The Life of Henry the First.

Enter Prologue.

For a M flux of Fire, that would ascend
The bright e t H e a r t of I n n o v a t i o n :
A Kingdom for a Stage, Princes to Act,
And Monarchs to behold the surling Scene.
Then shall the Warlike Henry, like himself,
Assume the Part of Man, and at his heels
(Lead in, like Hamlet) Should Fame, Sword, and Fire
Crush for employment. But pardon, gentle all:
The flat unvaried Spirit, that hath bared
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Obelisk. Cast the Cock, Pit bauld.
The vassal fields of France &c. Or may we exclaim
Within this wretched O. the very Candle
That did afflict the Are or Asphodel?
O pardon: since a crooked Figure may
Arrest in little place a Median,
And let us, Cyphers to this great Account,
On your imaginare Forces workes,
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confid’l Monarchies,
Whose high, op’rated, and abounding frentz,
The pelissious narrow Ocean parts asunder.
Decease out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make your imaginare Piaffers.
Think when we talk of Hesper, that you see them.
Printing their round Hoes, the crossing Earth:
For in your thoughts that now shall deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: Jumping are Times;
Turning the accomplishment of meaner
Into an honour, glafls: for the which foppis,
Admit me Chorus to this Histories.
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, ready to judge our Play.

Exit.

Aditus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

Bish. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.
Bish. Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.
Bish. Cant. The course of his youth promised is not.
The breath no sooner left his Fathers Body,
But that his widness, mortify’d in him,
Seem’d to dye too; yea, at that very moment,
Confederation like an Angel came,
And whipt th’offending Adam out of him
Leasing his body as a Paradisie,
Thence and contains Celestial Spirits.
Neuer was incha, fondaine Scholler made
Neuer came Reformacion in a Flood,
With such a heade currance flouning faults:
Nor neuer Hobs-headed Wilfulness.
So soon did loose his Seat, and all at once;
As in this King.
Bish. Ely. We are blessed in the Change.
Bish. Cant. Heretofore but treason in Domitian;
And ever admiring with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a Prelate;
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affairs;
You would saysh, he hath been all in all his House;
Lift his discourse of Warre, and you shall hear
A peacefull Battle remembrandst in Mufique.

Bish. Cant. *Twould drink the Cyp and all.
Bish. Ely. But what prevenction?
Turn him to any Cause of Policy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he speakes,
The Ayre, a Charter d Libertine, is still,
And the more Wonder lurketh in mens ears,
To beale his terms and knotty Sentences:
So that the Art and Pradigie part of Life,
Must be the Mistrefse to this Theorie.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should please it,
Since his addiction was to Courtiers vaine,
His Companies vletter d, trade, and shallow,
His Housels fill d with lyres, Banquets, Sports;
And never noced in him any stately,
Any retrenchment, any intemperance,
From open Haunts and Popularitie.

B. Ely: The Strawberry grows underrneath the Nettle,
And hideous Berryes thriue and ripest bext,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of bafer qualitie:
And to the Prince offen'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Veyle of Wildhefe, which (no doubt) Grew like the Summer Grasse, inflit by Night,
Volunteyr yet credite in his Felicitie.

B. Cant. It must be so; for Miracles are craft:
And therefore we must needes admit the means,
How things are perfecled.

B. Ely. But my good Lord;
How now for mitigacion of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maiestie Incline to it, or no?

B. Cant. He seemes indifferent:
Or rather sawying more upon our part,
Then cherishing these tributers against vs;
For I have made an offer to his Maiestie,
Vpon our Spiritual Convocation,
And in regard of Caufes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater Summe,
Then ever at one time the Clergie yet.
Did to his Predecessors part withall.

B. Ely. How did this offer seeme receiv'd, my Lord?

B. Cant. With good acceptacion of his Maiestie:
Sure that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceiued his Grace would faine have done,
The feueralls and vnbidden passages
Of those true Titles to some certaine Duke domes,
And generally, to the Crowne and Sons of France,
Denied from Edward, his great Grandfather.

B. Ely. What was that impediment that broke this off?

B. Cant. The French Embassador upon that incontinent
Craund audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
To gibe him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?

B. Ely. It is.

B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embassador,
Which I could with a ready greffe declare,
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.

B. Ely. He wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

Enter the King, Hunfreys, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Wiltshire, and Essex.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Enter. Not here in person.

King. Send for him, good Vynkle.

Wynke. Shall we call in the Ambassador, my Liege?
King. Not yet, my Couin; we would be resolv'd,
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
That take our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter two Bishops.

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thank you.

My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And judely and religiously unfold,
Why the Law Salest, that they have in France,
Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you should fashion, weare, or bow your readings
Or nicely charge your understanding Soule,
With opening Titles misconstrue, whose right,
Suits not in natural colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reuence shall incite vs to.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For never two such Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltiefe drops
Are every one a Wee; a fore Complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs gives edge to the Swords,
That makes such waife in briefe mortallitie,
Vnder this Convocation, speake my Lord:
For we will here, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you speake, is in your Conscience waffit,
As pure as inne with Baptisme.

B. Cant. Then here me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,
That we your letters, your lines, and figures,
To this Imperialle Throne, there is no barre
To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from Phamnon,
In terram Salicums Motuere se accedunt,
No Woman shall succeed in Salky Land:
Which Salky Land, the French vnuitely gaze
To be the Realm of France, and Pharnmon
The founder of this Law, and Female Barre,
Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
That the Land Salky is in Germanie,
Betweene the Floods of Salka and of Elite:
Where Charles the Great haning subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certaine French:
Who holding in disdain the German Women,
For some dittoonfull manners of their life,
Etablisht then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrix in Salky Land:
Which Salky (as I said) twice Elite and Salka,
Is at this day in Germanie, calle Methuen.
Then doth it well appeare, the Salky Law
Was not desid for the Realm of France:
Nor did the French possifie the Salky Land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeere
After definition of King Pharnmon,
Idly supposing the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
Foure hundred twentie fix: and Charles the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did feast the French
Beyond the River Salka, in the yeere
Eight hundred fixe, Besides, their Writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childerics,
Did as Heere Generall, being defended
Of Birchard, which was Daughter to King Clothair,
Make Clayne and Title to the Crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, who victur the Crowne
The Life of Henry the Fift.

King, We must not only arms t'innade the French, But lay down our proportions, to defend Against the Scot, who will make rode upon vs, With all advantages.

Bish. Can. They of thefoe Marchers, gracious Soveraign, Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

King. We do not mean the courting Marchers only, But feare the maine intendment of the Scot, Who hath been still a giddy neibour to vs: For you shall receaue, that my great Grandfather Neuer went with his forces into France, But that the Scot, on his vnhurtif Kingdome, Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach, With ample and brim fulfife of his force, Galling the gladdened Land with hot Aflayers, Girding with grieuous Siege, Castles and Townes:

This England being emprise of defence, Hash shooke and trembled at th'ill neibourhood.

Bish. Can. She hath bin the more feare the hard'nd, my Liege: For herse she but espoused by her selfe, When all her Chevalrie hath been in France, And flue a mourning Widow of her Noble, Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended, But taken and impoverished as a Stray.

The King of Scots: whom thee didst send to France, To fill King Edwards fame with perfome Kings, And make their Chronicle as rich with pracie, As is the Owle and bottome of the Seas With flacken Wrack, and fam'lie Treasures. Bish. Edg. But there's a laying very old and rare, If she will France win, then with Scotland first begin.

For once the Eagle (Englond) being in prey, To her vnguarded Neif, the Wazard (Scot) Comes steaiking, and so fetchs her Princiety Image, Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat, To taine and haucke more then can existe.

Exe. It followes then, the Cat must play at home, Yet that is but a cruel'd necessity, Since we have lockes to safeguard necessaries, And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.

While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad, Th'advised head defends it selfe at home:

For Government, though high, and low, and lower, Put into partes, doth keep in one confent, Congreasing in a full and natural close, Like Mafkake.

Cont. Therefore doth heauen diside The state of man in divers functions, Setting end stour in continual motions: To which is fixed as an aymte or butt, Obedience, for to worke the Hony Bees, Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdom. They have a King, and Officers of forts, Where to none like Magistrates correct at home:

Others, like Merchants ventes Trade abroad, Others, like Scoulders aimed in their flings, Make boone upon the Summers Velerus buddes,

Which pillage, they with merry march bring home:

To the Tent royal of their Emperor: Who butted in his Majestyes suruyues

The singing Masons building rooles of Gold, The civil Citizens knocking vp the bony:

The poore Mechanikke Porters, crowling in Their heavy burthenes at his narrow gate:
The Life of Henry the Fift.

The sad-oy'd Justice with his fury bumme,
Delivering ore to Executors pale
The lye yawnig Drone: this inferre,
That many things having full reference
To one content, may work contrary,
As many Arrouses louched feterall ways
Come to one mark: as many ways meet in one towne,
As many fresh storms meet in one salt sea,
As many Lyes close in the Diasls center,
So may a thousand actions once a foot,
And in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Divide your happy England into four,
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
And you withall shall make all Gallia flake.
If we with thric e such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doores from the dogge,
Let vs be worried, and our Nation lose
The name of hardnesse and policie.

King. Call in the Meffengers sent from the Dolphin.
Now are we well resold for, and by Gods help
And yours, the noble, finewes of our fort.
In France being ours, we'll tend to our Ayre,
Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
One France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukeomes)
Or lay these bones in an unworthy Vine,
Tombliffe, with no remembrance over them:
Either our History shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our Acts, or else our grace
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worship with a waxen Episthep.

Enter Ambassadors of France.
Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our faire Coffin Dolphin: for we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May'st please your Maistre to give vs leave
Freedly to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly throw you fare off
The Dolphin's meaning, and our Embassie.

King. We are to Tyrant, but a Christian King,
Voto whole grace our passion is as subiect
As is our wretches cterred in our prisons,
Therefore with franks, and with uncumbered plainesse,
Tell vs the Dolphin's mind.

Amb. Thus than in few:
Your Highness lately sending into France,
Did declare some certain Dukeomes, in the right
Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third.
In answer of which claim, the Prince our Matter
Says, that you favour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd: There's nothing in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wons
You cannot rend into Dukeomes there.
He therefore sends you meetter for your spirit
This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
Defers you let the dukemes that you shall
Hearse no more of you. This the Dolphin speaks.

King. What Treasure Vnde it

Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.

King. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant to you,
His Prefent, and your praines we thank you for.
When we have mast in our Rackets to these Balles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a fet,
Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard,
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,
The Life of Henry the Fift.

What might thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural?
But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A nest of hollow boresomes, which he fillis,
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
One, Richard Earle of Cambridge, and the second
Henry Lord Scroope of Middleham, and the third
Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,
Hauz for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
Continual Conspicny with the fairest France,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye.
If Hell and Tressen hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton,
Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
Th abreast of distance; we'll play a play;
The summe is payde, the traitors are agreed,
The King is fet from London, and the scene
Is now transtopsted (Genders) to Southampton;
There is the Play-house now, there you'll see of
And thence to France shall we consey you safe,
And bring you backe: Charring the narrow seas
To give you gentle Paffle: for if we may,
We'll not offend one hommage with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Visto Southampton do we shift our Scene.

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolf.
Bar. Well met Corporall Nym.
Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolf.
Bar. What, are Ancient Piffl and you friends yet?
Nym. For my part, I care not I lay little; but when time shall fallure, there shall be smites, but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wake and hold out mine iron; it is a simple one, but what thought? It will toffe Cheefe, and it will endure cold, as another mans sword will, and there's an end.
Bar. I will bellow a breakfast to make you friends, and wee be all three sworn brothers to France: Let's be to good Corporall Nym.
Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certaine of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will doe as I may. That is my reft, that is the rendezvous of it.
Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to Nest Quickly, and certainly he did you wrong, for you were worth-pilgent to her.
Nym. I cannot tell, Things must be as they may:men may sleepe, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say, knaves have edges: It must be as it may, though patience be a ryed name, yet flesh will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot tell.

Enter Piffl, and Quickly.
Bar. Here comes Ancient Piffl and his wife: good Corporall be patient here: How now mine Hoste Piffl?
Piffl. Base Tyke, cal'th thou mee Hoste, now by this hand I have I foreme the terme: nor shall my Nest keep lodgers.
Host Not by my truth, not long: For we can nockes and board a dozen or fourteen Gentlewomen that live honester by the pricke of their Needlez, but it beeth thought we keepe a Bawdy-house (fareight). O well beloved Lady, if he be not a new enow, we shall see wile adulterey and murthor committ.
Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporall offer nothing here.
Nym. Piffl.

