For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,

As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.

See you, my princes and my noble peers, 84

These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge

here,

You know how apt our love was to accord

61 the late commissioners: *those lately commissioned*

63 it: *i.e., his commission*

86 apt: *ready* accord: *consent*

79 quick: *alive*

To furnish him with all appertinents
 Belonging to his honour; and this man 88
 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
 And sworn unto the practices of France,
 To kill us here in Hampton: to the which
 This knight, no less for bounty bound to us 92
 Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O!
 What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature!
 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul, 97
 That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold
 Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use!
 May it be possible that foreign hire 100
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
 That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
 As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 Treason and murder ever kept together, 105
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
 Working so grossly in a natural cause
 That admiration did not whoop at them: 108
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
 Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously 112
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
 And other devils that suggest by treasons
 Do botch and bungle up damnation
 With patches, colours, and with forms, being
 fetch'd 116

90 unto the practices: *in accord with the plots*91 Hampton: *Southampton*108 admiration: *wonder*112 preposterously: *contrary to the natural order of things*113 voice: *verdict*107 grossly: *palpably*109 proportion: *seemliness*114 suggest: *seduce*

From glistening semblances of piety;
 But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor. 120
 If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
 He might return to vasty Tartar back,
 And tell the legions, 'I can never win 124
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'
 O! how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance. Show men dutiful?
 Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned? 128
 Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
 Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
 Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
 Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger, 132
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
 Not working with the eye without the ear,
 And but in purged judgment trusting neither? 136
 Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem:
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man and best indu'd
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee; 140
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 Another fall of man. Their faults are open:
 Arrest them to the answer of the law;
 And God acquit them of their practices! 144

117 glistening: *glittering*118 temper'd: *moulded (to his purpose)* stand up; *cf. n.*119 instance: *motive*123 Tartar: *Tartarus (the classical hell)*126 jealousy: *suspicion*127 affiance: *trust* Show: *appear*133 blood: *passion*134 complement: *external appearance*136 but in purged judgment: *except after careful scrutiny*137 bolted: *sifted; i.e., tested*139 full-fraught: *fully laden (with virtues)*best indu'd: *most richly endowed*

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

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham. 148

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

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more than my death; 152
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

(*Cam.* For me, the gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive 156
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me. 160

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise. 164
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his
coffers 168
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt, 172
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person seek we no revenge;

151 discover'd: *revealed*

159 in sufferance: *while suffering the penalty*

166 quit: *pardon*

155-157 Cf. n.

169 earnest: *pledge money*

But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws 176
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,

Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance 180
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence.

Exeunt [Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded].

Now, lords, for France! the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war, 184

Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way. 188

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

Cheerly to sea! the signs of war advance: 192
No king of England, if not king of France.

Flourish. [Exeunt.]

Scene Three

[London. A street]

Enter Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostess.

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

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.

175 tender: *cherish*

183 like: *in equal degree*

191 straight: *at once*

192 signs: *standards*

2 bring: *accompany*

Southampton

181 dear: *grievous*

188 rub: *obstacle*

expedition: *motion*

advance: *raise*

Staines: *first stage on the road from London to*

3 yearn: *grieve*

Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting
veins; 4

Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er
he is, either in heaven or in hell! 8

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Ar-
thur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bo-
som. A' made a finer end and went away an' it
had been any christom child; a' parted even just 12
between twelve and one, even at the turning o'
the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the
sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his
fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for 16
his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of
green fields. 'How now, Sir John!' quoth I:
'what, man! be of good cheer.' So a' cried out
'God, God, God!' three or four times: now I, 20
to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of
God, I hoped there was no need to trouble him-
self with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me
lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand 24
into the bed and felt them, and they were as
cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and
so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as
any stone. 28

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay, that a' did.

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that a' did not. 32

9 Arthur's bosom; *cf. n.*

12 christom; *not yet a month old*

17, 18 and a' babbled of green fields; *cf. n.*

29 of: *against* sack: *a white wine*

11 A': *he* an: *as if*

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

Host. A' could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked. 36

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

Host. A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon. 41

Boy. Do you not remember a' saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire? 44

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

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton. 49

Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips. Look to my chattels and my moveables: Let senses rule, the word is, 'Pitch and pay'; 52 Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes, And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck: Therefore, 'caveto' be thy counsellor. 56

Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms, Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys, To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that's but unwholesome food, they say. 61

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [Kissing her.]

39 handle: talk of

52 senses: *prudence* word: motto

54 wafer-cakes: *i.e.*, very fragile

57 clear thy crystals: *dry your eyes* (?)

40 rheumatic: error for 'lunatic'

Pitch and pay: cash down

56 caveto: beware

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu. 65

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

Host. Farewell; adieu. *Exeunt.*

Scene Four

[*France. An Apartment in the French King's Palace*]

Flourish. Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Dukes of Berri and Bretagne [*the Constable, and Others*].

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

And more than carefully it us concerns

To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berri and Bretagne, 4

Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,

And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,

To line and new repair our towns of war

With men of courage and with means defendant: 8

For England his approaches makes as fierce

As waters to the sucking of a gulf:

It fits us then to be as provident

As fear may teach us, out of late examples 12

Left by the fatal and neglected English

Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;

66 housewifery: *economy*

2 more than carefully: *with more than common care*

7 line: *strengthen*

10 gulf: *whirlpool*

Scene Four S. d. Constable; *cf. n.*

9 England: *the king of England*

13 fatal and neglected: *fatally neglected*

For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,—
 Though war nor no known quarrel were in ques-
 tion,— 17

But that defences, musters, preparations,
 Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
 As were a war in expectation. 20

Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth
 To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
 And let us do it with no show of fear;
 No, with no more than if we heard that England
 Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance: *cf. n.* 25
 For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
 Her sceptre so fantastically borne
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth, 28
 That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin!
 You are too much mistaken in this king.
 Question your Grace the late ambassadors,
 With what great state he heard their embassy,
 How well supplied with noble counsellors, 33
 How modest in exception, and withal
 How terrible in constant resolution,
 And you shall find his vanities forespent 36
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
 As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
 That shall first spring and be most delicate. 40

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable;
 But though we think it so, it is no matter:
 In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
 The enemy more mighty than he seems: 44
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd;

25 Whitsun morris-dance; *cf. n.*
 34 exception: *offering objections*
 36 forespent: *past*

28 humorous: *full of whims*
 37 Brutus; *cf. n.*

Which of a weak and niggardly projection
Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong; 48
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us,
And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths: 52
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, Edward Black Prince of
Wales; 56
Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface 60
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him. 64

Enter a Messenger.

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

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

[*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.*]

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends. 68

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

46 projection: *calculation*

57 mountain sire; *mighty father*

64 fate: *what he is destined to perform*

50 been flesh'd: *preyed; cf. n.*

67 present: *immediate*

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
 Take up the English short, and let them know
 Of what a monarchy you are the head: 73
 Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
 As self-neglecting.

Enter Exeter [with Lords and train].

Fr. King. From our brother of England?
Exe. From him; and thus he greets your maj-
 esty. 76

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
 That you divest yourself, and lay apart
 The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
 By law of nature and of nations 'long 80
 To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
 And all wide-stretched honours that pertain
 By custom and the ordinance of times
 Unto the crown of France. That you may know
 'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim, 85
 Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
 Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
 He sends you this most memorable line, 88
 In every branch truly demonstrative;
 Willing you overlook this pedigree;
 And when you find him evenly deriv'd
 From his most fam'd of famous ancestors, 92
 Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
 Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
 From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows? 96

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
 Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:

80 'long: *belong*

88 line: *pedigree*

94 indirectly: *wrongfully*

85 sinister: *unfair*

awkward: *perverse*

91 evenly deriv'd: *directly descended*

Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
 In thunder and in earthquake like a Jove, 100
 That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
 And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
 Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
 On the poor souls for whom this hungry war 104
 Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
 Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
 The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
 For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers, 108
 That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
 This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;
 Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
 To whom expressly I bring greeting too. 112
Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:
 To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
 Back to our brother of England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
 I stand here for him: what to him from Eng-
 land? 116

Exe. Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
 And anything that may not misbecome
 The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
 Thus says my king: an if your father's highness 120
 Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
 Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
 He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
 That caves and womby vaultages of France 124
 Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
 In second accent of his ordnance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
 It is against my will; for I desire 128

101 requiring: *requesting*124 womby vaultages: *deep caverns*126 second accent of his ordnance: *echoes of his cannon*102 in the bowels: *by the mercy*

Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
 As matching to his youth and vanity,
 I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for
 it, 132

Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe:
 And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference—
 As we his subjects have in wonder found—
 Between the promise of his greener days 136
 And these he masters now. Now he weighs time
 Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read
 In your own losses, if he stay in France.

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

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

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair
 conditions: 144

A night is but small breath and little pause
 To answer matters of this consequence. *Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies
 In motion of no less celerity
 Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
 The well-appointed king at Hampton pier 4
 Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:

129 odds: *discord*

137 masters: *possesses*

1 imagin'd wing: *wings of imagination*

136 greener: *younger*

145 breath: *breathing space*

5 brave: *fine*

Play with your fancies, and in them behold
 Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing; 8
 Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
 To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea, 12
 Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think
 You stand upon the rivage and behold
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
 For so appears this fleet majestical, 16
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
 Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women, 20
 Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance:
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 Those cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France? 24
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Suppose the ambassador from the French comes
 back; 28
 Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
 Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms:
 The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner 32
 With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
Alarum, and chambers go off.
 And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
 And eke out our performance with your mind.

Exit.

14 rivage: shore

18 to sternage: *astern*

27 girded: *besieged*

32 likes: *pleases*

33 linstock: *stick to hold the gunner's match*

S. d. Alarum: *call to arms*

chambers: *small cannon*

Scene One

[France. Before Harfleur]

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester.
Alarum: scaling ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
 once more;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead!
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility: 4
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage; 8
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock 12
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height! On, on, you noblest English! 17
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof;
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument. 21
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood, 24

8 hard-favour'd: ugly

11 o'erwhelm: overhang

13 jutty: project beyond confounded: ruined

14 Swill'd with: gulped down by

18 fet: fetched war-proof: valor proven in war

21 argument: subject of contention

10 portage: porthole

12 galled: undermined

24 copy: example

And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt
 not; 28

For there is none of you so mean and base
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot: 32
 Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge
 Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'
 [Exeunt.] *Alarum, and chambers go off.*

Scene Two

[*The Same*]

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

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

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks
 are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not 4
 a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that
 is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just, for hu-
 mours do abound: 8

'Knocks go and come: God's vassals drop and die;
 And sword and shield
 In bloody field

Doth win immortal fame.' 12

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

27 mettle of your pasture: *quality of your rearing*

31 in the slips: *in leash*

5 case: *set*

3 corporal; *cf. n.*

6 plain-song: *simple truth; cf. n.*

Pist. And I: 16

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

Boy. 'As duly, 20
But not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.'

Enter Fluellen and beats them in.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions!

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould! 24
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!

Abate thy rage, great duke!

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

Nym. These be good humours! your honour
wins bad humours.

Exit [with Pistol and Bardolph].

Boy. [*Aside.*] As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For 34
Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof, a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; 40
and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words

23 cullions: *wretches*

24 men of mould: *men of earth; i.e., mere mortals*

27 bawcock, chuck: *terms of endearment*

31 swashers: *braggarts*

34 antics: *buffoons*

are matched with as few good deeds; for a' never
 broke any man's head but his own, and that was 44
 against a post when he was drunk. They will
 steal any thing and call it purchase. Bardolph
 stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold
 it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are 48
 sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they
 stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of ser-
 vice the men would carry coals. They would
 have me as familiar with men's pockets as their 52
 gloves or their handkerchers: which makes
 much against my manhood if I should take
 from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is
 plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them 56
 and seek some better service: their villainy goes
 against my weak stomach, and therefore I must
 cast it up. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come pre-
 sently to the mines: the Duke of Gloucester
 would speak with you. 62

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke it is
 not so good to come to the mines. For look
 you, the mines is not according to the disciplines
 of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; 66
 for, look you, th' athversary—you may discuss
 unto the duke, look you—is digt himself four
 yard under the countermines; by Cheshu, I
 think, a' will plow up all if there is not better
 directions. 71

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the

46 purchase: *slang term for money gained by cheating*

51 carry coals: *swallow insults*

67 discuss: *explain*

65 the mines is not; *cf. n.*

69 Cheshu: *Jesu*

order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not? 76

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his beard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog. 82

Enter Macmorris and Captain Jamy.

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

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedi- 86
tion and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans. 91

Jamy. I say gud day, Captain Fluellen.

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

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er? 96

Mac. By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O! tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done! 103

78 as: *as great as any*
96 pioners: *sappers*

93 God-den: *good evening*

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline: that is the point. 112

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

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and 119 the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk, and be Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all; so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la! 125

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gud service, or aile lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay 't as valorously as I may, that sal I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway. 132

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation— 135

115 marry: originally an oath by the Virgin Mary

119 beseeched: i.e., besieged

126 mess: Mass

128 lig: lie

122 sa': save

132 tway: two

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation?
ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a
rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of
my nation? 139

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter other-
wise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, per-
adventure I shall think you do not use me with
that affability as in discretion you ought to use
me, look you; being as good a man as yourself,
both in the disciplines of war, and in the deriva-
tion of my birth, and in other particularities. 146

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as
myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your
head. 149

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each
other.

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

Gow. The town sounds a parley. 153

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more
better opportunity to be required, look you, I
will be so bold as to tell you I know the disci-
plines of war; and there is an end.

Exit [with Gower and the other captains].

Scene Three

[Before the Gates of Harfleur]

*[The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the
English forces below.] Enter the King and all
his Train before the gates.*

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the
town?

