The Life of Henry the Fift [Henry V] from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.
Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies
Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7
Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.

Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630
Condell, Henry, -1627
Droeshout, Martin, 1601
Jaggard, Isaac, -1627
Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632
Jaggard, William, 1569-1623
Smethwicke, John, -1641
Aspley, William, -1640

Bodleian Digital Library Systems and Services

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The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre and book history. Sprint for Shakespeare
Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, 
tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. VWilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories,

tragedies

First Folio

London, England:

William Jaggard, Edward Blount, John Smethwicke:

1623

8 November 1623

Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7

S111228

015592789

ESTC, S111228

Greg, III, p. 1109-12

Pforzheimer, 905

STC (2nd ed.), 22273

Rasmussen, E. & A.J. "The Shakespeare First Folios a

Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the
First Folio of


West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare
First Folios,

With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1
(March 1999), p.1-19
M. VVILLIAM SHAKESPEARES COMEDIES, HISTORIES, & TRAGEDIES. Published according to the True Originall Copies.


Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58; p.59 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered 151; p.161 misnumbered 163; p.189 misnumbered 187; p.249 misnumbered 251; p.250 misnumbered 252; p.265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in some copies; p.89 misnumbered 91; p.90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count:...
5th count: numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 --

misnumbered 38;

p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p. 308

p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.

The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: \( \pi A^6 (\pi A1+1) \)

\[ \begin{align*}
2C^2 & a-g^6 \chi g g^8 \ h-v^6 \ x^4 \ \chi.2 \ [\text{para.}] -2[\text{para.}]^6 \ 3[\text{para}]^1 \ a-a-f^6 \ g g^2 \\
hh^6 & kk-bbb^6; \ 2. \ West: \ \pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \ \pi A5+1.2)^2 A-2B^6 \ 2C^2 \ a-g^6 \\
& 'gg3.4' (\pm 'gg3') \ [\text{para.}] -2[\text{para.}]^6 \ 3[\text{para}]^1 \ 2a-2f^6 \ 2g^2 \ 2G^6 \ 2h^6 \\
& x^6 \ 2y-3b^8.
\end{align*} \]

Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; 'gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.

Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the reader". The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.

Head- and tail- pieces; initials.

With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin-Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generally; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen".


Inc. Cat., C-322.

For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.

Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to William Wildgoose on 17 February 1624 for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer Third Folio (1664). There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of "superfluous library books" to Richard Davis, a bookseller in Oxford, in 1664 for the sum of £24. After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of Richard Turbutt of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until 1906, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of £3000, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (Oxford, 1905).

For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.
Digital facsimile images available at: http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/.

The private URIs with the prefix 'FFimg' should be replaced with the URL pointing to the Bodleian's First Folio website.

Alice
Alice. Lady.
All.
Amb.
First Ambassador
Archbishop of Canterbury
Bishop of Canterbury
Bishop. Cant.
<person xml:id="F-h5-ely">
  <persName type="standard">Bishop of Ely</persName>
  <persName type="form">B. Ely.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Bish.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Bish. Ely.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Bedf.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Bur.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-h5-gov">Governor of Harfleur</person>

<person xml:id="F-h5-gow">Gower</person>

<person xml:id="F-h5-gre">Sir Thomas Grey</person>

<person xml:id="F-h5-her">Herald</person>

<person xml:id="F-h5-hos">Hostess Quickly</person>

<person xml:id="F-h5-mac">Macmorris</person>

<person xml:id="F-h5-kat">Katharine</person>

<person xml:id="F-h5-lor">Lords</person>

<person xml:id="F-h5-mes">
<body>
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    <head rend="italic centre">The Life of Henry the Fift.</head>
    <div type="prologue" rend="notPresent">
      <head type="supplied">[Prologue]</head>
      <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Prologue.</stage>
    </div>
    <sp who="#F-h5-cho">O</sp>
    <hi rend="italic">For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend</hi>
    <l rend="italic" n="2">The brightest Heauen of Inuention;</l>
    <l rend="italic" n="3">A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,</l>
    <l rend="italic" n="4">And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.</l>
    <l rend="italic" n="5">Then should the Warlike</l>
    <hi rend="italic">Harry, like himselfe,</hi>
    <l rend="italic" n="6">Assume the Port of Mars</l>, and at his heeles
    <l rend="italic" n="7">(Leasht in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire</l>
    <l rend="italic" n="8">Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:</l>
    <l rend="italic" n="9">The flat vnraysed Spirits, that hath dar'd,</l>
    <l rend="italic" n="10">On this vnworthy Scaffold, to bring forth</l>
    <l rend="italic" n="11">So great an Obiect Can this Cock-Pit hold</l>
    <l rend="italic" n="12">The vastie fields of France? Or may we cramme</l>
  </div>
</body>
Within this Woodden O. the very Caskes
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
O pardon: since a crooked Figure may
Attest in little place a Million.
And let vs, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
On your imaginarie Forces worke.
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin'd two mightie
Monarchies,
Whose high, vp-reared, and abutting
Fronts, The perillous narrow Ocean parts
asunder.
Peece out our imperfections with your
thoughts:
Into a thousand parts diuide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puissance.
Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see
Printing their prowd Hoofes i'th' receiuing
Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our
Kings,
Carry them here and there: Jumping o're
Times;
Turning th'accomplishment of many
yeeres
Into an Howre-glasse: for the which
supplie
Admit me to this Historie; Chorus
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience
pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play.
Exit.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima
Actus Primus. Scœna Prima
Bill is vrg'd,

Y Lord, Ite tell you, that selfe

Which in

Th'eleu'th yere of y

last Kings reign

Was like, and had indeed against vs past,

But that the scambling and vnquiet time

Did push it out of farther question.

Bish. Ely.

But how my Lord shall we resist it now?

Bish. Cant.

It must be thought on: if it passe against vs,

We loose the better halfe of our Possession:

For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout

By Testament haue giuen to the Church,

Would they strip from vs; being valu'd thus,

As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,

Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,

Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:

And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age

Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyle,

A hundred Almes-houses, right well supply'd:

And to the Coffers of the King beside,

Thus runs the Bill.

This would drinke deepe.

'Twould drinke the Cup and all.

But what preuention?

The King is full of grace, and faire re-

gard.
And a true lover of the holy Church.

Bish. Cant.

The courses of his youth promised it not.

But that his wildness, mortify'd in him,

Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,

Consideration like an Angel came,

And whipt th'o'ffending Adam out of him;

Leaving his body as a Paradise,

T'inuelop and containe Celestial Spirits.

Never was such a sudden scholar made:

Never came Reformation in a Flood,

With such a heady current scowring faults:

Never Hidra-headed Wilfriness so soon did lose his seat; and all at once;

As in this King.

We are blessed in the change.

Bish. Ely.

Heare him but reason in Divinity;

And all-admiring, with an inward wish

You would desire the King were made a Prelate:

Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affairs;

You would say, it hath been all in all his study:

List his discourse of Warre; and you shall hear

A fearefull Battle rendred you in Musique.

The Gordian Knot of it he will unloose,

Familiar as his Garter: that when he speaks,

The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,

And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,

To steale his sweet and honeyed Sentences:

So that the Art and Practique part of Life,

Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,

Since his addiction was to Courses vaine,

His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,

His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;

And neuer noted in him any studie,

Any retyrement, any sequestration,

From open Haunts and Popularitie.

The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,

And holesome Berryes thriue and ripen best,

Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie:

And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation

Vnder the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt)

Grew like the Summer Grasse, fastest by Night,

Vnseene, yet cressiue in his facultie.

It must be so; for Miracles are ceast:

And therefore we must needes admit the meanes,

How things are perfected.

But my good Lord:

How now for mittigation of this Bill,

Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maiestie

Incline to it, or no?

He seemes indifferent:

Or rather swaying more vpon our part,

Then cherishing th'exhibiters against vs:

For I haue made an offer to his Maiestie at large,

As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,

Then euer at one time the Clergie yet

Did to his Predecessors part withall.

How did this offer seeme receiu'd, my Lord?
B. Cant.

With good acceptance of his Maiestie:

Saue that there was not time enough to heare,

As I perceiu'd his Grace would faine haue done,

The seueralls and vnhidden passages

Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,

And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,

Deriu'd from Edward, his great Grandfather.

B. Ely.

What was th'impediment that broke this off?

The French Embassador vpon that instant Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,

To giue him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?

It is.

Then goe we in, to know his Embassie:

Which I could with a ready guesse declare,

Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.

Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Exeunt.

[Act 1, Scene 2]

Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exeuter. Not here in presence.
King.

Send for him, good Uncle.

Westm.

Shall we call in th'Ambassador, my Liege?

Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolu'd,

Before we heare him, of some things of weight,

That taske our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter two Bishops.

God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,

And make you long become it.

Sure we thanke you.

My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,

And justly and religiously vnfold,

Why the Law Salseike, that they haue in France,

Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme:

Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule,

With opening Titles miscreate, whose right

Sutes not in natiue colours with the truth:

For God doth know, how many now in health,

Shall drop their blood, in approbation of what your reuerence shall incite vs to.

Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person,

How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;

How you take heed how you impawne our Person,

We charge you in the Name of God take heed:

For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,

Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops

Are euery one, a Woe, a sore Complaint,

Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
That makes such waste in briefe mortalitie.

Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord:

For we will heare, note, and beleue in heart,

That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt,

As pure as sinne with Baptisme.

Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,

That owe your selues, your liues, and seruices,

To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre to make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,

But this which they produce from Pharamond,

In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedaul,

No Woman shall succeed in Salike Land:

Which Salike Land, the French vnjustly gloze to be the Realme of France, and

The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.

Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme, That the Land is in Germanie,

Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue:

Where Charles the Great hauing subdu'd the Saxons,

There left behind and settled certaine French:

Who holding in disdaine the German Women,

For some dishonest manners of their life,

Establisht then this Law; to wit, No Female Should be Inheritrix in Salike Land:

Which (as I said) 'twixt Elue and Sala,

Is at this day in Germanie, call'd Meisen.

Then doth it well appeare, the

Meisen.

Then doth it well appeare, the

Law.

Was not deuised for the Realme of France:

Nor did the French possesse the

Land.
Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres, After defunction of King Pharamond, Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law, Who died within the yeere of our Redemption, Foure hundred twentie six: and Charles the Great Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere Eight hundred fiue. Besides, their Writers say, King Pepin, which deposed Childerike, Did as Heire Generall, being descended Of Blithild, which was Daughter to King Clothair, Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France. Hugh Capet also, who vsurpt the Crowne Of Charles the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male Of the true Line and Stock of Charles the Great: To find his Title with some shewes of truth, Though in pure truth it was corrupt and Conuey'd himselfe as th'Heire to th' Lady Lingare, Daughter to Charlemaine, who was the Sonne To Lewes the Emperour, and Lewes, the Sonne of Charles the Great: also King Lewes the Tenth, Who was sole Heire to the Vsurper Charles the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male Of the true Line and Stock of Charles the Great: also King Lewes the Tenth, Could not keepe quiet in his conscience, Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till satisfied, That faire Queene Isabel, his Grandmother, Was Lineall of the Lady
Ermengare, Daughter to Charles the Great Was re-united to the Crowne of France. So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne, King Pepins Title, and Hugh Capets Clayme, King Lewes his satisfaction, all appeare To hold in Right and Title of the Female: Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law, To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female, To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female, And rather chuse to hide them in a Net, Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles, Vsurpt from you and your Progenitors.

May I with right and conscience make this claim?

The sinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne:

For in the Booke of Numbers is it writ,

When the man dyes, let the Inheritance

Descend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,

Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,

Looke back into your mightie Ancestors:

Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandsires Tombe,

From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,

And your Great Vnckles, Edward the Black Prince,

Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,

Making defeat on the full Power of France:

Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill

Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe

Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.

O Noble English, that could entertaine

With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,

And let another halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.</p>

<sp who="#F-h5-ely">

<p>Liege</p>

<p>Awake remembrance of these valiant dead, And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats; You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne: The Blood and Courage that renowned th<em>em</em>, Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puissant Liege</p>

<p>Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth, Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises.</p>

<sp who="#F-h5-exe">

<p>Exe.</p>

<p>Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth Doe all expect, that you should rowse your selfe, As did the former Lyons of your Blood.</p>

<sp who="#F-h5-wes">

<p>West.</p>

<p>They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and So hath your Highnesse: neuer King of England Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects, Whose hearts haue left their bodyes here in England,</p>

<p>And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France,</p>

<sp who="#F-h5-can">

<p>Bish. Can.</p>

<p>O let their bodyes follow my deare</p>

<p>With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your</p>

<p>In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualtie Will rayse your Highnesse such a mightie</p>

<p>As neuer did the Clergie at one time</p>

<p>Bring in to any of your Ancestors.</p>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">

<p>King.</p>

<p>We must not onely arme t'inuade the French, But lay downe our proportions, to defend Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs, With all aduantages.</p>
They of those Marches, gracious Soueraign,

Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend

Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

We do not meane the coursing snatchers onely,

But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,

Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to vs:

For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather

Neuer went with his forces into France,

But that the Scot, on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,

Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,

With ample and brim fulnesse of his force,

Galling the gleaned Land with hot Assayes,

Girding with grieuous siege, Castles and

Townes:

That England being emptie of defence,

Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.

She hath bin more fear'd

then harm'd, my Liege:

For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe,

When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,

And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,

Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended.

But taken and impounded as a Stray,

The King of Scots: whom shee did send to

To fill King Edwards fame with prisoner Kings,

And make their Chronicle as rich with prayse,

As is the Owse and bottome of the Sea

With sunken Wrack, and sum-lesse Treasuries.