Piffl. Piffl for thee, Island dogge: thou prickcard ear of Island.
Nym. Good Corporall Nym shew thy valor, and put vp your sword.
Nym. Will you smogge off I would have you folly.
Piffl. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile? The folly in thy most menialuous face, the folly in thy teeth, and in thy thoroate, and in thy hateful Lunges,yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worse, within thy native mouth. I do rete the folly in thy bowels, for I can take, and Piffl's cocke is vp, and flushing fire will follow.
Nym. I am not Barbary, you cannot corner mee: I have an honour to knocke you in indifferently well: If you grow fowlie with me Piffl, I will scource you with my Rapier, as I may, in fayre teares. If you would walke of, I would prick your guts a little in good teares, as I may, and that's the humor of it.
Piffl. O Braggard vile, and dammed furious wight,
The Graze death gagge, and doting death is near, Therefore exhalt.
Bar. Hear me, hear me what I say: Hee that strikes the first strike, hee run him vp to the hills, as I a soldier.
Piffl. An oath of mickle might, and furious shall abate.
Give me thy fifth, thy fore-corner to mee give: Thy spirites are most tall.
Nym. I will cut thy thoroate one time or other in faire teares, that is the humor of it.
Piffl. Couple a gorge, that is the word, I defche thee a-gaine.O bound of Cret, think'th thou thy spounce to get? No, to the sprite goe, and from the Pouding tub of infamy, fetch forth the Lazer Kite of Cresfond knide, Doll Teare-floote, the by name, and her ephoute. I haue, and I will hold the Qu Lam Quickely for the only thee: and France, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.
Boy. Mine Host Piffl, I must come to my May-
fler, and your Hoste Hoste is very fike, & would to bed.
Good Bardolfe, put thy face between his sheets, and do the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.
Bar. Away you rogue,
Boy. By my troth he'll yield the Crow a pudding one of these dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good Huf-
band come home presently.
Exit Bar. Come, shall I make you two friends. Wee must to France together, why the dyeul should we keep knifes to cut one anothers throats?
Piffl. Let floods cere-foow, and fiends for food howle on.
Nym. You'll pay mee the eight shrillings I won of you at Betting?
Piffl. Base is the Slaue that payes,
Nym. That now I will hauie: that's the humor of it.
Piffl. As manhood shall compound pubis home. Draw
Bar. By this sword, hee that makes the first shrill, Ile kill him: By this sword, I'll.
P. Sword is an Oath; & Catus must hauie their course
Bar. Corporall Nym, & thou wilt be friends be friends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to pre-
thee pit vp.
Piffl. A Noble shalt thou haue, and present pay, and
Liquor likewise will I give to thee, and friendhipp shall comeby, and brotherhood. Ile live by Nymme, &
Nymme shall live by me, is not this luff? For I shall Satter
be onto the Campe, and profits will accrue, Give mee thy hand.

Nym.

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The Life of Henry the Fift.

Nym. I shall have my Noble? 
Pag. In cash, most swiftly paid.
Nym. Well, then that the humor of't.

Enter Halife.

Hof. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to sir John: A poor heart, he is to shak'd o' a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold.
Sweet men, come to him.
Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Pag. Nay, thou hast spake the right, his heart is facetted and corroborate.
Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may the paffes some humors and carriest.
Pag. Let usCondole the Knight for (Lambekins) we will live.

Enter Escoter, Redford, & Westminster.

Bed. For God his Grace is bold to trust thef traitors
Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.
Wof. How smooth and even they do bear themselves, as if allegience in their bosoms sate.
Crowed with farms, and constant loyalty.
Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dream not of.
Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath kild and cloy'd with grievous favours;
That he should for a forraigne purfe, fo fell
His Soueraigne life to death and treacher.

Sword Stamped.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.
King. Now fits the wind faire, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of Maglem;
And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Thinke you not that the powres we bear with vs
Will cut their passage through the force of France?
Doing the execution, and the aile,
For which we have in head adhered them.

Ser. No doubt my Liege, each man do his beft.
King. I doubt not that, since we are well perfuaded
We carry not a heart with vs from hence,
That grows not in a faire consent with ours;
Nor leaue not one behind, that doth not with
Succed and Conquett to attend on vs.

Cam. Nearer was Monarch better fear'd and loud,
Then is your Majest; there's not I think a subject
That fits in heart griece and vexteniffe
Vnder the sweet fluids of your government.

Kso. True: shote that were your Fathers enemies,
Have deep'd their galls in bony, and do ferue you
With hearts create of duty, and of zeal.

King. We therefore have great caufe of thankfullnes,
And shall freque the office of our hand
Sooner then quittance of defect and merit,
According to the weights and worthineffe.

Ser. So fairenece shall with fleeted finewes toyte,
And labors shall refreh it felle with hope
To do your Grace incessant services.

King. We judge no leffe. Vnto of Escoter,
Inlarge the man committed yesterda,
That rayld against our perfon: We confider
It was excefe of Wine that fet him on,
And on his more advice, We pardon him.

Ser. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punifh'd Soueraigne, leat example
Breed (by his fufferance) more of such a kind.
King. O let vs yet be mercifull.
And other duds that suggest by treasons,
Do both and bungle vp damnation,
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetche
From gluing tenemblance of party.
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp,
Gave thee no inhance why thou shouldest do treason,
Vnlette to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that fame Démon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
He might returne to vertre Tarrest bache,
And tell the Legion, he had neuer win.
A foule sae easte as the Englishman
Oh, how hail thou with feasleous infected
The sweinefee of affiance? Shew men outfull,
Why so didst thou? seeme they grace and learned?
Why didst thou so? Come they of Noble Family?
Why so didst thou? seeme they religious?
Why so didst thou? Or are they spare in diet,
Free from groffe passion, or of mind, oranger,
Comfaint in spirit, not twerning with the blood,
Garshit and deck'd in modell complemt,
Not working with the eye, without the care,
And but in perged judgement truffing neither,
Such as to liuely boudt thou seeme:
And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of Flor,
That of all time tastes not, nor will endure,
With lone infuccion, I will wepe for thee.
For this reholl of thine, I thinge as like
Another fall of man. Their faultes are open,
Assist them to the answer of the Law,
And God acquit them of their prackishes.

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 Thomas
Lord Scrope of Masham.
Sir, Our purposes, God fully hath discouer'd,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I befearth your Highnisse to forgue,
Although my body pay the price of,
Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not succede,
Although I did admit it as a monite,
The sooner to effect what I intende'd:
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which in sufferance heartily will recouer,
Befeeching God, and you, to pardon mee.
Gray. Never did faithful subjects more recouer
At the discouery of most dangerous Treason,
When I do at this hour joye my selfe,
Presented from a damned enterprise:
My faulte, but not my body, pardon Soveraigne.
King. God quyet thee in his mercy: Hear ye contente You have conspight against Our Royal person,
Joyn'd with an enemy proclaime'd and from his Cofer.
Recus'th the Golden Earneft of Our death:
Wherein you would have fold your King to slaignt,
His Prince, and his Peeres to schambude,
His Subiects to oppreッション, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdom to de scoffation:
Touching our person, fecke we no reuenge,
But we our Kingdomes safety wull to tender,
Whoeruine you fought, that to her Lawes
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore miserable wretches) to your death;
The calle whereof, God of his mercy gue

You patience to induce, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Bear them hence. Exit.
Now Lords for France: the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you as, like glorious.
We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginninges. We doubt not now,
But every Rubbe is smoothe on our way.
Then forth, deare Countrymen: Let vs deliver
Our Puffiance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expediton.
Cherely to See, the figures of Warre advance,
No King of England, if not King of France.
Fleurisht.

Pipit. No, for my saide heart doth ene: Bardolph,
be bythre: Nyn, cowle the vaunting Yeomes: Boy, brisse thy Courage vp: for Fulke glad he is dead, and wee must erre therefore.
Bard. Would I were with him, wherefomeere he is,
eyther in Hauen, or in Hell.

Hoffe. Not so, he is in Hellen: he is in Arbours
Botome, euuer man went to Arbours Botome: a made a fire end, and were so farre from home any Chriftome Child: a parted eu't half betwixt Trench and One, eu'n at the turninge o'th Tyde: for I saw him tumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and fumme upon his fengers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nofe was as sharp as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir John (quoth I) what men? be a good cheere: so a cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I, to comfort him, but him a should not chinke of God; I hop'd there was no need to troulte himselfe with any such thoughts yet: so a bad me I sry more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any hone: then I felt to his kneyes, and so vp peerd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any hone, Nyn. They lay he cryed out of Sack.
Hoffe. That's a did.

Bard. And of Women.
Hoffe. Nay, that a did not.
Boy. Yes that a did, and said they were Deules inci-
mate.

Woman. A could never abide Carnation, 'twas a Co-
lo, he never liked.
Boy. A said once, the Deule would have him about
Women.
Hoffe. A did in some fort (indeed) handle Women:
but then he was rumanique, and talk'd of the Whore of
Babylon.
Boy. Doe you not remember a saw a Flea flicke upon
Bardolph? Nofe, and a said it was a blacke Soule burning in Hell.

Bard. Well, she sull is gone that maintaine that fire:
thats all the Riches I got in his fencing.
Nyn. Shall wee thoght? the King will be gone from
Southampton.

Pipit. Come, let's away. My Loue, give me thy Lippes,
Looke to my Chastells, and my Mauseles: Let Sences
rule: The world is, pitch and pay: trull none: for Oaeths are Strawes, mens Faiths are Water-Cakes, and hold-adit is the onely Dogge: My Dacke, therefore Caure bee thy Counsellor. Go, cleare thy Chryphalls. Yole-
fellowes in Aimes, let vs to France, like Horfic.

Leeches
And he is bred out of that bloody straining,
That haunted vs in our familiar Patches.
Witnifie our too much memorable shame.
When Crely Battell fatally was struck:
And all our Princes captis’d, by the band
Of that black Name, Edward, black Prince of Wales:
Whereas that his Mountain Site, on Mountains standing
Vp in the Ayre, crown’d with the Golden Sunne,
Saw his Heroical Seed, and fain’d to see him
Mangle the Worke of Nature, and defance.
The Paterners, that by God and by French Fathers
Had twenty yeeres beene made. This is a Stem
Of that Vicious Stock: and let vs fesse
The Nature mightin&eacuteffe and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Em賓s of Henry King of England,
Doe crave admittance to your Maiestie.

King. Weele give them present audience,
Goe, and bring them.

You fee this Chasie be hotly followed.
Dolphin. Tume head, and stop pursuits: for coward Dogs
Moll spend their mouths, whèt what they seem to threaten
Runs faster before them. Good my Soueraine
Do thou the English this honour, and let them know
Of what a Monarch you are the Head.
Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not to waste a finne,
As selfe-louing.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England?
Exe. From him, and thus he gretts your Maiestie:
He wills you in the Name of God Almighty,
That you deftch your selfe, and lay peace
The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heaven,
By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs
To him and to his Heires, namely the Crowne,
And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine
By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times,
Vno the Crowne of France: that you may know
The most perfect, nor any awkward Claye,
Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vanished days,
Nor from the dust of old Oblivion rai,
He fends you this most memorable Lyne,
In every Branch truly demonstrative;
Willings you once-looke this Pedigree;
And when you find him euerely descried
From his most fam’d, of famous Aenclores,
Edward the third; he bids you then resign
Your Crowne and Kingdome, immediately held
From him the Nature and true Challenger.

King. Or else what followes?
Exe. Bloody contrivance: for if you hide the Crowne
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
Therefore in fierce Tempel he is comming,
In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a loose.
That if the failing he will compell.
And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
Deliver vp the Crowne, and to take mercie
On the poor Souls, for whom this hungry Warre
Opens his vall[e] Jaws: and on your head
Turning the Widower Teares, the Orphans Carys,
The dead-men Blood, the pyri Maidens Groaners,
For Husbands, Fathers, and berefted Louters,
That shall be swallowed in this Contourerise.
This is his Claye, his Threatning, and my Measafe:
Volfle he the Dolphin be in presence here;
To whom expreffly I bring greeting to.

King. For
The Life of Henry the Fift.