This is the latest parle we will admit:
 Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;
 Or like to men proud of destruction 4
 Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,—
 A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,—
 If I begin the battery once again,
 I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur 8
 Till in her ashes she lie buried.
 The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
 And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
 In liberty of bloody hand shall range 12
 With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
 Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
 What is it then to me, if impious war,
 Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends, 16
 Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
 What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
 If your pure maidens fall into the hand 20
 Of hot and forcing violation?
 What rein can hold licentious wickedness
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
 We may as bootless spend our vain command
 Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil 25
 As send precepts to the leviathan
 To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
 Take pity of your town and of your people, 28
 Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
 Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
 Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy. 32

2 parle: *parley*17 fell feats: *savage practices*24 bootless: *uselessly*32 heady: *headstrong*11 flesh'd: *hardened by bloodshed*18 Enlink'd to: *associated with*31 O'erblows: *blows away*

If not, why, in a moment, look to see
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards, 36
 And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen. 41
 What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
 Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end.
 The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated, 45
 Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
 To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
 We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
 Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours; 49
 For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates! Come, uncle Exeter,
 Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain, 52
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
 Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
 The winter coming on and sickness growing
 Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais. 56
 To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
 To-morrow for the march are we address.

Flourish, and enter the town.

40 Jewry: *Judea*; cf. *St. Matthew* 2. 16-18.

46 Returns: *answers*

58 address: *prepared*

45 of: *for*

50 defensible: *capable of resisting*

Scene Four

[*The French King's Palace*]

Enter Katharine and [Alice,] an old gentlewoman.

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

Alice. Un peu, madame. 3

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

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

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts? 8

Alice. Les doigts? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; oui, de fingres. 12

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné deux mots d'anglais vite. Comment appelez-vous les ongles? 16

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

Kath. De nails. Écoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: de hands, de fingres, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon anglais. 21

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

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude? 24

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent. 28

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

Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow. 32

Alice. De elbow, madame.

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

Alice. De nick, madame. 36

Kath. De nick. Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick: le menton, de sin. 40

Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps. 45

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

Kath. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement: De hand, de fingre, de mails,— 49

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow. 52

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

Alice. De foot, madame; et de coun. 55

Kath. De foot, et de coun? O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot, et le coun. Néanmoins je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun. 64

Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat? 20
 And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
 Seem frosty? O! for honour of our land,
 Let us not hang like roping icicles
 Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty
 people 24

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;
 Poor we may call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
 Our madams mock at us, and plainly say 28
 Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
 Their bodies to the lust of English youth
 To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-
 schools, 32
 And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;
 Saying our grace is only in our heels,
 And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him
 hence: 36

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
 Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edg'd
 More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
 Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France; 40
 You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
 Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
 Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
 Foix, Lestrале, Bouciqualt, and Charolois; 45
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
 For your great seats now quit you of great shames.
 Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land

20 Decoct: *warm*23 roping: *dripping*33 lavoltas, corantos: *the names of certain lively dances*36 Montjoy; *cf. n.*

With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon: 52
Go down upon him, you have power enough,
And in a captive chariot into Roan
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few, 56
His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march,
For I am sure when he shall see our army
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And for achievement offer us his ransom. 60

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Mont-
joy,
And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Roan.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty. 65
Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. 68

Exeunt.

Scene Six

[*The English Camp in Picardy*]

*Enter Captains, English and Welch, Gower and
Fluellen.*

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

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent
services committed at the pridge. 4

52 void his rheum: discharge his mucus
60 for: instead of

54 Roan: Rouen
Scene Six S. d. English and Welch; cf. n.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not—God be praised and plessed!—any hurt in the world; but keeps the 11
pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service. 17

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not. 20

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.

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

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited
some love at his hands. 25

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel, 28
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is plind: and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to 34
you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning,

and inconstant, and mutability, and variation:
and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical
stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls: in good
truth, the poet makes a most excellent descrip-
tion of it: Fortune is an excellent moral. 40

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on
him;

For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must a' be,
A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free 44

And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate.

But Exeter hath given the doom of death

For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak; the duke will hear thy voice; 48

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut

With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:

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

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly under-
stand your meaning. 53

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

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

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and figo for thy friend-
ship! 60

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! *Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit
rascal: I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-
purse. 66

Flu. I'll assure you a' uttered as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve. 71

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the 75 great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; 80 and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles 84 and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook. 88

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

Drum and Colours. Enter the King, [*Gloucester,*] and his poor Soldiers.

Flu. God pless your majesty!

72 gull: *cheat*
80 stood on: *insisted on*

78 sconce: *small fort*
94 from: *with news from*

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! cam'st thou from the bridge? 96

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter hath very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' 100 athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your majesty the duke is a prave man. 104

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

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a 109 church; one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out. 115

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

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. You know me by my habit. 124

100 passages: *deeds*

111 bubukles: *carbuncles* whelks: *boils*

123 S. d. Tucket: *trumpet signal*

106 perdition: *losses*

124 habit: *herald's coat*

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

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

127

Mont. Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak 133 upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to 139 re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master, so much my office.

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

149

Mont. Montjoy.

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

And tell thy king I do not seek him now, 152
But could be willing to march on to Calais

125 of: *from*
140 re-answer: *atone for*

134 upon our cue: *in proper time*
149 quality: *profession*

Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth,—
 Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
 Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,— 156
 My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
 My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have
 Almost no better than so many French:
 Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald, 160
 I thought upon one pair of English legs
 Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
 That I do brag thus! this your air of France
 Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent. 164
 Go therefore, tell thy master here I am:
 My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
 My army but a weak and sickly guard;
 Yet, God before, tell him we will come on, 168
 Though France himself and such another neighbour
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
 Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
 If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd, 172
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
 Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
 The sum of all our answer is but this:
 We would not seek a battle as we are; 176
 Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it:
 So tell your master.

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

[*Exit.*]

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now. 180

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

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:

154 impeachment: *hindrance* sooth: *truth*

156 of vantage: *favoured by circumstances*

164 blown: *propagated*

179 deliver: *report*

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away.

184

Exeunt.

Scene Seven

[*The French Camp, near Agincourt*]

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures,
[the Duke of] Orleans, [the] Dauphin, with
Others.*

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

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

4

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

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

8

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

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on 12 four pasterns. Ça, ha! He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs: le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les narines de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he 16 trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

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

20

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never

14 as if . . . hairs: *i.e.*, as if he were a tennis ball; *cf. n.*

15 chez: *i.e.*, with

19 pipe of Hermes; *cf. n.*

appear in him but only in patient stillness while 24
his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and
all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute
and excellent horse. 28

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh
is like the bidding of a monarch and his counte-
nance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin. 32

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot,
from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the
lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is
a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into 36
eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for
them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to rea-
son on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride
on; and for the world—familiar to us, and 40
unknown—to lay apart their particular func-
tions and wonder at him. I once writ a son-
net in his praise and began thus: 'Wonder of
nature!'— 44

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

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I
composed to my courser; for my horse is my
mistress. 49

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise
and perfection of a good and particular mis-
tress. 53

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mis-
tress shrewdly shook your back.

27 absolute: *perfect*
37 argument: *theme*
55 shrewdly: *viciously*

34 lodging: *lying down*
51 prescript: *prescribed*

Dau. So perhaps did yours. 56

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then belike she was old and gentle;
and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French
hose off and in your straight strossers. 60

Con. You have good judgment in horseman-
ship.

Dau. Be warned by me, then: they that ride
so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I
had rather have my horse to my mistress. 65

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears
his own hair. 68

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

Dau. 'Le chien est retourné à son propre
vomissement, et la truie lavée au borbier': thou
makest use of any thing. 73

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mis-
tress: or any such proverb so little kin to the
purpose. 76

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

Con. Stars, my lord. 80

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

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many
superfluously, and 'twere more honour some
were away. 86

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises;

59 kern: *light-armed Irish soldier* 59, 60 French hose: *wide breeches*
60 straight strossers: *tight trousers* 65 to: *as*
71, 72 *Cf. n.*

who would trot as well were some of your brags
dismounted. 89

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his
desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-
morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with
English faces. 93

Con. I will not say so for fear I should be
faced out of my way. But I would it were
morning, for I would fain be about the ears of
the English. 97

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

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard,
ere you have them. 101

Dau. 'Tis midnight: I'll go arm myself. *Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English. 104

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

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

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread
out the oath. 109

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

Con. Doing is activity, and he will still be
doing. 113

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

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will
keep that good name still. 116

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

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

Orl. What's he? 120

95 faced out of my way: *outfaced* (*put to shame*)

98 go to hazard: *throw at dice*; *cf. n.*

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

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him. 124

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

Orl. 'Ill will never said well.' 128

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

Orl. And I will take up that with 'Give the devil his due.' 132

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

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.' 137

Con. You have shot over.

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

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents. 141

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas! poor Harry of England, he longs not for the dawning as we do. 146

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

126 'tis a hooded valour; *cf. n.*

139 overshot: *beaten at shooting (with a pun on 'drunk')*

147 peevish: *foolish* 149 out . . . knowledge: *beyond his depth*

Con. If the English had any apprehension they would run away. 151

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

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures: their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage. 157

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion. 162

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils. 168

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

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, shall we about it? 173

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

150 apprehension: *intelligence*
164 robustious: *sturdy*

163 sympathize with: *resemble*

ACT FOURTH

Chorus.

Now entertain conjecture of a time
 When creeping murmur and the poring dark
 Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
 From camp to camp, through the foul womb of
 night, 4
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,
 That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch:
 Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames 8
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
 Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights, 12
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name. 16
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night 20
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminatè 24
 The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
 Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold 28

2 poring: *dim-sighted*9 battle: *army* umber'd: *dusky*18 over-lusty: *overconfident*25 gesture: *bearing*5 stilly: *softly*12 accomplishing: *equipping*19 play: *play for*26 Investing: *accompanying*

The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'
For forth he goes and visits all his host, 32
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him; 36
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freshly looks and overbears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty; 40
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one, 44
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly; 48
Where,—O for pity,—we shall much disgrace,
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see, 52
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

Exit.

Scene One

[*The English Camp at Agincourt*]

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

K. Hen. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger;

36 enrounded: *surrounded* 39 overbears attaint: *subdues anxiety*
46 as . . . define: *so far as they are able to apprehend*
53 Minding: *imagining*

The greater therefore should our courage be.
 Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil, 4
 Would men observingly distil it out;
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:
 Besides, they are our outward consciences, 8
 And preachers to us all; admonishing
 That we should dress us fairly for our end.
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself. 12

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
 A good soft pillow for that good white head
 Were better than a churlish turf of France.
Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me
 better; 16
 Since I may say, 'Now lie I like a king.'
K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present
 pains
 Upon example; so the spirit is eas'd:
 And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt, 20
 The organs, though defunct and dead before,
 Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
 With casted slough and fresh legerity.
 Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
 Commend me to the princes in our camp; 25
 Do my good morrow to them; and anon
 Desire them all to my pavilion.
Glo. We shall, my liege. 28

10 dress us: *prepare ourselves*

19 Upon example: *by virtue of the example set by another*

20 out of doubt: *certainly*

23 casted slough: *cast-off skin (of a snake)* legerity: *alacrity*

27 Desire: *summon*

Erp. Shall I attend your Grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England:

I and my bosom must debate awhile,

And then I would no other company. 32

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

Exeunt [all but the King].

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

Enter Pistol.

Pist. Che vous la?

K. Hen. A friend. 36

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common and popular?

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

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike? 40

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

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

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold, 44

A lad of life, an imp of fame:

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string

I love the lovely bully. What's thy name? 48

K. Hen. Harry le Roy.

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

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen? 52

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate

Upon Saint Davy's day.

35 Che vous la: *i.e.*, *Qui va là*

45 imp: *youngling*

55 Saint Davy's day: *March 1; cf. n.*

38 popular: *plebeian*

48 bully: *good fellow*

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours. 57

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee then! 60

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

Pist. My name is Pistol called. *Exit.*

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen and Gower [severally].

Gow. Captain Fluellen! 64

Flu. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle-taddle nor pibble-pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise. 76

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

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

Gow. I will speak lower. 83

Flu. I pray you and peseech you that you will. *Exit [with Gower].*

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

Enter three soldiers: John Bates, Alexander Court,
and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the
morning which breaks yonder? 89

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

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

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you? 96

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most
kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of
our estate? 100

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

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the
king? 104

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should.
For, though I speak it to you, I think the king
is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him
as it doth to me; the element shows to him as
it doth to me; all his senses have but human
conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his naked-
ness he appears but a man; and though his 111
affections are higher mounted than ours, yet
when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing.
Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do,
his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as

100 estate: *position*

108 element: *sky* shows: *appears*

110 ceremonies: *marks of office*

113 stoop: *term of falconry, used of the hawk descending on its prey*

115 relish: *flavor*

101 sand: *sand-bank*

ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army. 118

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will, but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck, and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here. 123

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

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved. 129

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

Will. That's more than we know. 136

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough if we know we are the king's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us. 140

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

rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well 149
 that die in a battle; for how can they charitably
 dispose of anything when blood is their argu-
 ment? Now, if these men do not die well, it
 will be a black matter for the king that led them
 to it, who to disobey were against all propor-
 tion of subjection. 155

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent
 about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon
 the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by
 your rule, should be imposed upon his father
 that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's
 command transporting a sum of money, be as-
 sailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled 162
 iniquities, you may call the business of the master
 the author of the servant's damnation. But this
 is not so: the king is not bound to answer the
 particular endings of his soldiers, the father of
 his son, nor the master of his servant; for they
 purpose not their death when they purpose their
 services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause
 never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement 170
 of swords, can try it out with all unspotted sol-
 diers. Some, peradventure, have on them the
 guilt of premeditated and contrived murder;
 some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals
 of perjury; some, making the wars their bul-
 wark, that have before gored the gentle bosom
 of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these
 men have defeated the law and outrun native 178
 punishment, though they can outstrip men, they

149 rawly: *without due provision*154, 155 all . . . subjection: *all that is reasonably demanded of a subject*162 irreconciled: *unatoned for*173 contrived: *plotted*151 argument: *business*157 miscarry: *perish*170 arbitrement: *decision*178 native: *in their home country*

have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death they have borne life away, and where they would be safe they perish. Then, if they die 185 unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not 193 dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare. 199

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

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

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed. 206

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

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after. 211

Will. You pay him then. That's a perilous

180 beadle: *minor police officer*
186 unprovided: *unprepared*

212 pay: *punish*

shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying. 218

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you if the time were convenient. 221

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

K. Hen. I embrace it. 224

Will. How shall I know thee again?