But there's a saying very old and true,

If that you will France win, then with Scotland

first begia.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her vnguarded Nest, the Weazell (Scot)
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely
Egges,
Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
To tame and hauocke more then she can eate.

who

Exet.

It followes the,
the Cat
must stay at home,
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we haue lockes to safegard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theeues.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'aduised head defends it selfe at home:
For Gouernment, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like Musicke.

Therefore doth heauen divide
The state of man in diuers functions,
Setting endeuour in continual motion:
To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
Obedience: for so worke the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.
They haue a King, and Officers of sorts,
Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:
Others, like Souldiers armed in the ir stings,
Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet buddes:
Which pillage, they with merry march bring
home:
To the Tent-royal of their Emperor:
Who busied in his Maiesies surueyes
The singing Masons building roofes of Gold,
The ciuil Citizens kneading vp the hony;
The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
Their heauy burthens at his narrow gate:

Who busied in his Maiesies surueyes
The singing Masons building roofes of Gold,
The ciuil Citizens kneading vp the hony;
The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
Their heauy burthens at his narrow gate:

The Life of Henry the Fift.
The sad-ey'd Justice with his surly humme,
Deliuering ore to Executors pale;
The lazie yawning Drone: I this inferre,
That many things hauing full reference,
To one consent, may worke contrariously,
As many Arrowes loosed seuerall wayes,
Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one
towne,

As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea;
As many Lynes close in the Dials center:
That many things hauing full reference,
To one consent, may worke contrariously,
As many Arrowes loosed seuerall wayes,
Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one
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That many things hauing full reference,
To one consent, may worke contrariously,
As many Arrowes loosed seuerall wayes,
Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one
towne,
The Dolphins meaning, and our Embassy.

King.

We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,

Vnto whose grace our passion is as subject,

As is our wretches fettered in our prisons,

Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainnesse,

Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

Amb.

Thus than in few:

Your Highnesse lately sending into France,

Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right

Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third.

In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master Sayes, that you sauour too much of your youth,

And bids you be aduis'd: There's nought in France, That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:

You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there.

He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,

Desires you let the dukedomes that you claime Heare no more of you. This the Dolphin speakes.

What Treasure Vncle?

Tennis balles, my Lyege.

We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,

His Present, and your paines we thanke you for:

When we haue matcht our Rackets to these Balles,

We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set,

Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,

That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd

With Chaces. And we understand him well,

How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,

Not measuring what use we made of them.

We neuer valew'd this poore seate of England,

And therefore liuing hence, did give our selfe

To barbarous license: As 'tis ever common,

That men are merriest, when they are from home.

But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe my State,

Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatness

When I do rowse me in my Throne of France.

For that I haue layd by my Maiestie,

And plodded like a man for working dayes:

But I will rise there with so full a glory,

That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,

Yea strike the Dolphin blind

to looke on vs,

And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his

Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-stones, and his soule

Shall stand sore charged, for the wasteful vengeance

That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widows

Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer hnsbands;

Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe:

And some are yet vngotten and vnborne,

That shall haue cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.

But this lyes all within the wil of God,

To whom I do appeale, and in whose name

Tel you the Dolphin, I am comming on,

To venge me as I may, and to put forth

My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cause.

So get you hence in peace: And tell the <hi rend="italic">Dolphin</hi>, I will to looke on vs,

And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his

Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-stones, and his soule

Shall stand sore charged, for the wasteful vengeance

That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widows

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That shall haue cause to curse the <hi rend="italic">Dolphins</hi> scorne.

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Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe:

And some are yet vngotten and vnborne,

That shall haue cause to curse the <hi rend="italic">Dolphins</hi> scorne.

But this lies all within the will of God.
This was a merry Message.

We hope to make the Sender blush at it:

Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,

That may giue furth'rance to our Expedition:

For we haue now no thought in vs but France,

Saue those to God, that runne before our businesse.

Therefore let our prop ortions for these Warres

Be soone collected, and all things thought vpon,

That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde

More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,

We'e chide this Dolphin at his fathers doore.

Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,

That this faire Action may on foot be brought.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,

And silken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lye:

Now thriue the Armorers, and Honors thought

Reignes solely in the breast of euery man.

They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse;

Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,

With winged heeles, as English Mercuries.

For now sits Expectation in the Ayre,

And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point,

Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.

The French aduis'd by good intelligence

Of this most dreadfull preparation,

Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy

Seeke to diuert the English purposes.

O England: Modell to thy inward Greatnesse,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart:
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kinde and naturall:
But see, thy fault France hath in thee fou nd out,
A nest of hollow bosomes, which he filles
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
One, Richard Earle of Cambridge, and the second
Henry Lord Scroope of Masham, and the third
Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,
Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye.
If Hell and Treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and wee'l digest
Th'abuse of distance; force a play:
The summe is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is set from London, and the Scene
Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton,
There is the Play-house now, there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we conuey you safe:
And bring you backe: Charming the narrow seas
To giue you gentle Passe: for if we may,
Wee'l not offend one stomacke with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene.

Exit

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.
Well met Corporall Nym.

One, Richard Earle of Cambridge, and the second
Henry Lord Scroope of Masham, and the third
Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,
Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France,
If Hell and Treason hold their promises,
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Exit
<p>Nym.</p>
<p>Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolfe.</p>
<p>What, are Ancient Pistoll and you friends yet?</p>
<p>For my part, I care not: I say little: but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out mine yron: it is a simple one, but what though? It will tofte or toste Cheese, and it will endure cold, as another mans sword will: and there's an end.

I will bestow a breakfast to make you friendes, and wee'l bee all three sworne brothers to France: Let't be so good Corporall Nym.</p>
<p>Faith, I will liue so long as I may, that's the certaine of it: and when I cannot liue any longer, I will doe as I may: That is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.</p>
<p>It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to Nell Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.</p>
<p>I cannot tell, Things must be as they may: men
sleepe, and they may haue their throats about them at that time, and some say, kniues haue edges: It must it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistoll, Quickly.

Heere comes Ancient Pistoll and his wife: good Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoaste Pi-stoll?

Base Tyke, cal'st thou mee Hoste, now by this hand I sweare I scorne the terme: nor shall my Nel keep Lodgers.

No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that liue honestly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee thought we keepe a Bawdy-house straight. O welliday Lady, if he be not hewne now, we shall see wilful adulte ry and murther committed.

Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing heere.

Pish.
Pish for thee, Island dogge: thou prickeard cur of Island.

Good Corporall shew thy valor, and put vp your sword.

Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The solus in thy most meruailous face, the solus in thy teeth, and in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worse, within thy nastie mouth. I do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and flashing fire will follow.

I am not Barbason, you cannot coniure mee: I haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you grow fowle with me Pistoll, I will scoure with my Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as I may, and that's the humor of it.

O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight, The Graue doth gape, and doting death is neere, Therefore exhale.
Heare me, heare me what I say: Hee that strikes the first stroake, Ile run him vp to the hilts, as I am a sol-dier.

An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate. Giue me thy fist, thy fore-foote to me giue: Thy spirites are most tall.

I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire termes, that is the humor of it.

Couple a gorge, that is the word, I defie thee a-gaine. O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get? No, to the spittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of in-famy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of Cressids kinde, Doll Teare-sheete, she by name, and her espouse. I haue, and I will hold the Quondam for the onely shee: and there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Mine Hoast Pistoll, you must come to my May-ster, and your Hostesse: He is very sicke, &amp; would to bed. Good Bardolfe, put thy face betwene his sheets, and do the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.
Away you Rogue.

By my troth he'll yeeld the Crow a pudding one of these dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good Hus-

band come home presently.

Come, shall I make you two friends. Wee must to France together: why the diuel should we keep kniues to cut one anothers throats?

Let floods ore-swell, and fiends for food howle on.

You'l pay me the eight shillings I won of you at Betting?

Base is the Slaue that payes.

That now I wil haue: that's the humor of it.

As manhood shal compound: push home.

Ile kill him: By this sword, I wil.

Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must haue their course.
Bar.

Coporall, & thou wilt be friends be frends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to: pre-

Pist.

A Noble shalt thou haue, and present pay, and Liquor likewise will I giue to thee, and friendshipe shall combye, and brotherhood. Ile liue by Nymme, &

is not this iust? For I shal Suter be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Giue mee thy hand.

Nym.

I shall haue my Noble?

In cash, most iustly payd.

Well, then that the humor of't.

Enter Hostesse.

As euer you come of women, come in quickly to sir a burning John: A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to
behold. <lb n="602"/>Sweet men, come to him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-nym">
  <speaker rend="italic">Nym.</speaker>
  <p n="603">The King hath run bad humors on the Knight,
    <lb n="604"/>that’s the euen of it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
  <p n="605"><hi rend="italic">Nym</hi>, thou hast spoke the
    right, his heart is fra-<lb n="606"/>cted and corroborate.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-nym">
  <speaker rend="italic">Nym.</speaker>
  <p n="607">The King is a good King, but it must bee as it
    may: he passes some humors, and careeres.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
  <p n="609">Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we
    will liue.</p>
</sp>
</div>
</div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
  <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-h5-bed">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bed</speaker>
    <p n="611">Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-h5-exe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
    <l n="612">They shall be apprehended by and by.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-h5-wes">
    <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
    <l n="613">How smooth and euen they do bear themselues,</l>
    <l n="614">As if allegeance in their bosomes sate</l>
    <l n="615">Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-h5-bed">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bed</speaker>
    <l n="616">The King hath note of all that they intend,</l>
    <l n="617">By interception, which they dreame not of.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-h5-exe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
    <l n="618">Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,</l>
  </sp>
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious faours;
That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell
His Souerainges life to death and treachery.

Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious faours;
That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell
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That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell
His Soueraigne's life to death and treachery.

That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell
His Soueraigne's life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.<

Enter the King,
Scroope,
Cambridge, and Gray.

Now sits the winde faire, and we will aboord.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of Masham,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts:

Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs
Will cut their passage through the force of France?
Doing the execution, and the acte,
For which we haue in head assembled them.

No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.
I doubt not that, since we are well perswaded
We carry not a heart with vs from hence,
That growes not in a faire consent with ours:
Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not wish
Successe and Conquest to attend on vs.
Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd,
Then is your Maiesty; there's not I thinke a subiect
That sits in heart-greefe and vneasinesse
Vnder the sweet shade of your gouernment.
True: those that were your Fathers enemies,
Haue steep'd their gauls in hony, and do serue you
With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.

We therefore haue great cause of thankgfulnes,

And shall forget the office of our hand

Sooner then quittance of desert and merit,

According to the weight and worthinesse.

So seruice shall with steeled sinewes toyle,

And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope

To do your Grace incessant seruices.

We Iudge no lesse. Vnkle of Exeter,

Inlarge the man committed yesterday,

That rayl'd against our person: We consider

It was excesse of Wine that set him on,

And on his more aduice, We pardon him.

That's mercy, but too much security:

Let him be punish'd Soueraigne, least example

Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.

O let vs yet be mercifull.

So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too.

Sir, you shew great mercy if you giue him life,

After the taste of much correction.

Alas, your too much loue and care of me,

Are heauy Orisons 'gainst this poore wretch:

If little faults proceeding on distemper,
When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,

Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge that man.

Though Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray, in their deere care

And tender preseruation of our person

Wold haue him punish'd. And now to our French causes,

Who are the late Commissioners?

I one my Lord,

So did you me my Liege.

And I my Royall Soueraigne.

Then Richard Earle of Cambridge, there is yours:

There yours Lord Scroope of Masham, and Sir Knight:

Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse.

My Lord of Westmerland, and Vnkle Exeter,

We will aboord to night. Why how now Gentlemen?

What see you in those papers, that you loose

So much complexion? Looke ye how they change:

Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there,

That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood

Out of appearance.
Gray. Scro.

To which we all appeale.

King.

The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,

By your owne counsaile is supprest and kill'd:

You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy,

For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes,

As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you:

See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,

These English monsters: My Lord of Cambridge heere,

You know how apt our loue was, to accord

To furnish with all appertinents Belonging to his Honour; and this man,

Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd

And sworne vnto the practises of France.

To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,

This Knight no lesse for bount by bound to Us

Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But O,

What shall I say to thee Lord Scroope, thou cruell,

Ingratefull, sauage, and inhumane Creature?

That didst beare the key of all my counsailes,

That knew'st the very bottome of my soule,

That (almost) might'st haue coyn'd me into Golde,

thou haue practis'd on me, for thy vse?

May it be possible, that forraigne hyer

Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill

That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,

That though the truth of it stands off as grosse

As blacke and white, my eye will scarsely see it.

Treason, and murther, euer kept together,

As two yoake diuels sworne to eythers purpose,

Working so grossely in an natu ral cause,

That admiration did not hoope at them.

But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in

Wonder to waite on treason, and on murther:

And whatsoeuer cunning fiend it was

That wrought vpon thee so preposterously,

Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:
The Life of Henry the Fift.

And other diuels that suggest by treasons do botch and bungle vp damnation, with patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht.

But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp.

Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason, vnlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor.

If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus, Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world, he might returne to vastie Tartar backe, and tell the Legions, I can neuer win a soule so easie as that Englishmans. Oh, how hast thou with iealousie infected the sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull why so didst thou: seeme they graue and learned? Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family? Why so didst thou. Seeme they religious? Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet, free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger, constant in spirit, not sweruing with the blood, garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement, not working with the eye, without the eare, and but in purged iudgement trusting neither, such and so finely boulted didst thou seeme: And this reuolt of thine, me thinkes is like another fall of Man. Their faults are open, arrest them to the answer of the Law, and God acquit them of their practises.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Richard Earle of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Thomas Lord Scroope of Marsham.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, Knight of...
Our purposes, God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more than my death,
Which I beseech your Highnesse to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

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

Neuer did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Then I do at this hour joy ore myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprize;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.