With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
Thee all d’and choyse-drawne Caulliers to France?
Work, work ye your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege:
Behold the Ordeynance on their Carriages,
With fatal mounches gaping on girded Harlew.
Suppose th’ Embassador from the French come back:
Tells Harry, that the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
Some petty and unprofitable Dukedomes.
The other likes not: and the nimble Gunner
With Lynkock now the dulleth Cannon touches,
Alarms, and Chambers goe off;
And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
And seek out our performance with your mind. Exit.

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Once more unto the Breach,
Deare friends, once more:
Or clothe the Wall vp with our Englishe dead:
In Peace, there’s nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness, and humility:
But when the blust of Warre blows in our eares,
Then imitate the action of the Tygers,
Stiffen the finewes, commove vp the blood,
Disguise faire Nature with hard-favour’d Rage:
Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect,
Let it pry through the pointage of the Head,
Like the Braife Cannon: let the Bow o’erwhelme it,
As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke.
One hang and lury his contumel Bait,
Swill’d with the wild and waftfull Ocean.
Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Noththill wide,
Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp every Spirit
To his full height. On, on, you Nobile English.
Whole blood is set from Fathers of Warre-propose:
Paters, that like so many Alexanders,
Hauie in the parts from Morne till Even fought,
And Creat’d their Swords, for lack of arguements.
Dishonour not your Mothers: now stealth,
That thofe whom you call’d Fathers, did brearest you.
Be Cappy now to me of grooser blood,
And teach them how to Warre, and you good Yeomen.
Whole Lynys were made in England; they’re vp here
The mettell of your Pature: let vs tweeare,
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so meanes and base,
That hath not Noble luster in your eyes.
I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the flipes,
Standing upon the Start. The Game’s afoot:
Follow your Spirit; and upon this Charge,
Cry, God for Harry, England, and S. George.
Alarms, and Chambers goe off.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Piffail, and Boy.

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

Nim. Pray thee Corporall flay, the Knocks are too hot:
And for mine owne part, I have not a Tale of Liues:
The humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song of it.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I
would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and latezie.
lodge in th'auchant Warres upon my particularknowledge of his directions: by Chofis he will maintaining his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the disciplines of the Priftane Warres of the Romans.

Sect. 1 A saydayd, Captain Finelie.

Welch. Godden to your Worship, good Captain Lanse.

Geuer. How now Captain Mackmorses, have you quitted the Mynes? have the Pioneers given o'er?

Irish. By Chrieff Law till ill done: the Works ill give o'er, the Trumpet sound the Retreat. By my Hand I swear, and my fathers Soule, the Works ill done: it ill give o'er: I would have blowed vp the Town, to Chrieff cause me Law, in an houre. O till ill done, till ill done; by my Hand till ill done.

Welch. Captain Mackmorses, I before you now, will you vouchsafe me, looke you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the Warre the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of my Mens ends, as touching the direction of the Militarie discipline, that is the Point.

Sect. It fall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captains bish, and I fall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion, that fall Illmay.

Irish. It is no time to discourse, so Chrieff sue me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the Kings and the Duke: it is no time to discourse, the Town is beleed: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and we talke, and be Chrieff do nothing, its flame for vs all: to God saime its flame to stand full, it is flame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and therre nothing done, so Chrieff saime law.

Sect. By the Mes, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to lomber, aye de gud servise, or eie ligges i'th' grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ie paye's valousously as I may, that fall I orderly do, that the breff and the longs marly, I wad fall taine heard some quolition twern you twayer.

Welch. Captain Mackmorses, I think, looke you, under your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Welch. Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ih a Villainne, and a Beller, and a Knate, and a Rascal, What ish my Nation? Who talks of my Nation? Welch. looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captain Mackmorses, peradventure I shall think you do not vie me with that affabilities, as in discretion you ought to vie me; looke you, being as good a man as your selfs, both in the disciplines of Warre, and in the derivation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Irish. I do not know you to good a man as my selfs: so Chrieff faue me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistakke each other. Sect. A, that's a foule fault. A Parley.

Gower. The Towne sounds a Parley.

Welch. Captain Mackmorses, when there is more better opportunity be required, looke you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre: and there is an end.

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet refultes the Governour of the Towne? This is the lastt Parlie we will admit:

There.
Therefore to our best mercy give your feloys,
To men proud of destitution,
Defie vs to our word: for i am a Soullier,
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me feble;
If I begin the barte once againe,
I will not leave the halfe-achieved Harleff,
Till in her stil the lye buerd.

The Gates of Mercy shall be all that vp,
And the stillest Soullier, rough and hard of heart,
In libertie of bloody hand, still range.

With Conscience wise as He, mowing like Grassle
Your stillest faire Virgins, and your flowing Infants.
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Friends,
Does with his tyrannie complexion all fell seats,
Enlycht to weft and defolation?
What is it to me, when your feloys are cause,
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violence?
What Reyne can hold licentious Wickedeffe,
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?
We may as boozleffe spend our vaine Command
Upon the enraged Soulliers in their spoyle,
As send Preeptes to the Lamenitt, to come athore.
Therefore, you men of Harleff.
Take pity of your Towne and of your People,
Whilest yet your Soulliers are in my Command,
Whilest yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
O'blows the filthy and contagious Clouds
Of headly Morter, Spoyle, and Villany.

If not: why in a moment locke to fee
The blind and bloody Soullier, with foul hand
Before the Locks of your thrift-lining Daughters.
Your Fathers taken by the finer Beards,
And their most reuerend Heads dash'd to the Walls:
Your naked Infants spited upon Pykes,
Whilest the mad Mothers with their howles confess'd,
Doe breake the Cloudsgas did the Wates of Jewry,
As Heroes bloody-hunting slaughter-men.

What say you? Will you yeeld, and thus ouyd?
Or guiltie in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Enter Courtois.

COURTOIS. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin, whom of Success we entertained,
Returns vs, vs that his Powers are yet not ready,
To rayle so great a Siege: Therefore great King,
We yeeld our Towne and Lives to thy feble Mercy:
Enter our Gates, dispâce of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defencible.

KING. Open your Gates: Come Vnckle Exeter,
Goe you and enter Harleff; there remaine,
And fortie it strongly 'gainst the French:
This mercy to them all for vs deare Vnckle.
The Winter comming on, and Sickeneele growing
Upon our Soulliers, we will retrec to Calis.
To night in Harleff will we be your Guett,
To morrow for the March are we adverit.
Flowre, and enter the Towne.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlemans.

KATHERINE. Alas, is it not true of Angellterre, and is hee partes the Language.

KATHERINE. Alas, is it not true of Angellterre, and is hee partes the Language.

KATH. De Hand, 
ALICE. Ee day.

KATH. Le day, mee soy Le onble, e day moyes, me ne scuoomey
Le day ne peve que il ont apelle de fineges, ou de fineges.

ALICE. Le maine de Hand, le dayes le Fineges, je peve que se
Ses le bon efelant.

KATH. Croy gane, aux mots d Anglois viflement, comment
Appele vous le anglais?

ALICE. Le anglois, les appelons de Noylees.

KATH. De Noylees esfontes: atines moyes, si se parle bien de
Hand, de Fineges, et de Noylees.

ALICE. Cet bien dit, Madame, je fe fort bon Anglois.

KATH. Dites moy Anglois pour le bas.

ALICE. De Armes, Madame.

KATH. E de conde.

ALICE. De Elbow.

KATH. D Elbow: Le men sey le repitition de toutes les mots
Que vous marquez, appris de a present.

ALICE. Il est trop difficile Ml dame comme le peyne.

KATH. Escence moy Alice esfontes, a Hand, de Fineges, de
Noylees, de Armes, de Beilow.

ALICE. De Elbow, Madame.

KATH. Ou Seigneur Dieu, je vous oblige a Elbow, comment ap-
Pelerez vous le col.

ALICE. De Nick, Madame.

KATH. De Nick, a le menton.

ALICE. De Chin.

KATH. De Sue: le col de Nick, le menton de Sue.

ALICE. Ous. Sunt vostre honneur en verite vous pronon-
Cez les mots au preduit, que le Naevs d Angletere.

KATH. Je ne doute point d apprendre par de grace de Dieu,
Et en peu de temps.

ALICE. Done vos ye defla appelle que il vos a enfinne.

KATH. Nomme se recevra a vous prompteavient, a Hand, de
Fineges, de Noylees.

ALICE. De Noylees, Madame.

KATH. De Noylees de Armes de Beilow.

ALICE. Sunt vostre honneur a Elbow.

KATH. Asdore de ie a Elbow, de Nick de Sue et de Con.

ALICE. Asdore de ie et de Con, comment app-
Pelerez vous les pieds de roba.

ALICE. Le Font Madame, le Con.

KATH. Le Font, et le Con: Seigneur Dieu, il faut le mots de son maroquins corruptible graisse, et impudique, et ainsi pour le Donnes de Honneur a eser: il ne voudra prononcer ce mots devant le Seigneur de France, pour toute le monde, si le Font et le Con, neant moyes, le recevra un autrefois sae lecon ensembez, a Hand, de Fineges, de Noylees, de Armes, de Beilow, de

Sue, de Con, le Con.

ALICE. Excellent, Madame.

KATH. Cest affer pour une foys, alons nous a dresser.

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the
Confable of France, and others.

KING. Tis certaine he hath paft the Ruer Sonie,
Conf. And if he be not fought withall my Lord,
Let us not lie in France: let vs quit all,
And give our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

DOLPH. O Dieu visant: Shall a few Sprays of vs,
The emptying of our Fathers Luxuries,
Our Sycys, put in idle and savage Stockes,
Serve vs toudden into the Clouds,
And our-looke their Gratifiers.

ENGLISH. Brave Normans, brave Soldiers, brave English, brave
Mort de mariez, if they march along
Vliought withall, but I will fell my Dukedom,
To buy a flobbery and a durtie Farme
In that nookles-shotten lie of Albion,
Conf. "Dien de Batata", where have they this mettell?
Is not their Clymate foggy, saw, and dull?
On whom, as in delight, the Sunne looks pale,
Killing their Fruit with frowns. Can sodden Water,
A Drench for Sin-r'eyd 2dales, their Barly broth,
Deco't their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirted with Wine,
Scent froffit e O, for honor of our Land,
Let vs nor hang like roping Hitchles.
Vpon our Honoles Titchels, whiles a more froffit People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields :
Poore we call them, in their Nazite Lords.

Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madamas moch at vs, and plainly say,
Our Mettell is brod out, and they will gie
Their bodies to the Lull of English Youth,
To new-flore France with Barard Warriors,
Brit. They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schooles,
And teach Lentuallis the high, and swift Carrosoni's,
Saying, our Grace is only in our Heles,
And that we are most locstic Run-aways.
Kings. Where is Montes the Herald, spied him hence,
Let him gree England with our sharpse defiance.
Yp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,
More sharper then your Sword of high in the field:
Charles Delabreth, High Contable of France,
You Dukes of Ordinace, Baron, and of Berry,
A Alauin, Bishopp, Bar, and Burgong,
Legates CHattelion, Ramrart, Pendemont,
Bewmont, Grand Prez, Raff, and Falmesbridge,
Ley's, Lefflent, BONsoppa, and Chorllayth,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seaes, now spart you of great flames:
Barre Harry England, that keepevs through our Land
With Penone painted in the blood of Hafflew:
Ruth on his Haif, as doth the melted Snow
Vpon the Valleys, whose low Vifill Sea,
The Alps doth spire, and void his rhewvan vpon.
Goe downe vpon him, you have Power enough,
And in a Captaine Chace, into Roon
Bring him our prisoner.
Comill. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His Soildiers sick, and famelics in their March:
For I am sure, when he shall fee our Army,
He'll drop his heart into the finck of fere,
And for achitement, offer vs his Rante.
Kings. Therefore Lord Contable, half on Moniety,
And let him say to England, that we fend,
To know what willing Rante he will give.
Prince Dolphin you shall say with vs in Roon,
Dolphin. Not so, I doe beseech your Maietie.
Kings. Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs,
Now forth Lord Contable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. 

Enter Captaines, English and Welsh, Gower and Tubillen.

Gower. How now Captaine Lucelde, come you from the Bridge?
Flt. I assure you, there is very excellent Services com-
   mitted at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flt. The Duke of Exeter is as megnanimous as Aga-

memow, and a man that I love and honour with my soul,
and my heart, and my durtie, and my line, and my lining,
and my vretneof power. He is not, God be praysed and
blessed, any hurt in the World, but keeps the Bridge
moft valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an au-
chient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinkke in my very
conscience he is as valiant a man as Macks Anthony,
and he is a man of no eftimation in the World, but I did see
him doe as gallant feruice.