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

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine. 230

K. Hen. There.

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

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it. 237

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company. 240

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. 244

213 elder-gun: *popgun*
219 round: *plain-spoken*

215 go about: *attempt*
226 gage: *pledge*

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper. 249

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins lay on the king! 252
We must bear all. O hard condition!

Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing. What infinite heart's ease
Must kings neglect that private men enjoy! 257

And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony? 260

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony! show me but thy worth: 264

What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd, 268
Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O! be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure. 272

Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low-bending?

246 French crowns; *cf. n.*

256 wringing: *suffering*

265 *What is the essential reason men adore thee?*

251 careful: *full of care*

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's
 knee, 276
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
 I am a king that find thee; and I know
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball, 280
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The farced title running 'fore the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp 284
 That beats upon the high shore of this world,
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave, 288
 Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set 292
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
 And follows so the ever-running year 296
 With profitable labour to his grave:
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king. 300
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages. 304

280 balm: anointing oil

ball: carried by a king as a sign of sovereignty 282 intertissued: interwoven

283 farced: stuffed out with pompous phrases; cf. n.

290 distressful: earned by painful labor

295 help . . . horse: is up before the sun

300 Had: would have fore-hand: upper hand 301 member: sharer

304 the peasant best advantages: most benefit the peasant

Enter Erpingham.

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

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

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

K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts; 309

Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O
Lord, 312

O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interr'd anew,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears 316

Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built 320
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all, 324
Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloucester's voice! Ay;

I know thy errand, I will go with thee: 328
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

Exeunt.

Scene Two

[*The French Camp*]

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and [Others].

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

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

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. Via! les eaux et la terre! 4

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

Dau. Ciel! cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord constable!

Con. Hark how our steeds for present service
neigh! 8

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

Ram. What! will you have them weep our horses'
blood? 12

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattl'd, you French peers.

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

Do but behold yon poor and starved band, 16
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.

There is not work enough for all our hands ;
 Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins 20
 To give each naked curtal-axe a stain,
 That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
 And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on
 them,
 The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them. 24
 'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
 That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
 Who in unnecessary action swarm
 About our squares of battle, were enow 28
 To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
 Though we upon this mountain's basis by
 Took stand for idle speculation:
 But that our honours must not. What's to say?
 A very little little let us do, 33
 And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
 The tucket sonance and the note to mount:
 For our approach shall so much dare the field,
 That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter Grandpré.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?

Yon island carrions desperate of their bones,
 Ill-favour'dly become the morning field: 40
 Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully:
 Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
 And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps: 44
 The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
 With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades

21 curtal-axe: *long curved sword*

31 speculation: *looking-on*

36 dare; *cf. n.*

41 curtains: *banners*

29 hilding: *base*

35 tucket sonance: *preliminary notes*

37 couch: *crouch*

44 beaver: *visor of the helmet*

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes, 48
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal'd bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour. 52
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay
for death. 56

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

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

Scene Three

[*The English Camp*]

*Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, with
all his host: Salisbury, and Westmoreland.*

Glo. Where is the king?

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

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

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are
fresh. 4

47 Lob down: *droop*
49 gimmal'd: *made of rings or links*
61 trumpet: *trumpeter*
2 battle: *battle lines*

48 down-roping: *hanging down*
60, 61 Cf. n.
63 outwear: *are wasting*

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
 God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
 If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
 Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford, 8
 My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
 And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

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

Exe. Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-
 day: 12

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
 For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

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

Enter the King.

West. O! that we now had here 16
 But one ten thousand of those men in England
 That do no work to-day.

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
 My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enow 20
 To do our country loss; and if to live,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
 God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
 By Jove, I am not covetous for gold, 24
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
 It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
 But if it be a sin to covet honour, 28
 I am the most offending soul alive.
 No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:

God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me, 32
For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made, 36
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian: 40
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age, 44
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian';
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot, 49
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words, 52
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son; 56
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers; 60
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,

37 convoy: *traveling expenses*45 vigil: *eve of a feast-day*57 Crispin Crispian; *cf. n.*40 feast of Crispian: *October 25*50 advantages: *added details*62 vile: *low born*

This day shall gentle his condition:
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed, 64
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sov'reign lord, bestow yourself with
 speed: 68
 The French are bravely in their battles set,
 And will with all expedience charge on us.

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

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward
 now! 72

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

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

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thou-
 sand men; 76

Which likes me better than to wish us one.
 You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King
 Harry,
 If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound, 80
 Before thy most assured overthrow:
 For certainly thou art so near the gulf
 Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
 The constable desires thee thou wilt mind 84
 Thy followers of repentance; that their souls

63 gentle his condition: *make him a gentleman*

68 bestow yourself: *take your post*

69 bravely: *with much display*

80 compound: *come to terms*

70 expedience: *speed*

83 englutted: *swallowed up*

May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
 From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor
 bodies

Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now? 88

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
 Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.

Good God! why should they mock poor fellows
 thus? 92

The man that once did sell the lion's skin
 While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
 A many of our bodies shall no doubt
 Find native graves; upon the which, I trust, 96

Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;
 And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
 Dying like men, though buried in your dung-hills,
 They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet
 them, 100

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven,
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.

Mark then abounding valour in our English,
 That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing, 105
 Break out into a second course of mischief,
 Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly: tell the constable, 108
 We are but warriors for the working-day;
 Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd

With rainy marching in the painful field;
 There's not a piece of feather in our host— 112

Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
 And time hath worn us into slovenry:

91 achieve: *kill*

107 relapse of mortality: *a deadly rebound*

114 slovenry: *slovenliness*

But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night 116
 They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
 And turn them out of service. If they do this,—
 As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then
 Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy
 labour; 121

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em them, 124
 Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so, fare thee
 well:

Thou never shalt hear herald any more. *Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear thou'lt once more come again for
 ransom. 128

Enter York.

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

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

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

Scene Four

[*The Field of Battle*]

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier,
 [and] Boy.*

Pist. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sol. Je pense que vous êtes gentil-
 homme de bonne qualité.

117 in fresher robes: *i.e.*, dead
 Scene Four S. d. Excursions; *cf. n.*

130 vaward: *vanguard*

Pist. Qualtitie calmie custure me. Art thou a gentleman? 4

What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu!

Pist. O Signieur Dew should be a gentleman:—

Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark:
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox 9

Except, O signieur, thou do give to me

Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi! 13

Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys;

Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat

In drops of crimson blood. 16

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

Pist. Brass, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat, 20

Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi!

Pist. Sayst thou me so? is that a ton of moys?

Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French
What is his name. 25

Boy. Écoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer. 28

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

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and
ferret, and firke. 33

4 Qualtitie calmie custure me; *cf. n.*

9 fox: sword 14 moys; *cf. n.*

20 luxurious: lustful

30 ferret: worry (as a ferret does its game)

8 Perpend: consider

15 rim: midriff

29 firke: beat

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

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur? 35

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

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,

Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave
crowns; 40

Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O! je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus. 45

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns. 49

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

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il? 52

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier; néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchise-
ment. 57

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

Pist. Expound unto me, boy. 63

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one—as he

thinks—the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England. 68

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

Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitaine. [*Exeunt Pistol and French Soldier.*] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, 'The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.' Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, 76 that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage 80 of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. *Exit.*

Scene Five

[*Another Part of the Field*]

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.

Con. O diable!

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

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

Reproach and everlasting shame 4

Sit mocking in our plumes. O méchante fortune!

Do not run away. *A short alarum.*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

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

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for? 8

76 devil i' the old play; cf. n.

7 perdurable: everlasting

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

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

Let's die in honour! once more back again;
 And he that will not follow Bourbon now, 12
 Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
 Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door
 Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
 His fairest daughter is contaminated. 16

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
 Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enough yet living in the field
 To smother up the English in our throngs, 20
 If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng:
 Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

Exit [with the others].

Scene Six

[Another Part of the Field]

Alarum. Enter the King and his train, with
 Prisoners.

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

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

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

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this
 hour 4

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
 From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,

Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,— 8
 Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,—
 The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
 Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd, 12
 And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
 That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

He cries aloud, 'Tarry, my cousin Suffolk!
 My soul shall thine keep company to heaven; 16
 Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
 As in this glorious and well-foughten field,
 We kept together in our chivalry!'

Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up: 20
 He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
 And with a feeble gripe says, 'Dear my lord,
 Commend my service to my sovereign.'

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck 24
 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
 And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd 28
 Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
 But I had not so much of man in me,
 And all my mother came into mine eyes
 And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not; 32
 For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
 With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. *Alarum.*

But hark! what new alarum is this same?
 The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men:
 Then every soldier kill his prisoners! 37
 Give the word through. *Exit [with his train].*

8 Larding: *enriching* (with his blood) 9 honour-owing: *honorable*
 11 haggled: *hacked* 21 raught: *reached* 34 issue: *shed tears*

Scene Seven

[*Another Part of the Field*]*Enter Fluellen and Gower.*

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't: in your conscience now, is it not? 4

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king most worthily hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O! 'tis a gallant king. 11

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

Gow. Alexander the Great. 15

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations. 19

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

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both 27 alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains

what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures 35 in all things. Alexander,—God knows, and you know,—in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Cleitus. 42

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

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend 48 Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great belly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name. 54

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he. I'll tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty. 58

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Bourbon with [other] prisoners [Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter, and Others]. Flourish.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France

34, 35 is come after: *resembles*
53 gipes: *jokes*

35 figures: *analogues*

Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald; 60
 Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
 If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
 Or void the field; they do offend our sight.
 If they'll do neither, we will come to them, 64
 And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
 Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.
 Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
 And not a man of them that we shall take 68
 Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

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

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald?
 know'st thou not 72

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
 Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king.

I come to thee for charitable licence,
 That we may wander o'er this bloody field 76
 To book our dead, and then to bury them;
 To sort our nobles from our common men;
 For many of our princes—woe the while!—
 Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood; 80
 So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
 In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
 Fret fetlock-deep in gore, and with wild rage
 Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters, 84
 Killing them twice. O! give us leave, great king,
 To view the field in safety and dispose

63 void: *leave*

73 fin'd: *fixed as the price to be paid*

81 vulgar: *common soldiers*

65 skirr: *scurry*

77 book: *record*

84 Yerk: *strike*

Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no; 88
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength,
for it!

What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt. 93

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

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory,
an 't please your majesty, and your great-uncle
Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have
read in the chronicles, fought a most prave
pattle here in France. 100

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true. If your
majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen
did good service in a garden where leeks did
grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps;
which, your majesty know, to this hour is an
honourable badge of the service; and I do be-
lieve, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the
leek upon Saint Tavy's day. 109

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

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

89 peer: *appear*

104 in a garden; *cf. n.*

109 Tavy's: *David's*

96 grandfather: *i.e., great-grandfather*

105 Monmouth caps; *cf. n.*

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman. 116

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man. 121

K. Hen. God keep me so! *Enter Williams.*

Our heralds go with him:

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead

On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy.*]

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap? 127

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

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An 't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if a' live and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap,—which he swore as he was a soldier he would wear if alive,—I will strike it out soundly. 137

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

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an 't please your majesty, in my conscience. 141

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

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it

123 just notice: *exact information*

143 great sort: *high rank*
challenge of one of his rank

124 parts: *sides*

from . . . degree: *above answering the*

is necessary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack-sauce as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la!

151

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

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

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege. 156

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

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

Will. I will, my liege. *Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon 162 and myself were down together I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou dost me love. 167

Flu. Your Grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man that has but two legs that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see. 173

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an 't please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent. 177

Flu. I will fetch him. *Exit.*

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother
 Gloucester,
 Follow Fluellen closely at the heels. 180
 The glove which I have given him for a favour,
 May haply purchase him a box o' the ear;
 It is the soldier's; I by bargain should
 Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
 If that the soldier strike him,—as I judge 185
 By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,—
 Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
 For I do know Fluellen valiant, 188
 And touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
 And quickly will return an injury:
 Follow and see there be no harm between them.
 Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. *Exeunt.*

Scene Eight

[*Before King Henry's Pavilion*]

Enter Gower and Williams.

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

Enter Fluellen.

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

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

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

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it. 8

Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any's in
 the universal world, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn? 12

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

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he is a friend of the Duke Alençon's. 18

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

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

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

Enter King and Exeter.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter? 24

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

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the 28 fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word. 33

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

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look,
here is the fellow of it. 41

'Twas I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An 't please your majesty, let his neck
answer for it, if there is any martial law in the
'orld.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satis-
faction? 48

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

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself:
you appeared to me but as a common man;
witness the night, your garments, your lowli-
ness; and what your highness suffered under 56
that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own
fault and not mine: for had you been as I took
you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech
your highness, pardon me. 60

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

And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;

And wear it for an honour in thy cap

Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns: 64

And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow
has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is
twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve 68
God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles,
and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant
you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money. 72

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good: 'tis a good shilling, I warrant you, or I will change it. 77

Enter [an English] Herald.