God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence
You have conspir'd against Our Royall person,
Joyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers,
Recey'd the Golden Earnest of Our death:
Wherein you would have sold your King to slaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to seruitude,
His Subjects to oppression, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdom into desolation:
Touching our person, seeke we no revenge,
But we our Kingdomes safety must so tender,
Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore miserable wretches) to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence.
Now Lords for France: the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you as vs, like glorious.

We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,

Since God so graciously hath brought to light

To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,

But euery Rubbe is smoothed on our way.

Then forth, deare Countreymen: Let vs deliuer

Our Puissance into the hand of God,

Putting it straight in expedition.

Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance,

No King of England, if not King of France.

Flourish.

Enter Pistoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostesse.

Hostesse. 'Prythee honey sweet Husband, let me bring thee to Staines.


Bardolph. Would I were with him, wheresomere he is, eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.

Hostesse. Nay sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in Arthurs Bosome, if euer man went to Arthurs Bosome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had beene any Christome Child: a parted eu'n iust betweene Twelue and One, eu'n at the turning o'th'Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with
vpon his fin-
Nose was
How now
man? be a good cheare: so a
God; I
with any
on his
and they
knees, and so
<lb n="817"/>the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile
<lb n="818"/>gers end, I knew there was but one way: for his
<lb n="819"/>as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields.
<lb n="820"/>Sir <hi rend="italic">John</hi> (quoth I?) what
now I,
<lb n="822"/>to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of
<lb n="823"/>hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe
<lb n="824"/>such thoughts yet: so a bad me lay more Clothes
<lb n="825"/>feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them,
<lb n="826"/>were as cold as any stone: then I felt to his
<lb n="827"/>vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold
<lb n="828"/>They say he cryed out of Sack.
<lb n="829"">I, that a did.</lb>
<lb n="830"">And of Women.</lb>
<lb n="831"">Nay, that a did not.</lb>
<lb n="832"">Yes that a did, and said they were Deules incar-
<lb n="833"">nate</lb>
<lb n="834"">A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Co-
<lb n="835"">lour he neuer lik'd.</lb>
Boy. A said once, the Deule would haue him about Women.

Hostesse. A did in some sort (indeed) handle Women: but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of Babylon.

Boy. Doe you not remember a saw a Flea sticke vpon Bardolphs Nose, and a said it was a blacke Soule burning in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the Riches I got in his seruice.

Nim. Shall wee shogg? the King will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. My Loue, giue me thy Lippes: Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables: Let Sences rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: trust none: for Oathes are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-fast is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore Caueto bee thy Counsailor. Goe, cleare thy Chrystalls.

Yoke-fellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horse-leeches/fw type="catchword" place="footRight">leeches/fw> leeches my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very
sucke.

And that's but vnwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farwell Hostesse.

I cannot kisse, that is the humor of it: but adieu.

Let Huswiferie appeare: keepe close, I thee command.

Farwell: adieu.

Exeunt

Thus comes the English with full power vpon vs,

And more then carefully it vs concernes,

To answere Royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,

Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth,

And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch

To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre

With men of courage, and with meanes
defendant:

For England his approaches makes as fierce,

As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe.

It fits vs then to be as prouident,
As feare may teach vs, out of late examples,
Left by the fatall and neglected English,
Vpon our fields.

My most redoubted Father,
It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe:
For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome,
(Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question)

But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a Warre in expectation.
Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let vs doe it with no shew of feare,
No, with no more, then if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitson Morris-dance:
For, my good Liege, shee is so idly King'd,
Her Scepter so phantastically borne,
By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth,
That feare attends her not.

O peace, Prince Dolphin,
You are too much mistaken in this King:
Question your Grace the late Embassadors,
With what great State he heard the ir Embassie,
How well supply'd with Noble Councellors,
How modest in exception; and withall,
And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent,
Were but the out-side of the Roman,
Couering Discretion with a Coat of Folly;
As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable.
But though we thinke it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The Enemie more mightie then he seme,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd:
Which of a weake and niggardly proiection,
Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with scanting.
A little Cloth.
KING.  

Thinke we King Harry strongly: And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him.  

The Kindred of him hath beene flesht vpon vs: And he is bred out of that bloodie straine, That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes: Witnesse our too much memorable shame, When Cressy Battell fatally was strucke, And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand Of that black Name, Edward, black Prince of Wales: Whiles that his Mountai

Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne, Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare The Natiue mightinesse and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.  

Embassadors from Harry King of England, Doe craue admittance to your Maiestie.

Weele giue them present audience. Goe, and bring them. This Chase is hotly followed, friends. Good my Soueraigne Take vp the English short, and let them know Of what a Monarchie you are the Head: Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne,
As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King.

From our Brother of England?

Exe.

From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie:

He wills you in the Name of God Almightie,

That you deuest your selfe, and lay apart

The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen,

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,

Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know

’Tis no sinister, nor no awk-ward Clayme,

Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vanisht
dayes,

Nor from the dust of old Obluion rakt,

He sends you this most memorable Lyne,

In euery Branch truly demonstratiue;

Willing you ouer-look this Pedigree:

And when you find him euenly deriu’d

From his most fam’d, of famous Ancestors,

Edward the third; he bids you

then resign

Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held

From him the Natiue and true Challenger.

Or else what followes?

Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne

Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it.

Therefore in fierce Tempest is he comming,

In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a <hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi>

That if requiring faile, he will compell.

And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,

Deliuer vp the Crowne, and to take mercie

On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry

Opens his vastie Iawes: and on your head

Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans
Cryes,

The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes,

For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers. That shall be swallowed in this Controuersie.

This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message:

Vnlesse the Dolphin be in presence here; To whom expressely I bring greeting to.

King. For vs, we will consider of this further: To morrow shall you beare our full intent Back to our Brother of England.

Dolph. For the Dolphin, I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorne and defiance, sleight regard, contempt, And any thing that may not mis-become The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at. Thus sayes my King: and if your Fathers Highnesse

Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large, Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maiestie; Hee'l call you to so hot an Answer of it, That Cauces and Wombie Vaultages of France Shall chide your Trespas, and returne your Mock In second Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Say: if my Father render faire returne, It is against my will: for I desire Nothing but Oddes with England. To that end, as matching to his Youth and

I did present him with the Paris-Balls.
Exe. Hee'le make your Paris Louer shake for it, Were it the Mistresse Court of mightie Europe:
And be assur'd, you'le find a diff'rence, Betweene the promise of his greener dayes, And these he masters now: now he weighes Time
Euen to the vtmost Graine: that you shall reade In your owne Losses, if he stay in France.

To morrow shall you know our mind at full.
Dispatch vs with all speed, least that our King Come her e himselfe to question our delay; For he is footed in this Land already.

You shalbe soone dispatcht, with faire conditions.
A Night is but small breathe, and little pawse, To answer matters of this consequence.
Exeunt.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flyes, In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought.
Suppose, that you haue seene The well-appointed King at Douer Peer, Embarke his Royaltie: and his braue Fleet, With silken Streamers, the young
Phebus fayning;

Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,

Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;

Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order giue

To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden Sayles,

Borne with th'invisibill and creeping Wind,

Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,

Bresting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke

You stand vpon the Riuage, and behold

A Citie on th'inconstant Billowes dauncing:

For so appeares this Fleet Maiesticall,

Holding due course to Harflew. Follow, follow:

Grapple your minds to sternage of this Nauie,

And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, still,

Guarded with Grandsires, Babyes, and old Women,

Eyther past, or not arriu'd to pyth and puissance:

For who is he, whose Chin is but enricht

With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow

These cull'd and choyse drawne Caualiers to France?

Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege:

Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,

With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew.

Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes back:

Tells Harry, That the King doth offer him Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,

Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes.

The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner with Lynstock now the diuellish Cannon touches,

Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,

And eech out our performance with your mind.

Exit. 

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester.

Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.
Once more vnto the Breach,

Deare friends, once more;

Or close the Wall vp with our English dead:

In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,

As modest stillnesse, and humilitie:

But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares,

Then imitate the action of the Tyger:

Stiffen the sinewes, commune vp the blood,

Disguise faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage:

Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect:

Let it pry through the portage o the Head,

Like the Brasse Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it,

Swill'd with the wild and wastfull Ocean.

Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nosthrill wide,

Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp euery Spirit To his full height. On, on, you Noblish English,

Whose blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-proofe:

Fathers, that like so many Alexander,

Dishonour not your Mothers: now attest,

That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.

Be Coppy now to me of grosser blood,

And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,

Whose Lyms were made in England; shew vs here

The mettell of your Pasture: let vs sweare,

That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:

For there is none of you so meane and base,

That hath not Noble luster in your eyes.

The lande is yours, ye doe what you will:

But that which ye do, be it as your heart.

Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistoll, and Boy.

Bard.

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

Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too hot: and for mine owne part, I haue not a Case of Liues: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song of it.

The plaine-Song is most iust: for humors doe a bound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vassals drop and dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne immortall fame.

Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and safetie.

And I: If wishes would preuayle with me, my purpose should not fayle with me; but thither would I high.
Boy.

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

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; auaunt you Cullions.


Nim. These be good humors: your Honor wins bad humors.

Exit.

Boy. As young as I am, I haue obseru'd these three Swashers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serue me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man: for Bardolph, hee is white-liuer'd, and red-fac'd; by the means whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for Pistoll, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the means whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes whole Weapons: for Nim, hee hath heard, that men of few scornes to say, but his Words are the best men, and therefore hee Deeds; for
a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and
that was

against a Post, when he was drunke. They will
steale any

thing, and call it Purchase.

Bardolph stole a Lute-case,
bore it twelue Leagues, and sold it for three
halfpence.

Nim and Bardolph are sworne Brothers in filching: and
in Callice they stole a fire-shouell. I knew by
that peece

of Seruice, the men would carry Coales. They
would

haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their
Gloues

against my

or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much
Pocket, to put

into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of
Wrongs.

I must leaue them, and seeke some better
Seruice: their

Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and
therefore

I must cast it vp.

Exit.

Enter Gower.

Captaine Fluellen, you must come presently to the Mynes; the Duke of
Gloucester

would speake with you.

To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so
good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the
Mynes

is not according to the disciplines of the Warre;
the con-
th'athuer-
you, is digt

sarie, you may discusse vnto the Duke, looke
himselfe foure yard vnder the Countermines: by
Cheshu,
I think a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order of the Siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irish man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

It is Captaine Makmorrice, is it not?

By Cheshu he is an Asse, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Makmorrice, and Captaine Iamy.

Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine Iamy, with him.

Captaine Iamy is a marvellous valorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th'aunchiant Warres, vpon my particular knowledge of his directions: byledge of his directions: by Cheshu he will maintain his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the
World, in <lb n="1164"/>the disciplines of the Pristine Warres of the Romans.</p>

<sp who="#F-h5-jam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Scot.</speaker>
</sp>
<p n="1165">I say gudday, Captaine <hi rend="italic">Fluellen</hi>.</p>

<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Welch.</speaker>
</sp>
<p n="1166">Godden to your Worship, good Captaine <hi rend="italic">James</hi>.</p>

<sp who="#F-h5-gow">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gower.</speaker>
</sp>
<p n="1167">By Chrish Law tish ill done: the Worke ish giue ouer, the Trompet sound the Retreat. By my Hand <lb n="1172"/>I sweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ish ill done: <lb n="1173"/>it ish giue ouer: I would haue blowed vp the Towne, <lb n="1174"/>so Chrish saue me law, in an hour. O tish ill done, tish ill <lb n="1175"/>done: by my Hand tish ill done.</p>

<sp who="#F-h5-mae">
  <speaker rend="italic">Irish.</speaker>
</sp>
<p n="1170">By Chrish Law tish ill done: the Worke ish giue ouer, the Trompet sound the Retreat. By my Hand <lb n="1172"/>I sweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ish ill done: <lb n="1173"/>it ish giue ouer: I would haue blowed vp the Towne, <lb n="1174"/>so Chrish saue me law, in an hour. O tish ill done, tish ill <lb n="1175"/>done: by my Hand tish ill done.</p>

<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Welch.</speaker>
</sp>
<p n="1176">Captaine <hi rend="italic">Mackmorrice</hi>, I beseech you now, will you ouitsafe me, looke you, a few disputations with disciplines of Argument, to satisfie <lb n="1180"/>you, as partly touching or concerning the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly
my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, Militarie disc-
line, that is the Point.<p>
</p></sp>

It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I sall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion.
that sall I mary.</p>
</sp>

It is no time to discourse, so Chrish saue me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, the Town is beseech'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and we talke, and be Chrish do nothing, tis shame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Christ sa'me law.</p>
</sp>

By the Mes, ere theise eyes of mine take them selves to slomber, ayle de gud seruice, or Ile ligge i'th' grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as valo-
rously as I may, that sal I suerly do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full faine heard some question tween you tway.</p>
</sp>

Captaine Mackmorrice, I think, looke you, vnder your correction, there is not many of your
<sp who="#F-h5-mac">
  <speaker rend="italic">Irish.</speaker>
</sp>
Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a Rascall. What

<lb n="1206"/>ish my Nation? Who talkes of my Nation?:

<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Welch.</speaker>
</sp>
Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captaine Mackmorric<hi rend="italic">hi</hi>, peraduenture I shall thinke you doe not vse me with that affabilitie, as in being as good a man as your selfe, both in the disciplines of Warre, and in the deriuation of my Birth, and in other particula-

<lb n="1213"/>rities.</p>
</sp>
A Parley.