Gower. What doe you call him?

Flt. Hee is call d aunchient Tysell.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Tysell.

Flt. Here is the man.

Tysell. Captaine, I thee beseeke to doe me favours: the Duke of Exeter doth lone thee well.

Flt. 1, I praye God, and I haue merited some love at his
hands.

Tysell. Barcelaph, a Souldier firme and found of heart,
and of buxome valour, hath by cruel Fate, and giddle
Fortunes furious fickle Wheel, that Goddefe blind, that
stands vpon the rolling refleffe Stone.

Flt. By your patiences, aunchient Tysell: Fortune is painted
blinde, with a Muffer afore his eyes, to signifie to
you, that Fortune is blinde; and fete is painted also
with a Muffer to signifie to you, which is the Morall of
it, that fete is turning and inconstant, and mutabilitie,
and variation: and her foot, looke yore, is fixt upon a
Sphcular Stone, which rowles, and nowles, and rowles:
in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent descrip-
tion of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

Tysell. Fortune is Barcelaphs foe, and frownes on him:
for he hath holne a Pax, and hanged muff a be a dammed
death: let Galloues gape for Dugge, let Man goe free,
and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocates: but Exeter
hath givn the doome of death, for Pax of little price.
Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce,
and let not Barcelaphs vitall third bee cut with edge of
Penny-Cord, and vile reprocho. Speake Captaine for
his Life, and I will theere require.

Flt. Aunchient Tysell, I do parteley understnad your
meaning.

Tysell. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flt. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce at:
for if thee beke, he be my Brother, I would defiere
the Duke to vise his good pleasure, and put him to execu-
tion; for discipline ought to be vieded.

Tysell. Dye, and be damned, and fgoe for thy friendship.

Flt. It is well.

Tysell. The Efige of Spaine, 

Flt. Very good.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Raffall, I
remember him now: a Barado, a Cut-purte.

Flt. He affure thee, a vissed as proue words at the
Pridge, as thee shal fee in a Summers day: but it is very
well: what hee's spoked to me, that is well I warrant you,
when time is serue.

Gower. Why is this a Guilla, a Poole, a Rouge, that now
and then goes to the Warres, to grace him selfe: at his returne
into London, under the forme of a Souldier: and such
fellowes are perfic in the Great Commanders Names:
and they will leisme you by rose where Serviciues were
done; at such and such a anone, at such a Break,
at such a Convoy: who came off bravely, who was shot,
who disgrac'd, what termes the Enemy found on: and that they
tome perfitly in the paffage of Warre; which they trifke


The Life of Henry the Fift.

vo with new-rued Oathes: and what a Best of the General's Cut, and a horrid Sute of the Camp, will doe amon among foming Bottles, and Ale-wafts Wits, is wonderful full to be thought on; but you must learne to know such flanders of the age, or else you may be manfullylly mistooke.

Fla. I tell you what, Captain Gower: I do perceive hee is not the man that hee would gladly make frowe to the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coar, I will tell him my minde: hearkye you, the King is coming, and I must speake with him from the Pridge.

Drums and Colours. Enter the King and his
pore Sentinels.

Fla. God plese your Maiestie.

King. How now Flaetum, can't thou from the Bridge?

Fla. I prays your Maiestie: the Duke of Exeter he's very gantly maintain'd the Bridge; the French is gone, looke you, and there is gellant and most praine passagges: marry, th'architenarie was haue possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retir and the Duke of Exeter is Mather of the Pridge: I can tell your Maiestie, the Duke is a prante man for once.

Fla. What men have you lost, Flaetum?

Fla. The perdition of th'architenarie hath beene very great, reasonable great: marry for my part, I thinkke the Duke hath lost neuer a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one Bardolph, if your Maiestie know the man: his face is all bubeles and whelettes, and knobes, and flames a fire, and his lippes bloues at his nofe, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes pley, and sometimes red, but his nofe is executed, and his fire's out.

King. Wee would have all such offenders so cut off, and wee give espreffe charge, that in our Marches through the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French vpbrayed or abased in disdainfull Language; for when Lewtie and Cruelie play for a Kingdome, the gentler Ganseltier is the fairest winner.

Tucket. Enter Moreover.

Moreover. You know me by my habit.

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

Moreover. My Masters mind.

King. Unfold it.

Moreover. Thus sayes my King: Say thou to Harry of England, Though we feene'd dead, we did but sleepe: Advantage is a better Souldier than thine. Tell him, wee could have rebuk'd him at Harleswe, but that wee thought not good to bruise an injurie, till it were full ripe. Now we speake upon our Q, and our voyce is impartial; Englands shal repent his folly, fee his weaknesse, and admire our turftance. Bid him therefore consider of his randome, which must proportion the looses we have borne, the subjictee we have lost, the disgrace we have digest, which in weight to re-answer, his pettynesse would bow vnder. For our looses, his Exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the Muster of his Kingdome too scant a number; and for our disgrace, his owne perfon kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defeance: and tell him for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounce; so farre my King and Musters: so much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie,

Moreover. Moreover.

King. Thou dost thy Office fairely, Turn thee back, and tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now, but could be willing to march on to Calais. Without impeachement: for to lay the foolish, though it was withlame to confess to much Vinto an enemie of Craft and Vantage, my people be with sucklefe much enfeebled, my numbers lefled: and shofe few I haue, almost no better ten then so many French; who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald, I thought, upon one payre of English legs Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgive me God, that I doe brage thus: this thy ayre of France hath blowne that vice in me, I must repent; Goe therefore tell thy Master, here I am; my Raniome, is this frayle and witherlasse Truuke; my Army, but a weake and sickly Guard: Yet God before, tell him we will come on; though France himselfe, and fuch another Neighbor around in our way, there's for thy Labour (Moreover). Goe bid thy Master well advic himselfe. If we may passe, we will; if we be hindered, we shall thy winne ground with your red blood Difcolore: and to Moreover, fave you well. The comma of all our Answer is but this: we would not seeke a Battle as we are, nor as we are, we say we will not flite: so tell your Master.

Moreover. I shall deliver so: Thanks to your Highnesse.

Glove. I hope they will not come upon vs now.

King. We are God's hand, Brother, nor in theiris: March to the Bridge; it now draws to ward night, Beyond the River we'l encamp our felues, and on to morrow bid them march away. Exeunt.

Enter the Confable of France, the Lord Ramuris, Orleans, Dolphs, with others.

Conf. Tut, I haue the best Armour of the World: would it were day.

Orleans. You have an excellent Armour: but let my Horse haue his due.

Conf. Is it the best Horse of Europe, Orleans. Will it not be morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you take of Horse and Armour?

Orleans. You are as well prouied of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horse with any that treades but on foure pouffes; oh, but he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayes were hayes: Is Column, vallonte, the Pegusus, chez le masnes de fen. When I bethyde him, I feare, I am a Haweke; he tross the ayre: the Earth flings, when he touches it: the baffle hornes of his hoafe, is more Mulcall then the Pipe of Hermes.

Orleans. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg. Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast for Perseus: hee is pure Ayres and Fire, and the dull Elements of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but ony in patient stillnesse while his Rider mountes him: hee is indeed a Horse, and all other Iades you may call Beasts.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Conf. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horfe.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Prifersayes, his Neigh is like the budding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homenage.

Orleance. No more Cousin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the riling of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, vary deferred prayse on my Palfay : it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea: I tune the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horfe is argument for them all : 'tis a fabulous for a Sovereign to reason on, and for a Sovereigns Sovereign to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and unknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once wrote a Sonnet in his prayse, and began thus, Wanderer of Nature.

Orleance. I have heard a Sonnet begin to you Misfrefle.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courier, for my Horfe is my Misfrefle.

Orleance. Your Misfrefle behoves well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the precept prayse and perfection of a good and particular Misfrefle.

Conf. Nay, for me thought yester day your Mifrefle smartely thoke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Conf. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike he was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kene of Ireland, you French Horse off, and in your frits Stroopers.

Conf. You have good judgemen in Horfemenaship.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride fo, and ride not warily, fall into foule Doggs: I had rather have my Horfe to my Misfrefle.

Conf. I had as like have my Misfrefle a Tafe.

Dolph. I tell thee confessedly, my Misfrefle weares his own halter.

Conf. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a Saw to my Misfrefle.

Dolph. Le chevrot et resurse a son propre vemement et la leau tence anbour' thou mak' il vie of anything.

Conf. Yet doe I not vie my Horfe for my Misfrefle, or any such Proverbe, so little kin to the purpos.

Ramb. My Lord Confable, the Armour that I saw in your Tent last night, at chofe starres or Sunne upon it.

Conf. Starres my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Conf. And yet my Sky shall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many superfluous, and more honour some were away.

Conf. But as your Horfe bears your prayses, who would crose as well, were some of your brages dismouned.

Dolph. Would I were able to load him with his de- fert. Will it never be day? I will crose to mourning a mile, and my way shall be pass'd with English Faces.

Conf. I will not say so, for fear I should be facet out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the eares of the English.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twenty Prisoners?

Conf. You must first goe your felfe to hazard, ere you have them.

Dolph. This Mid-niight, I goe armee my felfe. Exit.

Orleance. The Dolphin longs for morning.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Orcurz. 1, but these English are throwed out of Beefe.

Cust. Then shall we finde to morrow, they have only stomaches to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to armes to come, shall we about it?

Orcurz. It is now two Clockes: but let me see, by ten We shall each have a hundred English men. 

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Clamu.

Now entertaines curiosities of a time.

When creeping Mumure and the poring Darke,
Fills the wide Veldell of the Vniverse.
From Camp to Camp, through the fonde Womb of Night
The Humme of eterne Army flitty sounds:
That the first Centinels almost receive
The secret Whispers of every others Watch.
Fire awakes fire, and through their pale flames
Each Battalke sees the others ember'd face.

Seed threatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs
Piercing the Nightes dull Ear: and from the Tents,
The Armerous accompanieth the Knights,
With bufie Hammers closing Rivers vp,
Gue dreadfull note of preparation.

The Country Cocks doe crow, the Cocks doe towele:
And the third howse of drowsie Morining nam'd,
Crowd of their Numbers, and secure in Soul,
The confide and over-lusty French,
Doe the low-rated English play at Dice;
And chide the crepule-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a fool and outray Witch doth imple
So te'louly away,
The poor condemned English,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate.

The Mornings danger: and their guffre fad,
Inwelling tanke-leane Cheeks, and Warre-worne Coats,
Presented them unto the gazing Moone,
To many horrid Ghosts. O now, who will behold
The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band.

Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
Let him cry, Prayle and Glory on his head:
For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoast,
Bids them good morrow with a modeste Smyle.
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.

Upon his Royall Face there is no note,
How drest an Army hath enround him;

Not doth he dedicate one iot of Colour

To the wearie and all-watch'd Nigntes:
But freshely lookes, and ouer-heares Attaine,
With chearfullersemblance, and sweete Masseite:
That every Wretch, pinning and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
A Laugelie净值full, like the Sunne,
His liberal Eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold teate, that meante and gentle all
Behold, as may ye worshipfully define.

A little touch of Harry in the Night,
And soe our Scene must to the Battalke flye:
Where, O for pity, we shall much disgrace,
With four or five more vile and ragged toyles,
(Right ill disposed, in brauie ridiculous)

The Name of Agincourt: Yet fit and free;
Minding true things, by what their Mock ties bee.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Gloster,tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.
God morrow Brother Bedford, God Almightie,
There is some foule of goodneffe in things eull,
Would men orderingly diffilt it out,
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early stirres,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward Consciences,
And Presters to vs all; admonishing,
That we should dreffe vs fairly for our end.
This may we gather Saint from the Weed,
And make a Morn of the Day of hime-selfe.

Enter England.

Good morrow old Sir Thomas England:
A good soff Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a ch-public turke of France.

England. Not so my Lorde, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I was sojourn, now lyce I like a King.

King. Tis good for men to lose their pleasant pastimes,
Upon example, to the Spirit is easie:
And when the Mind is mask'd, out of doubt
The Orons, though defunct and dead before,
Breaks eke their drowsie Grane and newly move
With catil edge, and fresh desperite.

Lend me thy Cloake Sir Thomas: Brothers both,
Commande me to the Princes in our Campe;
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
Defire them all to my Poulion.