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

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

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle? 80

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king; John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt: Of other lords and barons, knights and squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men. 84

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

That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number, And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead One hundred twenty-six: added to these, 88

Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen, Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights: So that, in these ten thousand they have lost, 92

There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries; The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires, And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their nobles that lie dead: 96

Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;

Jaques of Chatillon, Admiral of France;

The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;

Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard
Dolphin; 100

John Duke of Alençon; Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix, 104
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!

Where is the number of our English dead?

[*Herald presents another paper.*]

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire: 109

None else of name: and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God! thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone, 112

Ascribe we all. When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful! 117

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take the praise from God 120
Which is his only.

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

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledg-
ment, 124

That God fought for us.

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

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites:
Let there be sung 'Non nobis' and 'Te Deum'; 128

The dead with charity enclos'd in clay.
 And then to Calais; and to England then,
 Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

Exeunt.

ACT FIVE

Enter Chorus.

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
 That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
 I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things, 4
 Which cannot in their huge and proper life
 Be here presented. Now we bear the king
 Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
 Heave him away upon your winged thoughts 8
 Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
 Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
 Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd
 sea,
 Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king, 12
 Seems to prepare his way: so let him land
 And solemnly see him set on to London.
 So swift a pace hath thought that even now
 You may imagine him upon Blackheath; 16
 Where that his lords desire him to have borne
 His bruised helmet and his bended sword
 Before him through the city: he forbids it,
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride; 20
 Giving full trophy, signal and ostent,
 Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
 In the quick forge and working-house of thought,

7 grant: *imagine*

10 Pales in: *encompasses*

12 whiffler: *officer who went at the head of a procession*

21 signal: *symbols of victory* ostent: *triumphal show*

How London doth pour out her citizens. 24
 The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
 Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
 Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
 As, by a lower but loving likelihood, 29
 Were now the general of our gracious empress,—
 As in good time he may,—from Ireland coming,
 Bringing rebellion broached on his sword, 32
 How many would the peaceful city quit
 To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
 Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
 As yet the lamentation of the French 36
 Invites the King of England's stay at home,—
 The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
 To order peace between them;—and omit
 All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd, 40
 Till Harry's back-return again to France:
 There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
 The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
 Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France.
Exit.

Scene One

[*France. The English camp*]*Enter Fluellen and Gower.*

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

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, asse my 4 friend, Captain Gower. The rascally, scald,

25 sort: *array*
 32 broached: *transfixed*
 39 order: *arrange*

30 general: *Earl of Essex; cf. n.*
 38 emperor's; *cf. n.*
 5 scald: *scurvy*

beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,— 8 he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not preed no contention with him; but I will be so pold as to 12 wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock. 16

Enter Pistol.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan, 20

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires and my requests and my 24 petitions to eat, look you, this leek; pecause, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it. 28

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

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

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die. 32

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is. I will desire you to live in the

11, 12 preed . . . contention: *push a quarrel*

20 bedlam: *mad* Trojan: *Trojan, cant term for rioter*

21 Parca: *i.e., Parcæ, the Fates*

29 Cadwallader: *the last of the Welsh kings*

mean time and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him again.*] You called 36 me yesterday mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him. 41

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb. 45

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too and ambiguities. 48

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

Flu. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by. 53

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel: thou dost see I eat.

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

Pist. Good. 60

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

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat. 66

40 astonished: *stunned* (?)
62 groat: *a coin worth fourpence*

45 coxcomb: *head*

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

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

Pist. All hell shall stir for this. 72

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

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now? 85

News have I that my Doll is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France:

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off. 88

Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd I'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal: 92

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

75 respect: *consideration*

78 gleeking: *scoffing* galling: *jeering*

84 condition: *disposition*

77 avouch: *support*

81 garb: *manner*

85 huswife: *jilt*

Scene Two

[*An Apartment in the French King's Palace*]

Enter at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, [Gloucester, Clarence,] and other Lords; at another, Queen Isabel, [the Princess Katharine, Alice and other Ladies,] the [French] King, the Duke of Burgundy, and other French.

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

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty, 5
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all! 8

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

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting, 13
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks: 17
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love. 20

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

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

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,

3 fair time of day: a common form of greeting

16 bent: aim or glance

17 basilisks: large cannon; cf. n.

Great Kings of France and England! That I have
 labour'd 24
 With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
 To bring your most imperial majesties
 Unto this bar and royal interview,
 Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
 Since then my office hath so far prevail'd 29
 That face to face, and royal eye to eye,
 You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me
 If I demand before this royal view, 32
 What rub or what impediment there is,
 Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
 Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
 Should not in this best garden of the world, 36
 Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
 Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,
 And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
 Corrupting in it own fertility. 40
 Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
 Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,
 Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
 Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas 44
 The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory
 Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
 That should deracinate such savagery;
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth 48
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
 Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,

27 bar: *barrier; place of meeting*31 congreeted: *exchanged greetings*42 even-pleach'd: *evenly interwoven*45 darnel: *a weed injurious to crops*
taste47 deracinate: *uproot*32 view: *presence* 40 it: *its*44 leas: *arable land*fumitory: *a weed with a bitter*46 coulter: *ploughshare*52 kecksies: *dry stalks*

- Losing both beauty and utility; 53
 And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.
 Even so our houses and ourselves and children
 Have lost, or do not learn for want of time, 57
 The sciences that should become our country,
 But grow like savages,—as soldiers will,
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,— 60
 To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
 And everything that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our former favour
 You are assembled; and my speech entreats 64
 That I may know the let why gentle Peace
 Should not expel these inconveniences,
 And bless us with her former qualities.
- K. Hen.* If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the
 peace, 68
 Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
 With full accord to all our just demands;
 Whose tenours and particular effects 72
 You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.
- Bur.* The king hath heard them; to the which as
 yet,
 There is no answer made.
- K. Hen.* Well then the peace,
 Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer. 76
- Fr. King.* I have but with a cursorary eye
 O'erglanc'd the articles: pleaseth your Grace
 To appoint some of your council presently
 To sit with us once more, with better heed 80

61 diffus'd: *disordered*63 reduce: *bring back* favour: *aspect*65 let: *impediment*72 tenours: *purport*73 enschedul'd: *drawn up in writing*77 cursorary: *cursorly*

To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester, 84
Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity, 88
Anything in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with
them. 92

Haply a woman's voice may do some good
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

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

She is our capital demand, compris'd 96
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

Exeunt [all except King Henry, Katharine,
and Alice].

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

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

K. Hen. O fair Katharine! if you will love
me soundly with your French heart, I will be
glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your
English tongue. Do you like me, Kate? 107

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

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

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges? 113

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

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it. 117

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

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits? 121

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

K. Hen. The princess is the better English-woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I 129 know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say 'I love you': then, if you urge me further than to say 'Do you in faith?' I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith do: and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid 137 me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength.

If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her ¹⁴⁵ favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks ¹⁵³ in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath ¹⁶¹ not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rime themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rime is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow, ¹⁶⁹ but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon;

145 buffet: *box* bound my horse: *make my horse leap*

147 jack-an-apes: *monkey*

148 greenly: *foolishly*

149 cunning: *skill*

152 temper: *disposition*

155 let . . . cook; *cf. n.*

160 uncoined constancy; *cf. n.*

167 fall: *shrink*

for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France? 178

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine. 185

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis 192 be my speed!—done votre est France, et vous êtes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me. 197

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le français que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'anglais lequel je parle. 200

K. Hen. No, faith, is 't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at

192 Saint Denis: *patron saint of France*

193 be my speed: *aid me*

one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, Canst thou love me? 205

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night when you come into your closet you'll question this gentlewoman about 210 me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate,—as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,—I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs 217 prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat. 224

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse? 231

Kath. Your majesté ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France. 234

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By

203, 204 at one: *alike* 210 closet: *chamber* 217 scrambling: *fighting*
 223 flower-de-luce: *fleur-de-lys, the emblem of France*
 228 moiety: *half*

mine honour, in true English I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's 240 ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the 248 worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England, I am thine': which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, 256 'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine'; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the 260 best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me? 265

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

239 untempering: *unsoftening*
 247 layer-up: *preserver*
 262 broken music; *cf. n.*

240 beshrew: *a plague upon*
 260 fellow with: *a match for*
 264 break: *disclose*

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate. 268

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

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

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur: excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur. 276

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

Kath. Les dames, et demoiselles, pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France. 280

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

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell wat is baiser en English. 284

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty entendre better que moi.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say? 289

Alice. Oui, vraiment.

K. Hen. O Kate! nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we 293 are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding 298 [*Kissing her*]. You have witchcraft in your lips,

Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father. 304

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

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

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English. 309

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness. 315

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up Love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, 320 being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to. 325

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

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do. 329

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they 335 have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too. 341

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way. 346

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

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you. 352

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will. 356

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

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

West. The king hath granted every article: His daughter first, and then in sequel all, 361
According to their firm proposed natures.

335 Bartholomew-tide: *St. Bartholomew's day, August 24*

347 perspectively; *cf. n.*

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your majesty demands, that the King of
France, having any occasion to write for matter
of grant, shall name your highness in this form, 366
and with this addition, in French. Notre très cher
fils Henry roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de France;
and thus in Latin, Præclarissimus filius noster
Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass. 372

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

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood
raise up 376
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen! 384

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

Flourish.

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love, 389
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,

363 subscribed: *signed*
369 Præclarissimus; *cf. n.*

367 addition: *title*
381 neighbourhood: *neighborly feeling*

Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other! God speak this Amen! 396

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage: on which
day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues. 400
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

Sennet. Exeunt.

EPILOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men, 3
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
This star of England: Fortune made his sword,
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd, 7
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing, 11
That they lost France and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. 14

393 paction: *alliance*

402 S. d. Sennet: *set of notes on a trumpet*

2 bending: *i.e., bending beneath the burden of his task*

4 starts: *a fragmentary representation*

14 this: *this play*

FINIS.

NOTES

Prol. 11. *cockpit*. A pit or enclosure for the popular Elizabethan sport of cockfighting. The expression is not to be taken literally, but merely as part of Shakespeare's disparagement of his inadequate representation of the great events of King Henry's reign. The 'wooden O' of line 13 presumably refers to the Globe theatre, built in 1599. The Globe is thought to have been octagonal on the exterior, but the interior was probably circular.

Prol. 16. *Attest*. The 'crooked figure' that may stand for a million is probably the figure '1,' which was a very crooked figure as the Elizabethans wrote it.

Prol. 29. *jumping o'er times*. The action of the play covers a period of six years, from 1414 to 1420.

Prol. 32. *Chorus*. This term, an inheritance from the drama of Greece and Rome, is used by Shakespeare simply as a name by which to designate the speaker of his prologues; i.e., a single actor.

I. i. S. d. *Bishops*. The stage directions of the Folio do not discriminate between the titles of Archbishop and Bishop either here or in the second scene.

I. i. 35. *Hydra-headed*. The Hydra of Lerna was a nine-headed monster slain by Hercules. When one head was struck off, two new ones grew in its place.

I. i. 46. *Gordian knot*. An oracle had declared that he who untied this famous knot, tied by King Gordius of Phrygia, should rule over Asia. Alexander the Great cut the knot with his sword, declaring that he was destined to fulfill the oracle.

I. i. 51. *art*. The word as used here means the application of theory to practice. King Henry, reversing the usual process, appears to have learned the theory of statesmanship from practical endeavor.

This, the Archbishop says, is strange, in view of the frivolity of his earlier years.

I. i. 89. *Edward*. King Henry's claim to the French throne rested upon his descent from Philip IV of France. Henry's great-grandfather, Edward III of England, was the son of Isabella, daughter to Philip IV. Her three brothers died without male heirs. Upon the death of the third (Charles IV), Isabella claimed the French throne for her son Edward; but an assembly of French peers and barons barred the English king's claim, declaring that 'no woman, nor therefore her son, could in accordance with custom succeed to the monarchy of France.' Later the doctrine thus enunciated became known as the Salic law. (Cf. I. ii. 38.) The crown of France passed to a younger branch of the French royal family of Capet.

I. ii. 11. *law Salique*. The Salic law is stated, in Latin, in line 38 below. (See preceding note.)

I. ii. 57. *four hundred one-and-twenty years*. In giving this figure, Shakespeare has perpetuated a mistake in arithmetic made by Holinshed. Throughout this long historical lecture Shakespeare is following his source very closely.

I. ii. 65. *King Pepin*. Pepin the Short, who usurped the throne of Childeric III in 751, was the first of the Carolingian family to take the title of King of the Franks.

I. ii. 69. *Hugh Capet*. First king of the family of Capet, who came to the throne in 987. The 'Lady Lingare' of line 74 appears to have been a totally fictitious personage. Ritson, commenting on this passage, says that 'these fictitious persons and pedigrees seem to have been devised by the English heralds.'

I. ii. 77. *Lewis the Tenth*. It should be Lewis the Ninth (Saint Louis, 1214-1270). Shakespeare copies the error from Holinshed.

I. ii. 94. *Than amply to imbar their crooked titles*.

This line has been variously interpreted according to the meaning attached to the word 'imbar.' It appears most reasonable to translate the word as 'to bar in' or 'to secure': The kings of France prefer to involve themselves in contradictions ('hide them in a net') rather than fully to secure their own titles by showing that although they are descended from the female, like King Henry, their claim is stronger than his.

I. ii. 106-114. The Archbishop is alluding to the battle of Crécy, August 26, 1346.

I. ii. 120. *May-morn of his youth.* King Henry was twenty-six years old.

I. ii. 126. *So hath your highness.* 'Your highness hath indeed what they think and know you have.' (Malone.) The emphasis is upon *hath*.