<sp who="#F-h5-gow">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gower.</speaker>
</sp>
Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

<sp who="#F-h5-jam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Scot.</speaker>
</sp>
A, that's a foule fault.

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">A Parley.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h5-gow">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gower.</speaker>
</sp>
The Towne sounds a Parley.

<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Welch.</speaker>
</sp>
Captaine Mackmorric<hi rend="italic">hi</hi>,

when there is more better opportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre:
and there is an end.</p><p><stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage></p><div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l n="1223">How yet resolues the Gouernour of the Towne?</l>
<l n="1224">This is the latest Parle we will admit:</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">There-</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0435-0.jpg" n="79"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>.

<cb n="1"/>
<l n="1225">Therefore to our best mercy giue your selues,</l>
<l n="1226">Or like to men proud of destruction,</l>
<l n="1227">Defie vs to our worst: for as I am a Souldier,</l>
<l n="1228">A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;</l>
<l n="1229">If I begin the batt'rie once againe,</l>
<l n="1230">I will not leaue the halfe-achieved Harflew,</l>
<l n="1231">Till in her ashes she lye buryed.</l>
<l n="1232">The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp,</l>
<l n="1233">And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,</l>
<l n="1234">In libertie of bloody hand, shall raunge</l>
<l n="1235">With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grasse</l>
<l n="1236">Your fresh faire Virgins, and your flowring Infants.</l>
<l n="1237">What is it then to me, if impious Warre,</l>
<l n="1238">Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,</l>
<l n="1239">Doe with his smyrcht complexion all fell feats,</l>
<l n="1240">Enlynckt to wast and desolation?</l>
<l n="1241">What is't to me, when you your selues are cause,</l>
<l n="1242">If your pure Maydens fall into the hand</l>
<l n="1243">Of hot and forcing Violation?</l>
<l n="1244">What Reyne can hold licentious Wickednesse,</l>
<l n="1245">When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?</l>
<l n="1246">We may as bootlesse spend our vaine Command</l>
<l n="1247">Vpon th'enraged Souldiers in their spoyle,</l>
<l n="1248">As send Precepts to the <hi rend="italic">Leuia</hi>thah, to come ashore.</l>
<l n="1249">Therefore, you men of Harflew,</l>
<l n="1250">Take pitty of your Towne and of your People,</l>
While yet my Souldiers are in my Command,

While yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace

O're blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.

If not: why in a moment looke to see The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand

Desire the Locks of your shrill-shrinking Daughters:

Your Fathers taken by the siluer Beards,

And their most reuerend Heads dasht to the Walls:

Your naked Infants spitted vpon Pykes,

Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd;

Doe breake the Clouds; as did the Wiuws of Iewry,

At Herods bloody-hunting slaughter-men.

What say you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd?

Or guiltie in defence, be thus destroy'd.

Our expectation hath this day an end:

The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated, Returnes vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,

To rayse so great a Siege: Therefore great King,

We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy soft Mercy:

Enter our Gates, dispose of vs and ours,

For we no longer are defensible.

Enter your Gates: Come Vnckle Exeter,

Goe you and enter Harflew; there remaine,

And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French:

Vse mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle.

The Winter comming on, and Sicknesse growing

Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.

To night in Harflew will we be your Guest.

To morrow for the March are we addrest.

Flourish, and enter the Towne.
Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kathe. Alice, tu as este en Angleterre, 

Alice. En peu Madame.

Kathe. Tu as bien parlas le Language.

Alice. Le main il appelle de Hand.

Kathe. Le doyts ma foy Ie oublie, e doyt mays, ie me souemeray.

Alice. Le doyts ie pense qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres.
This speech is conventionally attributed to Katherine.

Alice.

Le main de Hand, le doyts le Fingres, ie pense que ie suis le bon escholier.

Kath.

I'ay gaynie diux mots d'Anglois vistement, coment appelle vous le ongles?

Alice.

Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.

Kath.

De Nayles escoute: dites moy, si ie parle bien: de Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.

C'est bien dict Madame, il & fort bon Anglois.

Kath.

Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

D'Elbow: Je men fay le repiticio de
tous les mots <lb n="1304"/> que vous maves, apprins des a present.</p></sp>
</sp>

comme le 

pense.</p></sp>

Fingre, de 

&lt;lb n="1307"/> Nayles, d'Arma, de Bilbow.</p></sp>

D'Elbow, coment ap-

&lt;lb n="1310"/> pelle vous le col.

</p></sp>

D'Elbow, Madame.</p></sp>

O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie 

d'Elbow, e le menton.</p></sp>

De Nick, e le menton.</p></sp>

De Nick, Madame.</p></sp>

De Chin.</p></sp>

De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton de 

vous pronoun-

cies les mots aussi droict, que le Natifs 

d'Angleterre.</p>
Kath. Ie ne doute point d'apprendre par de grace de Dieu,

Alice. N'aue vos y desia oublie ce que ie vous a enflignie ensignie Ainsi de ie d'Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin: coment ap-

Le Foot Madame, & le Count.

Dieu, il sont le mots de son mauvais corruptible grosse & non pronuncer ce mots devant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute
le monde, fo le

vn autrefoys ma lecon

d'Arme, d'Elbow, de

Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.

Exce"llent, Madame.

C'est asses pour vne foyes, alons nous a diner.

Exit.

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

'Tis certaine he hath past the River Some.

And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,

Let vs not liue in France: let vs quit all,

And giue our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

O Dieu viuant: Shall a few Sprayes of vs,

The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,

Our Syens, put in wilde and saugue Stock,

Sprit vp so suddenly into the Clouds,

And ouer-looke their Grafters?

Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards:

Mort du ma vie, if they march along

Vnfought withall, but I will sell my Dukedome, To
The Life of Henry the Fift.

To buy a slobbry and a durtie Farme

In that nooke-shot ten Ile of Albion.

Const. Dieu de Battaile, where haue they this mettell?

Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?

On whom, as in despight, the Sunne lookes pale,

Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can sodden Water,

A Drench for sur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,

Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?

And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,

Seeme frostie? O, for honor of our Land,

Let vs not hang like roping Isyckles Vpon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frostie People

Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:

Poore we call them, in their Natiue Lords.

By Faith and Honor,

Our Madames mock at vs, and plainely say,

Our Mettell is bred out, and they will giue their bodyes to the Lust of English Youth,

To new-store France with Bastard Warriors.

They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schooles,

And teach Lauolta's high, and swift Carranto's

Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,

And that we are most loftie Run-awayes.

Where is Montioy the Herald? speed him hence,

Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance,

Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,
More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:

Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France.


For your great Seats, now quit you of great shame:

Harry England, that sweeps through our land:

With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:

Rush on his hoast, as doth the melted snow:

Vpon the Valleyes, whose low vassall seat:

The Alpes doth spit, and void his rheume vpon:

Goe downe vpon him, you have power enough:

And in a captiue chariot, into Roan:

Bring him our prisoner:

This becomes the great:

Sorry am I his numbers are so few:

His soldierys sick, and famished in their march:

For I am sure, when he shall see our army:

Hee'le drop his heart into the sinke of feare:

And for atchieuement, offer vs his ransome:

Constable of France.

Therefore Lord Constable, hast on: And let him say to England, that we send:

To know what willing Ransome he will giue.

Prince Dolphin, you shall stay with vs in Roan:

Const.

King.

Montiyo
Dolph.

Not so, I doe beseech your Maiestie.

Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs.

Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,

And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall.

Exeunt.

Enter Captaines, English and Welch, Gowe r and Fluellen.

How now Captaine from the Bridge?

I assure you, there is very excellent Seruices commmitted at the Bridge.

Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Aga-

memnon, and a man that I loue and honour with my soule,

and my heart, and my dutie, and my liue, and

my liuing,

and my vtermost power. He is not, God be

blessed, any hurt in the World, but keepes the

Bridge

most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There

is an aun-

chient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in

my very

conscience hee is as valiant a man as Marke Anthony, and

hee is a man of no estimation in the World, but
I did see

him doe as gallant service.

What doe you call him?

Hee is call'd aunchient Pistoll.

I know him not.

Enter Pistoll.

Here is the man.

Captaine, I thee beseech to doe me fauours: the Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.

I, I prayse God, and I haue merited some loue at his hands.

Bardolph, a Souldier firme and sound of heart, and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddesse blind, that stands vpon the rolling restlesse Stone.

By your patience, aunchient Pistoll: Fortune is painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to signifie to you, that Fortune is blinde; and shee is
painted also

Morall of

mutabilitie,

vpon a

rowles:

descripti-

<lb n="1436"/>with a Wheele, to signifie to you, which is the

<lb n="1437"/>it, that shee is turning and inconstant, and

<lb n="1438"/>and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed

<lb n="1439"/>Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and

descripti-

<lb n="1440"/>in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent

<lb n="1441"/>on of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">

<Pist.</sp>
<p n="1442">Fortune is <hi rend="italic">Bardolphs</hi> foe,

and frownes on him:

<lb n="1443"/>for he hath stolne a Pax, and hanged must a be:

<lb n="1444"/>death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let Man
go free,

<lb n="1445"/>and let not <hi rend="italic">Exeter</hi>

<lb n="1446"/>hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little

descripti-

<lb n="1447"/>Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy

<lb n="1448"/>and let not <hi rend="italic">Bardolphs</hi>

<lb n="1449"/>Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake

<lb n="1450"/>his Life, and I will thee requite.

</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">

<Flu.</sp>
<p n="1451">Aunchient <hi rend="italic">Pistoll</hi>, I doe

partly vnderstand your

<lb n="1452"/>meaning.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">

<Pist.</sp>
<p n="1453">Why then reioyce therefore.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">

<Flu.</sp>
<p n="1454">Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce

<lb n="1455"/>at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I

would desire

<lb n="1456"/>the Duke to vse his good pleasure, and put him

to execu-
tion; for discipline ought to be vsed.

Pist. Dye, and be dam'd, and Figo for thy friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The Figge of Spaine.

Exit.

Flu. Very good.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purse.

Ile assure you, a vtt'red as praue words at the Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you,

when time is serue.

Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and such Names, and were done; such a Con-
disc-
this they <lb n="1476"/> conne perfitly in the phrase of Warre; which they tricke

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">vp</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0437-0.jpg" n="81"/>

<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<lb n="1477"/> vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Ge-

<lb n="1478"/> neralls Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe, will doe a-

<lb n="1479"/> mong foming Bottles, and Ale-washt Wits, is

<lb n="1480"/> full to be thought on: but you must learne to know such

<lb n="1481"/> slanders of the age, or else you may be maruellously mi-

<lb n="1482"/> stooke.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-flu">

Flu.</sp><p n="1483">I tell you what, Captaine <hi rend="italic">Gower</hi>: I doe perceiue hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to</p>

<lb n="1484"/> the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell

<lb n="1485"/> him my minde: hearke you, the King is comming, and I

<lb n="1486"/> must speake with him from the Pridge.</p>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic centre" type="business">Drum and Colours.</stage>

<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter the King and his

<lb/> poore Souldiers.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h5-flu">

Flu.</sp><p n="1488">God plesse your Maiestie.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">

King.</sp><p n="1489">How now <hi rend="italic">Fluellen</hi>, cam'st thou from the Bridge?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-flu">

Flu.</sp><p n="1490">I, so please your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter</p>

<lb n="1491"/> ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the
French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most praue passages: marry, th'athuersarie was haue possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Maiestie, the Duke is a praue man.

King. What men haue you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th'a thuersarie hath beene very great, reasonnable great: marry for my part, I thinke the Duke hath lost neuer a man, but one that is like cutted for robbing a Church, one Bardolph, if your Maie-

stie know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

King. Wee would haue all such offendors so cut off: and we giue expresse charge, that in our Marches through the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Vill-
lages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French vpbrayded or abused in disdainefull Language; Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler Gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket.
<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Mountioy.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h5-mon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mountioy.</speaker>
  <p n="1514">You know me by my habit.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <p n="1515">Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-mon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mountioy.</speaker>
  <p n="1517">My Masters mind.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <p n="1518">Vnfold it.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-mon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mountioy.</speaker>
  <p n="1519">Thus sayes my King: Say thou to <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe: Aduantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse. Tell him, wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee thought not good to bruise an injurie, till it were full. voyce is im-weake- therefore con-losses we disgrace we his petti-Exchequer is Muster of his disgrace, his <lb n="1520">of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe: <lb n="1521">Aduantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse. <lb n="1522">Tell him, wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but <lb n="1523">thought not good to bruise an injurie, till it were <lb n="1524">ripe. Now wee speake vpon our Q. and our <lb n="1525">periall; England shall repent his folly, see his <lb n="1526">nesse, and admire our sufferance. Bid him <lb n="1527">sider of his ransome, which must proportion the <lb n="1528">haue borne, the subiects we haue lost, the <lb n="1529">haue digested; which in weight to re-answer, <lb n="1530">nesse would bow vnder. For our losses, his <lb n="1531">too poore; for th'effusion of our bloud, the <lb n="1532">Kingdome too faint a number; and for our <lb n="1533">owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weake
and worth-
<lb n="1534"/> lesse satisfaction. To this adde defiance: and
tell him for
<lb n="1535"/> conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers,
whose con-
<lb n="1536"/> damnation is pronounc't: So farre my King and
Master;
<lb n="1537"/> so much my Office.</p>
</sp><cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l n="1538">What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.</l>
</sp><sp who="#F-h5-mon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mount.</speaker>
  <p n="1539">Mountioy.</p>
</sp><sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l n="1540">Thou doo'st thy Office fairely. Turne thee back,</l>
  <l n="1541">And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now,</l>
  <l n="1542">But could be willing to march on to Callice,</l>
  <l n="1543">Without impeachment: for to say the sooth,</l>
  <l n="1544">Though 'tis no wisdome to confesse so much</l>
  <l n="1545">Vnto an enemie of Craft and Vantage,</l>
  <l n="1546">My people are with sicknesse much enfeebled,</l>
  <l n="1547">My numbers lessen'd: and those few I haue,</l>
  <l n="1548">Almost no better then so many French;</l>
  <l n="1549">Who when they were in health, I tell thee</l>

Herald,<l>
  <l n="1550">I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges</l>
  <l n="1551">Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgiue me</l>

God,<l>
  <l n="1552">That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France</l>
  <l n="1553">Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent;</l>
  <l n="1554">Goe therefore tell thy Master, heere I am;</l>
  <l n="1555">My Ransome, is this frayle and worthlesse</l>

Trunke;<l>
  <l n="1556">My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard;</l>
  <l n="1557">Yet God before, tell him we will come on,</l>
  <l n="1558">Though France himselfe, and such another</l>

Neighbor<l>
  <l n="1559">Stand in our way. There's for thy labour</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Mountioy.</hi></l>

blood</l>
  <l n="1560">Goe bid thy Master well aduise himselfe.</l>
  <l n="1561">If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred,</l>
  <l n="1562">We shall your tawnie ground with your red</l>
  <l n="1563">Discolour: and so</l>
The summe of all our Answer is but this:

We would not seeke a Battaile as we are,

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

So tell your Master.