Gloster. We shall, my Liege.

England. Shall I attend your Grace?

King. No, my good Knignt:
Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
And then I would no other company.

England. The Lord in Heauen blesse thee, Noble
Harry.

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speakest thencefauly:

Piff. Che vous la?

King. A friend.

Piff. Dicisse vuo me, art thou Officer, or art thou
base, common, and popular?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Piff. Trayl'd thou the puissant Pyke?

King. Even so; for what are you?

Piff. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Piff. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a
Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fift
moft valiant: I kiffe his durtie chooze, and from heart-
ishing I loue the lovely Bully, What is thy Name?

King. Harry le Roy.

Piff. Le Roy?. a Cornish Name: art thou of Cornish Crew?

King. No, I am a Weleman.

Piff. Know'ft thou Fenelien?

King. Yes.

Piff. Tell him ilie knock his Leake about his Pace upon
S. Daniels day.

King. Do not ye weare your Dagger in your Cappe
that day, lest he knock that about yours.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Piff. Art thoa his friend?
King. And his kindman too.
Piff. The Fife for thee then?
King. I thank you, God be with you.
Piff. My name is Fife bide'd. Exit.
King. It forts well with your ferriere.
Manet King.

Enter Fuselie and Gover.

Gover. Captain Fuselie.
Fus. So, in the Name of Jefu Chrift, speake fooner: it is the great[est] admiration in the woorlde, when the true and anhuent Prerogatives and Lawes of the Warrs is not keept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warrs of Pompey the Great, you fhall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tindetalle nor noble battle in Pompeys Camps: I warrant you, you fhall finde the Ceremonies of the Warrs, and the Care of it, and the Forms of it, and the Subjeft of it, and the Modell of it, to be otherwife.
Gover. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night.
Fus. If the Enemie is an Affe and a Foole, and a prating Cuxcombe; is it meet, thank you, that wee should also looke you, an Affe and a Foole, and a prating Cuxcombe, in your owne condition now?
Gover. I will speake loouer.
Fus. I prye you, and befhee you, that you will.
Exit. King. Though it appeares a little out of fashion, there is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter three Souldiers, John Bastes, Alexander Cour, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bastes, is not that the Morning which breaks yonder?
Bastes. I think it be: but wee have no great caufe to defire the approach of day.
Williams. Wee fee yonder the beginning of the day, but I think wee shall never fee the end of it. Who goes there?
King. A Friend.
Williams. Vnder what Captaine ferue you?
Williams. A good Old Commandeer, and a moft kind Gentleman: I prye you, what thinkes he of our estate?
King. Even as men wackt upon a Sand, that looke to be walkt off the next Tyde.
Bastes. He hath not told his thought to the King?
King. No, but it is not meet he should; for though I speake it to you, I think the King is but a man, as I am; the Violet fhews to him, as it doth to me; the Element fhews to him, as it doth to me; all his Sciences have but humane Conditions; his Ceremonies layd by, his Na-

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Gover. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night.
Fus. If the Enemie is an Affe and a Foole, and a prating Cuxcombe; is it meet, thank you, that wee should also looke you, an Affe and a Foole, and a prating Cuxcombe, in your owne condition now?
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The Life of Henry the First.

William. This certainty, every man that dyes ill, the ill upon his owne head, the King is not to answer it.

Baron. I do not declare she should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight hastily for him.

William. My fellow did the King say he would not be ran down?

William. I, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ran down, and wee are the wiser.

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

William. You pay him then: that is a perillous shot out of an elder Gunner, that a poore and a private displeasure can doe against a Monarch; you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yce, with flanckes in his face with a Peacocks feather: You’re never trust his word after; come, it’s a foolish saying.

King. Your reprofe is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrel betwixt vs, if you live.

King. I embrace it.

William. How shall I know thee again?

King. Give mee any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnete: Then if ever thou da’st acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrel.

William. Here’s my Gloue: Give mee another of thee.

King. There.

William. This will I also weare in my Cap: if ever thou come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

King. Fener lie to me to forse, I will challenge it.

William. Thou da’st as well be hang’d.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings company.

William. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Baron. By friends you English fools, be friends, we have French Quarrels now; if you could tell how to recce.

Exit Souldiers.

King. Indeed the French may lay twentine French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they betre them on their shouldures: but it is no English treason to run our French Crownes, and to morrow the King himselfe will be a Cliper.

Upon the King, let us our Lites, our Soules, Our Debts, our careful Wives, Our Children, and our Smites, lay on the King: We must bee ataste.

O hard Condition, twin-borne with Greatnesse, Subiect to the breath of every foole, whole fence No more can bee, but his owne wringing.

What infinite hearts-ease must Kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?

And what have Kings, that Princes have not too,
Sawe Ceremonie, faire general Ceremonie?

And what art thou, thou idol Ceremonie?

What kind of God art thou, that takest more
Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.

What are thy Renest what are thy Commissions in?

O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.

What is thy Soule of Oloration?

Are thou oght ells but Place, Degree, and Forme,
Creating awe and feare in other men?

Wherein thou art leefe happy, being fear’d,
Then they in fearing,

What drink’t thou of in head of Homage sweer,
But porkon’d flatterie? O, be fick, great Graenelle,
And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure,
Thinks thou the fere Peers will goe out
With Titles blowne from Alidaumen?
Will it giue place to flexure and low bende?
Canst thou, when thou commandst the beggers knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou prov’d Drenne,
That play it so fabuly with a Kings Repose.
I am a King that find thee: and I know,
’Tis not the Bllene, the Sceper, and the Ball,
The Sword, the Mace, the Crowne Imperialry,
The enter-tuffled Robe of Gold and Pectle,
The farred Title running for the Kings,
The Throne he fits on: nor the Tyde of Pypes,
That beates upon the high shore of this World;
Nor all thehe, thriew-gorgeous Ceremonie;
Not all thre, this’d be Mad Materiallicall,
Can stipe so soundly, as the wretched Slaue;
Who with a body fill’d, and vacant mind,
Gits him to rest, cram’d with differeable bread,
Neuer fees horrid Night, the Child of Hell;
But like a Lescuyey, from the Rite to Set,
Sweates in the eye of Phobus; and all Night
Sleepees in Eclissym: next day after dawne,
Dost rife and helpe Hiperia to his Horse,
And followes to the euer-runing yeare
With profitable Labour to his Graue;
And for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,
Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with steepe,
Had the fore-band and vantage of a King.
The Slaue, a Member of the Countryes peace,
Enjoyes it: but in groffe braise little wots,
What watch the King keepe, to maintaine the peace;
Whoa howers, the Peatant bell advantages.

Enter Cippinghaum.

Espos. My Lord, your Nobles seaulous of your absence,
Seeketh through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together
At my Tent: Ile be before thee.

Espos. I shall do so, my Lord.

King. O God of Battales, stindle my Souldiers hearts,
Possesse them not with feare: Take from them now
The fence of reckning of the opposed numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, think not upon the fault
My Father made, in compassing the Crowne.
Richards body have interred now,
And on it have belowe most contrary teares;
Then from it flled forced drops of blood,
Five hundred poore I have in yeere by pay,
Who twice a day their wiser’d hands hold vp
Toward Heaven, to pardon blood:
And I haue built two Chauntaries,
Where the mad and solenn Priefts sing fill
For Richards Soule. More will I doe:
Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploaring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Gloucester. My Liege.

King. My Brother Gloucester’s voice? I s
I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:
The day, my friend, and all things Bay forme me.

Exeunt.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter the Dolphin, Orleances, Rambours, and Beaumanoir.

Orleances. The Sunne doth gild our Armour wp, my Lords.

Dolph. Coin, Coudin Orleances. Enter Confiable.

Now my Lord Confiable?

Conf. Hearke how our Steedes, for present Service neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides, That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, And doubt them with superfluous courage: ha. 

Conf. What will you have them weep our Horfes blood?

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Mefinger.

Mefinger. The English are embattall'd, you French Peeres.

Conf. To Horse you gallant Princes, straight to Horse.

Dolphins but behold yond poore and fam'd Band, And your faire shew shall fall away their Soules, Leaving them but the flaxes and huskys of men. There is no worke enough for all our hands, scarce blood enough in all their thickly Veines, To give each naked Careless a thynge, That our French Gallants shall to day draw on, And sheathe for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on them, The vapoour of our Valour will o're-work them. 

'Tis politicke against all exceptions, Lords, That our superfluous Lacheries, and our Pains, Who in unneceesarie action swarme

About our Squares of Battell, were enow To purge this field of such a hilding Poe; Though we upon this Mountains Balse by, Tooke stand for สาย speculation:

Conf. But that our Honours must not. What's to say?

A very little little let vs doe, And all is done: then let the Trumpets sound

The Tucket Sonnance, and the Note to mount:

For our approach shall so much dare the field, That England shall in worth down in flame, and yeeld.

Enter Grandprey.

Grandprey. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France? Yond Iland Carriyes, desparate of their bones, Ill-favored become the Morning field:

Their ragged Curtaine poorly are let looe, And our Ayce flashes them passing scornfully, Bigge Mars steeimes banqui tout in their begger d Host, And famine through a ruffie Better peepes.

The Horsemen sit like fixed Candelsticks, With Torch-staves in their hands and their poore Laces.

Lobs down their heads, dropping the hides and hips:

The gummee downe rooping from their pale-dead eyes, And in their pale dull mouths the Jymold Bitt.

Lyce soule with chaw-d'graffe, hill and motionelle,

And their exeeutors, the knauff Crownes, Flye of then all, impatient for their bowere,

Description cannot fixe it selfe in words, To demonstrate the Life of such a Battle,

In life lo incelle, as it flewe it selfe,

Conf. They have said their prayers,

And they stay for death.

Dolph. Shall we goe send them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,

And give their faling Horfes Prouender, And after fight with them?

Conf. I tarry but for my Guard: en

To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take, And we it for my haffe. Come, come away, The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. 

Enter Glencoler, Bedford, Exeter, Espringson with all his Host: Salisbury, and Wolfferland.

Glene. Where is the King?

Belf. The King himeselfe is rode to view their Batall.

1563. Of fighting men they have full three-four thousand.

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

Salib. Gods Armie fight with vs, it's a teares full day.

God buy you Princes all, Ile to my Charge: If we no more meet, till we meet in Heuen; Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford, My deare Lord Glencoler, and my good Lord Exeter, And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu.

Belf. Farwell good Salisbury, & good luck go with thee: And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of, For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour. 

Exe. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Belf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindnede, Prince in both.

Enter the King.

Walf. O that we now had here But one ten thousand of thofe men in England, That doe no worke to day.

King. What's he that wishes so?

Mcouin Wolfferland. No, my faire Cousin:

If we are made to dye, we are enow

To doe our Countrie lyffe: and if to live, The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

Gods will, I pray thee with not one man more.

By love, I am not couetous for Gold, Nor care I who doth feed upon my colt: It yeartes me not, if men my Garments were;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires. 

But if it be a sinne to euent Honor, I am the most offending one should live. 

No faith, my Cousine, with not a man from England:

Gods peace, I would not loose so great an Honor, As one man more me thinkes would share from me, For the beft hope I haue. O, do not with one more: Rather proclaim it to all England through my Host, That he which hath no stomack to this fight, Let him depart, his Passport shall be made, And Crownes for Comoyt put into his Purse:

We would not dye in that mans companie, That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs.

This day is call'd the Feast of Crijan: He that out-lies this day, and comes safe home, Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named, And rowle him at the Name of Crijan,

He that shall see this day, and live old age, Will yetely on the Vigil leath his neighbours, And say, to morrow is Saint Crijan.

Then will he ripke his fleene, and fliew his skarres:

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot:

But hee'll remember, with advantages,

What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names, Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester, Be in their flowing Cupps frely remembred.
This story shall the good man teach his sonne:
And Crijjone Crijjone shall eter goe by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it shall be remembred;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to day that shed his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he no re to vile,
This day shall gentle his Condition,
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
Shall think the accutes accute they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheap, whiles any speakes,
That fought with vs vpon Saint Crijjones day.

Enter Salisbury.
Sal. My Sovereign Lord, belowe your selfe with speed,
The Barons are brayly in their battellses let,
And will with all experience charge on vs.
King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
Wef. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.
King. Thou dost not wil more helpes from England, Cowzie?
Wef. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, could fight this Royalles battle.
King. Why now thou hast wontly fortified thou thousand men:
Which leses me better, then to willy you one.
You know your places; God be with you all.