I. ii. 160. *impounded.* David Bruce, king of Scotland, was taken prisoner by the English at Nevill's Cross, October 17, 1346.

I. ii. 266. *chaces.* The word is a technical expression from the old game of tennis, used of the second impact on the floor of a ball which the opponent had failed or declined to return. The value of the chace was determined by the nearness of the spot of impact to the end wall. If the opponent, on changing sides, could better the stroke by causing his ball to rebound nearer the wall, he scored the point; otherwise it was scored by the first player. Hence the word *chaces* came to be practically equivalent to 'points scored,' and Harry seems to use it figuratively in that sense in this passage.

I. ii. 270. *living hence.* On account of his 'addiction to courses vain' in his younger days, Henry lost his place at the royal council-table and became 'almost an alien to the hearts of all the court.' (Cf. *Henry IV*, Part 1, III. ii. 32 ff.) In that sense he might be said to have been living in exile from his native royalty.

II. Chor. 31, 32. *Linger your patience on, etc.* 'Extend your patience, and we will overcome the ordinary limitations of distance and produce a play by pressing widely separated events into a narrow compass.'

II. Chor. 41, 42. *But, till . . . scene.* The meaning is quite obvious here, in spite of the curiously perverted construction: 'We shall shift our scene to Southampton; but not until the king comes forth.'

II. i. 6. *there shall be smiles.* Probably Nym means that when the time is ripe, the quarrel shall end in good humor.

II. i. 11. *there's an end.* Nym's language is a patchwork of the current phrases of the day, which he uses without any particular regard to their relevancy: 'that's the certain of it,' 'that is my rest,' 'things must be as they may,' 'there must be conclusions,' etc.

II. i. 17. *rest.* A technical term in the old game of *Primero*, meaning 'stake' or 'wager.'

II. i. 18. *that is the rendezvous of it.* This is but one more of Nym's current phrases, and it is not necessary to suppose that it carries any more meaning than the others.

II. i. 44. *Iceland dog.* Obviously Pistol means this to be a very scathing term of abuse. There are frequent references, in early seventeenth-century books, to the shaggy, snappish dogs brought over from Iceland to serve as lap-dogs. Whether Pistol had in mind their unhandsome appearance or their evil temper is uncertain.

II. i. 57. *Barbason.* Nym, unimpressed by the sound and fury of Pistol's speech, assures him that he cannot dispose of him, as conjurers dealt with fiends, by uttering high-sounding words.

II. i. 77. *hound of Crete.* Although some editors believe that Pistol means to imply that Nym is as bloodthirsty as a Cretan bloodhound, such an implication seems far-fetched and out of place here. Like

the 'Iceland dog' of line 44, the expression is merely a term of abuse without any precise application, and chosen for no particular reason, unless it be Pistol's artistic craving for variety.

II. i. 79. *powdering-tub*. Literally, a tub in which meat was salted. Here it is used to denote the hot bath which formed part of the treatment for certain diseases.

II. i. 80. *kite of Cressid's kind*. This expression appears to have been a stock phrase in the literature of the day. Both Gascoigne and Greene use it. Henryson's *Testament of Cresseid* had told of Cressid's transformation into a leperous beggar (*lazar*).

II. i. 86. *thy face*. Bardolph's fiery complexion is the subject of more than one jest in *Henry IV*. Fluellen supplies us with further information on the same subject in III. vi. 110 ff.

II. i. 124. *quotidian tertian*. Dame Pistol has been so pleased with the learned sound of these medical terms that she uses them without any knowledge of their meaning. As a result, she confuses the quotidian fever, in which the paroxysms recur daily, with the tertian, in which the interval of recurrence is three days.

II. i. 130. *corroborate*. Of course the literal meaning of this word is quite inappropriate here; but that need not trouble us, as it obviously did not trouble Pistol, who uses it merely because it is a big word.

II. i. 133. *careers*. A term used to designate galloping a horse at full speed, backward and forward. Probably 'passes some careers' is Nym's way of saying 'Gives a free rein to his whims.'

II. ii. 118. *bade thee stand up*. 'Commanded thee to rise and do his bidding,' as one might give orders to a servant who could be relied upon for unquestioning obedience. Possibly, like the word *dub* in line 120, this is an allusion to the formula used in conferring knighthood.

II. ii. 155-157. *For me . . . intended.* 'Diuerse write that Richard earle of Cambridge did not conspire with the lord Scroope and Thomas Graie for the murthering of king Henrie to please the French king withall, but onelie to the intent to exalt to the crowne his brother in law Edmund earle of March as heire to Lionell duke of Clarence: after the death of which earle of March . . . the earl of Cambridge was sure that the crowne should come to him by his wife, and to his children, of hir begotten.' (Holins-hed.)

II. iii. 9. *Arthur's bosom.* Obviously the hostess means Abraham's bosom. Cf. St. Luke 16. 22.

II. iii. 17, 18. *and a' babbled of green fields.* This is the famous emendation offered by Theobald (1688-1744) for the incomprehensible 'and a Table of greene fields' of the Folio.

II. iv. S. d. *Constable.* The Constable of France, originally the principal officer of the household of the French kings, was at this time the commander-in-chief of the French army in the absence of the monarch.

II. iv. 25. *Whitsun morris-dance.* Whitsuntide is the week commencing with Whitsunday (the seventh Sunday after Easter), especially the first three days of the week. The morris-dance was a fantastic dance which commonly formed part of the Whitsuntide festivities in English villages. The name 'morris' is derived from 'Moorish' and would seem to indicate that the dance was imported from Spain.

II. iv. 37. *Brutus.* The reference is to Lucius Junius Brutus, who simulated madness to conceal his plans for the liberation of his country from the tyranny of Tarquinius Superbus.

II. iv. 50. *flesh'd.* Hounds and hawks, in training for the chase, were fed with flesh.

III. ii. 3. *corporal.* In Act II, Scene i, Bardolph is called 'Lieutenant.'

III. ii. 6. *plain-song*. A simple melody without variations.

III. ii. 65. *the mines is not*. It is hardly necessary to point out the many irregularities in Captain Fluellen's use of singulars and plurals. He takes similar liberties with actives and passives and with the verbs 'to be' and 'to have.' In his speeches, as in those of the Scotch and Irish officers, dialect peculiarities are not explained unless they present unusual difficulties.

III. ii. 136-139. *Of my . . . nation*. Macmorris, who is of an excitable Celtic temperament, is quick to resent a fancied sneer at his country.

III. v. 7. *scions*. This word originally denoted small twigs cut from one tree and grafted upon another. The Dauphin is referring, of course, to the Norman extraction of the English.

III. v. 12. *but*. Grammatically the oath, 'Mort de ma vie,' governs this word. 'If these Englishmen march along uncontested, death take me if I do not sell my dukedom.'

III. v. 36. *Montjoy*. Not a name, but a title, borne by the chief heralds of France through many centuries. It is probable, however, that Shakespeare himself supposed that it was a name. Cf. III. vi. 150.

III. vi. S. d. *English and Welch*. The use of these words as synonyms for the names of Gower and Fluellen emphasizes Shakespeare's intention of representing national types in these captains.

III. vi. 13. *aunchient lieutenant*. Fluellen, with characteristic redundancy, gives Pistol two different titles.

III. vi. 42. *pax*. Perhaps this is a mistake for 'pyx,' the box containing the Host or consecrated wafer of the Mass. To steal a pyx would be a very serious sacrilege, and we know that on this expedition King Henry ordered a man hanged for such a theft. The pax, on the other hand, was a less sacred object—

the piece of wood or metal, engraved with the picture of Christ, which was given to the laity to be kissed during the celebration of the Mass.

III. vi. 62. *The fig of Spain*. Pistol merely repeats and elaborates the exclamation of line 59. 'Figo' was the Spanish word for 'fig.'

III. vii. 14. *as if his entrails were hairs*. The tennis balls of the day were stuffed with hair. Cf. *Much Ado About Nothing*, III. ii. 46, 47.

III. vii. 19. *pipe of Hermes*. Hermes, by playing on his pipe, charmed the hundred-eyed Argus to sleep.

III. vii. 71, 72. 'The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire.' (2 Peter 2. 22.)

III. vii. 98. *go to hazard*. Shakespeare adopts this incident from Holinshed. 'The Frenchmen in the meanwhile, as though they had beene sure of victorie, made great triumphe, for the capteins had determined before how to diuide the spoile, and the soldiers the night before had plaid the Englishmen at dice.'

III. vii. 126. *'tis a hooded valour*. This is a metaphor drawn from falconry. The hawk was kept hooded till it was released to fly at the game. 'To bate' was to flap the wings, as the hawk invariably did, after being unhooded, preparatory to flight. Probably the Constable uses this word punningly with a play upon another meaning of 'bate': to dwindle, to diminish.

IV. i. 55. *Saint Davy's day*. It was an old Welsh custom to wear a leek upon Saint David's day to commemorate the victory said to have been won by King Arthur over the Saxons on Saint David's day in the year 540 A. D. It is the tradition that the battle was fought in a garden where leeks were growing and that Saint David ordered Arthur's soldiers to wear the leek in honour of the victory. Shakespeare

refers to this custom in two other passages in this play: IV. vi. 102 ff. and V. i. 74.

IV. i. 246. *French crowns*. There is a double pun here: a play upon two different meanings of 'crown,' and an allusion to the crime of clipping gold coins.

IV. i. 283. *The farced title*. Perhaps there is an allusion here to the herald that goes before the king and proclaims his full title in high-sounding phrases. More probably *running 'fore* means 'prefixed to' the name of the king.

IV. i. 321. *chantries*. Originally a chantry was an endowment for the maintenance of one or more priests to sing daily mass for the souls of the founders or others specified by them. Later it came to mean a chapel, altar, or part of a church so endowed.

IV. i. 323-325. *Though all that I can do, etc.* King Henry acknowledges that such works of piety as the founding of chantries have availed him nothing; not by such means can he cleanse his conscience of the sense of guilt. After all that he can do, he must still penitently implore pardon.

IV. ii. 36. *dare the field*. Another phrase borrowed from the terminology of falconry. The bird was said to be 'dared' when it was so terrified by the hawk that it kept close to the ground.

IV. ii. 60, 61. The French 'thought themselves so sure of victorie, that diuerse of the noble men made such hast towards the battell, that they left manie of their seruants and men of warre behind them, and some of them would not once staie for their standards: as, amongst other, the duke of Brabant, when his standard was not come, caused a baner to be taken from a trumpet and fastened to a speare; the which he commanded to be borne before him in stead of his standard.' (Holinshed.)

IV. iii. 57. *Crispin Crispian*. Saint Crispin's day was sacred to two brothers, Crispinus and Crispianus,

who were martyred for their faith at Soissons early in the fourth century.

IV. iv. S. d. *Excursions*. This stage direction indicates that small groups of armed men hurry across the stage as if in the heat of battle.

IV. iv. 4. *Qualtitie calmie custure me*. This is the reading of the Folio. The passage is usually emended to read, 'Quality? Calen O custure me!' The last four words in this amended reading form the refrain of a popular Irish song of Shakespeare's day and are a corruption of the Irish phrase, 'Colleen, oge asture,' i.e., 'young girl, my treasure.' According to this conjecture, Pistol repeats the only word he has understood in the French gentleman's speech and follows it by quoting, with characteristic irrelevancy, the burden of this popular song. The present editor has restored the Folio reading because the resemblance between Pistol's words and the burden of the song is not close enough to be altogether convincing; but the theory represents the most satisfactory explanation that has been offered. C. D. Stewart (*Some Textual Difficulties in Shakespeare*, Yale University Press, 1914, pp. 71-74) argues that Pistol is trying to talk French: 'Quel titre comme accoster me.'

IV. iv. 14. *moys*. Probably the French 'muys' or 'muids,' a measure of corn, equal to five quarters English measure. It has also been suggested that 'moys' were some sort of coin.

IV. iv. 76. *devil i' the old play*. This refers not to any particular play, but to the old Morality plays, in which the Devil was frequently the butt of the Vice or clown, who, armed with a wooden dagger, subjected him to all manner of physical indignities. The 'roaring devil' in these plays presented just such a combination of braggadocio and cowardice as Pistol.

IV. vii. 104. *in a garden*. This is another reference to the traditional Arthurian battle in the leek-garden. Cf. IV. i. 55 and note.

IV. vii. 105. *Monmouth caps*. These caps were soft and flat, with a plume, and were worn particularly by soldiers. As their name indicates, they were originally made at Monmouth, where the cap-making industry appears to have flourished. 'The best caps were formerly made at Monmouth, where the Capper's Chapel doth still remain.' (Fuller, *Worthies of Wales*, 1660.)

IV. viii. 128. *Non nobis*. This is the one hundred and fifteenth psalm, which begins, in the Latin version, 'Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam.'

V. Chor. 30. *general*. Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, set out from London on March 27, 1599, to suppress Tyrone's rebellion in Ireland. (Cf. Appendix B.) His return was by no means the triumph which Shakespeare prophesies in these lines. He mismanaged his campaign most conspicuously, frequently acting in opposition to the commands of the queen, and finally concluded a truce with Tyrone in September in order that he might be free to return to London and vindicate himself before the queen. In the following June he was called before a special court to answer for his mismanagement of the mission and was deprived of his offices.

V. Chor. 38. *emperor's*. In five lines the Chorus passes over the events of four years. Emperor Sigismund landed at Dover on May 1, 1416, about six months after the battle of Agincourt, and immediately set about his task of making peace between England and France; but it was not until May, 1420, that the peace treaty was signed. Shakespeare makes no reference to Henry's second military expedition to France and the long siege of Rouen.