I shall deliuer so: Thankes to your High-

nesse.

I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs:

March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,

Beyond the Riuere wee'e encampe our selues,

And on to morrow bid them march away.

It is the best Horse of Europe.

You haue an excellent Armour: but let my

Horse haue his due.

It is the best Horse of Europe.
My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Con-
stable, you talke of Horse and Armour?

Orleance.
You are as well prouided 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
postures: his bounds from the Earth, as if his
entrayles were
le Cheual volante, the Pegasus, ches les narines de
When I bestryde him, I soare, I am a
Hawke: he trots
the ayre: the Earth sings, when he touches it:
the basest horne of his hoofe, is more Musicall then the
Pipe of Hermes.

Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast
for Perseus: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Ele-
ments of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him,
ly in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts
hee: hee
is indeede a Horse, and all other Iades you may
call
Beasts.

The Life Of Henry The Fift.
Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse.

It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, Theame as tongues, subject Soueraignes So-
to vs, Functions, prayse, Nature</hi>.

I haue heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mi-
stresse.
Orleance.

Your Mistresse beares well.

Dolph.

Me well, which is the prescript prayse and per-

Dolph.

So perhaps did yours.

Mine was not bridled.

O then belike she was old and gentle, and you

Be warnd by me then: they that ride so, and

rather haue

my Horse to my Mistresse.

I tell thee Constable, my Mistresse weares his
owne hayre."

I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistresse.

I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistresse.

Yet doe I not vse my Horse for my Mistresse, or any such Prouerbe, so little kin to the purpose.

Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

That may be, for you beare a many superfluously, and 'twere more honor some were away.

Eu'n as your Horse beares your prayers, who would trot as well, were some of your bragges
Dolph.

> Would I were able to loade him with his de-

> sert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow

a mile,

> and my way shall be paued with English

Faces.

Ramb.

> Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie

> Prisoners?

Const.

> You must first goe your selfe to hazard, ere you

> haue them.

Orleance.

> The Dolphin longs for morning.

Orleance.

> By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gal-

> lant Prince.
<sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-con">
  <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
  <p n="1670">Sweare by her Foot, that she may tread out the <lb n="1671">Oath.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-orl">
  <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
  <p n="1672">He is simply the most active Gentleman of <lb n="1673">France.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-con">
  <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
  <p n="1674">Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-orl">
  <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
  <p n="1675">He neuer did harme, that I heard of.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-con">
  <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
  <p n="1676">Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe <lb n="1677">that good name still.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-orl">
  <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
  <p n="1678">What's hee?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-con">
  <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
  <p n="1679">I was told that, by one that knowes him better <lb n="1680">then you.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-orl">
  <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
  <p n="1681">What's hee?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-con">
  <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
  <p n="1682">Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee <lb n="1683">car'd not who knew it.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-orl">
  <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
  <p n="1684">Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in <lb n="1685">him.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-con">
By my faith Sir, but it is: neuer any body saw it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appeares, it will bate.

Ill will neuer sayd well.

I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie in friendship.

And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill his due.

Well plac't: there stands your friend for the Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerb with, A Pox of the Deuill.

You haue shot ouer.

'Tis not the first time you were ouer-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

My Lord high Constable, the English lye within fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.
Mess. The Lord Grandpree.

A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would it were day? Alas poore Harry of England: hee longs not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

What a wretched and peeuish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so farre out of his knowledge.

If the English had any apprehension, they would runne away.

That they lack: for if their heads had any intellectuall Armour, they could neuer weare such heauie Head-pieces.

That Iland of England breedes very valiant Creatures; their Mastiffes are of vnmatchable rage.

Foolish Curres, that runne winking into the mouth of a Russian Beare, and haue their heads crusht like rotten Apples: you may as well say, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eate his breakefast on the Lippe of a Lyon.
Const.

Iust, iust: and the men doe sympathize with the Mastiffes, in robustious and rough comming on, leaving their Wits with their Wives: and then Steele; they will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deuils.

Orleance. I, but these English are shrowdly out of Beefe.

Then shall we finde to morrow, they haue only stomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to arme: come, shall we about it?

It is now two a Clock: but let me see, by ten Wee shall haue each a hundred English men.

Chorus.

Now entertaine coniecture of a time, When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke Fills the wide Vessell of the Vniuerse.
The Humme of eyther Army stillly sounds;
That the fixt Centinels almost receive;
The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battaile sees the others vnber'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the Tents,
The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
With busie Hammers closing Riuets vp,
Gieue dreadfull note of preparation.
The Country Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:
And the third howre of drowsie Morning nam'd,
Prowd of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,
The confident and ouer-lustie French,
Doe the low-rated English play at Dice;
And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
So tediously away. The poore condemned English,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The Mornings danger: and their gesture sad,
Inuesting lanke-lean Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coats,
Presented them vnto the gazing Moone
So many horride 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, Prayse and Glory on his head:
For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoast,
Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.
Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour
Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night:
But freshly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,
With chearefull semblance, and sweet Maiestie:
That euery Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
A Largesse uniuersall, like the Sunne,
His liberall Eye doth giue to euery one,
Thawing cold fear, that meane and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthinesse define.
A little touch of Harry in the Night,
And so our Scene must to the Battle flye:
Where, O for pity, we shall much disgrace,
Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous
The Name of Agincourt: Yet sit and see,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.

Exit.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

Good morrow old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better than a churlish turfe of France.
Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

Good morrow old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better than a churlish turfe of France.
"Tis good for men to loue their present paines,

Vpon example, so the Spirit is eased:

And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt

The Organs, though defunct and dead before,

Breake vp their drowsie Graue, and newly

With casted slough, and fresh legeritie.

Lend me thy Cloake Sir: Brothers both,

Commend me to the Princes in our Campe;

Doe my good morrow to them, and anon

Desire them all to my Pauillion.

We shall, my Liege.

Shall I attend your Grace?

No, my good Knight:

Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:

I and my Bosome must debate a while,

And then I would no other company.

The Lord in Heauen blesse thee, Noble Harry.

A friend.

Che vous la?

A friend.

Che vous la?
<speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
<p n="1826">Discusse vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou base, common, and popular?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<p n="1828">I am a Gentleman of a Company.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
<speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
<p n="1829">Trayl'st thou the puissant Pyke?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<p n="1830">Euen so: what are you?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
<speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
<p n="1831">As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<p n="1832">Then you are a better then the King.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
<speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
<p n="1833">The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fist heart-string I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<p rend="italic" n="1837">Harry le Roy.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
<speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
<p n="1838">Le Roy? a Cornish Name: art thou of Cornish Crew?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<p n="1839">No, I am a Welchman.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
<speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
</sp>
Know'st thou Fluellen?

Yes.

Tell him I'll knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon S. Dauies day.

Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe that day, least he knock that about yours.

Art thou his friend?

And his Kinsman too.

The Figo for thee then.

I thanke you: God be with you.

My name is Pistol call'd.

Exit.

It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

Manet
Enter Fluellen and Gower.

So, in the Name of Iesu Christ, speake fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the vniversall World, when the true and aunchient Prerogatifes and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of Pompey the Great, you shall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble ba-ble in Pompeyes Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, to be otherwise.

Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night.

If the Enemie is an Asse and a Foole, and a prating Cox-}

also, looke you, be an Asse and a Foole, and a prating Cox-
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <p n="1871">Though it appeare a little out of fashion,
    <lb n="1872">There is much care and valour in this
</sp>

Welchman.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter three Soulidiuers, John Bates, Alexander Court,
<lb/>and Michael Williams.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-cou">
    <speaker rend="italic">Court.</speaker>
    <p n="1873">Brother <hi rend="italic">John Bates</hi>, is not
</sp>

that the Morning
<lb n="1874">which breakes yonder?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-bat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bates.</speaker>
    <p n="1875">I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cause to <lb n="1876">desire the
</p>

approach of day.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-wil">
    <speaker rend="italic">Williams.</speaker>
    <p n="1877">Wee see yonder the beginning of the day,
    <lb n="1878">but I thinke wee shall neuer see the end of it.
</p>

Who goes
<lb n="1879">there?"</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <p n="1880">A Friend.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-wil">
    <speaker rend="italic">Williams.</speaker>
    <p n="1881">Vnder what Captaine serue you?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <p n="1882">Vnder Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn Erpingham</hi>.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-wil">
    <speaker rend="italic">Williams.</speaker>
    <p n="1883">A good old Commander, and a most kinde
    <lb n="1884">Gentleman: I pray you, what thinkes he of our
</p>

estate?</p>
</sp>
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker><p n="1885">Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to be washt off the next Tyde.</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-bat">
<speaker rend="italic">Bates.</speaker><p n="1887">He hath not told his thought to the King?</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker><p n="1888">No: nor it is not meet he should: for though I speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element haue but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Na-affecti-they stoupe, he sees doubt, be of man should least hee, by</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-bat">
<speaker rend="italic">Bates.</speaker><p n="1900">He may shew what outward courage he will: but I beleeue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could wish him-he was,</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker><p n="1904">-By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the where, </p></sp>
where hee is.

> Bates.

Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poore mens lives saued.

King.

I dare say, you loue him not so ill, to wish him here alone: howsoever you speake this to feele other mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where so con-

being iust, and his Quarrell honorable.

Williams.

That's more the n we know.

Williams.

But if the Cause be not good, the King him-

selfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all those Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaile, all, Wee dy-

for a Sur-

them;

Children that dye rawly left: I am afeard, there are few dye well, in a Battaile: for how can they charitably
dispose of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; who to disobey, were against all portion of subjection.

So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about Merchandize, doe sinfully miscarry upon the Sea; the imputation of his wickedneffe, by your rule, should be imposed vpon his Father that sent him: or if a Seruant, vnnder his Masters command, transporting a summe of Money, be essayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd Master the Iniquities; you may call the businesse of the Master the so: author of the Seruants damnation: but this is not so; The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master of his Seruant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their seruices. Besides, there is no arbitre-vnspotted Soul-guilt of diuers: some (peraduenture) haue on them the premeditated and contriued Murther; some, of ling Virgins with the broken Seales of Periurie; making the Warres their Bulwarke, that haue red the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pilgrie. Now, if these men haue defeated the Law,
runne Natiue punishment; though they can out-strip
men, they haue no wings to flye from God.

his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: so that
are punisht, for before breach of the Kings
Lawes, in
death, would bee
they are
now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the
they haue borne life away; and where they
safe, they perish. Then if they dye vnprouided,
is the King guilte of their damnation, then hee
fore guilte of those Impieties, for the which
now visited. Evey Subjects Dutie is the Kings,
every Subjects Soule is his owne. Therefore
euery Souldier in the Warres doe as euery sicke
his Bed, wash euery Moth out of his
dying, preparation was
gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not
thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let
liue that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach
how they should prepare.</p>
</sp>

Will. 'Tis certaine, euery man that dyes ill, the ill vpon
his owne head, the King is not to answer it.

The Life of Henry the Fift

Will.</hi>.
'Tis</fw>

The time was blessedly lost, wherein such
gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not
thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let
liue that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach
how they should prepare.</p>
</sp>
Bates.

I do not desire hee should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King.

I my selfe heard the King say he would not be ransom'd.

Will.

I, hee said so, to make vs fight chearefully: but when our throats are cut, hee may be ransom'd, and wee ne're the wiser.

If I liue to see it, I will neuer trust his word after.

You pay him then: that's a perillous shot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate displeasure can doe against a Monarch: you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather: You'le neuer trust his word after; come, 'tis a foolish saying.

Your reproofe is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were conuenient.