Truget. Enter Montoy.
Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King Harry,
If for thy Ranfome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most affliuely Ousthrower;
For certainly thou art to necere the Gulle,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy
The Confulable defines thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of Repentance; that their Souls
May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre
From off thisle fields; where wretcheds their poor bodies
Mutilt yfetter.
King. Who hath sent thee now?
Mont. The Confulable of France.
King. I pray thee bear me thy former Answer back:
Bid them achieve me, and then fell my bones.
Good God, why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did fell the Lyons skin
While the best liut'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find Natice Graves; upon the which, I trust
Shall wintresse liue in Brashe of these dayles worke,
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buryed in your Dughills,
They shall be famd: for there the Sun shall greet them,
And draw their honors recking up to Heauen.
Leasing their earthly parts to choice your Clyme,
The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France,
Markke then abounding voulde in our Englishe:
That being dead, like to the bullets cranfig,
Brake out into a second course of mischeffe,
Killing in relapse of Mortallities.
Let me speake provdly: Tell the Confulable,
We are but Warrors for the working day:
Our Gaynesse and our Gilt are all beinnyght
With raynie Marching in the painfull field.
There's not a piece of feather in our Haft:
Good arguement (I hope) we will not flye:
And time hath worne vs into floornerie.
But by the Maffe, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'll be in frether Holbe, or they will pluck
The gay new Costes o're the French Souldiers heads,
And rune them out of service. If they do this,
As if God please, they shall; my Ranfome then
Will beone be leyued.
Herald, faue thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for Ranfome, gentle Herauld,
They shall have none, I sweare, but they my joynts:
Which if thou haue, as I will leave vs them,
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Confulable.
Men. I shall, King Harry. And to fare thee well:
Thou never shallst hear Herauld any more.

Enter York.
York. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Yaward.
King. Take it, brave York.
Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleaste God, dispole the day.

Actum. Excusations.
Enter Piffell, French Souldier, Boy.
Piff. Yeld Curry.
French. Il perque que vous estoies le Gentilhomme de bon qualitez.
Piff. Qualitite calmie culture me. Art thou a Gentleman?
What is thy Name? difficult.
French. O Seigneur Dieu.
Piff. O Signieur Dewe shoulde be a Gentleman: perpend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marks; O Signieur Dewe, thou dyelst on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou dost give to me egregious Ranfome.
French. O pruens miferercoidrie aye pisces de mer.
Piff. Moy shal not ferne, I will have fortie M他是 for I will fetch thy rumme out at thy Throat, in droppes of Crimson blood.
French. Efi il impossibile d'escherper le force de son bras.
Piff. Brashe, Cure thou damned and luxurious Mountain Goat, offer it me Brashe.
French. O ponde.
Piff. Sy'll thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moya?
Come thister boy, take me this name in French what is his name.
Boy. Eso Car monnoment estes vos appelles?
French. Mensier le Fer.
Boy. He sayes his Name is M. Fer.
Piff. M. Fer: He fer him, and filke him, and ferret him:
discoufe the fame in French vnto him.
Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and fire.
Piff. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his threat.
French. Que dis il Monsieur?
Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faites vous pres,
ces solfet icy est dispone sous affure de coppes soifre gerge.
Piff. Owy, cuppele gorge permasoy pefant, vnleffe thou give me Crownes, brasse Crownes nor mangled shalit thou by this my Sword.
French. O se vous plaise pour l'amour de Dieu: me par
donner, le fait le Gentilhomme de bon mason garda ma vie, & je vous donneray doux cent ecus.
Piff. What are his words?
Boy. He
The Life of Henry the First.

Bay. He prays you to face his line, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred Crowns.

Fif. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crowns will take.

Fif. Petis. Menzurp que dixit?
Bay. Encontre qu’il est comme sa Loi est de paroover au
come prouver: neant-mois pour les escoirs que vous fait a pro-
metz, il doit content a vous desmes le liberte le mencement.

Fif. Sue me gene vue, ve vous mises venieures, et
Je me offres heureux que le nombre, avec les main, d’un Che-
valier le pose le plus brave valant et tres affinat figurer
a Angletterr.

Fif. Expoud vnoo a moy bose.
Bay. He gises you vpon his knees a thousand thanks, and he extermes himselfe happy, that he hath fallen into
the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous and
thire-worthy signiour of England.

Fif. As I stuck blood, I will some mercifull, Follow
me.

Bay. Suaust aye le grand Capitaine?
I did never know to full a voyage ilisue from so empiate
a heart: but the saying is true. The empty vell fills makes the
greatest sound, Paroles and Nyms had come times more valour,
then this roaring diuell within: I dare say, that euer one may
payre his nailed with a woodden dagger, and they are both hang’d, and so would this be, if hee durt
sneale any thing adventurously. I must flay with the
Lockies with the laggoge of our camp, the French might have a good pray of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boys.

Exit.

Enter Confable, Orleans, Burbon, Delphine, and Kambour.

Con. O Disiile.
Orl. O figurez le isre et perdre, enuste et perdre.
Del. O Mer Dieu est saie, all is confoundyd all.
Reproach, and excelling shame
Sirr mocking in our Plumes. A haert Alamun.
O mehoute Fortune, do not runne away.

Con. Why all your rankes are broke.

Del. O perdurable shame, let’s flay our felhes.

Bay. But these shame fill I pray dare for
Orl. Is this the King we feare too, for his ranfome?

Bur. Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame,
Let vs dyne in once more backe againe,
And he that will not follow Burbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a baie Pander hold the Chamber doore,
With a baie flaue, no gender then my dogge,
His fairest daughter is contaminat.

Del. Lord that hath so, let vs, friend vs now,
Let vs on heapes go offer vp our lives.

Orl. We are now yet licing in the Field,
To smother vp the English in our throues,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bay. The Cid shall take Order now, lie to the throug;
Let life be flouet, eft shame will be too long

Exit.

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

King. Well haue we done, trisce valiant Countniren,
But all is not dout, yet kepee the French the field.

Bay. The D. of York commendes him to your Maiesty

King. Lives he good Vackle: thrice within this heoure
I saw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting,
From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was.

Bay. In which array (brave Soldier) doth he lye,
Larding the claine: and by his bloody hide,
(Yorke fellow to his honoure ownes-wounds)
The Noble Earl of Suffolk al ynd.
Suffolk first dyed, and Yorke all huggyd over
Comes to him, where in gore he lay intenpede,
And takes him by the Beard, kiffes the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face.
He cyes aloud: Tarry my Cofin Suffolk, my
foole shal thinke keepe company to heauen:
Tarry (frojent four) for mine, then flye a-bright;
As in this glorious and well-foughtn field
We kept together in our Chaulaire.

Vpon these wordes I came, and cheer’d him vp,
He smild me in the face, raught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, fayes: Deere my Lord,
Committe my fervice to my Soveraigne,
So did he turne, and over Suffolkes nekke
He threw his wounded ame, and kiff his lippes,
And on epon’t to death, with blood he seal’d
A Telfament of Noble-ending-loue:
The prettie and sweet manner of it forc’d
Those waters from me, which I would have flop’d,
But I had not so much of man in me,

Alarum. And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gaine me vp to tears.

King. I blame you not,
For hearing this, I must perficoure compound
With mixtull eyes, or they will illoue.
But heaste, what now alarum is this fame?
The French have re-enforc’d their catter’d men:
Then every fouldior kill his Prisoners,
Give the word through.

Exit.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fiesole and Gover.

Fies. Kill the poyes and the laggoge, This exquicely
against the Law of Armes, as arant a piece of humane
marky you now, as can bee offer in your Consciene
now, is it not?

Gover. Tis certaine, there’s not a boy left alive, and the
Cowardly Ratles that name from the bataile ha’ done
dith slaugther: befoles they have burned and carried a-
away all that was in the kings Tent, wherefore the King
wothly hath caus’d every foldior to cut his prin-
soners throat. O’ tis a gallant King.

Fies. I, he was borne at Memmonia Captaine Gover: What call you the Townes name where Alexander the pig was borne?

Gover. Alexander the Great.

Fies. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or
the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanim-
ous, are all one reckening, swae the phrase is a little va-
riations.

Gover. I thinke Alexander the Great was borne in
Macedon, his Father was called Philip of Macedon, as I
take it.

Fies. I thinke it is in Macedon where Alexander is
borne.
pome: I tell you, Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of the
Orld, I warrant you fall in the Comparisons be-
etweene Macedon & Monmouth, that the situations looke
is both alike. There is a River in Macedon, & there
is also moreover a River at Monmouth, it is call'd Wye at
Monmouth: but it is out of my praines, 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 markes Alexanders life well, Harry of Monmouthes life
is come after is indifferent well, for there is figures in all
things. Alexander God knowes, and you know, in his
rages, and his furies, and his wrathes, and his choleries,
and his moodes, and his displeasures, and his indignations,
and also being a little incoxicates in his praines, did
in his Aes and his anger (looke you) kill his best friend
Crism.

Gov. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd
any of his friends.

Fin. It is not well done (mark you now) to take the
tales out of my mouth, ex is made and finished. I speak
but in the figures, and comparisons of it: as Alexander
kild his friend Crism, being in his Aes and his Coppet; so
also Harry Monmouth being in his right wittes, and his
good indgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the
great belly doubtlet: he was full of ites, and gypses,
and leaters, and mockes, I have forgot his name.

Gov. Sir Joab Colffe.

Fin. That is he: He tell you, there is good men pome
at Monmouth.

Gov. Here comes his Majestie.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Barber
with prizers. Howby.

King. I was not angry since I came to France,
Vntill this intaine. Take a Trumpet Herald,
Ride you vnto the Horsemen on yond hill:
If they fight with vs, bid them come downe,
Or voyde the field: they do offend our fight.
If they do neither, we will come to them,
And make them sker away, as swift as a sone.
Enforced from the old Adittion armes.
Besides, we will curt the breast of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take,
Shall take our mercy. Go, and tell them so.

Enter Montoy.

Ext. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege
Glow. His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be.

King. How now, what meanes this Herald? Knoweth
you not
That I have find these bones of mine for ransom?
Com't thou againe for ransom? Her.

No great King;
Com't I thee for charitable License,
That we may wander ore this bloody field,
To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
To fort our Nobles from our common men.
For many of our Princes (were the whole)
Lyne crown'd and soak'd in mercuric blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peasanct himnes
In blood of Princes, and with wounded feedes
Fret set-looke deep in gore, and with wilderage
Yerk out their armed heles at their dead matters,
Killing them twize. O glue vs leave great King,
To view the field in safetie, and dispowe
Of their dead bodies.

Kin. I tell thee truly Herald,
I know not of the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horsemen pere,
And gallop ore the field.

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praide be God, and not our strengh for it:
What is this Castile call'd that stand hard by,
Her. They call it Agincourt.

King. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Cristian Cristians.
Fin. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an's please
your Maiestie) and your great Viole Edward the Placke
Prince of Wales, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought
a most proue battle here in France.

Kin. They did Fluellen.

Fin. Your Maiestie fayes very true: If your Maiesties
is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good seruice in a
Garden where Leckes did grow, wearing Leckes in their
Monmouth capc, which your Maiestie know to this hour
is an honourable badge of the seruice: And I do beleue
your Maiestie takes no scorne to weare the Lecke vpon
S. Tauses day.

King. Ieware it for a memerable honor:
For I am Welch you know good Cittizens.

Fin. All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Maiesties
Welth plound out of your country, I can tell you that:
God plese it, and prefer it, as long as it pleases his
Grace, and his Maiestie too.

Kin. Thanks good my Cittizens.

Fin. By Ietha, I am your Maiesties Cittizenman, I
care not who know it: I will confesse it to all the Orld, I
need not to be ashamed of your Maiestie, praide be God
so long as your Maiestie is an honnest man.

King. Good keep me in.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me innt notice of the numbers dead
On both our partes. Call yonder fellow hither.

Ext. Souldier, you must come to the King.

Kin. Souldier, why wert thou that, Gloue in thy
Cappe?

Wil. And please your Maiestie, is the gage of one
That I should fight withall, if he be alive.

Kin. An Englishman?

Wil. And please your Maiestie, a Rascal that was
ge'd with me last night: who is alive, and ever dare to
challenge this Gloue, I have tworne to take him a bosome
a thre e: or if I can see my Gloue in his cappe, which he
swore as he was a Souldier he would ware (if alive) I will
strike it out foolishly.