V. ii. 17. *basilisks*. The basilisk cannon was named after a fabulous serpent, the basilisk or cockatrice, that was said to kill its victims with a glance.

V. ii. 138. *measure*. Shakespeare frequently plays on the various meanings of this word. Here he first uses the word in the sense of 'metre'; secondly, of 'dancing'; and thirdly, of 'amount.'

V. ii. 155. *let thine eye be thy cook*. Let thine eye dress me in attractions to suit thy taste.

V. ii. 160. *uncoined constancy*. Henry means that his love has not been stamped out into the form of glib phrases such as pass current among more accomplished but less sincere lovers.

V. ii. 262. *broken music*. 'Part music,' arranged for different kinds of instruments.

V. ii. 318. *circle*. The making of a circle was part of the elaborate preparations of conjurers for the exercise of their magic. Within the circle the conjurer was supposed to be immune from the baleful influences of the evil spirits that he raised.

V. ii. 347. *perspectively*. As through a 'perspective,' i.e., an instrument producing fantastic optical illusions.

V. ii. 369. *Præclarissimus*. Once more Shakespeare has copied one of Holinshed's errors. The word should be 'præcarissimus,' the Latin equivalent for the French 'très cher.'

APPENDIX A

SOURCES OF THE PLAY

Virtually all the historical material for *Henry V* was drawn from Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* (Second Edition, 1587). A few minor incidents—the embassy of the tennis balls, Pistol's encounter with the French soldier, and the wooing scene of Act V—seem to have been suggested by the crude old chronicle play, *The Famous Victories of Henry V*, licensed for the press in 1594. The characters of the sub-plot—Pistol, Fluellen, and the rest—are entirely original.

Shakespeare follows Holinshed almost word for word in certain passages of the play; particularly in the account of the bill against the clergy, in the Archbishop's argument in favor of Henry's claim to the French throne, and in the list of the casualties at the battle of Agincourt. More typical of his usual treatment of his sources are the passages in which he has caught up a suggestion or two from the prosy chronicle and transformed them into glowing poetry. The following quotation from Holinshed, for example, contains the only hints which Shakespeare found in his source for King Henry's stirring appeal to his officers on the morning of Saint Crispin's day:

'It is said, that as he heard one of the host vtter his wish to another thus: I would to God there were with vs now so manie good soldiers as are at this houre within England! the king answered: I would not wish a man more here than I haue; we are indeed in comparison to the enimies but a few, but if God of his clemencie doo fauour vs, and our iust cause, (as I trust he will,) we shall speed well inough. But let no man ascribe victorie to our owne strength and

might, but onelie to God's assistance; to whome I haue no doubt we shall worthilie haue cause to giue thanks therefore. And if so be that for our offenses sakes we shall be deliuered into the hands of our enimies, the lesse number we be, the lesse damage shall the realme of England susteine; but if we should fight in trust of multitude of men, and so get the victorie, (our minds being prone to pride,) we should therevpon peradventure ascribe the victorie not so much to the gift of God, as to our owne puissance, and thereby prouoke his high indignation and displeasure against vs: and if the enimie get the vpper hand, then should our realme and countrie suffer more damage and stand in further danger. But be you of good comfort, and shew your selues valiant! God and our iust quarrell shall defend vs, and deliuer these our proud aduersaries with all the multitude of them which you see (or at the least the most of them) into our hands.'

APPENDIX B

THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY

The production of *Henry V* has been assigned, on very substantial evidence, to the year 1599. Francis Meres, giving a list of Shakespeare's plays in a book published in 1598, makes no mention of *Henry V*, although his list includes *Henry IV*. The play was entered on the Stationers' Register in August, 1600, and the first edition was published in that year. The reference to the 'wooden O' in line 13 of the Prologue is usually supposed to be an allusion to the Globe Theatre, which was completed in 1599. Most significant of all, the lines in the Prologue to Act V referring to the Earl of Essex must have been written

and spoken during the earl's absence in Ireland, which extended from March 27 until September 28, 1599.

Three very imperfect editions of the play appeared prior to the publication of the First Folio in 1623. The First Quarto (1600) omits all the prologues, the epilogue, and several entire scenes. These and other omissions, notably in the long speeches, which are much curtailed, shorten the play by some seventeen hundred lines. The errors and absurdities of the edition are many; particularly in the scenes written in French (which is very 'fausse French' indeed as it appears in this volume), and in the prose scenes, where an heroic attempt has been made to transform the prose into poetry. It is now generally believed that the First Quarto is an imperfect edition of a shortened acting version of the play, and it may have been made up for the press largely from notes taken in the theatre during a performance. The Second Quarto (1602) and the Third Quarto, dated 1608, but really printed in 1619, are reprints of the edition of 1600, very slightly amended and without independent value. Modern editors accept the text of the First Folio (1623) as the most reliable, and have adopted the reading of the Quartos in only a few instances.

A funeral elegy on Richard Burbage, Shakespeare's most famous fellow actor, gives us the information that the part of King Henry was one in which Burbage won distinction. The unknown writer laments:

Poor Romeo never more shall tears beget
 For Juliet's love and cruel Capulet;
 Harry shall not be seen as king or prince,
 They died with thee, dear Dick (and not long since.)

This is the only bit of information we have as to the early stage history of *Henry V*. The records of Sir Henry Herbert show that a play entitled 'Henry the 5th' was licensed for the stage in 1663, but it is not

certain that this record refers to Shakespeare's play. We have positive record of a performance given at Covent Garden Theatre, February 23, 1738. Seven years later, at the time of the last Jacobite rising, the play was once more presented at the same theatre, perhaps by way of stirring the patriotism of the Londoners at a time when the Scots were marching on the city and France was supposed to be preparing to invade England. In this latter performance, the part of Pistol was played by the younger Cibber. Garrick presented the play at Drury Lane on December 16, 1747, but left the part of King Henry to Barry, appearing himself as the Chorus, in the costume of the day—'a full-dress court suit with powdered bag-wig, ruffles, and sword.'

Under the lavish management of Rich, Covent Garden gave a very elaborate production in 1761, including an interpolated scene, borrowed from *Henry IV, Part 2*, representing the coronation procession. The popular actress, George Anne Bellamy, walked in the procession as Queen. Another spectacular touch was added in the revival of 1769 at the same theatre by the introduction of the Champion (of the coronation ceremony) in full armor and on horseback. Drury Lane revived the play for the first time in twenty years in 1789, with John Philip Kemble as Henry; and the same actor performed the part from time to time during his career. He secured a telling stage effect at the close of Act IV by suddenly interrupting his prayer, at the sound of the trumpet, and rushing off the stage sword in hand. On March 8, 1830, Edmund Kean appeared at Drury Lane in the rôle of King Henry. His memory failed him during the performance and he was obliged to apologize to the audience from the stage. During the nineteenth century the play was performed also by William Macready, Samuel Phelps and Charles Kean. The production given by the latter at the Princess's

Theatre in 1859 was a very ambitious undertaking and met with so great a success that the play ran to eighty-four performances. Kean attached a great deal of importance to historical accuracy. His setting for the siege of Harfleur was constructed after careful study of a Latin manuscript giving an account of the siege as seen by a priest who accompanied the army. A further spectacular effect was secured by transforming the description of Henry's return to London, as given by the Chorus, into an actual stage spectacle. Mrs. Charles Kean recited the prologues in the character of Clio, Muse of History. The most conspicuous production in England during the twentieth century was given by Lewis Waller at the Lyceum Theatre in 1900, at the time when the Boer war had stimulated British patriotism. Lily Hanbury appeared as Chorus in Waller's production.

In America, the first performance of the play of which we have any record took place at the Park Theatre in New York in 1804, with Cooper as King Henry. Macready and Waller brought their productions to this country from England, the latter in 1912. In 1876 John Coleman produced the play in New York at great expense, but it ran for only a week. Most noteworthy of the American performances is Richard Mansfield's magnificent presentation in 1900. The production opened at the Garden Theatre, New York City, October 3, after the most elaborate preparations, and had a very successful run, playing to crowded houses in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago. Mansfield stated that he was led to produce the play by 'a consideration of its healthy and virile tone, so diametrically in contrast to many of the performances now current.'

A great memorial performance of *Henry V* in London, May 4, 1916, attracted a 'full and enthusiastic' house, and evoked comments upon the contemporaneous effect of many scenes.

APPENDIX C

THE TEXT OF THE PRESENT EDITION

By permission of the Oxford University Press, the text of this edition of *Henry V* is that of Craig's Oxford Shakespeare, with the following alterations:

1. The stage directions are those of the First Folio, with necessary additions indicated by brackets.

2. French passages throughout the play have in general been modernized.

3. A few changes have been made in punctuation (such as *what, man* for *what man* in II. iii. 19); and the spelling of the following words has been normalized: warlike, ooze, ordnance, antics, villainy, wrecked, lackey, embattl'd.

4. All other departures from Craig's text represent reversions to the reading of the First Folio. In the following list of such changes, the reading of the present edition stands first in the line: the reading of the Oxford Shakespeare follows the colon.

I. ii. 22	our: the
I. ii. 30	For: And
I. ii. 74	th' heir: heir
I. ii. 99	man: son
I. ii. 151	assays: essays
I. ii. 208	Come: Fly
II. Chor. 31	on, and we'll: on; and well
II. Chor. 32	distance; force: distance while we force
II. i. 75	Couple a gorge: Coupe le gorge
II. ii. 104	and: from
II. ii. 179, 180	give You patience: give you Patience
II. iv. 1	comes: come
II. iv. 57	mountain sire: mounting sire
II. iv. 75, 115	brother of: brother
III. i. 34	Harry, England, and: Harry! England and
III. ii. 50, 51	fire-shovel: I knew . . . coals. They: fire-shovel;—I knew . . . coals—they

- III. ii. 69 yard: yards
 III. ii. 79 beard: peard
 III. ii. 120 call: calls
 III. ii. 129 pay 't: pay it
 III. ii. 145, 157 war: wars
 III. v. 41 of Berri: Berri
 III. vii. 15 chez: qui a
 III. vii. 54 Nay, for: Ma foi,
 IV. Chor. 28 O now: O! now
 IV. Chor. 45 fear, that mean and gentle all: fear.—
 Then mean and gentle all,
 IV. i. 35 Che vous la: Qui va là
 IV. i. 47 from heart-string: from my heart-string
 IV. i. 77 hear: heard
 IV. i. 154 who: whom
 IV. i. 260 idol: idle
 IV. i. 312 Lord,: Lord!
 IV. ii. 49 gimmal'd: gimmal
 IV. iv. 4 Qualtitie calmie custure me: Quality?
 Calen O custure me!
 IV. iv. 39 Owy: Ouy
 IV. vi. 15 He cries aloud, 'Tarry, my: And cries
 aloud, 'Tarry, dear
 IV. vii. 7 ha': have
 IV. vii. 167 and: an
 IV. viii. 10 world: 'orld
 IV. viii. 37, 38 and will avouchment: and avouchments
 IV. viii. 100 Great Master . . . Guichard . . . Dolphin:
 Great-master . . . Guischard . . . Dau-
 phin
 IV. viii. 101 Anthony: Antony
 IV. viii. 130 And then: We'll then
 V. i. 7 world: 'orld
 V. i. 39 leek, you: leek you
 V. i. 86 Doll: Nell
 V. i. 90 cudgell'd: cudgelled
 V. ii. 40 it: its
 V. ii. 54 all: as
 V. ii. 55 wildness.: wildness,
 V. ii. 102 shall: sall
 V. ii. 108 wat: vat
 V. ii. 135 well: vell
 V. ii. 186 wat: vat
 V. ii. 266 shall: sall
 V. ii. 269 shall: sall
 V. ii. 283 wat: vat

APPENDIX D

SUGGESTIONS FOR COLLATERAL READING

Thomas Carlyle in *Heroes and Hero-worship* (1840). *The Hero as Poet*.

Edward Dowden in *Shakspeare: His Mind and Art* (1875). Chapter IV.

Beverly E. Warner in *English History in Shakespeare's Plays* (1894). Chapter V.

William Butler Yeats in *Ideas of Good and Evil* (1903). Essay entitled *At Stratford-on-Avon*.

John Masefield in *William Shakespeare* (1911). *Henry V*.

J. W. Cunliffe: *The Character of Henry V. as Prince and King* (1916). In *Shaksperian Studies*, Columbia University Press, 1916, pp. 313-331.