Let it bee a Quarrell beetweene vs, if you liue.
<speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker><p n="1992">How shall I know thee againe?</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <p n="1993">Gieue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet: Then if euer thou dar'st acknowledge it,
  
  <lb n="1995">I will make it my Quarrell.</lb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-wil">
  <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
  <p n="1996">Heere's my Gloue: Gieue mee another of thine.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <p n="1998">There.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-wil">
  <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
  <p n="1999">This will I also weare in my Cap: if euer thou come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Gloue,
  
  <lb n="2000">by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.</lb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <p n="2002">If euer I liue to see it, I will challenge it.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-wil">
  <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
  <p n="2003">Thou dar'stä as well be hang'd.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <p n="2004">Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings companie.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-wil">
  <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
  <p n="2006">Kepee thy word: fare thee well.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-bat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bates.</speaker>
  <p n="2007">Be friends you English foole, be friends, wee</p>
  
  <lb n="2008">haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to rec-
  
  <lb n="2009">kon.</lb>
</p>
Exit Soldiers.

Indeed the French may lay twenty French Crowns to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them on their shoulders: but it is no English Treason to cut French Crowns, and to morrow the King himselfe will be a Clipper.

Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules, Our Debts, our carefull Wiues, Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King: We must beare all. O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse, Subiect to the breath of euery foole, whose sense No more can feele, but his owne wringing. What infinite hearts-ease must Kings neglect, That priuate men enioy? And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too, Saue Ceremonie, saue generall Ceremonie? And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie? What kind of God art thou? that suffer'st more of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers. What? is thy Soule of Odoration? Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme, Creating awe and feare in other men? Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd, Then they in fearing. What drink'st thou oft, in stead of Homage sweet, But poysnon'd flatterie? O, be sick, great Greatnesse, And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure. Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out With Titles blowne from Adulation? Will it giue place to flexure and low bending? Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee, Command the health of it? No, thou proud
Dreame,

That play'st so subtilly with a Kings Repose,

That beates vpon the high shore of this World:

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie;

Not all these, lay'd in Bed Maiesticall,

Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slaue:

Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,

Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressefull bread,

Sleepes in Elizium: next day after dawne,

doth rise and helpe Hiperio to his Horse,

and followes so the euer-running yeere with profitable labour to his Graue:

What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace;

Whose howres, the Pesant best aduantages.

Whose howres, the Pesant best aduantages.

Enter Erpingham.

My Lord, your Nobles iealous of your absence,

Seeke through your Campe to find you.

Good old Knight, collect them all together

At my Tent: Ile be before thee.
I shall doo't, my Lord.

Exit.

King. The sence of reckning of th'opposed numbers: Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord, though all that I can doe, is nothing worth; Since that my Penitence comes after all, Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

My Liege.

My Brother Gloucesters voyce? I know thy errand, I will goe with thee: The day, my friend, and all things stay for me.

Exeunt.
Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Ramburs, and Beaumont.

Orleance.

The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.

Dolph.

Monte Cheual: Verlot Lacquay: Ha.

Orleance.

Oh braue Spirit.

Dolph.

Via les ewes & terre.

Rien puis le air & feu.

Dolph.

Cein, Cousin Orleance.

Enter Constable.

Now my Lord Constable?

Constable.

Hearke how our Steedes, for present Seruice neigh.

Constable.

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

Ram.

What, wil you haue them weep our Horses blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

The English are embattail'd, you French Peers.

To Horse you gallant Princes, straight to Horse.

Doe but behold yond poor and starved Band, And your fair show shall suck away their souls, leaving them but the shales and husks of men.

There is not work enough for all our hands, Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins, To give each naked Curtleax a stayne, That our French Gallants shall to day draw out, And sheath for lack of sport. Let us but blow on them.

'Tis positive against all exceptions, Lords, That our superfluous Lacquies, and our Peasants, Who in unnecessary action swarm about our squares of battle, were enough To purge this field of such a hilding foe; Though we upon this mountain's basis by, Tooke stand for idle speculation: But that our Honours must not. What's to say; A very little little let us do, And all is done: then let the Trumpets sound the Tucket sonance, and the note to mount: For our approach shall so much dare the field, That England shall couch downe in fear, and yeeld.

Enter Grandpree.

Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France?

Yond Island Carrions, desperate of their bones, Ill-favouredly become the Morning field: Their ragged Curtaines poorly are let loose, And our Ayre shakes them passing scornfully. Bigge Mars seems banqu'bout in their beggar'd hoast.

And faintly through a rustic Beuer peepes.
The Horsemen sit like fixed Candlesticks, With Torch-staues in their hand: and their poore Iades: Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips: The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes, And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt lies foule with chaw'd-grasse, still and motionlesse. And their executors, the knauish Crowes, Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre. Description cannot sute it selfe in words, To demonstrate the Life of such a Battaile, In life so liuelesse, as it shewes it selfe. They haue said their prayers, And they stay for death. Shall we goe send them Dinners, and fresh Sutes, And giue their fasting Horses Prouender, And after fight with them? And vse it for my haste. Come, come away, The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. Where is the King? And vse it for my haste. Come, come away, The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. Where is the King? With all his Hoast: Salisbury and Westmerland. Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham
<speaker rend="italic">Bedf.</speaker>  
\<l n="2163">The King himselfe is rode to view their Battaille.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h5-wes">  
<speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>  
\<l n="2164">Of fighting men they haue full threescore thousand.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h5-exe">  
<speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>  
\<l n="2165">There's five to one, besides they all are fresh.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h5-sal">  
<speaker rend="italic">Salisb.</speaker>  
\<l n="2166">Gods Arme strike with vs, 'tis a fearefull oddes.</l>  
\<l n="2167">God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge.</l>  
\<l n="2168">If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen.</l>  
\<l n="2169">Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford.</l>  
\<l n="2170">My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter.</l>  
\<l n="2171">And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h5-bed">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bedf.</speaker>  
\<l n="2172">Farwell good Salisbury, good luck go with thee.</l>  
\<l n="2173">And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it, for thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h5-exe">  
<speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>  
\<l n="2175">Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h5-bed">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bedf.</speaker>  
\<l n="2176">He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse.</l>  
\<l n="2177">Princely in both.</l>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter the King.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-h5-wes">  
<speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>  
\<l n="2178">O that we now had here.</l>  
\<l n="2179">But one ten thousand of those men in England.</l>  
\<l n="2180">That doe no worke to day.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">  
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
\<l n="2181">What's he that wishes so?</l>  
</sp>
No, my faire Cousin:

If we are markt to dye, we are enow

To doe our Countrey losse: and if to liue,

The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

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

By Ioue, I am not couetous for Gold,

Nor care I who doth feed vpon my cost:

It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires.

But if it be a sinne to couet Honor,

I am the most offending Soule aliue.

No 'faith, my Couze, wish 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 best hope I haue. O, doe not wish one more:

Rather proclaime it (Westmerland) through my Hoast,

That he which hath no stomack to this fight,

Let him depart, his Pasport shall be made,

And Crownes for Conuoy 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 Crispian:

He that out-liues this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,

And rowse him at the Name of Crispian.

He that shall see this day, and liue old age,

Will yeerely on the Vigil feast his neighbours,

And say, to morrow is Saint Crispian.

Then will he strip his sleeue, and shew his skarres:

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot:

But hee'le remember, with aduantages,

What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names,

Familiar in his mouth as household words,
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,

Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembred.

This story shall the good man teach his sonne:

And Crispine Crispian shall ne're 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 sheds his blood with me, Shall be my brother: be he ne're so vile,

This day shall gentle his Condition. And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,

Shall thinke themselues accurst they were not here; And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speaks,

That fought with vs vpon Saint Cri spines day.

Enter Salisbury.

My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed:

But we in it shall be remembred; We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:

For he to day that sheds his blood with me,

Shall be my brother: be he ne're so vile,

This day shall gentle his Condition.

And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,

Shall thinke themselues accurst they were not here; And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speaks,

That fought with vs vpon Saint <hi rend="italic">Crispines</hi> day.

My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed:

The French are brauely in their battailes set,

And will with all expedience charge on vs.

Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.

All things are ready, if our minds be so.

All things are ready, if our minds be so.

Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.

And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,

Shall thinke themselues accurst they were not here; And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speaks,

That fought with vs vpon Saint <hi rend="italic">Crispines</hi> day.

My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed:

The French are brauely in their battailes set,

And will with all expedience charge on vs.

Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.

All things are ready, if our minds be so.

All things are ready, if our minds be so.

Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.

And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone, without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile.

Why now thou hast vnwisht fiue thousand men: Which likes me better, then to wish vs one. 

You know your places: God be with you all.

Once more I come to know of thee King, If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound, Before thy most assured Ouerthrow: For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe, Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy

The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre From off these fields: where (wretches) their poore bodies

Must lye and fester.

I pray thee beare my former Answer back: Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones. Good God, why should they mock poore fellowes thus?

The man that once did sell the Lyons skin While the beast liu'd, was kill'd with hunting

A many of our bodyes shall no doubt

Find Natiue Graues: vpon the which, I trust Shall witnesse liue in Brasse of this dayes worke.
And those that leave their valiant bones in France, dying like men, though buried in your Dunhills, they shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them, and draw their honors reeking up to Heaven, leaving their earthly parts to choke your Clyme, the smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France. Mark then abounding valour in our English: that being dead, like to the bullets crasing, break out into a second course of mischief, killing in relapse of Mortality. Let me speak proudly: tell the Constable, we are but Warriors for the working day: our Gainess and our Gilt are all besmyrcht with raynie Marching in the painefull field. There's not a piece of feather in our Host: good argument (I hope) we will not flye: and time hath worn us into slovenrie. But by the Masse, our hearts are in the trim: and my poor Soldiers tell me, yet ere Night, they'll be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck the gay new Coats o're the French Soldiers heads, and turne them out of service. If they doe this, as if God please, they shall; my Ransome then will soone be leuyed. Herauld, saue thou thy labour: come thou no more for Ransome, gentle Herauld, they shall have none, I sweare, but these my joints: which if they have, as I will leave them, shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable. They shall have none, I sweare, but these my joints. And thou wilt once more come againe for a Ransome.
Enter Yorke.

My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge

Take it, braue Yorke.

Take it, braue Yorke.

Now Souldiers march away.

Take it, braue Yorke.

Now Souldiers march away.

Take it, braue Yorke.

Now Souldiers march away.

Pistoll, French Souldier, Boy.

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Pistoll, French Souldier, Boy.
O prennes misericordie aye pitez de moy.

Moy shall not serue, I will haue fortye Moyes: for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of Crimson blood.

Est il impossible d'eschapper le force de ton bras.

Say'st thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes? Come hither boy, aske me this slaue in French what is his Name.

Escoute comment estes vous appelle?
firke him, and ferret him:

<lb n="2323"/>discusse the same in French vnto him.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h5-boy">  
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>  
  <p n="2324">I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and
  </sp>  
</p>  
  <sp who="#F-h5-pis">  
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>  
  <p n="2325">Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h5-fre">  
  <speaker rend="italic">French.</speaker>  
</sp>  
<p rend="italic" n="2326">Que dit il Mounsieur?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h5-boy">  
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>  
</sp>  
<p rend="italic" n="2327">Il me commande a vous dire que vous
faite vous prest, car ce soldat icy est disposee tout asture
de couppes vostre</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">  
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>  
</sp>  
<p n="2330">Owy, cuppele gorge permafoy pesant, vnlesse
thou giue me Crownes, braue Crownes; or
mangled shalt</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h5-fre">  
  <speaker rend="italic">French.</speaker>  
</sp>  
<p rend="italic" n="2333">O le vous supplie pour l'amour de
Dieu: ma par-
</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">  
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>  
</sp>  
<p n="2334">donner, Ie suis le Gentilhome de bon maison,
garde ma vie, &amp; Ie
</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h5-fre">  
  <speaker rend="italic">French.</speaker>  
</sp>  
<p rend="italic" n="2335">vou donneray deux cent escus.</p>  
</sp>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi rend="italic">Boy</hi>. He</fw>  
<p pb facs="FFimg:axc0444-0.jpg" n="88"/>  
<fw type="rh">  
  <hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>.  
</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>
Boy.

He prays you to save his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred Crownes.

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

Petit Monsieur que dit il?

Encore qu'il et contra son Iurement, de pardonner au vous layt a prefranchisement.

cune prisoner: neant-mons pour les escues que mets il est content a vous donnes le liberte le

Sur mes genoux se vous donnes miles remercious, et main d'vn Che-

je me estime heurex que je intombe, entre les

eualier le peuse le plus braue valiant et tres

d'Angleterre.

Expound vnto me boy.

He giues you vpon his knees a thousand thanks, and he esteemes himselfe happy, that he hath

the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most braue, valorous

and thrice-worthy signeur of England.
As I sucke blood, I will some mercy shew. Fool.

A short Alarum.

Reproach, and euerlasting shame

Sits mocking in our Plumes.

Mor Dieu ma vie, all is confounded all,

O meschante Fortune, do
not runne away.