Kin. What think you Captaine Fluellen, is it fit this
souldier keeps his oath.

Fin. He is a Cruken and a Villaine else, and please
your Maiestie in my confience.

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great
fort quite from the ander of his degree.

Fin. Though he be as good a gentlenman as the duel is,
as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is neccessary (looke
your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee
bee perill'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant
a villaine and a lacke face, as euer his blace floo trodd
upon Gods ground, and his earth, in my confience say
King. Then keepe thy vow forth, when thou meet'th
the fellow.

Wil. So, I will my Liege, as I live.

Kin. Who will't thou vnder?
Will. Vnder Captaine Gore, my Liege.

Flu. Gore is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literature in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Soulliter.

Will. I will my Lord.

King. Hete Ecken, were thou this favour for me, and fistle it in thy Cappe, when Alainson and thy felles were downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme: If any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alainson, and an enemy to our Person: If thou encountere any such, apprehende him, and thou doit me foure.

Flu. Your Grace doo me as great Honors as can be defin'd in the hearts of his Subiects: I would faine see the man, that his but two legges, that shall find himselfe agreeable at this Gloue: that is all: but I would faine see it once, and pleade God of his grace that I might see.

King. Knows he then Gore? 

Flu. He's my deare friend, and please you.

King. Pray thee goe seek him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. Exit. 

King. My Lord of Warrick, and my Brother Glositer, Fellow Floridn clately at the heales.

The Gloue which I have given him for a favour. May haply purchase him a box at theear.

It is the Soulliter: I by bargaining should Writte at my felle. Follow good Cousin Warrick.

If that the Soulliter fittest, I will judge By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word; Some foillane mischeife may strike at it.

For I doe know Floridn valiant, 

And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder, 

And quickly will returne an intente.

Follow me, and see there be no harm betweene them.

Goe with you with, Vnckle of Ecken.

Enter. 

Groune and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Enter Ecken.

Flu. Gods will and his pleasure, Captaine, I beleeche you now, come space to the King: there is more good toward you peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dreamen of.

Will. Sir, know you this Gloue?

Flu. Know the Gloues I know the Gloues a Gloue. Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it. Strike him.

Flu. 'Sblind, an arrant traytor as anyes in the Vniterfall World, for infirmity in England.


Will. Doest thou thinke Ie be forfomeone?

Flu. Stand away Captaine Gounor, I will glie Treason his payment into plowen, I warrant you. Will. I am no Traytor.

Flu. That's a fynthy Throat. I charge you in his Majestie Name apprehende him, he's a friend of the Duke.

Enter. 

Warwick and Glositer.

Warr. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is, praysd be God for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke you, as you shall define in a Sumerday, here is his Majestie.

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, he's take the Gloue which your Maiestie is take out of the Helme of Alainson.

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow of it: and he that I gave it to in chame, praysd to ware it in his Cappe: I praysd to strike him, he did: I met this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I have beene as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majestie beare now, faying your Maiesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowfie Knowe it is: I hope your Maiestie is peace mecerdismone and wittesth, and will awouchet, that this is the Gloue of Alainson, that your Maiestie is grace mee, in your Conscience now.

King. Give me thy Gloue Souldier; Lookke, hearce is the fellow of it:

Twas I indeed thou promis'd to fistle, 

And thou hast given me foster better terms.

Flu. And pleade your Maiestie, let his Neck anwered for it, if there is any Marshell Law in the World.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Flu. All otheres, my Lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your Maiesties.

King. It was our felle thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Maiestie came not like your selfe: you appeare to me but as a common man: wisetrie the Night, your Garments, your Lowdines: and what you highnesse ordered of you at that place, I beleeue you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I beleeue your Highnesse pardon me.

King. Here Vnckle Exeter, fill this Gloue with Grownes, and give it to this fellow. Keep it fellow, and deserve it for an Honor in thy Cappe, till I doe challenge it. Give him the Grownes: And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow is as mettall enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelve-pence for you, and I praye you to feme God, and kepe you out of prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. All with a good will: I can tell you will feme you to tend your thores: come, wherefore should you be so pathfoul, your thones is not to good: this is a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Exeter.

King. Now Herald, are the dead numbered?

Herald. Here is the number of the slaughtred French.

King. What Prisoners of good sort are taken, Vnckle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleane, nephew to the King.

John Duke of Burbon, and Lord Bouchiquel.

Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires, full five hundred, besides commonmen.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French that are in the field by almane: of Princes in this number, and Nobles bearing Banners, there is dead One hundred three and twenty six: added to three.

Of Knights, Esquires, and gallane Gentlemen, Eight thousand and four hundred of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights.

So that in thefe ten thousand they haue lost, There are but sixe hundred Mercenaryes.

The ref are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

And Gentlemen of blood and quality,
The Names of those their Nobles that yore dead:
Charles deLBreth, High County of France,
Laois of Chariton, Admiraal of France,
The Master of the Crof-boys, Lord Ramore,
Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Delphin,
John Duke of Alfonso, Ambassio Duke of Sicabat,
The Brother the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Burg: ; of Juffie Earl,
Grandpere and Regent, Gangaduffe and Foye,
Banmont and Mari, Vandeloue and Letzelle.
Here was a Royall fellowship of death,
Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Estry, Davy Gom Elquide;
None else of name; and of all other men,
But fure and twente.

O God, thy Arme was here:
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
Acaire we all: when, without frastagem,
But in plain fochke, and even play of Bataile,
Was ever knowne to great and little lisse?
On one part and on the other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.
Exe. 'Tis wonderfull.

King. Come, goe me in procession to the Village,
And be it death proclaimed through our Hoast,
To boaste of this, or take that prayle from God,
Which is his onely.
Flite. Is it not lawfull and please you Mairesfe, to tell
how many is killed?

King. Yes Captaine; but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.

Flite. Yes, by my conscience, he did vs very good.

King. Doe we all holy Rights:
Let there be sung Non nobis, and Te Deum,
The dead with charlite enclos'd in Clay:
And then to Calliche, and to England then,
Where they're from France arris'd more happy men.

Exit.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

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,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here presented. Now we bear the King
Toward Calliche: Grante him there; there beque,
Horse him away upon your winged thoughts,
Adveh the Sea; Behold the English beach
Pales in the flood; with Men, Women, and Boyses,
Whose shouts & claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mightie Whiffer foare the King,
Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,
And solemnly fee him set to on London.
So swift a pace hath Thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Black-Heath;
Where, that his Lords defece him, to have borne
His brisfied Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the City; he forbids it,

Being free from vain-nesse, and self-glorious pride;
Giving full Trophee, Signall, and Osten,
Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Maier and all his Brethren in beho:
Like to the Senateors of the antique Rome,
With the Plebeians warming on their heels,
Goe forth and fetch their Conquering Caesar in:
As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Empresse,
As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more caufe,
Did they this Harry, now in London place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Imites the King of Englands stay at home:
The Emperour's comming in behoale of France,
To order peace betweene them: and omit
All the occurrences, what euer chance's,
Till Harry yett returne againe to France:
There mult we bring him; and my selfe have play'd
The severer by remembering you're past
Then brooke abridge, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straighte backe againe to France.

Enter Eureoll and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's right; but why weare you your
Lecke to day? S. D. Maers day is past.

Flite. There is occasions and causes why and wherefor
in all things: I will tell you safe my friend, Captain
Gower: the rashcly, saucily, lowe, pragging
Kane Piffell, which you and your selfe, and all the World,
know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now, of no merits;
hee is come to me, and prings me pread and
fault yesterlye, looke you, and bid me ceste my Lecke:
it was in a place where I could not breed no contession
with him; but I will be bold as to weare it in my Cap
still I fee him once againe, and then I will tell him a little
piece of my desires.

Enter Piffell.

Gower. Why here hee comes: welling like a Turkycocock.

Flite. Tis no matter for his foellings, nor his Turkycococks.
God pleffe you amicient Pifell; you fume lowe
Kane, God pleffe you.

Piff. Ha, art thou bedlam? dost thou thrift, base
Troian, to have me fold vp Parcus faillye Web? Hence;
I am qualmish at the small of Lecke.

Flite. I peefeche you heartily, fume lowe Kane, at
my desires, and my requerres, and my petitions, to eate,
looke you, this Lecke; because, looke you, you do not
loure it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your
digestions doe not agree with it, I would defege you
to eate it.

Piff. Not for Cadavallader and all his Goats.

Flite. There is one Goat for you.

Piff. Will you be so good, would Kane, eate it?

Flite. Base Troian, thou shalt dye.

Flite. You say very true, saud Kame, when Gods
will it is: I will defege you to live in the mean time,
and eate your Vithals: come, there is fawce for it.
You call'd me yeasterday Mountaine-Squeier, but I will make
you
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

you to day a spirit of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mocks a Leekke, you can eate a Leekke.

Gow. Enough Captaine, you have audiences him.

Flora. I say, I will make him eate some part of my lecke, or I will preste his pate four waters: bide I pray you, it is good for your green wond, and your ploodie Coscombe.

Paff. Muff Bist.

Flora. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of quiddity, and ambiguities.

Paff. By this Leekke, I will most horribly revenge I eate and eate I swore.

Flora. Eate I pray you, will you have some more faster to your lecke; there is enough lecke to swear by.

Paff. Que sth Cadgell, thou dott see I eat.

Flora. Much good do you scalde heartly, heartly. Nay, pray you throw none away, the shime is good for your broken Coscomb3; when you take occasions to see Leekes hereafter, the shime you mooke at, them is all.

Paff. Good.

Flora. I, Leekes is good; hold you, there is a greater to heale your pate.

Paff. Me a groat at?

Flora. Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I have another Leekke in my pockety, which you shall eate.

Paff. I could sit down in the grate, I could eate six of the most savoury Leekes.

Flora. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgel, you shall be a Woodmaner, and buy nothing of me but cudgel: God bu'y you, and keep you, & heale your pate.

Paff. All hell shall hirse for this.

Gow. Ga, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue, will you mooke at an ancient Tradition begun yppon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable Tophole of predeceted valor, and dare not anchoch in your deeds any of your words. I have bene you glicking & galing at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speake English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgel: you finde it othherwise, and henceforth lea a Welsh correction, teach you a good English condition, face ye well.

Paff. Dearth fortune play the butcher with me now? Never haste I that my Doll is dead it Spittle of a madly of France, and there my tenderous is quite cut off: Old I do waste, and from my weary limbs honour is Cudgell. Well, Baud Ile turne, and something lean to Cut-purse of quickhand: To England will I flese, and there Ile seale:

And patches will I get vnto these cudgel seares, And Iware I got them in the Gallia wittre.

Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords. At another, Queen Isabel, the King, the Duke of Burgognue, and other French.

King Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met; Vince our brother France, and to our Siter Health and faire time of day: toy and good wiff To our most faire and Prizeley Cofin Katherine: And as a branch and memmber of this Royalty, By whom this great assembly is contriv'd, We do venerate you Duke of Burgognue, And Prince French and Peere health to you all.

Flora. Right joyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England, fairly met, So are you Prince (English) every one.

Que. So happy be the first brother Ireland Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes, Your eyes which hurte to have borne In them against the French that met them in their bent, The fatal Bulls of murthering Bafulikes: The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope Have left their quaff, and that this day Shall change all grieves and quarrelts into love.

Eng. To cry Amen to this, thus we appere.

Que. You English Princes all, I do fulture you. 

Dowre. My dutie to you both, on equall love. Great Kings of France and England; that I have labored With all my wits, my paines, and stronge endeavors, To bring your most Imperial Multitudes Unto this Barre, and Royall intervenue;

Your Mightynesse on both parts both can witness. Since then my Office hath to ferre prenyed, That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye, You have congregeted; let it not difgrace me, If I demand before this Royall view, 

What Rub, or what Impediment there is, Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace, Desire Nourice of Arts, Plenties, and joyfull Births, Should not in this best Garden of the World, Our Ouest France thy grace, with all thy Virtues, Also free hath from France too long been chased, And all her Husbandry doth lyce on heapes, Corruption in it owne fertilite, 

Her Vine, the merry cheerer of the heart, Vaprum, dyers; her Hedges even pleas'd, Like Pisones, wildly over-grownne with hayre, But forth divided Triggs; her Fellow Leas, The Durnell, Henloch, and ranke Pemency, Dost root upon; while that the Cultar rules, That should derraince such Suagery: 

The even Meade, that erit brought sweetly forth The freckled Cowflipp, Burnet, and greene Clouer, Wanting the Sythe, withall uncorrupted, raute; Conceules by idleness, and nothing recomes, But handfull Ducks, rough Thistles, Kiehys, Burrers, Loovd both bournes and wilderne.