INDEX OF WORDS GLOSSED

(Figures in full-faced type refer to page-numbers)

- a': 31** (II. iii. 11)
absolute: 61 (III. vii. 27)
abutting: 1 (I. Chor. 21)
accept: 111 (V. ii. 82)
accomplishing: 66 (IV. Chor. 12)
accopt: 1 (I. Chor. 17)
accord: 26 (II. ii. 86)
achieve: 85 (IV. iii. 91)
addition: 120 (V. ii. 367)
address: 48 (III. iii. 58)
admiration: 27 (II. ii. 108)
advance: 30 (II. ii. 192)
advantages: 83 (IV. iii. 50)
advice, his more: 25 (II. ii. 43)
advis'd, be: 14 (I. ii. 251)
affiance: 28 (II. ii. 127)
alarum: 39 (III. Chor. S. d.)
all proportion of subjection: 73 (IV. i. 154, 155)
an (if): 22 (II. i. 107)
an (as if): 31 (II. iii. 11)
ancient: 18 (II. i. 3)
antics: 42 (III. ii. 34)
apprehension: 65 (III. vii. 150)
approbation: 6 (I. ii. 19)
apt: 26 (II. ii. 86)
arbitrement: 73 (IV. i. 170)
argument (subject of contention): 40 (III. i. 21)
argument (theme): 61 (III. vii. 37)
argument (business): 73 (IV. i. 151)
art: 4 (I. i. 51)
as: 44 (III. ii. 78)
- as may unworthiness de-
 fine: 67** (IV. Chor. 46)
assays: 11 (I. ii. 151)
astonished: 106 (V. i. 40)
at one: 114 (V. ii. 203, 204)
attest: 1 (I. Chor. 16)
avouch: 107 (V. i. 77)
avouchment: 99 (IV. viii. 38)
awkward: 36 (II. iv. 85)
- ball: 77** (IV. i. 280)
balm: 77 (IV. i. 280)
bar: 109 (V. ii. 27)
Barbason: 20 (II. i. 57)
barley-broth: 51 (III. v. 19)
Bartholomew-tide: 119 (V. ii. 335)
basilisks: 108 (V. ii. 17)
battle (army): 66 (IV. Chor. 9)
battle (battle lines): 81 (IV. iii. 2)
bawcock: 42 (III. ii. 27)
beadle: 74 (IV. i. 180)
beaver: 80 (IV. ii. 44)
become: 6 (I. ii. 8)
bedlam: 105 (V. i. 20)
bent: 108 (V. ii. 16)
beseched: 45 (III. ii. 119)
beshrew: 116 (V. ii. 240)
best indu'd: 28 (II. ii. 139)
bestow yourself: 84 (IV. iii. 68)
blood: 28 (II. ii. 133)
blown: 59 (III. vi. 164)
bolted: 28 (II. ii. 137)
book: 94 (IV. vii. 77)

- bootless: 47 (III. iii. 24)
bound my horse: 113 (V. ii. 145)
bowels, in the: 37 (II. iv. 102)
brave: 38 (III. Chor. 5)
bravely: 84 (IV. iii. 69)
break: 116 (V. ii. 264)
breath: 38 (II. iv. 145)
bring: 30 (II. iii. 2)
broached: 104 (V. Chor. 32)
broken music: 116 (V. ii. 262)
bubukles: 57 (III. vi. 111)
buffet: 113 (V. ii. 145)
bully: 69 (IV. i. 48)
but: 51 (III. v. 12)
but in purged judgment: 28 (II. ii. 136)
buxom: 54 (III. vi. 27)
by and by: 23 (II. ii. 2)
- Cadwallader: 105 (V. i. 29)
capital: 111 (V. ii. 96)
careers: 23 (II. i. 133)
careful: 76 (IV. i. 251)
carefully, more than: 33 (II. iv. 2)
carry coals: 43 (III. ii. 51)
case: 41 (III. ii. 5)
casted slough: 68 (IV. i. 23)
cause of policy: 4 (I. i. 45)
caveto: 32 (II. iii. 56)
ceremonies: 71 (IV. i. 110)
chaces: 15 (I. ii. 266)
chambers: 39 (III. Chor. S. d.)
charge: 6 (I. ii. 15)
Charlemain: 8 (I. ii. 75)
Charles the Great: 7 (I. ii. 46)
charter'd: 4 (I. i. 48)
che vous la: 69 (IV. i. 35)
Cheshu: 43 (III. ii. 69)
chez: 60 (III. vii. 15)
Chorus: 2 (I. Chor. 32)
christom: 31 (II. iii. 12)
- chuck: 42 (III. ii. 27)
civil: 13 (I. ii. 199)
clear thy crystals: 32 (II. iii. 57)
close: 12 (I. ii. 182)
closet: 115 (V. ii. 210)
comes o'er: 15 (I. ii. 267)
companies: 4 (I. i. 55)
compassing: 78 (IV. i. 314)
complement: 28 (II. ii. 134)
compound (decide): 22 (II. i. 103)
compound (come to terms): 84 (IV. iii. 80)
condition: 107 (V. i. 84)
condole: 23 (II. i. 134)
confounded: 40 (III. i. 13)
congreeing: 12 (I. ii. 182)
congregated: 109 (V. ii. 31)
conscience: 72 (IV. i. 124)
consent: 12 (I. ii. 181)
consideration: 3 (I. i. 28)
consign: 111 (V. ii. 90)
contemplation: 4 (I. i. 63)
contrived: 73 (IV. i. 173)
convey'd: 8 (I. ii. 74)
convoy: 83 (IV. iii. 37)
copy: 40 (III. i. 24)
corantos: 52 (III. v. 33)
couch: 80 (IV. ii. 37)
coulter: 109 (V. ii. 46)
couple a gorge: 21 (II. i. 75)
coursing: 11 (I. ii. 143)
cousin: 6 (I. ii. 4)
coxcomb: 106 (V. i. 45)
coz: 82 (IV. iii. 30)
crescive in his faculty: 4 (I. i. 66)
Crispian, feast of: 83 (IV. iii. 40)
crush'd: 12 (I. ii. 175)
cue, upon our: 58 (III. vi. 134)
cullions: 42 (III. ii. 23)
cunning: 113 (V. ii. 149)
currance: 3 (I. i. 34)

- cursorary: 110 (V. ii. 77)
 curtains: 80 (IV. ii. 41)
 curtal-axe: 80 (IV. ii. 21)
 curtsy: 117 (V. ii. 291)
- dare: 80 (IV. ii. 36)
 darnel: 109 (V. ii. 45)
 dear: 30 (II. ii. 181)
 decoct: 52 (III. v. 20)
 defensible: 48 (III. iii. 50)
 defunction: 8 (I. ii. 58)
 deliver: 59 (III. vi. 179)
 deracinate: 109 (V. ii. 47)
 desire: 68 (IV. i. 27)
 diffus'd: 110 (V. ii. 61)
 discover'd: 29 (II. ii. 151)
 discuss: 43 (III. ii. 67)
 dishonest: 7 (I. ii. 49)
 distressful: 77 (IV. i. 290)
 dout: 79 (IV. ii. 11)
 down-roping: 81 (IV. ii. 48)
 drench: 51 (III. v. 19)
 dress us: 68 (IV. i. 10)
- earnest: 29 (II. ii. 169)
 elder-gun: 75 (IV. i. 213)
 element: 71 (IV. i. 108)
 embassy: 5 (I. i. 95)
 empery: 13 (I. ii. 226)
 emptying: 51 (III. v. 6)
 England: 33 (II. iv. 9)
 englutt'd: 84 (IV. iii. 83)
 enlarge: 25 (II. ii. 40)
 enlink'd to: 47 (III. iii. 18)
 enrounded: 67 (IV. Chor. 36)
 enschedul'd: 110 (V. ii. 73)
 estate: 71 (IV. i. 100)
 even of it: 23 (II. i. 128)
 even-pleach'd: 109 (V. ii. 42)
 evenly deriv'd: 36 (II. iv. 91)
 exception: 34 (II. iv. 34)
 excursions: 86 (IV. iv. S. d.)
 executors: 13 (I. ii. 203)
 exhale: 20 (II. i. 66)
- exhibitors: 5 (I. i. 74)
 expedience: 84 (IV. iii. 70)
 expedition: 30 (II. ii. 191)
- faced out of my way: 63 (III. vii. 95)
 fair time of day: 108 (V. ii. 3)
 fall: 113 (V. ii. 167)
 farced: 77 (IV. i. 283)
 fatal and neglected: 33 (II. iv. 13)
 fate: 35 (II. iv. 64)
 favour: 110 (V. ii. 63)
 fear'd: 11 (I. ii. 155)
 fell feats: 47 (III. iii. 17)
 fellow with: 116 (V. ii. 260)
 ferret: 87 (IV. iv. 30)
 fet: 40 (III. i. 18)
 figo: 55 (III. vi. 60)
 figures: 93 (IV. vii. 35)
 find: 8 (I. ii. 72)
 fin'd: 94 (IV. vii. 73)
 firck: 87 (IV. iv. 29)
 flesh'd: 47 (III. iii. 11)
 flesh'd, been: 35 (II. iv. 50)
 floods: 7 (I. ii. 45)
 flourish: 17 (II. Chor. S. d.)
 flower-de-luce: 115 (V. ii. 223)
 for (for want of): 10 (I. ii. 114)
 for (instead of): 53 (III. v. 60)
 fore-hand: 77 (IV. i. 300)
 forespent: 34 (II. iv. 36)
 fox: 87 (IV. iv. 9)
 fractured: 23 (II. i. 130)
 France: 17 (II. Chor. 20)
 freely: 14 (I. ii. 231)
 French hose: 62 (III. vii. 59, 60)
 from: 56 (III. vi. 94)
 from the answer of his degree: 96 (IV. vii. 143)
 full-fraught: 28 (II. ii. 139)
 fumitory: 109 (V. ii. 45)

gage: 75 (IV. i. 226)
 galled: 40 (III. i. 12)
 galliard: 15 (I. ii. 252)
 galling: 107 (V. i. 78)
 garb: 107 (V. i. 81)
 gentle his condition: 84 (IV. iii. 63)
 gesture: 66 (IV. Chor. 25)
 giddy: 11 (I. ii. 145)
 gilt: 18 (II. Chor. 26)
 gimmal'd: 81 (IV. ii. 49)
 gipes: 93 (IV. vii. 53)
 girded: 39 (III. Chor. 27)
 gleeking: 107 (V. i. 78)
 glistening: 28 (II. ii. 117)
 gloze: 7 (I. ii. 40)
 go about: 75 (IV. i. 215)
 go to hazard: 63 (III. vii. 98)
 God before: 16 (I. ii. 307)
 God-den: 44 (III. ii. 93)
 good sort: 101 (IV. viii. 80)
 grace of kings: 18 (II. Chor. 28)
 grandfather: 95 (IV. vii. 96)
 grant: 103 (V. Chor. 7)
 great sort: 96 (IV. vii. 143)
 greener: 38 (II. iv. 136)
 greenly: 113 (V. ii. 148)
 groat: 106 (V. i. 62)
 grossly: 27 (II. ii. 107)
 gulf: 33 (II. iv. 10)
 gull: 56 (III. vi. 72)
 gun-stones: 16 (I. ii. 282)
 habit: 57 (III. vi. 124)
 had: 77 (IV. i. 300)
 haggled: 91 (IV. vi. 11)
 Hampton: 27 (II. ii. 91)
 handle: 32 (II. iii. 39)
 hard-favour'd: 40 (III. i. 8)
 hazard: 15 (I. ii. 263)
 head, in: 24 (II. ii. 18)
 heady: 3 (I. i. 34); 47 (III. iii. 32)
 hearts: 78 (IV. i. 312)

help Hyperion to his horse: 77 (IV. i. 295)
 hilding: 80 (IV. ii. 29)
 his: 3 (I. i. 36)
 honour-owing: 91 (IV. vi. 9)
 housewifery: 33 (II. iii. 66)
 humorous: 34 (II. iv. 28)
 huswife: 107 (V. i. 85)
 Hydra-headed: 3 (I. i. 35)
 imaginary: 1 (I. Chor. 18)
 imagin'd wing: 38 (III. Chor. 1)
 imp: 69 (IV. i. 45)
 impawn: 7 (I. ii. 21)
 impeachment: 59 (III. vi. 154)
 impounded: 11 (I. ii. 160)
 in few: 14 (I. ii. 245)
 in fresher robes: 86 (IV. iii. 117)
 in lieu of: 15 (I. ii. 255)
 indirectly: 36 (II. iv. 94)
 instance: 28 (II. ii. 119)
 intelligence: 17 (II. Chor. 12)
 intendment: 11 (I. ii. 144)
 intertissued: 77 (IV. i. 282)
 investing: 66 (IV. Chor. 26)
 irreconciled: 73 (IV. i. 162)
 is come after: 93 (IV. vii. 34, 35)
 is pear: 99 (IV. viii. 37)
 issue: 91 (IV. vi. 34)
 it: 109 (V. ii. 40)
 jack-an-apes: 113 (V. ii. 147)
 Jack-sauce: 97 (IV. vii. 149)
 jades: 51 (III. v. 19)
 jealousy: 28 (II. ii. 126)
 Jewry: 48 (III. iii. 40)
 just notice: 96 (IV. vii. 123)
 jutty: 40 (III. i. 13)
 kecksies: 109 (V. ii. 52)
 kern: 62 (III. vii. 59)

kind: 17 (II. Chor. 19)
 kinsman: 70 (IV. i. 59)