</sp>

<html><head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 6]</head>
<stage type="entrance">Enter the King and his trayne,
<lb>with Prisoners.</lb>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <ln n="2392">Well haue we done, thrice-valiant Countrimen, </ln>
  <ln n="2393">But all's not done, yet keepe the French the</ln>
</sp>

field.</ln>

<sp who="#F-h5-exe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
  <ln n="2394">The D. of York commends him to your Maiesty</ln>
</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <ln n="2395">Liues he good Vnckle: thrice within this houre</ln>
  <ln n="2396">I saw him downe; thrice vp againe, and</ln>
  <ln n="2397">fighting.</ln>
  <ln n="2398">In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lye,</ln>
  <ln n="2399">Larding the plaine: and by his bloody side,</ln>
  <ln n="2400">(Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)</ln>
  <ln n="2401">The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes.</ln>
  <ln n="2402">Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all hagled ouer</ln>
  <ln n="2403">Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,</ln>
  <ln n="2404">And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes</ln>
  <ln n="2405">That bloodily did yawne vpon his face.</ln>
  <ln n="2406">He cryes aloud; Tarry my Cosin Suffolke,</ln>
  <ln n="2407">My soule shall thine keepe company to heauen:</ln>
  <ln n="2408">Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then flye a-brest:</ln>
  <ln n="2409">As in this glorious and well-foughten field</ln>
  <ln n="2410">We kept together in our Chiualrie.</ln>
  <ln n="2411">Vpon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp,</ln>
  <ln n="2412">He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,</ln>
  <ln n="2413">And with a feeble gripe, sayes: Deere my Lord,</ln>
  <ln n="2414">Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne,</ln>
  <ln n="2415">So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke</ln>
  <ln n="2416">He threw his wounded arme, and kist his lippes,</ln>
  <ln n="2417">And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd</ln>
  <ln n="2418">A Testament of Noble-ending-loue:</ln>
  <ln n="2419">The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd</ln>
  <ln n="2420">Those waters from me, which I would haue</ln>
  <ln n="2421">But I had not so much of man in mee,</ln>
  <ln n="2422">And all my mother came into mine eyes,</ln>
  <ln n="2423">And gaue me vp to teares.</ln>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen"/>
King. I blame you not.

But hearke, what new alarum is this same?

Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expressely against the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knaue you now, as can bee offert in your Conscience.

Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliue, and the Cowardly Rascalls that ranne from the battaile ha' done this slaughter: besides they haue burned and carried a-way all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore most worthily hath caus'd euery soldiour to cut his pri-soners throat. O 'tis a gallant King.
Gow.

Alexander the Great.

Although, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

I thinke it is in Macedon where Alexander is.

Maps of the Orld, I warrant you sall finde in the comparisons be-

Macedon Monmouth, that the situations looke you, is both alike. There is a Riuver in Macedon, & there is also moreouer a Riuver at Monmouth.

of my praines, what is the name of the other Riuver: but 'tis all one, tis alike as my fingers.

If you marke Alexanders life well, Harry of Monmouthes life is come after it indifferent well, for there is
figures in all things. Alexander God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his best friend Clytus.

Our King is not like him in that, he neuer kill'd any of his friends.

It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures, and comparisons of it: as Alexander kild his friend Clytus, being in his Ales and his Cuppes; so also Harry Monmouth being in his right wittes, and his good judgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet: he was full of iests, and knaueries, and mockes, I haue forgot his name.

Sir Iohn Falstaffe. That is he: Ile tell you, there is good men porne at Monmonth. That is he: Ile tell you, there is good men porne at Monmouth.
Here comes his Maiesty.

Alarum.

Enter King Harry and Burbon with prisoners. Flourish.

I was not angry since I came to France, until this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald, Ride thou vnto the Horsemen on yond hill: If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe, Or voyde the field: they do offend our sight. If they'll do neither, we will come to the m, And make them sker away, as swift as stones, Besides, wee'l cut the throats of those we haue, And not a man of them that we shall take, Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montioy.

Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege

How now, what meanes this Herald? Knowst thou not, That I haue fin'd these bones of mine for ransome? Com'st thou againe for ransome?

No great King: I come to thee for charitable License, That we may wander ore this bloody field, To booke our dead, and then to bury them, To sort our Nobles from our common men. For many of our Princes (woe the while) Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood: So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbes In blood of Princes, and with wounded steeds.
Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage fet
Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O giue vs leaue great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispose Of their dead bodies.

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

The day is yours.
They call it Agincourt.
Fought on the day of Crispian
Crispianus.

Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please your Maiesty) and your great Vncle Edward the Placke
Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought a most praue pattle here in France.
Your Maiesties is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good service in a Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Monmouth caps, which is an honourable badge of the service: And I do beleue your Maiesty takes no scorne to weare the Leeke upon Stauies day.

I weare it for a memorable honor: For I am Welch you know good Countriman.

All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Maie-sties Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God plesse it, and preserue it, as long as it pleases his Grace, and his Maiesty too.

Thankes good my Countrymen.

By Ieshu, I am your Maiesties Countreyman, I care not who know it: I will confesse it to all the Orld, I need not to be ashamed of your Maiesty, praised be God so long as your Maiesty is an honest man.

Good keepe me so.
<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Williams.</stage>

Our Heralds go with him.</l>
Bring me iust notice of the numbers dead</l>
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.</l>

Souldier, you must come to the King.</l>
Souldier, why wear'st thou that Gloue in thy Cappe?
And't please your Maiesty, tis the gage of one that I should fight withall, if he be aliue.
And't please your Maiesty, a Rascall that swag-ger'd with me last night: who if aliue, and euer dare to challenge this Gloue, I haue sworne to take him a boxe a'th ere: or if I can see my Gloue in his cappe, swore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if aliue) I wil strike it out soundly.

What thinke you Captaine Fluellen, is it
fit this souldier keepe his oath.

Hee is a Crauen and a Villaine else, and't please your Maiesty in my conscience.

Fluellen</hi>, is it

What thinke you Captaine Fluellen</hi>, is it
It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great sort quite from the answer of his degree.

Though he be as good a Ientleman as the diuel is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is necessary (looke your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee bee periur'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a villaine and a lacke sawce, as euer his blacke shoo trodd vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law.

Then keepe thy vow sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Vnder Captaine Gower, my Liege.

Gower is a good Captaine and is good know-ledge and literated in the Warres.
Call him hither to me, Souldier."

"Will."

I will my Liege.

Exit.

"King." Here Fluellen, weare thou this fauour for me, and sticke it in thy Cappe: when Alanson and my selfe were downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme: If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to Alanson, and an enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any such, appre-hend him, and thou do'st me loue.

Your Grace doo's me a great Honors as can be desir'd in the hearts of his Subiects: I would faine see the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agreefd at this Gloue; that is all: but I would faine see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

"Know'st thou Gower?"

"He is my deare friend, and please you."

"He is my deare friend, and please you."

Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

I will fetch him.
Exit.

King.

My Lord of Warwick, and my Brother Gloster,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heeles.

The Gloue which I haue giuen him for a fauour,

May haply purchase him a box a'th'eare.

It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine should wear it my selfe. Follow good Cousin Warwick:

If that the Souldier strike him, as I iudge

By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word;

Some sodaine mischiefe may arise of it:

For I doe know Fluellen valiant,

And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,

And quickly will returne an iniurie.

Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them.

Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter.

I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Will.

Sir, know you this Gloue?

Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.

Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech you now, come apace to the King: there is more toward you peraduenture, then is in your knowledge to

dream of.

Sir, know you this Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.

Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.
Will.

I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

Fru.

'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuer-
sall World, or in France, or in England.

Gower.

How now Sir? you Villaine.

Doe you thinke Ile be forsworne?

Stand away Captaine <hi>
his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his
Maiesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of
the Duke

Alansons</hi>.</p>
</sp>
</sp>
</sp>
</sp>
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</sp>
</sp>
</sp>

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.</stage>

Warw.

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

Flu.

My Lord of Warwick, heere is, praysed be God
for it, a most contagious Treason come to light,

looke

you, as you shall desire in a Summers day.

Heere is his
Maiestie.

Enter King and Exeter.

King.

How now, what's the matter?

Flu.

My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, ha's strooke the Gloue which your Maiestie is take out of the Helmet of Alan.

Will.

My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow of it: and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to weare it in his Cappe: I hope your Maiestie is peare me testimonie and witnesse, and will auouchment, that this is the Gloue of Alanson, that your Maiestie is giue me, in your Con-science now.

Giue me thy Gloue Souldier; Looke, heere is the fellow of it: and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue been as good as my word.

Flu.

Your Maiestie heare now, sauing your Maiesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowsie testimoine and the Gloue of Alanson, that your Maiestie is giue me, in your Con-science now.

King.

Give me thy Gloue Souldier; Looke, heere is the fellow of it: 'Twas I indeed thou promised'st to strike, And thou hast giuen me most bitter termes.
Flu.<p n="2655">And please your Maiestie, let his Neck answere for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.</p></sp>

<p n="2656">And please your Maiestie, let his Neck answere for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.</p></sp>

<p n="2657">How canst thou make me satisfaction?</p></sp>

<p n="2658">All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: neuer came any from mine, that might offend your Ma-

<p n="2660">your Ma-

<p n="2661">It was our selfe thou didst abuse.</p></sp>

<p n="2662">Your Maiestie came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witnesse Night, your Garments, your Lowlinesse: and what

<p n="2664">Night, your Garments, your Lowlinesse: and what

<p n="2665">your Highnesse suffer'd vnnder that shape, I

<p n="2666">take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence;

<p n="2667">beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence;

<p n="2668">beseech your Highnesse pardon me.</p></sp>

<p n="2669">Here Vnckle Exeter, fill this Gloue with Crownes, and giu'e it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow, and weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe, Till I doe challenge it. Giue him the Crownes: And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.</p></sp>

<p n="2670">And giu'e it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow, and weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe, Till I doe challenge it. Giue him the Crownes: And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.</p></sp>

Flu.<p n="2671">By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's met-tell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-
pence for
you out of prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

I will none of your Money.

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

Enter Herauld.

Now Herauld, are the dead numbred?

Heere is the number of the slaught'red French.

What Prisoners of good sort are taken, Vnckle?

Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King, Iohn Duke of Burbon, and Lord Bouchiquald:

Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires, Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.

This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French that in the field lye slaine: of Princes in this number, And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead.
One hundred twentie six: added to these,
Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the
which,
Fiue hundred were but yesterday dubb'd
Knights.
So that in these ten thousand they haue lost,
There are but sixeenteen hundred Mercenaries:
The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights,
Squires,
And Gentlemen of bloud and qualitie.
The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
Iaques of Chatilion,
The Master of the Crosse-bowes, Lord Rambures,
Great Master of France, the braue Sir Guichard Dolphin,
John Duke of Alanson, Anthonie Duke of Brabant,
The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
And Edward Duke of Barr:
of lustie Earles,
Grandpree and Roussie, Fauconbridge and Foyes,
Beaumont and Marle, Vandemont and Lestrale,
Here was a Royall fellowship of death.
Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir Richard Ketly, Esquire,
None else of name: and of all other men,
But fiue and twentie.
O God, thy Arme was heere:
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
Ascribe we all: when, without stratagem,
But in plaine shock, and euen play of Battaile,
Was euer knowne so great and little losse?
On one part and on th'other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.

'Tis wonderfull.

Come, goe in procession to the Village:

And be it death proclaymed through our Hoast,

Which is his onely.

Is it not lawfull and please your Maiestie, to tell how many is kill'd?

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

Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good.

Doe we all holy Rights:

Lett there be sung Non nobis, and Te Deum,

The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay:

And then to Callice, and to England then,

Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men.

Exeunt.
That I may prompt them: and of such as haue,

I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse

Of time, of numbers, and due course of things

Which cannot in their huge and proper life,

Be here presented. Now we beare the King

Toward Callice: Graunt him there; there seene,

Heaue him away vpon your winged thoughts,

Athwart the Sea: Behold the English beach

Pales in the flood; with Men, Wives, and Boyes,

Whose shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,

Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King,

Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,

And solemnly see him set on to London.

So swift a pace hath Thought, that euen now

You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath:

Where, that his Lords desire him, to haue borne

His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword

Where, that his Lords desire him, to haue borne

Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring <hi rend="italic">Caesar</hi> 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,

The Maior and all his Brethren in best sort,

Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome,

With the Plebeians swarming at their heeles,

Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring <hi rend="italic">Caesar</hi> in:

As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood,

Were now the Generall of our gracious Empresse,

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As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,

Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword:

How many would the peacefull Citie quit,

The Maior and all his Brethren in best sort,

Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome,

With the Plebeians swarming at their heeles,
you 'tis past.

Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,

After your thoughts, straight backe againe to France.

Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,

After your thoughts, straight backe againe to France.

Exit.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Nay, that's right: but why weare you your day is past.

There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you asse my friend, Captaine; the rascally, scauld, beggerly, lowsie, pragging Knaue Pistoll, 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 sault yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke:

It was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistoll.

Why heere hee comes, swelling like a Turky-

cock.

'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his Turky-
cocks. God plesse you aunchient

Pistoll: you scuruie low-
sie Knaue, God plesse you.

Hence;

I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.

to eate,

do not

disgestions doo's not agree with it, I would
to eate it.

Not for Cadwallader and all his Goats.

There is one Goat for you.

Will you be so good, scauld Knaue, as eate it?

Base Trojan, thou shalt dye.

You say very true, scauld Knaue, when Gods will is: I will desire you to liue in the meane
time, and

You will make

eate your Victuals: come, there is sawce for it.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall

too, if you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a

Leeke.

Enough Captaine, you haue astonisht him.

I say, I will make him eate some part of my leeke, or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxe-

good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxe-

combe.

Must I bite.

Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of que-

tion too, and ambiguities.

By this Leeke, I will most horribly reuenge I

eate and eate I sweare.

eate and eate I sweare.

Eate I pray you, will you haue some more sauce

to your Leeke: there is not enough Leeke to

eate to your Leeke: there is not enough Leeke to

sweare by.

Quiet thy Cudgell, thou dost see I eate.

Much good do you scald knaue, heartily. Nay,
pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your

broken Coxcombe; when you take occasions to see

Leekes heereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.</p>

Pist.

Good.

I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to heale your pate.

Me a groat?

Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I haue another Leeke in my pocket, which you shall eate.

I take thy groat in earnest of reuenge.

If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cud-gels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels: God bu'y you, and keepe you, & heale your pate.</p>

Exit</stage>

All hell shall stirre for this.

Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vpon an

honourable respect, and wore as a memorable
Trophee of predeceased valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds any of your words. I haue seene you gleeking & galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speake English in the natuie garb, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it o- therwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach you a good English condition, fare ye well.

Exit.

Doeth fortune play the huswife with me now? Newes haue I that my Doll is dead i’th Spittle of a mala- dy of France, and there my rendevous; is quite cut off: Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and something leane to Cut-purse of quicke hand: To England will I steale, and there Ile steale: And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres,

And swore I got them in the Gallia warres.

Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met; Vnto our brother France, and to our Sister Health and faire time of day: Ioy and good wishes To our most faire and Princely Cosine <hi
Katherine:

And as a branch and member of this Royalty,

By whom this great assembly is contriu'd,

We do salute you Duke of Burgogne,

And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Fra.

Right ioyous are we to behold your face,

Most worthy brother England, fairely met,

So are you Princes (English) euery one.

Quee.

So happy be the Issue brother Ireland

Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,

As we are now glad to behold your eyes,

Your eyes which hitherto haue borne

In them against the French that met them in their bent,

The fatall Balls of murthering Basiliskes:

The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope

Haue lost t

The fall of griefes and quarrels into loue.

To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.

You English Princes all, I doe salute you.

My dutie to you both, on equall loue.

Great Kings of France and England: that I haue labour'd

With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeuors,

To bring your most Imperiall Maiesties

Vnto this Barre, and Royall enterview;

Your Mightinesse on both parts best can witnesse.

With all my wits, my paines, and strong
If I demand before this Royall view,
What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,
Deare Nourse of Arts, Plentyes, and joyfull Births,
Should not in this best Garden of the World,
Our fertile France, put vp her louely Visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,
Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.
Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges euen pleach'd,
Like Prisoners wildly ouer-grown with hayre,
Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas,
The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary,
Doth root vpon; while that the Culter rusts,
That should deracinate such Sauagery:
The euen Meade, that erst brought sweetly forth The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and greene Clouer,
Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke;
Conceiues by idlenesse, and nothing teemes,
But hatefull Docks, rough Thistles, Keksyes, Loosing both beautie and vtilitie;
And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,
Defectiue in their natures, grow to wildnesse.
Euen so our Houses, and our selues, and Children,
Haue lost, or doe not learne, for want of time,
The Sciences that should become our Countrey;
But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,
That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,
To Swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Attyre,
And euery thing that seemes vnnaturall.
Which to reduce into our former fauour,
You are assembled: and my speech entreats,
That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
Should not expell these inconueniences,
And blesse vs with her former qualities,
If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
Whose want giues growth to th'imperfections
You must buy that Peace
With full accord to all our iust demands,
Whose Tenures and particular effects
You haue enschedul'd briefely in your hands.

The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet

There is no Answer made.

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

France. I

The Life of Henry the Fift.

France.

I haue but with a curselarie eye O're-glanc't the Articles: Pleaseth your Grace

To appoint some of you Councell presently To re-survey them; we will suddenly Passe our accept and peremptorie Answer.

Brother we shall. Goe Vnckle Exeter, and you Brother Gloucester, and Brother Huntington, goe with the King.

And take with you free power, to ratifie, Augment, or alter, as your Wisdomes best Shall see aduantageable for our Dignitie, Any thing in or out of our Demands, And wee'le consigne thereto. Will you, faire Sister,

Goe with the Princes, or stay here with vs?

Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them: Happily a Womans Voyce may doe some good, When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be stood on.
England. Yet leaue our Cousin Katherine here with vs. She is our capitall Demand, compris'd within the fore-ranke of our Articles.

She hath good leaue. Exeunt omnes. Manet King and Katherine.

Faire Katherine, and most faire, Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier tearesmes, Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare, And pleade his Loue-suit to her gentle heart. 

Your Maiestie shall mock at me, I cannot speake your England. O faire Katherine, if you will loue me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you con-fesse it brokenly with your English Tongue. 

like me, Kate? O faire Katherine, if you will loue me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you con-fesse it brokenly with your English Tongue.
Kath.

Que dit il que le suis semblable a les Anges?

Ouy verament (sauf vostre Grace) ainsi dit il.

I said so, deare Katherine, and I must not blush to affirme it.

O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont plein de tromperies.

What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princesse.

The Princesse is the better English-woman: yfaith Kate, my wooing is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou could'st, thou would'st finde me such a plaine King, that thou wouldst thinke, I had sold my Farme to buy my Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but di-rectly to say, I loue you; then if you urge me farther,
then to say, Doe you in faith? I weare out my
suite: Giue me your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands,
and a bar-
gaine: how say you, Lady?</p></sp>
Kath.
Sauf vostre honeur, me vnderstand well.</p></sp>
Kate</hi>, why you vndid me: for the one
I haue neither words nor measure; and for the
other, I haue no strength in measure, yet a reasonable
strength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-
vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on
my backe; vnder the correction of bragging be it spoken. I
should quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet
for my Loue, or bound my Horse for her fauours, I
could lay on like a Butcher, and sit like a lack an Apes,
neuer off. But before God Kate</hi>, I
cannot looke greeneely, nor gaspe out my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in
protestation;
oney downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vse
till vrg'd,
nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canst loue a fellow
of this temper, Kate</hi>,
whose face is not worth Sunne-bur-
ing: that neuer lookes in his Glasse, for loue of
any I speake
for this,
take me? if not? to say to thee that I shall dye,
is true; but for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too.

And while thou liu'st, deare Kate<hi rend="italic">>, take a fellow of plaine and

thee right, <lb n="3025"/>because he hath not the gift to wooe in other

places: for these fellowes of infinit tongue, that can ryme

themselves into Ladyes fauours, they doe always reason

Ryme is but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a strait

Backe will stoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd

Pate will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye

will wax hollow: but a good Heart, <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>, is the Sunne and the

Moone; for it shines bright, and neuer changes, but keepes his

course truly. If thou would haue such a one, take me?

And what say'st thou then to my Loue? speake my faire,

and fairely, I pray thee.</p>

Is it possible dat I sould loue de ennemie of

Fraunce?<p>

No, it is not possible you should loue the Ene-

mie of France, <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>; but in louing me, you should loue

that I will not part with a Village of it; I will haue it

all mine:<p>

the Friend of France: for I loue France so well,
is mine, and I am yours; then yours

<lb n="3048"/> is France, and you are mine.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-kat">
<speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
<p n="3049">I cannot tell what is dat.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<p n="3050"></p>

<hi rend="italic">No, Kate?</hi> I will tell thee in French which I am

<lb n="3051"/> sure will hang upon my tongue, like a newly married Wife

<lb n="3052"/> about her Husband's Necke, hardly to be shook off;

<hi rend="italic">Ie</hi>

<lb n="3053"/> quand sur le possession de France, 

<hi rend="italic">et</hi> quand vous aues le pos-

<lb n="3054"/> session de moy</p>, (Let me see, what then? Saint

<hi rend="italic">Dennis</hi>

<lb n="3055"/>/my speede) <hi rend="italic">Donc vostre est</hi>

Fraunce, 

<hi rend="italic">et</hi> vous estes mienne</p>.

<lb n="3056"/> It is as easy for me <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>, to conquer the Kingdom, as to

<lb n="3057"/> speake so much more French: I shall never

moue thee in

<lb n="3058"/> French, vnlesse it be to laugh at me.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-kat">
<speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
<p n="3059">Sauf vostre honou, le Francois que vous parleis, il &amp; melieus que l'Anglois le quel Ie parle.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<p n="3061">No faith is't not, <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>: but

thy speaking of

<lb n="3062"/> my Tongue, and I thine, most truely falsely, 

must

<lb n="3063"/> needes be graunted to be much at one. But <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>, doo'st

<lb n="3064"/> thou vnderstand thus much English? Canst thou

loue

<lb n="3065"/> mee?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h5-kat">
<speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
<p n="3066">I cannot tell.</p>
</sp>
Can any of your Neighbours tell, Kate? Ile ask them. Come, I know thou louest me: and at night, when you come into your Closet, you'll question this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will Endeavor for your French part of such a Boy; and for my English moytie,
take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How

you, La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & deuin

deesse.

Your Maiestee aue fause Frenche enough to deceiue de most sage Damoiseil dat is en Fraunce.

Now fye vpon my false French: by mine Honor in true English, I loue thee Kate; by which Honor, I dare not sweare thou louest me, yet my blood begins
to flat-ter me, that thou doo'st; notwithstanding the poore and my Warres

when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stub-

borne out-side, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladyes, I fright them: but in faith Kate, the el-

Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more

spoyle vpon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou weare me,

the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou faire Kate, the erine, will you haue me? Put off your

Maiden Blushes, Lookes of

an Empresse, take me by the Hand, and say, of England, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no sooner
alowd, England,

land is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantaginet is thine; who, though I speake it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt finde the best King of Good-fellowes. Come your Answer in broken Musick; for thy Voyce is thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, Katherine, breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou haue me?
Then I will kisse your Lippes, Kate.

Les Dames & Damoisels pour estre baisee deuant leur nopcese il net pas le costume de Fraunce.

Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes shee?

Dat it is not be de fashon pour le Ladies of Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buisse en Anglish.

To kisse.

Your Maiestee entendre bettre que moy.

It is not a fashion for the Maids in Fraunce to kisse before they are marryed, would she say?

Ouy verayment.

O Kate, nice Customes cursie to great Kings.

Deare Kate, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyst of a Countreyes fashion: wee are the makers of Manners, Kate;
and the libertie that followes
our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-
faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashion
of your
Countrey, in denying me a Kisse: therefore
patiently,
and yeelding. You haue Witch-craft in your
Lippes,
Kate: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of
them, then in the Tongues of the French
Councell; and
they should sooner perswade Harry of England, then a
generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes
your
Father.</p>
</sp>
Enter the French
Power, and the English
Lords./</stage>
Burg.</speaker>
God saue your Maiestie, my Royall Cousin, teach you
our Princesse English?</p>
</sp>
Burg.</speaker>
I would haue her learne, my faire Cousin, how
perfectly I loue her, and that is good
English.</p>
Burg.</speaker>
Is shee not apt?</p>
</sp>
Burg.</speaker>
Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Conditi-
on is not smooth: so that hauing neyther the}
the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot so
the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare
in his true
likenesse.</p>
Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a Circle: if conjure up Love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet rosy over with the Virgin Crimson of Modesty, if she deny the apparance of a naked blind Boy in her naked seeing? It were (my Lord) a hard condition for a Maid to consign to.

Yet they do wink and yield, as Love is blind and enforces.

They are then excused, my Lord, when they see not what they do. Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to consent winking.

I will wink on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and warm kept, are like Flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

This Morall tyes me over to Time, and a hot
Summer; and so I shall catch the Flye, your Cousin, in the latter end, and shee must be blinde to.

As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.

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

Shall Kate be my Wife?

Wee haue consented to all tearmes of rea-

I am content, so the Maiden Cities you talke of, may wait on her: so the Maid that stood in the way for my Wish, shall shew me the way to my Will.

Wee haue consented to all tearmes of rea-
Is't so, my Lords of England?

West. The King hath graunted euery Article:

His Daughter first; and in sequele, all.

According to their firme proposed natures.

The Life of Henry The Fift.

Exet. Onely

Onely he hath not yet subscribed this:

Where your Maiestie demands, That the King of France

having any occasion to write for matter of Graunt, shall

take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayse vp

Issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes

Of France and England, whose very shoares looke pale,

With enu of each others happinesse,
May cease their hatred; and this deare Coniunction. Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord. In their sweet Bosomes: that neuer Warre aduance. His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France. 

May cease their hatred; and this deare Coniunction. Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord. In their sweet Bosomes: that neuer Warre aduance. His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France. 

Lords. Amen. 

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

Flourish. Quee. God, the best maker of all Marriages, 

Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one: As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue, 

So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spousall, That neuer may ill Office, or fell Iealousie <cb n="2"/> Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage, 

Thrust in betweene the Patiation 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 wee'le take your Oath, and all the Peeres, for suretie of our Leagues, Then shall I sweare to Kate, and you to me, And may our Oathes well kept and prosp'rous
be.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic centre" type="business">Senet.</stage>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

</div>

</div>

<div type="epilogue" rend="notPresent">

<head type="supplied">[Epilogue]</head>

<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Chorus.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h5-cho">

<l n="3246">Thus farre with rough, and all- vnable Pen,</l>

<l n="3247">Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story,</l>

<l n="3248">In little roome confining mightie men,</l>

<l n="3249">Mangling by starts the full course of their glory,</l>

<l n="3250">Small time: but in that small, most greatly liued</l>

<l n="3251">This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword;</l>

<l n="3252">By which, the Worlds best Garden he atchieued;</l>

<l n="3253">And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.</l>

<l n="3254"><hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King</l>

<l n="3255">Of France and England, did this King succeed;</l>

<l n="3256">Whose State so many had the managing,</l>

<l n="3257">That they lost France, and made his England bleed;</l>

<l n="3258">Which oft our Stage hath shewne; and for their sake,</l>

<l n="3259">In your faire minds let this acceptance take.</l>

</sp>

</div>

<trailer>FINIS.</trailer>

/fw type="sig" place="footCentre">k2</fw>

/fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>

</div>

</body>

</text>

</TEI>