And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges, Defyectue in their nature, grow to wildyness. Even to our Houses, and our felues, and Children, Have lost, or do not learnes, for want of want, The Sciences that should become our Country; But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will, That nothing doet, but meditate on Blood, To Swearing, and terme Lookes, dyinge, and, And every thing that venous naturall.

Which to reduce into our foreigne favour, You are assembl'd: and my speche entreats, That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace Should not expell these inconveniencies, And besie vs with her former qualities.

Eng. If Duke of Burgognue, you would the Peace, Whoe woulds grantes growth to thumpfections Which you have ciated; you must buy that Peace With full accord to all our last demands, Whoe Tenures and particular effects You have encheud'd briefly in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which,as yet There is no Answer made.

Eng. Well then the Peace which you before so arg'd, Lyes in his Answer.

France. 1
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

France. I haue but with a curlesiarie eye
O'er-plate the Articles: Pleaseth your Grace
To appoint some of your Councell pretently
To sit with vs once more, with better heed
To re-bury them; we will suddeynly
Pasue our accept and perpetomery Answere.

England. Brother we shall. Goe Vackle Exeter,
And Brother Clarence, and you Brother Gloucester,
Warwick, and Buckingham, goe with the Kings,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wildomes belt
Shall see aduantesageable for our Dignifice,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And weele confignere thereto. Will you faire Sifer,
Goe with the Princes or flay here with vs?

Queene. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them;
Happily a Woman Voyce may doe some good,
When Articles too nicely wrig'd, be flood on.

England. Yet issue our Cousin Katherine here with vs,
She is our capital Demand, compri'd.
Within the fore-tane of our Articles.
Queene. She hath good leave. Exeunt omnes.

Scene King and Katherine.

King. Farewell Katherine, and most faire,
Will you(touchsafe to teacha Sudder temmer, such
Such as will enter at a Ladies eye,
And pleade his Lune-fuit to her gentle heart.
Kath. Your Maiestie shall mock at me, I cannot speake
your English.

King. O faire Katherine, if you will loue me foundly
with your French heart, I will be glaid to heare you con-
verse it brokenly with your English Tongue. Do you
like me, Kate?
Kath. Pardonne moy, I cannot tell what is like me.
King. An Angell is like you Kate, and you are like an
Angell.
Kath. Que doit il que je sois semblable a tes Anges?
Lady. Oui, vous m'avez (sans vostre Grace) ambi dit il.

King. I said to, dear Katherine, and I must not bluf to
shame it.
Kath. O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont pleie de
tromperies.

King. What fayes she, faire onet that the tongues of men are full of deceties?

Lady. Oui, dat de tongeus of de mans is be full of de
ceties: dat is de Princeesse.

King. The Princeesse is the better English-woman: you
Kaye, my wooning is fit for thy wonderland, I am
glad thou cant speake no better English, for if thou
could it, thou woulde finde me such a plaine King,that
thou wouldest thinke, I had told my Farine to buy my
Cromwe. I know no ways to mine it in loue, but
directly to say, I loue you; then if you vayne me farther,
then to say, Doe you in faith? I wearie out my lute.
Give me your answer, ythan do, and to clap hands, and a
garaine; how fay for, Lady?
Kath. Sans voouer homere, ou vandale, lendall well.

King. marry, if you would put me to Veres, or to
Dance for your take, Kaye, why you vudn me for: the oone
I haue neither words nor meares; for the other, I
have no strength in mesure, yet a reasonable mesure in
strength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by
vawing into my Saddle, with my Arroun, or my bucke:
under the correction of bragging be it spoken. I should
quickly leapse into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my

Lowe, or bound my Horfe for her favours, I could ly go
like a Butcher, and fit like a Lack an Apes, neuer off.
But before God Kate, I cannot looke greenery, nor gaspe out
my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in procetation;
onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vfe till wrig'd,
neuer breake for voiging: If thou cant loue a fellow of
this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth Sunne-burn-
ning? that neuer looke in his Glasse, for loue of any
thing he fees ther? let those eye be thy Cooke. I speake
to thee plaine Soullier: If thou cant loue me for this,
take me? if not to say to thee that I shall dyse, is true;
but for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too.
And while thou luyf, deare Kate, take a fellow of plaine
and uncorroyed Constancie, for he perforce must do thee right,
because he had not the gift to woore in other places: for
their fellowes of infinito tongue, that can ryme themselfes
into Ladies favours, they doe always reason themselfes
out againe. What? a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme
is but a Bilard; a good Legue will fall, a frast Bucke will
stoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Plate will
growe bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax
hollow: but a good Heart, Kate, is the Sunne and the
Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it
shines bright, and neiuer changes, but keeps his contus
truly. If thou wouldst hale one, take me? and
when I should take me, take a Soullier: take a Soullier;
take a King. And what fay't thou then to my Loue? speake my fayre,
and fairely, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible that I should loue de enemie of
France?

King. No. It is not possible you should loue the
Enemie of France, Kate; but in louing me, you should loue
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 therin yours
is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell what is dat.

King. No, Kate! I will tell thee in French which I am
sure will hang upon my tongue, like a new married Wife
about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be broken off; le
grand est le pauffion de France, & grand sembler est le
pauffion de moy. Let me see, what then? Saint Dome ben
my speere): Done ouvure ef France, & vous effez miuene.
It is as ease for me, Kate, to conquer the Kingdoms, as to
speake so much more French: I shall never more thee in
French, vynde it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sans ouvure homere, de Frances quez vous parcier, il
& melieurs que l'Angois quez lepot te pote.

King. No faith its not, Kate: but thy speaking of
my Tongue, and I thine, most truly safely, mast
needs be granted to be much at one. But Kate,doo not
thou vnderstand thus much English? Canst thou lone
meth?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, Kate? Ile
ask them. Come, I know thou louest me: and right,
when you come into your Closer, you feele this
Gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to
her dispreye those parts in me, that you loute with your
heart: but good Kate, mocke me mercyly, the rather
gentle Princeesse, because I loue thee cruelly. If ever thou
beest mine, Kate, as I have a fauing Faith within me
tell me thou shalt: I get thee with smakling, and thou
must therefore needs prone a good Sudder-breeder;
Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint Demois and Saint
George, compose a Boy, halfe French halfe English,
that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turks by the Beard. Shall we not? what sayst thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce?

Kate. I do not know dar.

King. Nor is this hereafter to know, but now to promise: doe but now promise Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a Boy; and for my English moitie, take this Word of a King, and a Butcher. How answer you, La plus belle Katherine do voulez vous croire ou douter desse?

Kate. Your Majestie ans faute. Frenche enough to deceiue de moit sage Damoinel dix en France.

King. Now fye upon my faire Frenchy mine Honor in true English, I love thee Kate; by which Honor, I dare not believe thou lourist me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou dost not, notwithstanding the poore and wretinping effect of my Village. Now believe my Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Cuiull Varres when hee got me, therefore was I created with a flab borne out-side, with an apert of Iron, that when I come to woote Ladies, I frighte them: but in faith Kate, the elder I was, the better I shall appere. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill luster of Beatrice, can doe no more spoile faire Beatrice. Thou biff me, if thou biff me, as the world; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most faire Kate, will you have me? Put off your Maides Bluske, aounc the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Empresse, take me by the Hand, and say, Harry of England, I am thine; which Word thou shalt not sooner bleffe mine Ear withall, but I will tell theeslow, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantaginion is thine: who, though I speake it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the belk King, thou shalt finde the belk King of Good-fellowes. Come your An wer in broken Munick; for thy Voyce is Municke, and thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, Katherine, break thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou have me?

Kate. Dac is as it shall please de Roy anon perce.

King. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kate. Den it fall also content me, King. Upon that I kisse thy Hand, and I call you my Queene.

Kate. Laisse mon Siegueur, laisse, laisse, mon seigneur: Je ne vous pour que vous abbesse vosse grav阊es, en basques le main d'une vosse Seigneur inangue furetus escuyere moy, Je vous supplie mon treu par laigne Seigneur.

King. Then I will kisse your Lippes, Kate.

Kate. Les Dames & Damoyselles pour offre bayeux demant leur appercif il ne pas le peuple de France.

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what fayes thee?

Lady. Dust it is not de fasion pour le Ladies de France, I cannot tell was is blisse en English.

King. To kisse.

Lady. Your Majestie entendez bettre que moy, King. It is not a fasion for the Maids in France to kisse before they are married, would the say?

Lady. Our vorement.

King. O Kate, nice Curtises curtie to great Kings. Deere Kate, you and I cannot be contented within the weak Lyth of a Courtesies fasion: wee are the makers of Manners, Kate; and the libere that follows our Places, loopes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for upholdinge the nice fasion of your Countrey, in denying me a Kisse: therefore patiently, and yelding. You have Wench-craft in your Lippes, Kate: there is more eloquence in a Sagar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Counsell; and they should sooner periswe Harry of England, then a general Petition of Monarchs. Here comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God faze your Majestie, my Royall Couin, teach you our Princesse English?

King. I would have her learen, my faire Couin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is thee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not smooth: so that hating neither the Voyce nor the Heart of Flisterie about me, I cannot so conjure up the Spirit of Love in her, that lea will appear in his true likenesse.

Burg. Pardon the frankness of my mouth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a Circle: if conjure vp Love in her in his true likenesse, her mout appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yes rood our with the Virgin Crimin of Modelette, if she deny the apperance of a nacked blinde Boy in her nacked seeing felies? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition to a Maid to conjure in.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeld, as Love is blind and encores.

Burg. They are then esem'd, my Lord, when they see nor what they doo.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Couin to content winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to content, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and wise keppe, are like flyes at Bartholomew-tide, blinde, though they have their eyes, and then they wil conda: handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This Morall eyes me ouer to Time, and a hot Summer; and so I shall catch the Flye, your Couin, in the baster end, and thee must be blinde.

Burg. As Love is my Lord,before it loues.

King. It is so: and you may, fone of you, thanke Loues my blindnesse, who cannot see many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that stands in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you see them perspectively: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gyrdled with Maidens Walls, that Warre hath entred.

England. Shall Kate be my Wife?

France. So please you.

England. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you take of, may wait on her: so the Maid that flound in the way for my Wil, shall shew me the way to my will.

France. Wee have consented to all causes of reason.


BJf. The King hath pronounced every Article:

His Daughters serif; and in queque, till, According to their hirr prospersed natures.

Exit. Only
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Exit. Onely he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your Maesties demands, That the King of France
having any occasion to write for matter of Grant, shall
name your Highness in this forme, and with this additi.
on, in French: Nostre trescher sire Henry Rex Anglorum
Heretore de France, et disc in Latinis: Frater appellatimus
Filius nostre Henrici Rex Anglia & Heres Franciae.
France. Nor this I have not Brother so deny d,
But your request shall make me let it passe.
England. I pray you then, in love and deare allyance,
Let that one Article ranke with the rest,
And therupon give me your Daughter.
France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood angle vp
offere to me, that the contending Kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very floresce looke pale,
With envy of each others happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this deare Conjunction
Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord
In their sweete Bosomes: that nevere Warre advance
Hys bleeding Sword: twixt England and faire France.

Lords. Amen,
King. Now welcome Kate: and beare me witnesse all,
That here I kiss her as my Soueraigne Queene,
Flourish.

Queene. God, the best maker of all Marriages,
Combining your hearts in one, your Realmes in one:
As Man and Wife being two, are one in lone,
So be there twixt your Kingdomes such a Spousall,
That neuer may ill Office, or fell Jealousie
Which troubles oft the Bed of blest Marriage,
Thrust in betwene the Passion of these Kingdomes,
To make diuorce of their incorporate League:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speake this Amen.
All. Amen.

King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy we'll take your Oath
And all the Peeres, for suretie of our Leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and prosperous be.
Seznot.
Exit.

Enter Choruses.

Thus faire with rough, and all-inable Pen,
Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
Mangling by statts the full course of their glory.
Small time: but in that small, most greatly liniet
The Scares of England, Fortune made his Sword:
By which, the Worlds best Garden he stichieved:
And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.

Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succeed:
Whole State to many had the managing,
That they left France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath shone; and for their sake,
In your faire minds let this acceptanece take,

FINIS.