 Lady: 20 (II. i. 38)
 larding: 91 (IV. vi. 8)
 late commissioners, the: 26
 (II. ii. 61)
 lavoltas: 52 (III. v. 33)
 laver-up: 116 (V. ii. 247)
 lazars: 3 (I. i. 15)
 leas: 109 (V. ii. 44)
 legerity: 68 (IV. i. 23)
 let: 110 (V. ii. 65)
 Iewis his: 9 (I. ii. 88)
 lig: 45 (III. ii. 128)
 like (adj.): 2 (I. i. 3)
 like (adv.): 30 (II. ii. 183)
 likes: 39 (III. Chor. 32)
 line (vb.): 33 (II. iv. 7)
 line (n.): 36 (II. iv. 88)
 lineal: 9 (I. ii. 82)
 linstock: 39 (III. Chor. 33)
 list (vb.): 3 (I. i. 43)
 list (n.): 117 (V. ii. 293)
 lob down: 81 (IV. ii. 47)
 lodging: 61 (III. vii. 34)
 'long: 36 (II. iv. 80)
 love: 97 (IV. vii. 167)
 lowliness: 100 (IV. viii. 55)
 luxurious: 87 (IV. iv. 20)
 luxury: 51 (III. v. 6)

 make boot upon: 12 (I. ii.
 194)
 man: 42 (III. ii. 33)
 marches: 11 (I. ii. 140)
 marry: 45 (III. ii. 115)
 masters: 38 (II. iv. 137)
 measure: 112 (V. ii. 138)
 meeter: 15 (I. ii. 254)
 member: 77 (IV. i. 301)
 men of mould: 42 (III. ii.
 24)
 mervailous: 20 (II. i. 50)
 mess: 45 (III. ii. 126)
 mettle of your pasture: 41
 (III. i. 27)

mickle might: 21 (II. i. 70)
 minding: 67 (IV. Chor. 53)
 miscarry: 73 (IV. i. 157)
 miscreate: 6 (I. ii. 16)
 moiety: 115 (V. ii. 228)
 mortality: 7 (I. ii. 28)
 mortified: 3 (I. i. 26)
 mountain: 35 (II. iv. 57)

 name: 102 (IV. viii. 110)
 native: 73 (IV. i. 178)
 neighbourhood: 120 (V. ii.
 381)
 nicely: 6 (I. ii. 15)
 noble: 22 (II. i. 112)
 nook-shotten: 51 (III. v.
 14)

 odds: 38 (II. iv. 129)
 o'erblows: 47 (III. iii. 31)
 o'erwhelm: 40 (III. i. 11)
 of (against): 31 (II. iii. 29)
 of (for): 48 (III. iii. 45)
 of (from): 58 (III. vi. 125)
 on heaps: 90 (IV. v. 18)
 opening: 6 (I. ii. 16)
 or: 6 (I. ii. 12); 13 (I. ii.
 225)
 order: 104 (V. Chor. 39)
 orisons: 25 (II. ii. 53)
 ostent: 103 (V. Chor. 21)
 out of doubt: 68 (IV. i. 20)
 out of his knowledge: 64
 (III. vii. 149)
 outwear: 81 (IV. ii. 63)
 over-lusty: 66 (IV. Chor.
 18)
 overbears attaint: 67 (IV.
 Chor. 39)
 overlook: 51 (III. v. 9)
 overshot: 64 (III. vii. 139)

 paction: 121 (V. ii. 393)
 pales in: 103 (V. Chor. 10)
 Parca: 105 (V. i. 21)
 parle: 47 (III. iii. 2)

- parts (musical): 12 (I. ii. 181)
 parts (sides): 96 (IV. vii. 124)
 pass: 18 (II. Chor. 39)
 passages (lines of succession): 5 (I. i. 86)
 passages (deeds): 57 (III. vi. 100)
 pauca: 21 (II. i. 83)
 pax: 55 (III. vi. 42)
 pay: 74 (IV. i. 212)
 peasant best advantages: 77 (IV. i. 304)
 peer: 95 (IV. vii. 89)
 peevish: 64 (III. vii. 147)
 perdition: 57 (III. vi. 106)
 perdurable: 89 (IV. v. 7)
 perdy: 20 (II. i. 52)
 peremptory: 111 (V. ii. 82)
 perpend: 87 (IV. iv. 8)
 perspective: 119 (V. ii. 347)
 Pharamond: 7 (I. ii. 37)
 pioners: 44 (III. ii. 96)
 pitch and pay: 32 (II. iii. 52)
 plain-song: 41 (III. ii. 6)
 play: 66 (IV. Chor. 19)
 pleasant: 15 (I. ii. 259)
 policy (wisdom): 13 (I. ii. 220)
 policy (trickery): 17 (II. Chor. 14)
 popular: 69 (IV. i. 38)
 popularity: 4 (I. i. 59)
 poring: 66 (IV. Chor. 2)
 port: 1 (I. Chor. 6)
 portage: 40 (III. i. 10)
 possess: 72 (IV. i. 116)
 powdering-tub: 21 (II. i. 79)
 powers: 24 (II. ii. 15)
 prabbles: 100 (IV. viii. 69)
 practic: 4 (I. i. 51)
 preed no contention: 105 (V. i. 11, 12)
 preposterously: 27 (II. ii. 112)
 prescript: 61 (III. vii. 51)
 present: 35 (II. iv. 67)
 presently: 21 (II. i. 92)
 prey, in: 12 (I. ii. 169)
 proceeding on distemper: 25 (II. ii. 54)
 projection: 35 (II. iv. 46)
 proportion: 27 (II. ii. 109)
 proportions: 10 (I. ii. 137); 16 (I. ii. 304)
 puissant: 10 (I. ii. 116)
 purchase: 43 (III. ii. 46)
 quality: 58 (III. vi. 149)
 Qualitie calme custure me: 87 (IV. iv. 4)
 question: 2 (I. i. 5)
 quick: 26 (II. ii. 79)
 quit: 29 (II. ii. 166)
 quittance: 25 (II. ii. 34)
 quotidian tertian: 23 (II. i. 124)
 raught: 91 (IV. vi. 21)
 rawly: 73 (IV. i. 149)
 re-answer: 58 (III. vi. 140)
 reduce: 110 (V. ii. 63)
 relapse of mortality: 85 (IV. iii. 107)
 relish: 71 (IV. i. 115)
 requiring: 37 (II. iv. 101)
 resolved of: 6 (I. ii. 4)
 respect: 107 (V. i. 75)
 rest: 19 (II. i. 17)
 returns: 48 (III. iii. 46)
 rheumatic: 32 (II. iii. 40)
 rim: 87 (IV. iv. 15)
 rivage: 39 (III. Chor. 14)
 road: 10 (I. ii. 138)
 Roan: 53 (III. v. 54)
 robustious: 65 (III. vii. 164)
 roping: 52 (III. v. 23)
 round: 75 (IV. i. 219)
 rub: 30 (II. ii. 188)

- sa': 45 (III. ii. 122)
 sack: 31 (II. iii. 29)
 sad-ey'd: 13 (I. ii. 202)
 Saint Davy's day: 69 (IV. i. 55)
 Saint Denis: 114 (V. ii. 192)
 Salique: 6 (I. ii. 11)
 sand: 71 (IV. i. 101)
 'Sblood: 98 (IV. viii. 9)
 scaffold: 1 (I. Chor. 10)
 scald: 104 (V. i. 5)
 scambling (adj.): 2 (I. i. 4)
 scambling (n.): 115 (V. ii. 217)
 sconce: 56 (III. vi. 78)
 seat: 15 (I. ii. 269)
 second accent: 37 (II. iv. 126)
 self: 2 (I. i. 1)
 sennet: 121 (V. ii. 402 S. d.)
 senses: 32 (II. iii. 52)
 sequestration: 4 (I. i. 58)
 set: 18 (II. Chor. 34)
 severals: 5 (I. i. 86)
 shales: 79 (IV. ii. 18)
 shog: 20 (II. i. 47)
 show: 28 (II. ii. 127)
 shows: 71 (IV. i. 108)
 shrewdly: 61 (III. vii. 55)
 signal: 103 (V. Chor. 21)
 signs: 30 (II. ii. 192)
 sinister: 36 (II. iv. 85)
 skirr: 94 (IV. vii. 65)
 slips, in the: 41 (III. i. 31)
 slovenry: 85 (IV. iii. 114)
 snatchers: 11 (I. ii. 143)
 sooth: 59 (III. vi. 154)
 sort: 104 (V. Chor. 25)
 sorts: 12 (I. ii. 190)
 speculation: 80 (IV. ii. 31)
 speed, be my: 114 (V. ii. 193)
 spirituality: 10 (I. ii. 132)
 spital: 21 (II. i. 78)
 sprays: 51 (III. v. 5)
 Staines: 30 (II. iii. 2)
 starts: 121 (Epil. 4)
 sternage, to: 39 (III. Chor. 18)
 still: 11 (I. ii. 145); 78 (IV. i. 322)
 stilly: 66 (IV. Chor. 5)
 stood on: 56 (III. vi. 80)
 stoop: 71 (IV. i. 113)
 straight: 30 (II. ii. 191)
 straight strossers: 62 (III. vii. 60)
 subscribed: 120 (V. ii. 363)
 suddenly: 111 (V. ii. 81)
 sufferance, by his: 25 (II. ii. 46)
 sufferance, in: 29 (II. ii. 159)
 suggest: 27 (II. ii. 114)
 supply, for the which: 2 (I. Chor. 31)
 sur-rein'd: 51 (III. v. 19)
 sutler: 22 (II. i. 116)
 swashers: 42 (III. ii. 31)
 swill'd with: 40 (III. i. 14)
 sympathize with: 65 (III. vii. 163)
 take: 20 (II. i. 55)
 tall: 21 (II. i. 72)
 Tartar: 28 (II. ii. 123)
 task: 6 (I. ii. 6)
 Tavy's: 95 (IV. vii. 109)
 temper: 113 (V. ii. 152)
 temper'd: 28 (II. ii. 118)
 tender: 30 (II. ii. 175)
 tenours: 110 (V. ii. 72)
 terms: 100 (IV. viii. 43)
 that: 4 (I. i. 47)
 them: 9 (I. ii. 93)
 theoric: 4 (I. i. 52)
 tike: 19 (II. i. 31)
 to: 62 (III. vii. 65)
 toward: 98 (IV. viii. 4)
 troth-pledge: 19 (II. i. 21)
 Troyan: 105 (V. i. 20)
 trumpet: 81 (IV. ii. 61)

tucket: **57** (III. vi. 123
S. d.)
tucket sonance: **80** (IV. ii.
35)
tun: **15** (I. ii. 255)
tway: **45** (III. ii. 132)

umber'd: **66** (IV. Chor. 9)
uncoined constancy: **113** (V.
ii. 160)
undid: **112** (V. ii. 137)
unfurnish'd: **11** (I. ii. 148)
ungotten: **16** (I. ii. 287)
unprovided: **74** (IV. i. 186)
unraised: **1** (I. Chor. 9)
untempering: **116** (V. ii.
239)
unto the practices: **27** (II.
ii. 90)
upon: **5** (I. i. 76)
upon example: **68** (IV. i. 19)
upon our part: **5** (I. i. 73)

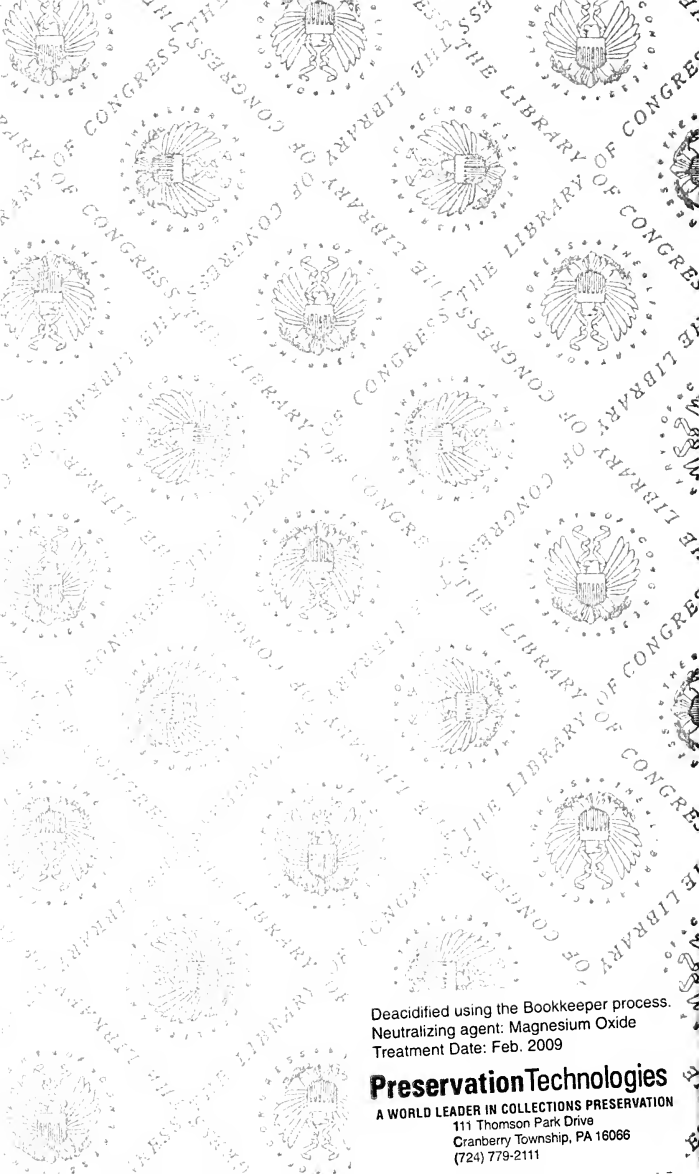
vantage, of: **59** (III. vi. 156)
vasty: **1** (I. Chor. 12)
vaultages: **37** (II. iv. 124)
vaward: **86** (IV. iii. 130)
very casques, the: **1** (I. Chor.
13)
via: **79** (IV. ii. 4)

view: **109** (V. ii. 32)
vigil: **83** (IV. iii. 45)
vile: **83** (IV. iii. 62)
voice: **27** (II. ii. 113)
void his rheum: **53** (III. v.
52)
void: **94** (IV. vii. 63)
vulgar: **94** (IV. vii. 81)

wafer-cakes: **32** (II. iii. 54)
war-proof: **40** (III. i. 18)
waxen: **14** (I. ii. 233)
whelks: **57** (III. vi. 111)
whiffler: **103** (V. Chor. 12)
Whitsun morris-dance: **34**
(II. iv. 25)
wink: **19** (II. i. 8)
withal (with): **5** (I. i. 81)
withal (therewith): **13** (I.
ii. 216); **34** (II. iv. 34)
womby: **37** (II. iv. 124)
word: **32** (II. iii. 52)
worshipp'd: **14** (I. ii. 233)
would: **17** (II. Chor. 18)
wrack: **11** (I. ii. 165)
wrest: **6** (I. ii. 14)
wringing: **76** (IV. i. 256)

yearn: **30** (II. iii. 3)
yerck: **94** (IV. vii. 84)

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